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# INDEX

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## EDITORIAL

About Steinkings, 227.  
Another "low to the Cause, 81.  
Mr. Gompers and the diamond cutters.  
Archbishop and the Emperor, The, 33.  
The Kaiser and Archbishop Ireland.  
"A Shameful Surplus," 81.  
The relief fund.  
As to State Division, 355.  
Baby at The Hague, The, 307.  
Baconian Folly, The, 273.  
Shakespeare-Bacon controversy.  
Balkan Quarrel, The, 67.  
Barnum of Journalism, The, 258.  
Mr. Hearst.  
Bogie of Invasion, The, 417.  
Booker Washington and the Prize-Fight, 419.  
Booming and the Boomed, 227.  
British Budget, The, 323.  
Brownsville Detectives, 65.  
Business Argument and the True Argument, The, 322.  
Graft cases.  
By-Product of Modern Unionism, A, 178.  
The army of the unemployed.  
Calhoun Trial, The, 418.  
Case of Jan Pouden, The, 243.  
Case of Journalistic Inflation, A, 371.  
Census and the Vote, The, 129.  
Champ Clark's Dream, 307.  
Chaos in Turkey, The, 258.  
Church Habit and Public Morals, The, 370.  
Civic Centre Proposal, 306.  
Claim of the Small College, 385.  
Color Question in Cuba, The, 129.  
Concerning Marriage, 211.  
Conviction of Coffey, The, 129.  
Cost of Living, The, 97.  
Courage Wins, 259.  
Crime in the School, 67.  
President Taft and organized labor.  
Cuba Libre, 81.  
Culherson Incident, The, 49.  
Demand for Facts, A, 275.  
Direct Primary, The, 34.  
Direct Primary, The—A Prophecy, 195.  
Edward Everett Hale, 403.  
Eliminating the Senate, 18.  
The agreement with Japan.  
Emma Goldman, 51.  
English Accession Oath, The, 339.  
Executive Government, An, 177.  
Executive Government, An, 210.  
Ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, 227.  
Female Suffrage, 98.  
Foreign Representation, 195.  
Free Text-Books, 97.  
French Strike, The, 371.  
Game of Tariff Revision, The, 209.  
George Meredith, 339.  
George Rogers Clark, 354.  
Germany Isolated, 99.  
Gompers Incident in Prospective, The, 1.  
Good Adjustment in Ohio, A, 17.  
Senatorial problem.  
Gracious Compliment Well Deserved, A, 225.  
Banquet to Dr. Blue.  
Hammond Lamont, 339.  
Have a Care! 305.  
Secret social organizations in public schools.  
Head of the Army, The, 402.  
Hetch Hetchy Again, 338.  
Holland, Germany and America, 3.  
House of Lords, The, 82.  
How Long, O Lord, How Long? 130.  
Graft cases.  
Impudent Proposal, An, 1.  
Music teacher license.  
Incident and Its Meaning, An, 209.  
Detective work in the graft cases.  
Interesting Suggestion, An, 18.  
San Mateo as a winter centre for sports.  
Interpretation of the Law, 275.  
Irrigation System in the Sacramento Valley, 371.  
Issues in Georgia, The, 369.  
Japanese Bills, The, 83.  
Japanese Flurry in Hawaii, The, 401.  
Japanese Legislation, 49.  
Joan of Arc, 82.  
Justice for the Public Health Service, 33.  
United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service.  
King and Emperor, 130.  
Labor and Lese Majeste, 130.  
Land Laws in England, 51.  
Legislature, the Governor, and the Public Money, The, 210.  
Let the Issue Come! 18.  
Case of Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison.  
Lihelod Government, A, 66.  
The Panama purchase transaction.  
Libraries and Libraries, 3.  
Mayor of Los Angeles, The, 131.  
McCloud Incident, The, 386.  
Medal from France, The, 385.  
Military Expansion, 146.  
Morals and the Theatre, 146.  
Mr. Harriman and the New York Central, 274.  
Mr. Heney's Pay, 161.  
Mr. James Bryce, 194.  
Mr. Mitchell and the Boycott, 34.  
Mr. Spreckels and the Car Strike, 226.  
Mr. Spreckels's Denials, 258.  
Mr. Spreckels's Disclaimers, 274.  
Mr. Sydney Brooks on India, 225.  
Mr. Taft and the Correspondents, 321.  
Mr. Taft and the Negro, 113.  
Mr. Taft and the Regent of China, 162.  
Mr. Taft at Panama, 50.

Music Licenses Again, 35.  
Nations' Airy Navies, The, 19.  
Navy and Other Matters, The, 321.  
Need of Britain, The, 371.  
New Cabinet, The, 147.  
New Planet, The, 66.  
New York and a Censorship, 114.  
New York and the Primary, 98.  
Notes on the Calhoun Trial, 353.  
Old Principle Reasserted, An, 338.  
Graft cases.  
Old Systems and New, 370.  
Schools.  
Original Issue at McCloud, The, 402.  
Panama Report, The, 114.  
Passing of the Great, The, 242.  
Deaths of Modjeska, Swinburne, and Marion Crawford.  
Patriotism—and Other Things, 273.  
The Daughters of the American Revolution.  
Pennsylvania Seeking a Senator, 18.  
Perils of Peace, The, 242.  
The Servian problem.  
Petty Instance, A, 337.  
Labor unionism.  
Plain Remarks on Education, 306.  
Plain Word, A, 130.  
Japanese question.  
Poe's Centenary, 50.  
Political Reaction in Oregon, 387.  
Political Regeneration of Oregon, 417.  
Praise from Mr. Adler, 275.  
President and Congress, The, 33.  
President and His Brother, The, 241.  
President-Elect, The, 18.  
President Jordan's Fiat, 115.  
Fraternity question.  
President's Salary, The, 50.  
President Taft, 145.  
President Taft and the South, 193.  
President Taft's Policies, 306.  
Primary in Wisconsin, The, 163.  
Prophecy, A, 369.  
Direct primary.  
Racing and Liberty, 34.  
Reaching the Southern Heart, 2.  
President in Georgia.  
Real Opportunity, A, 195.  
Recall in Los Angeles, The, 115.  
Recall in Los Angeles, The, 178.  
Red Cross Fund, 17.  
Reflections upon an Individual Experience, 323.  
Reflections upon the Brown Case, 2.  
Reform in Practice, 338.  
Reluctant Venezuela, 98.  
Remember the Maine, 98.  
Rift in the Lute, A, 82.  
Mr. Phelan and Mr. Spreckels.  
Root and the Refugees, 99.  
San Francisco "Downtown" Again, 177.  
San Francisco's Theatrical Needs, 403.  
School Fraternities, 65.  
Schurman and Direct Primaries, 113.  
Significance of Count Zeppelin's Achievement, 387.  
Secret Service, The, 130.  
Settlement in Georgia, The, 386.  
Sex in the Public Schools, 353.  
Social Conditions at Washington, 162.  
Socialism in England, 115.  
Society Suffragettes, 146.  
Solid South, The, 49.  
Sorrows of Mr. Hammarstein, The, 163.  
Sound and Timely Word, A, 161.  
Mr. Taft and organized labor.  
Sounding Brass, 98.  
The Rev. George E. Burlingame and the Sunday law.  
Still the Japanese, 97.  
Strong Hand Needed, A, 257.  
Conditions in South America.  
Suggestion, A, 337.  
The Huntington property as a public park.  
Sunday Law, A, 50.  
Sundry Local Matters, 210.  
San Francisco retail trade organization.  
Population of San Francisco and suburban communities about San Francisco Bay.  
The smelter shops.  
The Portola festa.  
The Sutter Street car line.  
Taft's Purposes Clearly Defined, 354.  
Tariff Bill, The, 401.  
Tariff Readjustment, The, 193.  
Tariff, The, 241.  
Tax the Bachelor, 66.  
Terrible Record, A, 17.  
Disaster in Southern Italy.  
Threat from Japan, A, 225.  
Tillman and the Oregon Lands, 51.  
Timidity Against Enterprise, 321.  
Ballinger-Pinchot controversy.  
To Prevent Floods, 130.  
Transportation—Business—Tariff, 337.  
Trouble in China, 35.  
Turkish Parliament, The, 2.  
Two Incidents, 305.  
Workings of the Asiatic Exclusion League.  
Musicians' Union in Sacramento.  
Uneasy France, 322.  
Unhappy Portugal, 146.  
Unions and the Japanese, The, 113.  
United States of South Africa, The, 370.  
Unspeakable Earles, The, 243.  
"Unwritten Law" Again, The, 66.  
Case of T. Jenkins Hains.  
Vindication of the Law, 257.  
The trial of Mr. Glass.  
Waning Movement, A, 241.  
Prohibition.  
War and Racial Vitality, 401.

Weakness vs. Strength in Politics, 179.  
What the Fulton Appointment Means, 242.  
William M. Stewart, 274.  
Winter in the Balkans, 19.  
Word for Dr. Wiley, A, 114.  
Work and Wages, 226.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Admiral Rosjstvensky, 67.  
Affairs in Eastern Europe, 115.  
Affairs in Manchuria, 131.  
Alaska-Yukon Exposition, 372.  
"Anti-Frat" Law, The, 355.  
Appropriation Bills in California State Senate, 19.  
Appropriation for Airships, The, 99.  
Argonaut Criticized, The, 259.  
Argonaut Standard, The, 307.  
Balkan Danger, The, 35.  
Board of Bank Commissioners, The, 259.  
Bond Election, The, 419.  
Bulgarian Indemnity, The, 83.  
Calhoun Trial, 372.  
Canadian Navy, A, 403.  
Case Against District Attorney Devlin, 419.  
Case of Major Tuckers, The, 195.  
Caste in the Navy, 339.  
Capital Punishment in France, 52.  
Christmas Tree Custom, The, 3.  
Collins's Application for a Pardon, 403.  
Commission System of Municipal Government at Berkeley, 355.  
Congressman Loud, 19.  
Conditions in Judge Lawlor's Court, 339.  
Direct Primary as an Advertising Medium, 196.  
Direct Primary in Oregon, 324.  
Direct Primary in the State of Washington, The, 323.  
Direct Primary System, The, 243.  
District Attorney Jerome, 99.  
Dr. Burgess's Eulogy of the German Emperor, 35.  
Dr. Norman Bridge's Statement, 20.  
Dr. Woods Hutchinson's Plan for the Treatment of Consumptives, 51.  
Duty on Coffee, 67.  
Elihu Root, 307.  
Emma Goldman, 83.  
Estate of Lucky Baldwin, The, 227.  
European Democracy, 83.  
Ex-Chief Justice Currey's Article in the Argonaut, 196.  
Expense of the Graft Prosecution, 371.  
France's Alliance with Russia, 356.  
French Telegraphers' Strike, 195.  
General Charles A. Woodruff's Appointment, 19.  
Governor Hughes of New York, 51.  
Hains Trial, The, 83.  
Hammond Lamont, 355.  
Hon. T. W. Davenport's Article on Conditions in Oregon, 324.  
House Facilities at the Presidio, 227.  
Humor in the State Senate, 35.  
Judge Olmstead of the Children's Court in New York, 403.  
Lack of Supervision at Washington, 307.  
Luther Burbank's Affairs, 147.  
"Maid of Orleans" at Cambridge, 419.  
Miss Crocker's Lost Necklace, 147.  
Miss Luella Carson, 372.  
Mr. Archer M. Huntington's Art Exhibit, 179.  
Mr. Bryan's Opposition to the Increase in the President's Salary, 163.  
Mr. Devlin's Position, 403.  
Mr. Edison's Proposed Concrete House, 387.  
Mr. Heney's Pay for Work in Oregon, 211.  
Mr. Luke Wright as Chief Justice, 163.  
Mr. Root in the Senate, 372.  
Mr. Spreckels's Letter to Mr. Biggy, 259.  
Mr. Taft's Appointments, 163.  
Mr. Taft's Knowledge of the Pacific Coast, 147.  
Mr. Taft's Trip, 387.  
Municipal Lighting Plant at Seattle, 3.  
Next General Election in England, The, 355.  
New Grounds for Divorce, 83.  
New Kansas Liquor Law, 340.  
New York World's Comment, 35.  
No Encores at the Metropolitan Opera House, 51.  
Organized Labor's Comment, 387.  
Outbreak in Turkey, The, 243.  
Pacific Fleet, 115.  
Pay of Detective Burns and Assistants, 371.  
Police Methods, 115.  
Political Affairs in San Francisco, 355.  
Power of the Speaker in the House of Representatives, 3.  
President Roosevelt and the Secret Service, 3.  
Quarrel in the English Navy, The, 131.  
Railroad War in the Northwest, The, 371.  
"Raisin Day," 243.  
Relief Fund, 99.  
Religious Census in New Orleans, 131.  
Reorganization at Washington, 355.  
Revolution in Cuba, The, 243.  
Rumors in regard to Mr. Heney, 3.  
School Director Boyle, 19.  
Senator Aldrich and the Income Tax, 307.  
Senator Foraker's Tirade Against the President, 35.  
Speaker Wadsworth Against Direct Primary, 131.  
State Park in the Big Basin, The, 19.  
Sunday Observance Bill, 115.  
President Taft and the Speakership, 179.  
President Taft's Corporation Tax, 419.  
President Taft's Trip, 196.  
President Taft's Trip to the Pacific Coast, 275.  
President Taft's Visit to San Francisco, 259.  
Proposed Census to Large Families, 67.  
Tariff Bill, The, 276.  
The Liberator, 3.

The President's Traveling Expenses, 179.  
Timber Production in Oregon, 372.  
Trial of Patrick Calhoun, The, 260.  
Trial Marriages, 115.  
Turkish Government, The, 83.  
Understanding Between British and Turkish Governments, 52.  
War Between Austria and Serbia, The, 179.  
War Department and Aerial Crafts, The, 83.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

Acquittal of the Standard Oil Company, 212.  
Address of Ex-Governor Bates of Massachusetts, 4.  
Ambassadorial Posts, 260.  
Anti-Japanese Bills, The, 84.  
Appointment of Judges, The, 244.  
Appointment of Mr. Knox, 4.  
Assignment of Senators to Committees, 68.  
Attack on Mr. Loeb, The, 324.  
Brownsville Affair, The, 100.  
Budget Debate in the English House of Commons, 389.  
Changes in the Senate and House, 180.  
Charges Against District Attorney Jerome of New York Dismissed, 228.  
Chicago Record-Herald, The, 356.  
Chicago Women and the Gloves and Hosiery Schedules, 260.  
Counting the Electoral Votes for President and Vice-President, 132.  
Criticism on the President's Message, 36.  
Discussion in the House over the Agricultural Bill, 244.  
District Attorney Jerome's Criticism of Newspapers, 324.  
Dr. Crum, the Colored Collector of Ports at Charleston, 180.  
Dreadnoughts, 404.  
Eastern Comment on the Japanese Situation, 100.  
Eastern Newspapers Discuss the San Francisco Graft Cases, 388.  
End of Tariff Debate Predicted, 404.  
Extra Session of Congress, 148.  
Foreign Representatives, The, 404.  
Gloves and Hosiery Schedule, 260.  
Government Bulletin on Wages, The, 244.  
Governor Hughes of New York, 212.  
Income Tax, The, 228, 244, 372.  
Injunction Against Samuel Gompers, 196.  
Japanese Legislation and Labor Unions, 148.  
Japanese Question, 116.  
Journalistic Protest Against the New Tariff, 308.  
List of Senators Whose Terms Will Expire with Present Congress, 404.  
National Tariff Commission Convention, 116.  
Mexican Criticism of the American Press, 100.  
Mr. Bryan, 276.  
Mr. Cannon, 196.  
Mr. Charles P. Taft, 52.  
Mr. Hearst Not to Be Candidate for Mayor of New York, 308.  
Mr. Hitchcock's Position, 68.  
Mr. Hitchcock's Position in the Taft Cabinet, 52.  
Mr. Knox's Position, 132.  
Mr. Roosevelt and the Gompers-Mitchell Incident, 20.  
Mr. Roosevelt and the New York World, 68.  
Mr. Root, 4.  
Mr. Root and State Rights, 116.  
Mr. Root in the Senate, 100.  
Mr. Root's Popularity in New York, 180.  
Mr. Root's Speech, 196.  
Mr. Root's Unpopularity in the Senate, 356.  
Mr. Taft and Tariff Revision, 164.  
Mr. Taft and the Navy Yards, 196.  
Mr. Taft and the Professional Politicians, 196.  
Mr. Taft's Cabinet, 100.  
Mr. Taft to Consult with Senators, 212.  
Mr. Taft in Georgia, 36.  
Mr. Taft's Story, 4.  
Mr. Thomas Higen, 356.  
National Politics, 180.  
Newspapers on the Tariff Bill, 276.  
Official Life at Washington, 196.  
Panama Lihelod Suit, The, 84.  
Party Division on the Tariff Question, 420.  
Payne Bill, The, 228.  
Plan to Regulate Corporations Doing Interstate Business, 20.  
President's Accusations Against Senator Tillman, 52.  
President's Salary, The, 164.  
President's Silence on the Tariff Question, 260.  
Presidential Vote, The, 20.  
Prosecution of the New York World, 100, 142.  
Punishment of Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, 4.  
Question of Gloves, The, 244.  
Representative A. P. Gardner's Proposed Amendments, 100.  
Senator Aldrich, 388.  
Senator Aldrich's Retirement, 308.  
Senator Bailey's Assault on a New York Correspondent, 404.  
Senator Beveridge, 404.  
Senator Cummins's Amendment, 324.  
Senator La Follette, 132.  
Senator Tillman, 68.  
Senator Tillman's Position, 324.  
Southern Appointments, The, 324.  
Sugar Trust, The, 340.  
Tariff Bill, The, 228, 260, 324.  
Tariff Debate in the Senate, 356.  
Tariff Debates, 388.  
Tariff Revision, 404.  
Tariff, The, 340, 356, 372.  
Tension Between England and Germany.  
Trade Intricacies in the Tariff Debate.



Vacancies on the Bench of the United States Supreme Court, 228.  
Vice-President Sherman, 180.  
Vote Against Free Lumber, The, 404.  
Vote on Culberson Resolution, 52.  
Wisconsin and the Direct Primary, 164.  
Work for the Attorney-General, 180.  
Work on the Panama Canal, 100.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

BY SIDNEY G. P. CORVY.

Abraham Lincoln—George Bancroft, 121.  
Abraham Lincoln—Rev. William Hayes Ward, 73.  
Abraham Lincoln: The Boy and Man—James Morgan, 71.  
Actress, The—Louise Closser Hale, 216.  
Adventures of a Nice Young Man—Aix, 41.  
Aerial Warfare—R. P. Hearn, 289.  
Age of Mental Virility, The—W. A. Newman Dorland, 57.  
Age of Shakespeare, The—Algernon Charles Swinburne, 424.  
Aline of the Grand Woods—Nevil G. Henshaw, 290.  
America and the Far Eastern Question—Thomas F. Millard, 377.  
American College, The—Abraham Flexner, 168.  
American Stage of Today, The—Walter Prichard Eaton, 232.  
Angel of Forgiveness, The—Rosa Nouchette Carey, 121.  
Anne of Green Gables—L. M. Montgomery, 73.  
Appreciation of the Drama, The—Charles H. Caffin, 232.  
Araminta—J. C. Smith, 167.  
Arthur Atkins: Extracts from the Letters and Notes on Painting and Landscape Written During the Period of His Work as a Painter in the Last Two Years of His Life, 121.  
Art of the Netherland Galleries, The—David C. Preyer, 167.  
Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages—Julia de Wolf Addison, 389.  
Arts and Crafts of Older Spain, The—Leonard Williams, 344.  
Assassination of Abraham Lincoln and Its Expatriation, The—David Miller Dewitt, 121.  
Aspects of Modern Opera—Lawrence Gilman, 184.  
Athletic Games in the Education of Women—Gertrude Dudley and Frances A. Kellor, 291.  
Auhrey Beardsley—Robert Ross, 137.  
Banking and Currency Problem in the United States, The—Victor Morewetz, 121.  
Banzai—Parahellum, 200.  
Beverages, Past and Present—Edward R. Emerson, 217.  
Bible of Nature, The—J. Arthur Thompson, 264.  
Bill Truettel—George H. Brannan, 167.  
Biology and Its Makers—William A. Loy, 264.  
Black Cross, The—Olive M. Briggs, 232.  
Blackstock Papers—Lady Ritchie, 291.  
Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation—William T. Davis, 25.  
Book of Georgian Verse, The—William Stanley Braithwaite, 137.  
Book of Princess and Princesses, The—Mrs. Lang, 41.  
Bridge Builders, The—Anna Chapin Ray, 167.  
British Officer in the Balkans, A—Major Percy E. Henderson, 216.  
Butler's Story, The—Arthur Train, 286.  
By the Shores of Arcady—Isabel Graham, 200.  
Canadian Types of the Old Régime—Charles W. Colby, 151.  
Canyon Voyage, A—Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, 248.  
Carliota, a Story of the San Gabriel Mission—Frances Margaret Fox, 424.  
Captain Margaret—John Macfield, 19.  
Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy—T. Francis Bumpus, 265.  
Century of the Child, The—Ellen Kay, 248.  
Chateau and Country Life in France—Mary King Waddington, 103.  
Chip—F. E. Mills Young, 376.  
Christian Doctrine of God, The—William Newton Clarke, 376.  
Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker—Margaret Bryant, 328.  
Cherub Devine—Sewell Ford, 408.  
Churches and the Wage-Earners, The—C. Bertrand Thompson, 232.  
Climbers, The—E. F. Benson, 425.  
Comrades—Thomas Dixon, 286.  
Conquest of the Great Northwest, The—Agnes C. Laut, 359.  
Cords of Vanity, The—James Branch Cabell, 360.  
Corrie Who?—Maximilian Foster, 167.  
Cradle of the Rose, The—By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," 57.  
Daughter of Fire—Gabriele d'Annunzio, 288.  
Daughters of the Rich—Edgar Saltus, 424.  
Davie and Elizabeth—Muriel Campbell Dyar, 25.  
Day Dreams of Greece—Charles Whorton Stork, 328.  
Death of Lincoln, The—Clara E. Laughlin, 200.  
Delafeld Affair, The—Florence Finch Kelly, 216.  
Devil in London, The—George R. Sims, 122.  
Dragon's Blood—Henry Milner Rideout, 290.  
Earth's Bounty, The—Kate V. S. May, 312.  
Educational Ideal in the Ministry, The—William H. P. Faunce, 151.  
Edward Macdowell—Lawrence Gilman, 328.  
Economic Functions of Vice, The—John McElroy, 200.  
El Greco—Albert F. Calvert and C. Gasquoine Hartley, 288.  
Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town, The—Lyman P. Powell, 312.  
Emotionalist, The—Stanley Olmsted, 106.  
Empire of the East, The—H. B. Montgomery, 361.  
England and the English, from an American Point of View—Price Collier, 408.  
English Honeymoon, Ann—Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, 361.  
Eternal Boy, The—Owen Johnson, 424.  
Ethics—John Dewey and James H. Tufts, 360.  
Experience of Miss DuCane, The—S. Macnaghten, 57.  
Explorer, The—William Somerset Maugham, 137.  
Faith and Works of Christian Science—By the author of Confession Medici, 311.  
Faith Healer, The—William Vaughn Moody, 200.  
Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig, The—David Graham Phillips, 89.  
Fate and the Butterfly—Forrest Halsey, 425.  
Favorite of Napoleon, A—Paul Cheramy, 327.  
Fifty Years of Darwinism, 408.  
Fighting the Turk in the Balkans—Arthur D. Howden Smith, 25.  
Fish Stories—Charles F. Holder and David Starr Jordan, 184.  
Florentine Tragedy, A—Oscar Wilde, 106.  
France and the Allies—André Tardies, 121.  
Fraternity—John Galsworthy, 265.  
French Influence in English Literature, The—Alfred Horatio Uppham, 57.  
Friendship Village—Zona Gale, 25.  
From the North Foreland to Penzance—Clive Holland, 55.  
From the Sea—The—Arthur Smith, 122.  
From the Sea: A Romance of the Sea—Alfred Oliva, 119.  
G. Chesterton: A Criticism, 392.  
The Conquered, The—Susan Glaspell, 232.  
Health and How We Won It—Upton Sinclair and Michael Williams, 264.  
The Chances, The—Alfred Loisy, 264.

Greek and Eastern Churches, The—Walter F. Adeney, 288.  
Gorgon Borgia, The—Justin Huntley McCarthy, 409.  
Governors, The—E. Phillips Oppenheim, 407.  
Gun Runner, The—Arthur Stringer, 286.  
Harper's Machinery Book for Boys—Joseph H. Adams, 328.  
Harvest Moon, The—J. S. Fletcher, 57.  
Health and Happiness—Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, 57.  
Heart of the Singer, The—Fred Whitney, 291.  
Hearts Are Trumps—Alexander Ott, 360.  
Henrik Ibsen: The Man and His Plays—Montrose J. Moses, 167.  
Higher Life in Art, The—John La Farge, 151.  
Higher Sacrifice, The—David Starr Jordan, 9.  
Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast, 344.  
History of German Literature, A—Calvin Thomas, 344.  
History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred—Charles B. Waite, 313.  
How to Appreciate Prints—Frank Weitenkamp, 137.  
How to Understand Electrical Work—William H. Onken, Jr., and Joseph H. Baker, 89.  
Ideals of the Republic—James Schouler, 151.  
Immortality, One—H. Fielding Hall, 137.  
Important Pictures of the Louvre, The—Florence Heywood, 9.  
In American Fields and Forests, 291.  
In a Mysterious Way—Anne Warner, 360.  
In Calvert's Valley—Margaret P. Montague, 105.  
India Through the Ages: A Popular and Pictorial History of Hindustan—Flora Annie Steel, 121.  
Infatuation—Lloyd Osbourne, 232.  
Inner Shrine, The, 376.  
Interplay—Beatrice Harraden, 151.  
In the Open—Stanton Davis Kirkham, 90.  
In Viking Land—W. S. Monroe, 392.  
In West Point Gray—Florence Kimball Russell, 248.  
Italians of Today, The—Translated from the French of René Bazin by William Marchant, 184.  
Jimho—Algernon Blackwood, 424.  
John Watts de Peyster—Frank Allaben, 360.  
Katherine—Elinor Macartney Lane, 312.  
Kincaid's Battery—George W. Cable, 73.  
Kingdom of Earth, The—Anthony Partridge, 408.  
King in Khaki, A—Henry Kitchell Webster, 329.  
King of Arcadia, The—Francis Lynde, 264.  
Kiss of Helen, The—Charles Marriott, 41.  
Lady of the Dynamos, The—Adele Marie Shaw, 287.  
Lady of the White Vail, The—Rose O'Neil, 376.  
Landlubbers, The—Gertrude King, 408.  
Land of Promise, The—Richard de Bary, 167.  
Land of the Living, The—Maude Radford Warren, 57.  
Last of the Plainsmen, The—Zane Grey, 105.  
Leadership—Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, 41.  
Letters from China—Mrs. E. H. Conger, 263.  
Letters of Cortez—Daniel S. Richardson, 249.  
Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine—Harriet S. Blaine Beale, 168.  
Life of Abraham Lincoln, The—Charles W. Moore, 137.  
Life of a Fossil Hunter, The—Charles H. Sternberg, 376.  
Life of Mary Baker Eddy, The—Sibyl Wilbur, 291.  
Life of Sir Isaac Pitman, The—Alfred Baker, 90.  
Lighted Lamp, The—C. Hanford Henderson, 185.  
Lincoln the Citizen and Lincoln the President—H. C. Whitney, 90.  
Lincoln Tribute Book, The—Horatio Sheate Krans, 184.  
Little Gods, The: A Masque of the Far East—Rowland Thomas, 265.  
Loaded Dice—Ellery H. Clark, 264.  
Literary Man's Bible, The—W. L. Courtney, 344.  
Looms of Life—Herman Schaeffer, 328.  
Lost John Mine, The—Frederick Niven, 135.  
Mad Barbara—Arvid Depping, 151.  
Magingian, The—W. Somerset Maugham, 105.  
Mackinac of Carlyle, The—R. S. Craig, 280.  
Mallet's Masterpiece, The—Edward Peple, 328.  
Man in the Light of Evolution—John M. Tyler, 105.  
Man in Lower Ten, The—Mary Roberts Rinehart, 217.  
Manual of American Literature, A—Theodore Stanton, 288.  
Man Without a Shadow, The—Oliver Cabot, 328.  
Marriage à la Mode—Mrs. Humphry Ward, 423.  
Mars as the Abode of Life—Percival Lovell, 89.  
Matter with Nervousness, The—H. C. Sawyer, 288.  
Maurice Guest—Hendy Handel Richardson, 121.  
Measure of Our Youth, The—Alice Herbert, 286.  
Message, The—Louis Tracy, 232.  
Mind in the Making—Edgar James Swift, 291.  
Mind, Religion and Health—Dr. Robert MacDonald, 9.  
Mind over Body, 424.  
Misery and Its Cause—Edward T. Devine, 408.  
Missionary, The—E. Phillips Oppenheim, 73.  
Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons—Mrs. A. S. Forbes, 216.  
Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief—A. M. Wenley, 376.  
Mongols in Russia, The—Jeremiah Curtin, 392.  
Monuments of Christian Rome—Arthur L. Frothingham, 289.  
Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Countries—Mrs. Rodolph Stowell, 345.  
Mr. Opp—Alice Hegan Rice, 408.  
Much Ado about Peter—Jean Webster, 361.  
My Story—Hall Caine, 215.  
Naval Administration and Warfare—Captain A. T. Mahan, 25.  
Ned, Nigger an' Gent'man—Norman G. Kittrell, 41.  
Nirvana Days—Cale Young Rice, 200.  
Ocean Life in the Old Sailing Ship Days—John D. Whidden, 9.  
Ode on the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln—Percy Mackaye, 137.  
Old Edinburgh—Frederick W. Watkeys, 216.  
One Fair Daughter—Frederick P. Ladd, 328.  
On the Road to Arden—Margaret Morse, 265.  
Open House—Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, 105.  
Oratory of the South—Edwin Dubois Shurtler, 73.  
Origins and Sources of the Bible, The—J. T. Sutherland, 137.  
Other Side of the Door, The—Lucia Chamberlain, 312.  
Our Wasteful Nation—Rudolf Cronau, 121.  
Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land—Henry Van Dyke, 248.  
Panama Canal and Its Makers, The—Vaughan Cornish, 184.  
Parable of the Rose, A, and Other Poems—Lyman Whitney Allen, 200.  
Parsimony in Nutrition—Sir James Crichton Browne, 264.  
Peace, Power, and Plenty—Orison Swett Marden, 264.  
Pearl, The—Marian Mead, 200.  
Personality in Education—James P. Conover, 121.  
Philosophy of the Federal Constitution, The—Henry C. Hughes, 25.  
Phrenology—J. G. Spurzheim, 105.  
Physician to the Soul, A—Horatio W. Dresser, 57.  
Pilgrim's March, The—H. H. Bashford, 264.  
Playhouse, The—Herman Whitaker, 344.  
Playhouse and the Play, The—Percy Mackaye, 392.  
Poems—Robert Underwood Johnson, 200.  
Poems of A. C. Benson, The, 167.

Poems of American History—Burton Egbert Stevenson, 89.  
Prince of Dreamers, A—Flora Annie Steel, 344.  
Psychological Phenomena of Christianity—George Barton Cutten, 216.  
Psychology of Singing, The—David C. Taylor, 184.  
Psychotherapy—Hugo Munsterberg, 393.  
Quest for the Rose of Sharon, The—Burton E. Stevenson, 344.  
Race Questions, Provincialism and Other American Problems—Josiah Royce, 25.  
Race or Mongrel—Alfred P. Schultz, 233.  
Rachel Lorian—Mrs. Henry Dudeney, 167.  
Railroad Freight Rates in Relation to the Industry and Commerce of the United States—Logan G. McPherson, 424.  
Recollections of a Varied Career—William F. Draper, 184.  
Redemption—René Bazin, 249.  
Red Mouse, The—William Hamilton Osbourne, 184.  
Reminiscence of Abraham Lincoln, 121.  
Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character—Dean Ramsay, 290.  
Richard Mansfield: The Man and the Actor—Paul Wiltach, 183.  
Ring and the Man, The—Cyrus Townsend Brady, 233.  
Robert Lee, the Southerner—Thomas Nelson Page, 9.  
Romance of a Plain Man, The—Ellen Glasgow, 375.  
Roman Holidays and Others—W. D. Howells, 185.  
Rose-White Youth—Dolf Wyllarde, 424.  
Roshan—Myra Kelly, 9.  
Roy and Ray in Canada—Mary Wright Plummer, 57.  
Royal Ward, A—Percy Brebner, 360.  
Sappho in Boston—105.  
Sardonic—Harris Merton Lyon, 137.  
Sebastian—Frank Danby, 287.  
Selected Poems of Francis Thompson, 106.  
Self-Confidence and How to Secure It—Dr. Paul Dubois, 289.  
Septimus—William J. Locke, 39.  
Seven Splendid Sinners—W. K. H. Trowbridge, 231.  
Shadow World, The—Hamlin Garland, 41.  
Shelburne Essays—Paul Elmer More, 424.  
Simon Tretlow's Shadow—Jeannette Lee, 184.  
Spanish Holiday, A—Charles Marriott, 8.  
Spell, The—William Dana Orcutt, 105.  
Some New Literary Valuations—Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson, 167.  
Some Reminiscences—William L. Royall, 344.  
Some One Pays—Noel Barwell, 344.  
Sons of the Puritans, 290.  
South America on the Eve of Emancipation—Bernard Moses, 328.  
Sovereign Good, The—Helen Huntington, 9.  
Speaking Voice, The—Katherine Jewell Everts, 106.  
Special Messenger—Robert W. Chambers, 264.  
Spell of Italy, The—Caroline Atwater Mason, 360.  
St. Botolph's Town—Mary Caroline Crawford, 312.  
Stickteen—John Muir, 344.  
Stories of English Artists from Vandyke to Turner—Randall Davies and Cecil Hunt, 151.  
Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists, from the Time of the Van Eycks to the End of the Seventeenth Century—Victor Reynolds, 150.  
Story of the Great Lakes, The—Edward Chaoning and Marion F. Lansing, 289.  
Story of My Life, The—Ellen Terry, 87.  
Story of New Netherland, The—William Elliott Grosz, 392.  
Story of Trize, The—Alice Brown, 286.  
Strain of White, The—Ada Woodruff Anderson, 391.  
Straw, The—Rina Ramsey, 151.  
Studies in the American Race Problem—Alfred Holt Stone, 248.  
Supreme Test, The—Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, 9.  
Syrinx—Laurence North, 287.  
Tales of Lanchester—Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, 73.  
Teacher, The: Essays and Addresses on Education—George Herbert Palmer, 216.  
Temple of Virtue, The—Paul Revere Frothingham, 151.  
Tether, The—Ezra S. Brudno, 41.  
Theory of Mind, A—John Lewis March, 89.  
Third French Republic, The—Frederick Lawton, 285.  
Three Brothers, The—Eden Philpotts, 152.  
Through Welsh Doorways—Jeanette Marks, 360.  
Tono-Bungay—H. G. Wells, 89.  
Tragedy—Ashley H. Thorndike, 200.  
Tragedy of Richard the Third, The, with the Landing of Earle Richmond and the Battle of Bosworth Field—Horace Howard Furness, Jr., 199.  
Travels in the Far East—Ellen M. H. Peck, 216.  
Treasury of Verse for Little Children, A—Madalen G. Edgar, 290.  
Twentieth Century American, The—H. Perry Robinson, 73.  
Two Stowaways, The—James Otis, 89.  
Uncle Gregory—George Sandeman, 232.  
United States and World Power, The—Archibald Cary Coolidge, 137.  
University of Virginia, The—David M. R. Culbreth, 152.  
Untrodden English Ways—Henry C. Shelley, 248.  
Vai of the Islands—Beatrice Grimshaw, 41.  
Venetia and Northern Italy, being the Story of Venice, Lombardy, and Emilia—Cecil Headlam, 248.  
Walt Whitman—George Rice Carpenter, 408.  
Wanderings in Ireland—M. M. Shoemaker, 185.  
Waterloo—Thomas E. Watson, 105.  
Web of the Golden Spider, The—Frederick Orin Bartless, 184.  
Week in the White House with President Roosevelt, A—William Bayard Hale, 57.  
When the Tide Turns—Filson Young, 57.  
Whip of Time, The—Arabella Kennedy, 409.  
Whole Family, The—A Novel by twelve authors, 73.  
Wisdom of the West, The—L. Cranmer and S. A. Kapadia, 105.  
White Sister, The—F. Marion Crawford, 342.  
Why We Love Lincoln—James Creelman, 200.  
Wild Geese, and the Rocky Mountains, 199.  
Widow's Curse, The—Evelyn A. Mills, 248.  
Wiles of Sexton Maginnis—Maurice Francis Egan, 290.  
Wireless Telegraphy and Wireless Telephony—A. E. Kennelly, 312.  
With the Night Mail: A Story of 2000 A. D.—Rudyard Kipling, 247.  
With Whistler in Venice—Otto H. Backer, 122.  
Working Theory, A—Alexander McKel, 248.  
Works of Henry James, The, 287.  
Writing the Short Story—J. Berg Esenwein, 408.  
Writings of George Washington—Lawrence B. Evans, 73.  
Year Out of Life, A—Mary E. Waller, 392.  
Young Nemesis—Frank T. Bullen, 290.

Idaho's Senators—Max Mayfield, 196.  
Incident at Bryn Mawr, The—William F. Bard, 388.  
Late Henry H. Rogers, The—John A. Heushall, 356.  
Medals and Meat—B. W. M., 388.  
Morals in the Theatre—E. M., 179.  
Music Licenses—Anna von Meyerinck, 20.  
Needs of Britain, The—Walter R. Hearn, 388.  
Note on a Trivial Matter—Olcott Haskell, 426.  
Perhaps the Press Agent—James K. Hackett, 196.  
Question of Etymology, A—J. H. S., 116.  
Tin-Plate Trade, The—American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, 179.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Sydney Brooks—  
British Rule in India, 230.  
Flaneur—  
Automobiles and Chauffeurs, 21.  
New York Smugglers, 373.  
Maxine Elliott's New Theatre, 37.  
Jeannette L. Elliot—  
"An Englishman's Home," 213.  
Carlyle Love Letters, The, 277.  
Hispanic Society of America, The, 165.  
Horses, Automobiles, Balloons, 326.  
No Home for Art, 261.  
Late Heinrich Corried, The, 341.  
Morals in the Theatre, 149.  
Mrs. Glyn Again, 357.  
New York at "Unfinished Hell," 389.  
Opera in New York, 229.  
Socialist and Suffragette, 181.  
Special Performances in New York, 197.  
"The Narrow Path" in New York, 405.  
"The Writing on the Wall," 309.  
Two Bread Lines in New York, 245.  
Hanna A. Larsen—  
Mary Garden as Salomé, 101.  
Lorrimer, Charles—  
An International House Party, 421.  
Downtown of Yuan Shih Kai, 186.  
Funeral of an Emperor, The, 410.  
Gossip from the Dragon Court, 53.  
Passing of an Emperor, The, 5.  
Social Departure, A, 314.  
Piccadilly—  
Admirals in Trouble, 325.  
Adventures and Automobile, 117.  
Conscription in England, 85.  
New Note in English Literature, A, 284.  
Selfridge Store, The, 250.  
White Slaves in England, 362.  
St. Martin—  
Coquelin, Comedian of France, 104.  
Death of Cattle Mendes, The, 133.  
For Americans in Paris, 347.  
Fortune-Teller and the Ladies, The, 69.  
French Novels and French Life, 283.  
Paris Beauty Show, A, 266.

## MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

At Reggio, Scylla, and Messina, 120.  
Barrie's Apprenticeship, 378.  
Belated Apology, A, 331.  
Blanche Bates on Self-Hypnotism, 175.  
Bon Voyage to Raphael Weill, 394.  
British Humor in Pantomimes, 111.  
Bronze Yacht, A, 63.  
Butterfly Jewels, 31.  
Chopin and the Piano, 185.  
Classic Melodies in Comic Songs, 63.  
Clyde Fitch's Latest, 331.  
Concerning Choice Sentiments, 382.  
Crime in New York, 46.  
Crown of the Capitol Dome, 356.  
English Reform in Dancing, 234.  
For Discharged Prisoners, 394.  
French Academy Introductions, 235.  
German Musicians Poorly Paid, 14.  
Grand Opera and Good Music, 31.  
Heinrich Conrad, 311.  
In a Dublin Cemetery, 30.  
Individualities, 5, 21, 37, 53, 69, 85, 101, 117, 133, 149, 165, 181, 197, 213, 229, 245, 261, 277, 309, 325, 341, 357, 373, 389, 405, 421.  
James Admirable Crichton, 346.  
Jew in Music, The, 319.  
Josiah Royce on California, 40.  
Legends of a Vagabond, 296.  
Literary Notes, 10, 26, 42, 58, 74, 90, 106, 122, 137, 152, 168, 185, 201, 217, 233, 249, 265, 292, 313, 329, 345, 361, 377, 393, 409, 425.  
Literary Tragedy, A—292.  
Looking for a State Song, 367.  
Men Who Guard the King, 383.  
Merry Music, 13, 29, 45, 61, 77, 93, 109, 125, 141, 157, 173, 189, 205, 221, 237, 253, 269, 301, 317, 333, 349, 365, 381, 397, 413, 429.  
Mr. Hackett as Jean Valjean, 362.  
Mysteries of Windsor Castle, 15.  
New Barrie Play, The, 43.  
New Publications, 42, 58, 74, 90, 106, 122, 137, 152, 168, 185, 201, 217, 233, 249, 265, 292, 313, 329, 345, 361, 377, 393, 409, 425.  
New Theatre Programme, The, 415.  
Novelist's Scrap-Bag, A, 78.  
Olive Logan a Pauper, 175.  
On the River Seine, 338.  
Opinion from Judge Currey, An, 202.  
Oriental Mind, The, 292.  
Paris Snow Storm, A, 62.  
Poetry on the Stage, 47.  
Political-Personal, 56, 68, 84, 100, 132, 148.  
Priceless Violin, A.  
Prologue Mr. Walter's Latest Play, 46.  
Queen's Poem on Dickens, A, 291.  
Reader's Advantage, The—W. J. Weymouth, 281.  
Real Nature-Loving Artists, 296.  
Royalty at the Varieties, 411.  
Rules of Rhetoric, The, 382.  
School Magazines, 74.  
Sicily and Theocritus, 40.  
Sir Henry Irving's Son, 185.  
Spreading Good Music, 378.  
Stage Romances, 11.  
Storyettes, 13, 29, 45, 61, 77, 93, 109, 125, 141, 157, 173, 189, 205, 221, 237, 253, 269, 301, 317, 333, 349, 365, 381, 397, 413, 429.  
Story of Saw Wood, 400.  
Suffragette Utopia, A, 79.  
Tattooing in Favor, 15.  
The Allied Humorists, 16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 192, 208, 224, 240, 256, 272, 304, 320, 336, 352, 368, 384, 400, 416, 432.  
Theatre Claque in Paris, The, 239.  
Tolstoi on Lincoln, 120.  
Unobtrusive Finance, 346.  
Vanity Fair, 12, 28, 44, 60, 76, 92, 108, 124, 140, 156, 172, 188, 204, 220, 236, 252, 268, 300, 316, 332, 348, 364, 380, 396, 412, 428.  
Worships in Gray, 15.

## RECENT VERSE.

At Our Boarding House, 381.  
Austin, Alfred—Condonation, 191.  
A Weaver, 69.  
Bangs, John Kendrick—  
Fame, 104.  
Friends, 250.  
Banc, Blanche Allen—The Wet Road, 329.  
Barker, Elsa—Pervasion, 191.  
Bates, Arlo—A Rose, 72.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Anti-Racetrack League—M. Spencer, 52.  
Balloons in War—James C. Strong, 116.  
C Is Happy, If A Is Not—J. C. R., 116.  
Coventry's Satire Not the Author—Alice Meynell, 36.  
Explanation, An—J. P. Conover, 168.  
From Professor McMurtry, 212.



Bianchi, Martha Gilbert Dickenson—  
The Wind, 260.  
To a Street-Organ Melody, 430.  
Burpee, C. W.—My Boy's Book and Mine, 88.  
Burton, Richard—  
Of Those Who Walk Alone, 314.  
The Human Note, 88.  
Byerley, Mary—Song, 88.  
Capes, Bernard—The Voice, 104.  
Chapman, Arthur—The Rio Grande Patrol, 250.  
Coates, Florence Earle—India-Pipe, 207.  
Coffin, Helen Lockwood—My Wings, 430.  
Colton, Arthur—The Poet and the Fountain, 351.  
Coll, Aloysius—Old Man Frost, 24.  
Coolbrith, Ina—Renewal, 330.  
Davidson, John—  
Rain in the New Forest, 394.  
Two Dogs, 10.  
Eaton, Walter Prichard—What Have I Brought,  
69.  
Egan, Maurice F.—Sonnet, 430.  
Egerton, Alix—The Song of the Goose Girl, 377.  
Ford, Gertrude—"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi," 260.  
Garrison, Theodosia—The Joy o' Life, 363.  
Gilder, Richard Watson—Shakespeare's New  
Home, 24.  
Guiterman, Arthur—Breaking Camp, 207.  
Hoare, Florence—Miniatures, 136.  
Howard, Ethel B.—The Flutes of Spring, 191.  
Huxley, Leonard—A Beethoven at Night, 171.  
Kaufman, Reginald Wright—  
Afterwards, 223.  
Yesterday, 155.  
Keeler, Charles—Alaska, 314.  
Kemp, Harry H.—An Ode to Sky-Climbers, 330.  
Kenyon, James B.—We Will Keep Our Dreams,  
69.  
King, Edward—The Tsigane's Canzonet, 250.  
King, Georgiana Goddard—The Call, 155.  
Kipling, Rudyard—The Foreloper, 239.  
Kiser, S. E.—  
The Trusting Little One, 260.  
The Workers, 430.  
When I Was Your Age, 381.  
La Chanson de la Bretagne—Winged Memories,  
56.  
Le Gallienne, Richard—Lovers, 24.  
Logan, Robert—The Shadows, 351.  
Lovell, Bertha Chace—The Mystery, 414.  
Maurice, Furnley—Old Ships, 136.  
McClurg, Littell—The Babe, 414.  
McKinsey, Folger—The Idle Singers, 171.  
McNeal-Sweeney, Mildred—I Would Not Be the  
Housed Soul, 239.  
Meredith, George—On Como, 24.  
Miller, Joaquin—Drifting Souls, 309.  
Montgomery, G. E.—Love, 72.  
Montgomery, R. L.—The Village in the Lake, 120.  
Mountain, William—The Dream, 171.  
Nesbit, Wilbur D.—Of Buried Cities, 330.  
Noyes, Alfred—In Memory of Swinburne, 363.  
Omnia Somnia, 330.  
Pickthall, Marjorie L. C.—Evening, 56.  
Piatt, Mrs. S. M.—Lie Still, 72.  
Princess in the City, The, 104.  
Reese, Lizette Woodworth—Anne, 314.  
Roberts, Lloyd—One Morning When the Rain-  
Birds Call, 159.  
Roberts, Theodore—The Maid, 394.  
Saxon, Helen A.—An Old Violin, 239.  
Schumann, A. T.—Ballade, 56.  
Schuyler, Lydia—Spring on Long Island, 383.  
Shorter, Dora Sigerson—The Road to Cahinteely,  
223.

Smith, Luella Wilson—Recognizance, 88.  
Sweet Day, 72.  
Swinburne, Algernon Charles—  
A Match, 244.  
Etude Realiste, 244.  
Taylor, Una Artevelde—Praise the Good Day at  
Its End, 120.  
Tompkins, Eufina C.—"Dead Yet Speaketh," 383.  
Towne, Charles Hanson—The Voices, 351.  
Trench, Herbert—The Song of the Vine, 313.  
Tynan, Katharine—The Country Child, 426.  
Van Dyke, Henry—A Lover's Envy, 155.  
Van Voppen, Charles Leonard—Tyre! 351.  
Visscher, William Lightfoot—The Music of Erin  
of Old, 207.  
Visittart, Robert—A Desert Impression, 191.  
Wall Paper Man, The, 381.  
Wilkinson, Florence—A Hillside of White  
Heather, 260.  
Wilson, Mabel Hartridge—Gipsy Love Song, 414.  
Wyatt, Edith—An April Wind, 223.

### DRAMA.

Phelps, Josephine Hart—  
Ben Greet Players, The, and Nazimova, 315.  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hedda  
Gahler."  
"Ben Hur" Spectacle, The, 11.  
Bispham at the Greek Theatre, 219.  
"Brewster's Millions," 43.  
"Countess Coquette," 331.  
Giordano's "Fedora" and "The Morals of  
Marcus," 427.  
Gadski's Triumph, 43.  
"Girls" and Lhevinne, 170.  
Ethel Barrymore in "Lady Frederick," 395.  
John Drew in "Jack Straw," 363.  
Lillian Russell's Secret, 187.  
Lovell and Dundreary, 75.  
Mackenzie Gordon, 123.  
"Mary's Lamb," 219.  
Mme. Nazimova, 298.  
"A Doll's House."  
Mrs. Fiske's Serious Play, 411.  
"Salvation Nell."  
"Nancy Brown," 219.  
New Orpheum, The, 267.  
"Peter Pan," 251.  
Play and a Concert, A, 203.  
"The Right of Way"—Mr. Bispham.  
"Peggy from Paris," 379.  
"Prince Hagen," 59.  
Sothern's Prince of Denmark, 59.  
"Sporting Life," 347.  
"Stealing Home," 379.  
Sunday "Pop" Concerts, 91.  
"The College Widow," 27.  
"The County Chairman," 123.  
"The Easterner," 331.  
"The Fatal Card," 154.  
"The Genius," 347.  
"The Honor of the Family," 251.  
The Orpheum, 27.  
The Orpheum, 187.  
"The Red Mill," 139.  
Two Dramas, 235.  
"Pretty Peggy," "The House of Rimmon."  
Vaudeville's Steady Advance, 107.  
Walter's "Wolf"—Sothern's "Richelieu," 91.  
shoals, George L.—  
The New Princess Company, 154.  
"The Rounders."

### STORIES.

Black Beauty-Spot, The—Translated from the  
French by Mary Ives Cowlam, 390.  
Black Sacrifice, The—Walter Adolph Roberts, 198.  
Bohemian Bonanza, A—Translated from the  
French of Henri Munger, 72.  
Brothers in Death—Edwin H. Clough, 70.  
Dame Luck and Mixed Motives—Gertrude B. Mil-  
lard, 278.  
End of a Vendetta, The—Jerome A. Hart, 6.  
Exile and an Explanation, An—Jerome A. Hart,  
22.  
Facts in the Case of Mr. Nicot, The—Sidney G.  
P. Coryn, 166.  
Faith of Gaudaloupe, The—Kathryn Jarboe, 358.  
Family Honor, The—J. M. Barrie, 297.  
Game of Chess, A—Edwin H. Clough, 134.  
Hand in the Moonlight, The—F. H. Ferguson,  
422.  
High, Low and the Game—Harry Davids, 54.  
Hoodoo of Los Buhos, The—Bourdon Wilson,  
406.  
Lally Broughton's Début—C. J. Wills, 234.  
Literary Wife, My—Marguerite Stahler, 310.  
Love That Lives, A—William Lightfoot Visscher,  
326.  
Luck of Buck, The—Bourdon Wilson, 374.  
Magic Bit of Silver, The—From the Spanish, 136.  
Mission Mercedes, The—Amos George, 102.  
Mothers of Gaston, The—Edith Hecht, 246.  
Oaths of the Marquis, The—Translated from the  
French by L. S. V., 218.  
On a Stormy Night—Translated from the Russian  
by Edward Tuckerman Mason, 330.  
Passing of the Poet, The—Donald Kennicott, 38.  
Prairie Conversion, A—E. Mirrieles, 342.  
Queer Transaction, A—H., 24.  
Rabbi Aser Ahar hanel—Translated from the  
French by Fremoult Sankey, 426.  
Road Back Yonder, The—William Lightfoot  
Visscher, 282.  
Scourge of the Gods, The—John Herman Wishar,  
262.  
Slipper Trick, The—Translated from the French  
by L. S. Vassault, 88.  
Turbulent Toupee, A—William Lightfoot Visscher,  
214.  
Verdavin's Candidacy—Translated from the  
French of Pierre Veron, 56.  
Was It a Spectre? 378.  
When the Double Comes—R. C. Pitzer, 86.  
Woman in the Moon, The—William Lightfoot  
Visscher, 118.  
Wooing of Annabel Owens, The—Donald Kenni-  
cott, 182.

### OLD FAVORITES.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey—  
An Old Castle, 180.  
Forever and a Day, 117.  
Pamphina, 228.  
Austin, Alfred—Capri, 21.  
Bell, Charles D.—The Azure Grotto, 21.  
Campbell, Thomas—Lord Ullin's Daughter, 420.  
Clare, John—The Dying Child, 4.  
Clerke, E. M.—"The Flying Dutchman," 325.  
Cocke, Zitella—The Tapestry Weaver, 37.  
Dance of the Dead—From the German of Goethe,  
284.  
Dohson, Austin—The Ballad of Bitter Fruit, 284.  
Ferguson, S.—The Forging of the Anchor, 164.  
Hall, Eugene J.—The Highway Cow, 373.

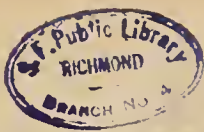
Halpine, General Charles Graham—Resigned, 117.  
Herrick, Robert—Daifodils, 420.  
Holmes, Oliver Wendell—  
The Voiceless, 150.  
To John G. Whittier, 277.  
Howe, Julia Ward—The Ruins of Ostia, 54.  
Jonson, Ben—The Noble Nature, 263.  
Lockhart, J. G.—The Escape of Count Fernan  
Gonzales, 308.  
Lord Lovel, 133.  
Maurice, Furnley—Old Ships, 404.  
Mitchell, S. Weir—Lincoln, 83.  
Moulton, Louise Chandler—We Lay Us Down to  
Sleep, 37.  
O'Hara, Theodore—The Bivouac of the Dead, 357.  
Patmore, Coventry—His Fatherland, 263.  
Reade, John Edmund—Vesuvius, 54.  
Roy's Wife of Aldivallock, 150.  
Saxe, John Godfrey—My Castle in Spain, 213.  
Sheppard, Elizabeth Sara—Adelaida, 101.  
Sill, Edward Rowland—The Dead President, 85.  
Stedman, Edmund Clarence—Mora Benefica, 117.  
Swinburne, Algernon Charles—  
The Disappointed Lover, 390.  
The Garden of Proserpine, 340.  
Tale of Lord Lovel, The, 133.  
Taylor, Bayard—  
Aurum Potabile, 199.  
Lincoln at Gettysburg, 85.  
The Mountains, 263.  
Whittier, John G.—To Oliver Wendell Holmes,  
277.  
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler—One of Us Two, 150.

### WEDDINGS.

Bane-Dickman, 382.  
Baldwin-Berry, 350.  
Bothin-Chabot, 398.  
Cerf-Martin, 334.  
Collins-Borden, 414.  
De Dampierre-de Guigne, 30.  
Douglass-Russell, 350.  
Esberg-Sloss, 126.  
Farquarson-Phinney, 30.  
Fletcher-Mills, 318.  
Glassford-Phelps, 382.  
Hoover-Patterson, 382.  
Ireland-Porter, 14.  
Lucas-Toy, 158.  
Maynard-Lefferts, 270.  
McBean-Newhall, 350.  
McQuisten-Castle, 110.  
Milton-Wilkens, 270.  
Moore-Davis, 110.  
Morrison-Gatewood, 318.  
Murphy-Sullivan, 430.  
Nelson-Huffman, 30.  
Norris-Thompson, 318.  
Nuttman-Mitchell, 206.  
Owen-Meyer, 270.  
Pillshury-Smith, 382.  
Pond-Deming, 222.  
Present-Werteimer, 46.  
Pressley-Page, 62.  
Rideout-Reed, 398.  
Scott-Amweg, 254.  
Sefton-Wolcott-Thomas, 254.  
Selfridge-Baldwin, 270.  
Turner-Hartson, 78.  
Turner-Price, 30.  
Young-Bender, 366.  
Wilkins-Savage, 94.







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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: An Impudent Proposal—The Gompers Incident in Perspective—Reaching the Southron Heart—Reflections Upon the Brown Case—The Turkish Parliament—Libraries and Libraries—Holland, Germany, and America—Editorial Notes.....	1-3
CURRENT TOPICS .....	4
OLD FAVORITES: "The Dying Child," by John Clare; "The Sun Dial" .....	4
THE PASSING OF AN EMPEROR: Charles Lorrimer Shows What National Mourning Means in the Middle Kingdom .....	5
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All Over the World.....	5
THE END OF A VENDETTA: XLVI. By Jerome A Hart..	6
SAUNTERINGS IN NORTHERN SPAIN: The Beauties of the Basque Provinces as Described by Charles Marriott .....	8
BOOKS AND AUTHORS: By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	9
NEW PUBLICATIONS .....	9
CURRENT VERSE: "Two Dogs," by John Davidson.....	10
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.....	10
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	10
DRAMA: The "Ben-Hur" Spectacle. By Josephine Hart Phelps .....	11
VANITY FAIR .....	12
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	13
THE MERRY MUSE.....	13
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	14-15
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	16

### An Impudent Proposal.

The approach of the legislative session in California is always hailed by those who are eager for special privilege and whose chief conception of law-making is some restraint of elementary liberties. Now we have a demand that music teachers of all kinds shall be licensed, and a bill to this end has been prepared. It contains all the familiar paraphernalia of privilege, patronage, and graft. A board of examiners is to be appointed, competent to deal, we may suppose, with every known musical instrument, and the remuneration of these examiners is to be \$20 a day. Without the certificate of this board, to which, of course, the usual fees are attached, no one shall be allowed to teach music for profit, whether it be the maiden aunt guiding the six-year-old miss through the mysteries of the five-fingered exercise or one of the great world masters of music who uses the leisure hours of a professional tour to aid his confrères of a lower rank. Any one daring to impart musical knowledge without the permission of a board of musical fogies shall be punished by fine or imprisonment, and all this, forsooth, that the musical

profession may be raised "to the position now occupied by the legal, medical, and other learned professions."

It is to be hoped that there will be no need to argue against this impudent proposal for the creation of a privileged caste that could by no possibility be of any value to the community or other than a source of cruel and ignorant injustice. If we are to license the music teacher, why not the art teacher. Why not, indeed, the teachers of everything, until we are strangled in a network of examiners and certificates, with fees, fines, and imprisonment for a background? It is to be hoped that the legislature will find plenty of employment in extending human liberties and not in restricting them and that this preposterous proposal and others of its kind will receive a short shrift.

### The Gompers Incident in Perspective.

The Buck Stove and Range Company of St. Louis is a big concern which employs many men upon the open-shop basis. That is to say, the company, while making no distinction between union men and non-union men, insists upon its own right to define the conditions under which work shall be done in its foundries. Organized labor sought long and in vain to gain "control" of the works of the Buck Company, and when they finally failed the labor leaders undertook to destroy an "enemy" which would not yield. The method was to subject the output of the Buck establishment to a rigid boycott; and to make this scheme effective they published in the national labor papers, particularly in the *Federationist*, the special organ of Mr. Samuel Gompers, the name of the Buck Stove and Range Company under the headings "Unfair" and "We Don't Patronize." This was official notification to the labor unionists of the country that the ban was upon the business of the Buck Company. In other words, it was an attempt through widespread conspiracy to break down and destroy a legitimate industry because it would not bend to the yoke of a meddling and insolent unionism.

Feeling itself grievously injured by this systematic assault upon its business, the Buck Stove and Range Company appealed to the courts for protection. The case was argued by lawyers of great ability on both sides, and as a tentative measure the court made an order directing the officials of organized labor to desist from their efforts to injure the business of the Buck Stove and Range Company until such time as the case could be more fully examined by the court and finally determined either one way or the other. This was the dreadful "injunction" about which we have heard so much during the last few months. It was nothing more nor less than an order of court restraining the agents of organized labor from damaging the business of the Buck Stove and Range Company until the court could look into the equities of the case and determine the rights or wrongs of the appeal for protection made by the Buck Company. It was a mere stay of action pending the delivery of judgment, ordered for the purpose of maintaining the *statu quo* to the end that injustice might not be done. It did no harm to anybody; it prevented harm from being done to anybody.

It suited the politics of Mr. Gompers and his associate leaders of organized labor to make furious outcry against this order of court as a restraint upon their God-given liberties. They asserted the right to conspire, to malign, to boycott, and to destroy at their pleasure as a right under the guaranties of the American Constitution. And then to show how safe the Constitution and the laws would be in their own hands, they proceeded to treat the order of court with utter contempt. Gompers's paper, the *Federationist*, continued to print the name of the Buck Stove and Range Company in its boycott lists; and labor leaders the country over, following the example of this same insolent foreigner, proceeded to denounce the order of court in terms of the grossest

disrespect. This outrage was repeated again and again in unnumbered forms and in terms of calculated aggravation. In public addresses and in magazine articles Gompers discussed the case from the standpoint of advanced labor unionism, pointing out that in doing so he was laying himself liable to punishment if the court, indeed, should dare to sustain its own command.

This, briefly stated, is the background of that procedure of last week by which Justice Daniel T. Wright, of Federal court for the District of Columbia, adjudged Gompers and two associates, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, guilty of contempt of court and sentenced them to terms of imprisonment therefor—Gompers for one year and Mitchell and Morrison for shorter periods. Judge Wright's remarks were direct. He said that these men had challenged the dignity and integrity of the court in terms of gross disrespect. They had not only violated an order of court, but had done it under circumstances calculated to emphasize the offense and to advertise it widely as an illustration of the license and the power of organized labor. They had assumed that no court would dare punish them and had acted upon this theory. Judge Wright's sentence was manifestly a surprise to Gompers and his associates, who it appeared had fatuously believed themselves above the law. But, surprised though he was, Gompers managed to squeeze out a few tears and to declare that he was not conscious at any time during his life of having violated any law of the country or the State in which he lived. This, of course, was a bit of cheap dramatics, since within the past few months Gompers has again and again, in print and from the rostrum, declared himself in contempt of the order of injunction issued in behalf of the Buck Stove and Range Company. He quibbles cheaply by assuming to distinguish between the law of the land and an order of court issued by virtue of the law of the land.

Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison have appealed from the sentence of Judge Wright, being at liberty under bail in the meantime, and are now engaged in organizing a series of popular demonstrations the country over in honor of themselves as "martyrs to the cause of liberty." They have elected to appeal to "the people"—to popular sentiment, agitated and intimidated as far as possible by the force of organized labor—against the law. They have likewise appealed to the President of the United States, and Mr. Roosevelt has taken the matter up for "review," regardless of the fact that final judgment upon the appeal from Judge Wright's sentence is not likely to be handed down during the brief remnant of his presidential authority. Up to last July, when Gompers made a bargain with Bryan and undertook to turn the votes of organized labor to his support, Roosevelt and Gompers were personal friends. Those who understand Roosevelt's personal feeling and who know his love for spectacular action, with his recent eagerness to establish himself in good relations with organized labor, think it not unlikely that he will employ such influences as lie under his hand against the Federal court and in support of Gompers and his friends. This is mere matter of speculation; likewise it is uncertain if the case can be got into shape subject to presidential action prior to the expiration of Mr. Roosevelt's official term.

Mr. Gompers gives it out that organized labor, upon the basis of the case as it stands defined, will "make a stand for its rights." The first of these rights as he classifies them is that of free speech and free press, which he claims is violated when himself and his associates are restrained from so defaming and discrediting a business against which they have a grievance as to damage or destroy it. His theory of the right of free speech goes to the length of assuming license to say and to publish things destructive to interests which have an absolute right of protection at the hand of government; for the right to do a lawful business is a lawful



way is as much a natural and property right as any other. The right of free speech is indeed sacred, as is the right to bear arms. But the right of free speech no more justifies public reprobation and ruinous slander than the right to bear arms justifies murder. Any citizen may carry a shotgun, but this does not give him the right to shoot down anybody he does not like. As in one case so in the other, government must protect every citizen in his rights, which is only another way of saying that it must restrain every man whose courses are in contempt of these rights. Organized labor, says Mr. Gompers, proposes to find out whether this is or is not a free country. And by free country he means a country in which a group of citizens who decline any form of corporate responsibility may conspire to monopolize industry, penalize all who decline to consort with them, disregard the courts, and override the law. What Mr. Gompers calls a free country would be a country in which only a union laborite could have the privilege of earning his living. For it is plain to reason that if the demands of Gompers *et al.* as illustrated by this case should be accepted and tolerated, it would make the leaders of labor nothing less than the despotic rulers of the country.

For one, the *Argonaut* welcomes the issue. Let it be fought out now and fought fairly to a finish. If our country is to abandon its traditions, abrogate its laws, and knuckle under to the irresponsible despotism of organized labor or anything else, we can not know it too soon. If Americans are to be slaves under the lash of a selfish tyranny, let the fact be determined so that those in whom self-respect and honor survive shall have leave at least to flee a country in which no independent man could live. For what must be the fate of a people subject as the United States would be to such a government as Sam Gompers, John Mitchell, P. H. McCarthy, and Mike Casey would give us?

Seriously, the *Argonaut* has no fear as to the outcome. The pretensions of organized labor when put to the test will fail precisely as did the pretensions of the whisky rebels in 1786 and of the revolting slaveholders in 1861. By all means let the issue be forced and forced now. There could be no better time to test the virtue and the metal of the American people. As to what their answer will be there is not a question in the mind of the *Argonaut*. Wherever this issue has been brought to a test, as for example in Los Angeles, the outcome has been in perfect line with the traditions, principles, and aspirations which lie at the foundation of our system. Not even the rank and file of organized labor—not one in ten—will stand at the ballot-box or anywhere else outside a meeting of unionists, always more or less dominated by buncombe and bluster, for the advanced pretensions of Gompers and his fellow-conspirators. It would seem that some hint of how he is regarded even in the ranks of organized labor ought to have reached Mr. Gompers in connection with returns of last November's election. With all his efforts to turn the votes of organizationists to Mr. Bryan, no noticeable impression was made anywhere. The country rejects and resents the demands of Gompers and his association for special privilege under the law; and if given a chance to declare itself in connection with the crisis under discussion, it will answer in tones so positive and emphatic as will tend to the industrial liberty and the social peace which is alike the ideal and the hope of every patriotic citizen.

#### Reaching the Southron Heart.

At a country club dinner at Augusta, Georgia, early last month, President-elect Taft remarked quite casually that he had not been able to find in Georgia a saddle big enough to stick a postage stamp on. Taking his cue from this remark, Judge Henry C. Hammond of Augusta has presented Mr. Taft with a saddle big enough for Jack the Giant Killer, the presentation being made the occasion of a delightful luncheon party in which the President-elect submitted good-naturedly to a vast amount of pleasant raillery. In the South the presentation of a saddle is on a par with that of a gold-headed cane in the North, perhaps it is even more significant, since it implies personal liking as well as respect.

Beyond a doubt Mr. Taft has won the heart of the South, and to win the heart of the South is no easy trick. Many a politician, great and small, has tried it, but few have succeeded. Mr. Taft has won it not by pose nor through any conscious effort, but because he is genuinely in sympathy with the Southern people

and would like to see them hold a larger part in the political life of the country and enjoy a larger share of its prosperity. The South feels this and will, it is prophesied, give to the Taft administration a larger measure of confidence than that given to any other since the Civil War.

President Roosevelt is half a Southerner by direct inheritance, and conspicuously Southern in many of his individual tendencies. He has not, however, been able to command either the respect or the liking of the South. The Booker Washington incident had much to do with it, and the case of the Charleston collectorship had perhaps even more. But there are other reasons why the South has not liked Roosevelt. The Southern people are great respecters of tradition. They have stood for strict construction of the Constitution, and they unfailingly resent proposals for innovation. Roosevelt's free and easy way of following the Constitution when it suits his purposes and of disregarding it at his pleasure has offended the South over and over again. Furthermore, while Mr. Roosevelt distinctly has an impulsiveness inherited from his Georgian mother, he is lacking wholly in Southern *savoir faire*. The intense personalism of his nature is unmitigated by those social observances universal among well-bred Southrons. Mr. Roosevelt would really have liked to promote the interest of the South, but he has not known how to do it. He tried exhortation and a rough-riding domination when he ought to have pursued the easier method of sympathy and friendly persuasion. Taft has the lighter touch and is succeeding where Roosevelt conspicuously failed.

#### Reflections Upon the Brown Case.

Further reflection upon the breach of justice involved in the dismissal of sundry charges against J. Dalzell Brown, the bank looter, tends to confirm the disgust which the *Argonaut*, in common with all right-minded people, feels on account of this most extraordinary procedure. Brown is notoriously guilty of multiplied crimes of the most calculating and sordid type. He took money entrusted to him and diverted it to his own advantage and that of his associates. To cover up his crimes he instituted a system of false accounts and of lying reports. After he knew that the bank under his management was a rotten thing he spread his nets for depositors and lured in sums of money which he knew could never be repaid. Can there be conceived a more conscienceless, coldly calculating, and basely sinister system of criminality than that implied in these various doings?

The evidence of Brown's crimes was open and available. A mere fraction of the money being spent by the prosecuting office in sustaining Mr. W. J. Burns and his gang of spies and jury-fixers would have been sufficient to fix upon Brown full criminal responsibility for his acts. We are told by the prosecutor that Brown was treated "generously" because he had "saved money" to the prosecuting office. This is justification truly. Is saving money the purpose for which the prosecuting office is established? And when, let us ask, in view of the lavish use of public funds in support of Mr. Burns and his large coterie of questionable assistants, did economy become a point of policy with the prosecuting attorney?

The purpose for which the prosecuting office is established and maintained is that of running down and punishing criminality. It is for this that the prosecuting attorney is employed and the costs of his office sustained. And if the detection of crime was its purpose, where was to be found a greater or grosser criminal than J. Dalzell Brown? If the punishment of crime was its purpose, where was the rhyme or reason of letting off this miserable wretch, this notorious thief, this worker of a colossal confidence game, this defrauder of men, women, and children?

The prosecuting attorney expresses surprise that anybody should question the bargain made by him with J. Dalzell Brown. Perhaps this poor creature is sincere in his astonishment that the public should resent the letting off of a notorious thief. Sincerity in this matter would be in precise accord with his amazing vagaries in other matters. The fact that he may be sincere in his surprise is tardy but complete proof that the *Argonaut* was right in its characterization of him previous to his election in 1907 as a man mentally and morally unfit for any public responsibility. What must be the make-up of the mind, what the quality of moral consciousness, that can see in J. Dalzell Brown, cold-blooded swindler, a proper subject for clemency? What must be thought of the discretion of one who

bargains with this unspeakable criminal, trading clemency for testimony, to "save money" while coincidentally he is paying out thousands of dollars every month to sustain that system of public espionage of which W. J. Burns is the personal embodiment?

And this, men and brethren of San Francisco, is the official head of that coterie which has assumed, in the infallibility of its wisdom and virtue, to determine which of a large number of persons accused of crime is more guilty and which less guilty. This is the official head of the coterie which has pardoned eighteen boodling supervisors, made a contract of immunity with Abraham Ruef, and dickered for immunity with Eugene Schmitz, in the hope of "getting" certain persons criminally charged upon whom its eyes are fixed with special hatred and enmity.

#### The Turkish Parliament.

Political memories are short nowadays and the cheering crowds of Albanians, Syrians, Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgars that greeted the assembly of the Turkish Parliament a few days ago may be pardoned if they have forgotten the somewhat similar enthusiasm for the constitutional government of 1877, and how that same constitutional government was the prelude to the worst era of oppressive tyranny that Turkey has ever known. But hope springs eternal in the human breast and there may perhaps be some reasonable expectation that both Sultan and people have learned something from the failures of the past.

But imperial urbanity and popular exultation will not in themselves avert the dangers that await the new government. That the Sultan opened the parliament in person, that he showed no resentment at a new order of things that he must in his heart abhor, is no evidence that he will miss a chance to declare the experiment a failure and to revert to the despotism which is the only thing he really understands. The Shah of Persia did this very thing a few weeks ago, and without extreme care there will be dissensions and bickerings enough at Constantinople to give Abdul Hamid all the opportunity that he wants. Already we hear complaints that the Armenian Christians are over-represented and that the Moslems are being pushed into the background, and this is disquieting news to those who know what religious differences mean in the East, where religious faith is not merely a matter of private opinion, but finds aggressive expression in every act of life, in costume, in food, and in speech.

It was internal dissension that gave the Sultan his chance in 1877, and very much the same divisions are to the front now. There were the "Yeni Turkhar," or New Turks; the "Roumi," or Greeks, who hated the real Turks; the Armenians, who wanted autonomy for Armenia; and the Arabs, who believed that the Sultan should be of the blood of the Prophet and chosen from the tribe of the Koreish. When Abdul Hamid reverted to despotism he was loudly acclaimed by all the old officialism, and he can hardly be blamed for believing it was the voice of the people. Perhaps it was. Orientals take kindly to despotism if it be only benevolent enough, and if Abdul Hamid made a mistake in his despotism it was in the utter lack of benevolence and paternalism that accompanied it. It was made illegal for more than six people to be present in a house at the same time. The telephone was banned because of its treasonable possibilities. A Turk might not ride alone in a closed carriage with his own wife, and a plague of spies descended upon the land comparable only to those other plagues that are supposed to have once afflicted the land of Egypt.

Under such stimulus the party of reform grew apace, but it may be doubted if they were animated so much by a desire for the parliament that they have now won as by a hatred of mere senseless tyranny. A vast organization was formed with its "head centre" known only to three persons and unknown to each other, its "centrals" each with his seven followers, and so on in ever-widening circles until there were finally 100,000 members in Constantinople alone. Then the police were tampered with and finally the army, but inasmuch as the army had not been paid for over a year we need not necessarily suppose that they were filled with the lofty sentiments of a Washington or a Garibaldi. When the time came to strike the blow there was an overwhelming mass of discontented and suffering human material that was ready for any change that promised relief. But to suppose any real unanimity of constitutional aspiration among the sections of the Turkish empire "hating each other for the love of God" is to show ignorance of Oriental conditions. Agree-



ment is always easy so long as revolution is in its destructive stage. We all of us like to destroy something, but the real test comes with the constructive stage. The Albanian may be able to get along with his dear brother the Armenian, and the good Moslem may decide to enter heaven by some other credential than the killing of Christians, but if the leopard should show a continued unwillingness to change his spots, or the Ethiopian to change his skin, it is to be feared that the astute Abdul will get the excuse for which he is doubtless yearning. But we will hope for the best.

#### Libraries and Libraries.

Something very wonderful has happened at Pendleton, Oregon. Feeling the need of a public library, the citizens of the town have not appealed to the Laird of Skibo nor invoked the automatic aid of a percentage tax arrangement, but have reached down into their own pockets and raised a fund sufficient to make a start. The theory, so we are informed by one who starts the new institution on a worthy course by ordering the *Argonaut* sent to it, is that the people of Pendleton will get more enjoyment and benefit out of their library by establishing and sustaining it themselves than by begging aid for it from outside sources, precisely as a man gets more satisfaction and benefit in living in his own house or riding his own horse than from renting or borrowing.

There is, indeed, a commendable spirit in these matters in other Oregon towns besides Pendleton. If our memory serves, Portland declined a two-hundred-thousand-dollar Carnegie memorial on the ground that the city already had excellent library facilities, developed through the enterprise and ambition of her own people. To write the name of Carnegie over the door of this fine old institution would have come near to being sacrilege, and another library was not needed. Hence Mr. Carnegie's offer was declined with thanks. Perhaps it was because the Portland library is an institution of purely local development, growing out of the propensities and needs of the people, that it has a character quite its own and so far higher than that of any other institution of its kind on the Pacific Coast that its distinction is marked by every visitor.

We are already hearing suggestions that the endowed library scheme is being overdone in various parts of the country. At an alumni dinner of Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, a little while back, Hon. Leslie M. Shaw sounded a very emphatic note of warning against the influence of libraries in feeding socialistic and other forms of advanced literature to minds unprepared for them. "Our popular libraries," he said, "and our Chautauqua circles are all preaching the pernicious doctrine that all men must succeed without regard for aptitude." Our public libraries, he proceeded, are full of socialistic literature precisely calculated to work havoc upon that lower range of intelligence which is able to read without having any basis of rational comparison or any capacity for wholesome digestion.

It hardly needs to be added that libraries which thus cater to the public are more harmful than helpful, that they are turning against society forces which it has organized for the instruction of the public. All knowledge is good for any man who can comprehend it in its just relations and apply it to the strengthening of his character. But the partial knowledge which vitiates the character by confusing the mind and misleading the judgment is a curse to the man who gets it and a menace to the country of which he is a citizen.

#### Holland, Germany, and America.

The fact that Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is about to become a mother is matter of very considerable indirect importance to the United States. If the queen should fail to leave a direct successor, the throne would go to the Prince of Saxe-Weir, a German prince, and there is a strong possibility that the little country might be absorbed by the German Empire, which, as every one knows, is very anxious for its seacoast. If that should happen, of course the Dutch colonies would go with the mother country, and the second city of the West Indies, Willemstad, on the island of Curaçao, would become a German port, with its defenses and splendid harbor only a short distance from the Panama Canal.

The United States could not raise any objection to the transfer. The Monroe Doctrine would not be of any avail, because no foreign country would have acquired American territory; and even the doctrine enunciated by Hamilton Fish under the Grant adminis-

tration when Germany desired to acquire Porto Rico of Spain would not apply, since it would not be a transfer of territory from one European power to another, but would be an absorption of territory, and if the colony did not go to Germany it would have no other flag under which it could exist.

It is not difficult to see the importance and danger a strong naval power like Germany having such a naval basis in the Caribbean Sea so near the canal would be. Undoubtedly, especially with an emperor like the present ruler of Germany, it would lead to serious complications with this country, and would force the United States to greatly strengthen its navy and to enlarge its naval basis in Cuba. The United States, therefore, is deeply interested in the birth of an heir to the throne of Holland, which will be a pledge of its independence and remove all doubt of its absorption by its great neighbor.

#### Editorial Notes.

President Roosevelt appears to have taken sober second thought in the matter of his contention with Congress over the secret service issue. It is now something more than two weeks since Congress threw down the gauntlet, and as no new outburst of fury has come from the White House, it may fairly be inferred that Mr. Roosevelt has concluded that discretion is the better part of valor. And truly it is so in this instance if in no other. An acrimonious quarrel between the President and Congress would, in the language of Washington, be a spectacle to make the judicious grieve. The President was hasty and wrong in his reflections upon Congress, none the less so because undoubtedly he might easily single out individual members of both houses for overwhelming punishment. The only possible outcome of a rough-and-tumble controversy would be to give the country an example of bad manners in high places, harmful in every aspect and in every suggestion. Let us hope profoundly that we shall hear no more of this miserable incident.

By a narrow margin the House of Representatives has declined to amend the rules which give to the Speaker an almost despotic power. This result was achieved by getting the question into the form of a party issue and cracking the party whip. Twenty Republicans, including Mr. McKinlay of California, joined with the Democrats in voting against the Speaker. A notable fact of the short but sharp contest is this, namely, that the fight for the old rules was led by Messrs. Dalzell and Payne, both ardent stand-patters. Evidently the stand-pat element wishes the Speaker to hold in his hand the power to defeat any tariff measure which may be proposed. The implications of this incident do not tend to assure the friends of tariff reform, even though Speaker Cannon has nominally declared himself friendly to reform legislation. Reform is a word which may be used to describe a wide variety of divergent aims.

It was reported at Washington on Monday that "at the request of the President" Mr. Francis J. Heney would go to Pittsburg in the capacity of a "special examiner" to lend a hand in the municipal graft cases. This tends to sustain the familiar story that Heney's work in San Francisco has been under the general authority of the President and that his services have been paid for out of government funds. To be sure, Mr. Heney has denied this story, but his denials have been so many and so furious and so often discredited by facts as to have lost emphasis with intelligent minds. The exposure of graft at San Francisco, Pittsburg, or elsewhere, so long as it is straightforward and to good purpose, is eminently worthy work; none the less we fail to see what the government at Washington has to do about it and why it should pay the charges of "special prosecutors," "special examiners," and the like. It would seem as if there were work enough for the government within its own normal sphere without going outside the lines of its responsibility and authority to look after purely local affairs. As for Mr. Heney, he would better clean up the work he has already undertaken before venturing into new pastures. There are half a score or more men in Oregon indicted upon the initiative of Mr. Heney full three years ago who as yet have not been able to force their cases to trial. Likewise there are several men in San Francisco under indictment now for something like two years whose cases are waiting upon the dilatory movements of Mr. Heney. Before taking up a new enter-

prise at Pittsburg or elsewhere Mr. Heney would better clean up the work already cut out. However, if Pittsburg really wants Mr. Heney, it is welcome to him. The conviction of Abe Ruef by Mr. Johnson shows that we can do rather better without Mr. Heney than with him.

Some years ago the city of Seattle under the urgency of socialistic agitators undertook the construction and management of a municipal lighting plant. The cost of the plant was to have been \$1,000,000, but up to date there has been expended upon it \$1,758,805, and \$500,000 more is needed to finish the work. And \$300,000 more is wanted to pay for cumulative losses. In the meantime the plant is supplying electric light, having sold within the year \$193,000 worth of current (\$67,000 sold to the city for street lighting) developed at a cost of \$308,698, to which must be added an interest charge of \$35,875, with other expenses amounting to \$15,000. Municipal rates for electric lights at Seattle are graded from 8½ cents to 4½ cents per kilowatt, whereas in the neighboring city of Tacoma, where the supplying of electric current is a private business, the rates are graded from 6 cents to 3 cents. The average consumer of municipal light at Seattle pays 2 cents per kilowatt hour more than the average Tacoma consumer. The average Seattle consumer using 40 kilowatts pays \$3.20, the average Tacoma consumer \$2.40. With these facts in mind we can easily agree with Auditor Young of the municipal plant, who is quoted as saying: "The most dangerous thing a city can take hold of is an electric power plant. It is all a matter of management. Unless all politics are cut out, unless your department is admirably systematized and organized, and unless you have the proper men to head it, it can never pay."

The very latest recruit in the sphere of the higher journalism is a little folder, issued by the Citizens' League of Justice, edited by a coterie of school teachers, preachers, and other females, and styled *The Liberator*. The Citizens' League of Justice, be it remembered, is an association instituted avowedly in support of the policies of Messrs. Langdon, Spreckels, Heney, Phelan, et al. In this connection the name "Liberator" is one of happy significance, properly employed in championship of a group of prosecutors whose main achievement thus far has been to "liberate" eighteen confessed boodlers, one infamous bank wrecker, and to contract for the "liberation" of Abraham Ruef; and which, after two years of effort, has not as yet put one man in the penitentiary. The name "Liberator" is well chosen indeed.

The howl which always goes up at this season about destruction of our forests through the Christmas-tree custom is now in full cry. This is about the only form of "deforestation" with which the *Argonaut* is in sympathy. If there be any better purpose or any higher fate for a tree than to serve the sweet uses of Christmas, we should like to hear about it. Those who would save the forests of the country by prohibiting the Christmas-tree festival are of the same order of mind and heart with those who would save the lawns in the parks by forbidding little children to walk on the grass. As a matter of fact, the loss to the forests of the country through the Christmas-tree custom is trifling. A single township of mountain land otherwise practically valueless is capable of growing all the Christmas trees that the country consumes annually. Where the Christmas-tree custom "deforests" one acre, wanton fires do a hundred thousand times more damage.

Of the ten or more described species of fossil elephants, F. A. Lucas finds the tallest to have been the imperial mammoth (*Elephas imperator*) of Kansas and Nebraska, which reached thirteen to thirteen and a half feet in height. Though much more heavily built, the mastodon was rarely nine and a half feet tall. Of the two living species, the African elephant sometimes grows to twelve feet, but the usual height of the Indian elephant is from seven to ten feet.

To teach the prospective English emigrant things he should know in order to adapt himself to his future home is the object of an imperial school near London. At it the youngster who has determined to follow fortune across the seas is taught farming, riding, shooting, and the roping of cattle and horses.

Three hundred and eleven miles of good roads were built in New York in 1907 and 820 miles in 1908. For the work of improving the highways of the State the people have authorized an expenditure of \$50,000,000, and appropriations of \$11,000,000 have been made by the legislature.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

No one worth listening to has yet suggested that Mr. Taft made a mistake when he appointed Senator Knox as Secretary of State. The foreign relations of the country have no longer the vague and intangible significance that they had a few years ago before America acquired "dependencies"—if that un-American word may be used—and before she inserted so large a finger into the cooking-pot of world policies. No one can imagine Senator Knox as guilty of an indiscretion. No one can imagine him as exceeding the pace of the most cautious and conservative diplomacies. He will never be detected in an impetuosity or a spraddlelegism.

It has been left to the Cincinnati *Times-Star* to suggest a political significance in the appointment of Senator Knox. The *Times-Star* is not one of the great newspapers of the country. We can, indeed, imagine ourselves enjoying a full night's rest in complete ignorance of the opinions of the *Times-Star* and without any disquieting spectre of deficient inspiration. But the *Times-Star* happens to belong to Mr. Charles P. Taft, and some of its editorial radiance may therefore be a reflection from the throne itself. Now the *Times-Star* says that "the selection of Knox as Secretary of State is of vast significance in that it will probably mean that most of the men now in the Cabinet who have figured as great Roosevelt supporters will lose out in the final framing of the personnel of the Taft Cabinet."

There may be something in this, and we may be witnessing some of the earlier benefits in the way of information connected with the presence of a real live editor in the presidential family. The President will be in a peculiarly advantageous position for feeling the pulse of the country. Everything that Mr. Charles may say in his great newspaper will naturally be accepted as inspired and canvassed accordingly, while it will be always open to the President to disclaim all responsibility for the utterances of "hired newspaper writers" if it should be found that the prevailing wind is not favorable.

But, to return to the delicate suggestion that Mr. Knox's appointment is actually an indication of a free helm, it is to be remembered that Mr. Knox was himself a sort of presidential candidate. In fact, he was one of the "allies" at a time when Mr. Roosevelt used the word "reactionary" as an alternative, or even as a preliminary to that "short and ugly word" which is not used in polite society except under provocation of the truth. Mr. Knox was not exactly *persona grata* to Mr. Roosevelt. He did, indeed, win a victory for the administration in the Northern Securities case, but he was nevertheless a conservative force in the Senate and something of a drag upon the chariot of the sun. And now Mr. Knox is made the chief cornerstone of the new house that knows not Pharaoh. Really it would seem that Mr. Charles, by some dark art of telepathy, may have penetrated into the secret mind of the President-elect.

In this connection the Springfield *Republican* points out a fact that has been somewhat overlooked. When Mr. Root was slated for the Senate by the gentle if unconstitutional diplomacies of Mr. Taft it was pointed out in extenuation that the Senate, rich as it may be in splendid intellect and disinterested patriotism, could yet appreciate and profit by such a reinforcement as Mr. Root. We were asked to bear in patience the hereavement of the State Department and to realize the more than counterbalancing gain to the Senate. But it seems now that the Senate has been enriched with one hand only to be impoverished with the other. Hardly have we ceased to exult that so much intellect and virtue have gone to enrich the Senate than we have to lament that so much intellect and virtue have been withdrawn from it. Hardly have we finished congratulating the Senate on its acquisition of a great constitutional lawyer than we are called upon to condole with it upon the loss of one. How, then, does our profit and loss account stand? In fact, where are we at? The *Republican* sums up:

That the swapping of places by Messrs. Root and Knox is consistent with the theory that Mr. Taft wishes to destroy the popular impression that his administration will be a mere continuation of the present one is apparent at a glance. By having Mr. Knox succeed Mr. Root, moreover, he does something doubly effective, since Mr. Knox was in the camp of the "allies" last winter and spring and probably is as independent of the Roosevelt influence as any Republican leader now in the forefront of affairs. If other selections for the Cabinet prove to be in harmony with the Knox type, the impression will probably be confirmed that Mr. Taft aims, at the very outset, to establish his administration upon such an original and independent basis that the line of demarcation between Rooseveltism and Taftism will instantly arrest the attention of the country.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says that the general political opinion of the capital is that the severity of the punishment given to Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison is due entirely to the defiant attitude maintained by the defendants during the time the case against them has been pending. The decision has placed the President upon the horns of a dilemma. He resents the action of Gompers during the election, but he has a warm personal friendship for Mitchell, who was one of the conspicuous guests at the White House during the conference of governors last May and has frequently been a guest of the President at luncheons and dinners. Speaking some time before the Bucks injunction was granted, Mitchell said:

I wish to say for myself that if a judge were to enjoin me from doing something that I had a legal, a constitutional, and a moral right to do, I should violate the injunction. I shall, as one American, preserve my liberty and the liberties of the people, even against the usurpation of the Federal judiciary, and in doing this I shall feel that I am best serving the interests of my country.

A public address in Indianapolis last September Gompers said that he was going to speak upon any subject upon green earth, that, as a citizen and editor of the *Federal*

*Unionist*, he would discuss every subject which offered itself to his judgment as being just and right; that he had not surrendered, and was not likely to surrender, the right of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, and that he should discuss the merits of the Bucks Stove and Range Company injunction; that the injunction prohibited him from mentioning the Bucks Stove and Range Company, but that he could not help that, he would explode if he did not discuss it, and he preferred going to jail to exploding; that the judge might hold him guilty of contempt because as editor he had written editorials, but he proposed to continue to write them and to discuss the question, etc.

The *Evening Post* says that there is an unwillingness in Washington to discuss the sentences until sufficient opportunity has been afforded to read carefully the words in which they were conveyed.

The Boston *Advertiser* says that few public speeches made in Massachusetts during the year now closing have attracted more widespread or general notice than the address recently made at Worcester by ex-Governor Bates. The Massachusetts ex-governor has said that there is too strong a tendency in the United States to put unlimited power in the hands of the chief executive. The President, he stated, already has more power than the kings of Europe, yet there have been submitted to Congress many propositions for centralizing power still more notably in the hands of the administration. "With us the idea seems to be to get back to kingship, not to get away from it," Mr. Bates questioned whether some law should not be passed to preserve the power of the legislative branch of the government from the encroachment of the executive. "If Wilhelm II, the descendant of Charlemagne and the Cæsars, can not override his Reichstag," said the ex-governor, "we must have a different idea of liberty than they have in Europe if we will sit down tamely and see functions usurped by any branch of the government that we know well belong to the legislative." The fact that Mr. Bates in his own time has been the chief executive of a great and important commonwealth, one of the original thirteen that resisted the encroachment of the British executive over a century ago, lent special weight to his warning:

That the Worcester speech has struck a responsive chord in many other communities is to be inferred from the widespread quotation of and comment on the words of our ex-governor. He has been the first American to utter the warning in recent years; but apparently the hither feeling between President and Congress at Washington just now has intensified the popular interest in this subject. At all events, the Worcester speech has been the topic for many an editorial comment within the past week. Even his suggestion that additional legislation be enacted has been commended in various quarters, and it has been suggested that he formulate, in more definite expression, his suggestion for a new law, to keep the functions of the two branches of government distinctly separate. To this the natural objection is that the Federal and State constitutions alike have already made it clear that neither branch of government shall attempt to usurp the functions of the other; but the answer is returned that, in spite of the constitutional prohibition, the clear encroachment of the executive upon the functions of the legislative branch has already been pushed to the limit.

There is a story going the rounds that is good enough to be true, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*:

"Are you to be literally understood when saying that your administration will be an exact duplicate of Mr. Roosevelt on the trusts?" asked a Washington friend of Mr. Taft. "I'll answer that question by telling you a story you once told me," said Mr. Taft. "What was that story?" inquired the friend. "It was this," said the President-elect. "A French lady was asked by an American woman, 'Is or is it not a fact that the ladies of Paris are less circumspect in their conduct than those of America?' 'Oh, they are quite as circumspect, but they are not so addicted to making a proclamation of their virtue.'"

Ever since that dialogue, the Washington friend of Mr. Taft has been convinced that the latter's administration will be virtuous without being viciously vociferous.

Audubon Park, in upper New York City, has been regarded as a memorial of John James Audubon, the renowned naturalist, whose specialty was ornithology. There he lived in his own home for a long time, until his death January 27, 1851, and there his wife died twenty years later. The naturalist expended much money to keep it a private park, having brought there some rare birds; and even now it is said that some of these birds nest in the trees of the park and in Trinity cemetery, close beside, wherein Audubon's body was buried. Now all this is to go, and a great part of the old estate is already sold in tracts and lots, and will be occupied by apartment houses.

A new disease, christened "electric ophthalmia," is said to threaten all users of the electric light. According to two Dresden scientists, the damage is done the eye tissues by ultra violet rays of the electric light, and cataract may ultimately result. The same investigators have discovered a simple preventive for electric ophthalmia in the shape of yellow or green spectacles, which they prophesy will become universal as electricity comes more and more into use as an illuminant.

An extraordinary demand has arisen in the eastern counties of England for second-hand Bibles—the older and dirtier the better. Copies which formerly realized four-pence are now readily bought for half a crown. They are being used to manufacture evidence of age in the case of old-age pensions. A woman who produced a Bible to prove her age as seventy-six from an entry on the flyleaf had, unfortunately, omitted to tear out the titlepage, which showed that the Bible was printed in 1895.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Dying Child.

He could not die when trees were green,  
For he loved the time too well.  
His little hands, when flowers were seen,  
Were held for the bluebell.  
As he was carried o'er the green.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;  
He knew those children of the Spring:  
When he was well and on the lea  
He held one in his hands to sing,  
Which filled his heart with glee.

Infants, the children of the Spring!  
How can an infant die  
When butterflies are on the wing,  
Green grass, and such a sky?  
How can they die at Spring?

He held his hands for daisies white,  
And then for violets blue,  
And took them all to bed at night  
That in the green fields grew,  
As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes,  
And flowers would notice not;  
Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,  
He now no blossoms got;  
They met with plaintive sighs.

When Winter came and blasts did sigh,  
And bare were plain and tree,  
As he for ease in bed did lie  
His soul seemed with the free,  
He died so quietly.

—John Clare.

## The Sun-Dial.

'Tis an old dial, dark with many a stain:  
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,  
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,  
And white in winter like a marble tomb;  
And round about its gray, time-eaten hrow  
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:  
'I am a shade; a Shadowe, too, arte thou;  
I marke the Time; saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?'

The tardy shade slid forward to the noon;  
There came a dainty lady to the place,  
Smelling a flower, humming a quiet tune,  
Smoother the willful waving of her lace.  
O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed,  
About her tendrill-curls the sunlight shone;  
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed.  
Like courtiers howling till the queen he gone.  
She leaned upon the slah a little space,  
Then drew a jeweled pencil from her zone,  
Scribbled a something, with a frolic face,  
Folded, inscribed and niched it in the stone.  
The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;  
There came a second lady to the place,  
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale—  
An inner heauty shining from her face,  
All the mute loveliness of lonely love.  
She, straying in the alleys with her hook—  
Herrick or Herbert—watched the circling dove.  
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.  
Then, like to one who confirmation finds  
Of some dread secret half accounted true,  
Who knows what hands and hearts the letter hides,  
And argues loving commerce 'twixt the two,  
She hent her fair young forehead on the stone:  
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;  
And 'twixt her taper fingers pearded and shone  
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.  
The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom:  
There came a soldier gallant in her stead,  
Swinging a heaver with a swaling plume,  
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head:  
Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,  
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;  
So kindly fronted that you marveled how  
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove:  
Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun;  
Uncrowned three lilies with a backward sweep;  
And standing somewhat widely, like to one  
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to creep  
As courtiers do, yet gentleman withal,  
Took out the note, held it as one who feared  
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall:  
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard:  
Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his vest;  
Laughed softly in a flattered happy way,  
Shifted the brodered haldrick on his breast,  
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.  
The shade crept forward through the dying glow;  
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;  
But for a little time the brass will show  
A small gray spot—the record of a tear.—Anon.

Sir Robert Hart has a high opinion of the Chinese character and he sympathizes with the Chinese antipathy to militarism. Yet China must arm, he thinks, and become a powerful military state as a means of self-preservation against the western nations. But what would happen then? Sir Robert blandly tells us: "China would turn round to the rest of the world and say, 'Gentlemen, there must be no more fighting.' They would throw in the force of their arms with the country that was attacked and against the country that made war, and he believed that in that way the millennium would come. That was a curious statement to make, but he knew something of the Chinese and he knew their reasonable character, and he therefore knew that they would act in a reasonable way."

The Garden of the Gods, one of the scenic wonders of the American continent, is to become, by gift of the children of Charles E. Perkins, formerly president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, the property of the city of Colorado Springs. The tract comprising the Garden of the Gods was purchased by Mr. Perkins in 1879, and it has always been free to the public.

The term "electricity" was derived from the Greek word meaning amber. Electricity itself is earliest described by Theophrastus (321 B. C.) and Pliny (70 A. D.), who mention the power of amber to attract straw and dry leaves.



## THE PASSING OF AN EMPEROR.

Charles Lorrimer Shows What National Mourning Means in the Middle Kingdom.

The Imperial Edict announcing the death of the Emperor Kwang Hsu yesterday did not come as a surprise to the capital. Two days before the tea-shops were full of rumors about his illness and its probably fatal character—for news somehow leaked out of the palace that he had been carried into the particular room set aside for royal deaths. This is the gravest of symptoms, since even if a doomed sovereign should so far forget himself as to wish to recover at the last moment, some of his attendants would certainly remind him of his duty.

I hardly think that Kwang Hsu would have needed any reminder. His life had not been such a bappy one as to make him wish to prolong it. The greater part of his thirty-seven years he spent in struggles and rivalries with his masterful aunt, the Empress Dowager; the remainder consuming powdered "tiger's claws" and "dragon's whiskers" in a vain search for health.

From early youth he was delicate, and a total lack of hygiene soon made him more so. How could a weak child who was expected to hold audiences at midnight, who was never permitted to play and never encouraged to take exercise or fresh air, hope to become strong?

By the time he had grown to manhood such serious fears were entertained about his health that a French doctor was permitted to look at him. "Look at" are literally the right words, for in those times—twelve or fifteen years ago—prejudices about the sanctity of the imperial person were so strong that he could not be touched, and even a stethoscope had to be applied through his clothes. Nevertheless, the doctor managed to glean information leading him to propose an operation. The court held up its hands in holy horror. The sovereign should die if needs be—but he should die whole.

So through all these intervening years he has been practically dying by inches. Every year at the Diplomatic Audiences people have seen him slowly growing thinner and paler and more listless. The last six months no less than four doctors—two trained according to Western methods—have attended him. But, unfortunately, not one of them has dared to prescribe him any medicine to be taken internally, lest they be suspected of poisoning his majesty. A tonic, all agreed, might have prolonged his life and arrested the pernicious anemia which was killing him—yet none dared order it. So great is the suspicion and distrust in an Oriental palace that, if the remedy failed, the doctor who suggested it would certainly have paid for his temerity with his life. As it was, the "physician of the day" received five hundred blows of the bamboo for allowing his august patient to die. I have been told, however, that most of the blows fell in good resounding thwacks on the floor around him—thus allowing an old precedent to be followed without doing much harm to anybody.

Kwang Hsu's last official act was to issue an edict appointing his brother, Prince Chun—who, it will be remembered, went to Germany to apologize for the murder of the German minister, Baron von Ketteler, in 1900—prince regent and his little son heir to the throne. This child is to be "carefully observed" and trained for the high position which awaits him! Poor baby! If rumor may be believed, he had some strange intuition of what the future holds for him, as he cried bitterly on being taken into the palace, and refused to be comforted.

Kwang Hsu himself, when he entered the Ancestral Halls at about the same age, appears to have accepted fate far more philosophically from all accounts. His first appearance at court was exceedingly romantic. About three o'clock one morning, the Empress Dowager called a family council of all the Manchu princes of the blood to discuss the succession. Each was asked to name an heir for the throne, but each remained silent, for the excellent reason that he had a son or brother of his own whom he wished to recommend, but in decency could not. The clever old empress had calculated on this, and smiled triumphantly. "Very well, if you have no one to propose, I have," and she ordered Kwang Hsu, her sister's son, to be carried into the room—he had been brought from his father's house under cover of darkness in an ordinary hired cart for the purpose. "Now," said she in her usual masterful way, "koto to your new sovereign." And of course they did.

The Empress Dowager was not the woman quietly to retire into the background because her own son was dead. But if she had not thought of the clever expedient of putting an infant—and a relative—on the throne she must have sunk into perpetual obscurity. From henceforth all Kwang Hsu's womenkind must live lives of complete retirement. They are "officially dead," and never on any pretext whatsoever can they leave the palace even for a day.

Indeed, mourning in China is not a thing to be taken on and put off lightly. When the emperor dies the whole nation mourns as for a father. The barbers have a slack season, for no one is permitted to shave for one hundred days. The police visit every house immediately and order red signs to be replaced by blue ones. Even red gates must be painted blue. Blue seals are used on all official documents instead of crimson seals; blue or white shoes must be worn by all

and blue flowers only are allowed in the women's head-dresses.

These regulations apply to all classes. Officials have still stricter regulations to observe. They must dress entirely in white—a custom pretty enough in the first weeks, but suddenly repulsive once dust storms and carelessness have done their work. Only white furs may be worn, and already there is a perceptible increase in the prices of white fox and ermine. Viceroy, governors and the highest mandarins wear one or the other, but poorer men use curly lamb skin. To tell the truth, they become "turn coats," wearing the lining of festive years outside for mourning.

The worst and most inconvenient feature of national mourning in China is that during a period of three years after the death of a sovereign no marriages are permitted. Just three days of grace are allowed for the weddings of those who have been betrothed, and the streets of Peking are now filled with brides hurrying to their bridegrooms before it is too late. There is no time to listen to the auguries of the soothsayers or to wait for lucky days.

An old friend of mine with a marriageable daughter seems, however, to have found the silver lining to the cloud. He came chuckling to tell me that the girl was to be sent to her mother-in-law's house without delay. "Such a saving, such a saving!" he declared. "What usually costs one hundred dollars only costs five dollars and fifty cents now. Festivities are forbidden, so I am relieved of the expensive banquet. Processions are forbidden, so I do not need to hire banner-bearers. Music is forbidden, so I pay no musicians. And, finally, all the red wedding chairs in town are engaged, so I have only to get a common closed sedan with two bearers. Ah, but I wish I was a young man again," and he sighed with regret, "to be married as cheaply as that." Even parents of little girls of ten, eleven, and twelve (betrothals are always made at that age in China) are taking the opportunity to send their daughters to their new homes. Such a chance for economy may not come again for many years.

Of course, what people dread politically as well as socially is the death of the old Empress Dowager—said to be ill. By disappearing from the scene just at this moment she would greatly confuse matters. The one strong man in China, Yuan Shih Kai, who has been her partisan, will be the natural enemy of the new regent, because he chose to side with the Empress Dowager against the Emperor Kwang Ssu, the regent's own brother, in 1898, when she made her famous *coup d'état* and imprisoned the Son of Heaven in his own palace for daring to plot against her. Yuan Shih Kai is ambitious, and should his imperial mistress leave the stage, who knows whether he might not, like Napoleon, seek imperial power as the price of his former services to the state? A masterly diplomacy might indeed arrange a combine between the regent and Yuan Shih Kai—in other words, the latter might quietly turn his coat again and side with the party in power—as he did before (1898). Still people are anxious, for in the Far East any change is fraught with danger, and the revolutionaries in the south of China are said to be only waiting for just such an opportunity to stir up trouble.

But even should the Empress Dowager die, no disturbances are expected immediately. Poor Kwang Hsu will first be buried in peace. His coffin has, of course, been in the palace for some years, according to Chinese custom, and his tomb is ready. A beautiful spot in the hills west of Peking was chosen some years ago to be the site of the mausoleum. The name of the place means "Establishing an Heir," and when the emperor heard of the beauty of the valley he showered honors on the finder of it, since every one considered the name a "most auspicious augury that his majesty would be blest with an heir apparent." Poor ruler! An unlucky star presided at his birth, as the astrologers say, and all the names in the world would not suffice to alter his unhappy destiny.

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, November 16, 1908.

[It will be noticed that Mr. Lorrimer's letter was written before the death of the Empress Dowager was announced.]

Claus Spreckels, for many years a prominent figure in California business circles, died of pneumonia in San Francisco December 26. He was born in Hanover in 1828 and came to the United States when he was twenty years old. He was in the grocery business in Charleston, South Carolina, and in New York before he came to San Francisco, and followed the same line of trade in this city for some time. He became a brewer later, and then engaged in the refining of sugar, buying cargoes of the Hawaiian product. Through the favor of King Kalakaua he secured large sugar plantations in Hawaii and was soon a heavy producer. In California he became largely interested in the beet-sugar industry, and built factories at Salinas and Watsonville that utilized the beets from thousands of acres. In San Francisco he invested in various enterprises and was invariably successful in the end. His fortune, estimated at \$50,000,000, goes by will to his widow during her life, then one-half to his sons, Claus A. and Rudolph Spreckels, and his daughter, Mrs. Emma G. Ferris. His sons, John D. and Adolph, are also mentioned in his will, but are said to have received their share of the property at an earlier time.

The Russian government board of agriculture contemplates the establishing of forty-five exemplary farms.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Ethel Dickens, a granddaughter of Charles Dickens, is the head of a large typewriting bureau in London, and is described as a keen business woman.

Lord Clanricarde, the most execrated man in Ireland, is about to lose his property there. His enormous estate of 80,000 acres is to be taken from him by the Irish Land Commissioners and distributed among the Galway peasantry—of course at a fair valuation.

Juan Vicente Gomez is now the President of Venezuela, succeeding the self-exiled and deposed Cipriano Castro. President Gomez assumed supreme control of the government upon the discovery and frustration of a plot to assassinate him. It is charged that Castro himself was implicated in the plot.

Mrs. Richard A. Alley has the distinction of being the only lady in the world who is the active manager of a line of steamships. Since the death of her husband, nearly a year ago, she has personally managed the Alley Line, comprising the 4000-ton vessels *Indra-ville* and *Den of Ruthven*, which make sailings every two months between Victoria and New Zealand.

Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, according to the *Cri de Paris*, is one of the best guarded among European royals. His bedroom is filled with all sorts of lethal weapons. Scattered on every piece of furniture there are pistols, revolvers, daggers, and even American knuckledusters. A small repeating carbine, which is always loaded, must never be removed from a table beside the bed.

Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, it is said, has practically determined to put up sufficient funds to permit the purchase of a newspaper in order that her sons, Potter and Honore, may enter the business field. Potter Palmer recently married Pauline Kohlsaat, daughter of the former newspaper owner, and it is said it is through the efforts of Mr. Kohlsaat that the society leader has been interested in the proposition.

Miss Annie S. Peck has recently returned to her home in Providence, Rhode Island, after becoming famous as a mountain-climber in the Peruvian Andes. She was successful in reaching the summit of Huascarán, one of the highest peaks in the world, on her second attempt, September 7. Returning to Lima, she was personally congratulated by President Leguia, and a gold medal was presented to her by the Peruvian government.

Count Johann Bernstorff, the new German ambassador in Washington, is a native of Lauenburg. His wife is a German-American and was formerly Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer of New York. The ambassador is an honorary Knight of the Sovereign Order of St. John. He was born in 1852. His wife was born in New York in 1867. The German home of the Bernstorffs is Castle Stintenburg, a vast semi-medieval stronghold, built of white stone.

Admiral Germinet has been removed from the command of the French Mediterranean squadron, in consequence of his public declaration that there was no proper supply of reserve ammunition for the latest French battleships. His career had been a distinguished one, and he had held staff appointments under Presidents Carnot, Casimir-Perier, and Félix Faure. There have been very few precedents for the severity of the penalty inflicted upon him, and the action of the government is freely criticised in the press.

King Edward has created Lord Strathcona a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. Lord Strathcona said recently: "After my death the title will not be continued exactly in its present form. As a matter of fact, there have been two letters patent in regard to it. The first, which was issued by the late Queen Victoria, gave me the title of Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe, in the county of Argyll, and of Montreal, in the province of Quebec, in the Dominion of Canada. The second letters patent, which was issued by the present king, gave me the title of Baron Mount Royal and Strathcona. It is this last named form of the title which will be handed down to my successors, the Canadian part of the title coming first, you see, and the Scottish part second." Lord Strathcona has only one child, a daughter, who is married to Dr. Bliss Howard, a Montreal doctor, now settled in London. The title will descend to her and to her heirs male.

The recent death of Rear-Admiral Joseph Bullock Coghlan, U. S. N., retired, removed an officer who did many things to keep him in the limelight—no officer was regarded as more able or more fearless than he—but the feat which made him more famous even than his splendid work at the battle of Manila Bay was the recitation of the poem "Hoch der Kaiser" at a banquet tendered to him at the Union League Club, in New York City, upon his return from the Philippines in 1899. Rear-Admiral Coghlan was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, December 19, 1844. He was appointed to Annapolis, September 27, 1860, and first saw duty on the *Sacramento* as an ensign in 1863. He distinguished himself in action during the last two years of the Civil War, and in 1865 was promoted to the rank of master on the *Brooklyn*, the flagship of the Brazil squadron. He was made a commander in February, 1882. From 1883 to 1886 Coghlan was in command of the gunboat *Adams*; from 1886 to 1888 he was in charge of the Mare Island Navy Yard, and the following year he was on the *Mohican*.



## THE END OF A VENDETTA.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XLVI.

On the platform of the Sacrosanto station, waiting for the down train of the Western Pacific, stood Judge Fox talking earnestly with Arthur Alden, while a third man, apparently of their party, stood deferentially a little distance away. The transcontinental railway was making the first of the gigantic leaps by which it was to cross mighty mountain ranges and span the continent. This first division was called the "Western Pacific." Already it had reached from the metropolis to the capital, and was slowly climbing the foothills toward the Sierra. The railway had thus mitigated some of the toilsome journeys which Judge Fox was forced to make on his circuit from city to city. Now he was leaving the capital, and was about to hold a session of his court "down at the Bay." The justice's tall form, striking face, and gray beard were well known, and the people on the platform looked at him curiously, but they did not intrude on the little group. The third man kept a wary eye on all who approached. Alden had an anxious air as he talked to his uncle in subdued tones. "I hear continued rumors of threats by Tower against your life," said he. "I hope this man you have for guard is trustworthy."

"Yes—he has been chosen specially for the post. The threats of which you speak have been brought to the attention of the Department of Justice, with the result that a letter has come from Washington to the United States marshal here bidding him take special measures for my protection. This man was chosen for his experience as marshal of a frontier district in the mountains, where he has acquired a reputation for being quick on the trigger."

"I am very glad to hear it," responded Alden with an air of relief. "Your enemy is a man of unexampled vindictiveness, but with such a guard you ought to be safe."

"I think I shall be. A Federal judge may surely go safely about the business of the courts, even in this lawless country. But tell me about yourself. I have not seen you since your dreadful experience with the Mountain Vigilantes. That was a close call."

"It was indeed," replied Alden, moodily; "so close that it has left its marks on my mind. I shall never forget those minutes when I was expecting to be strangled out on the desert."

"And is it true, the story that was told—about your life having been saved by Miss Wayne?"

"Entirely true—she got word through Eugene Yarrow of my danger. She was the only person who could prove where I was on the date of the murder I was accused of having committed. She rode all night across the desert, and reached Gold Gulch in time to save me by her testimony."

"I rather thought Yarrow was a rival of yours for her affections. Very decent of him, wasn't it?"

"It was a noble act," cried Alden. "His prompt action and Miss Wayne's heroism saved my life."

"And toward which of you does the young lady incline, after all this rescuing?"

Alden's countenance fell. "I'm sure I don't know," he replied. "That is to say, I don't think that she cares for me."

"An excellent way to find out would be to ask her."

"I have."

"Then ask her again."

"I have."

"Indeed?" queried the judge, looking at him scrutinizingly. "I don't wish to pry into your heart affairs, Arthur, but since I told you once that your attentions to Miss Wayne were ill-advised, considering the feud between her guardian and myself, it is only fair to say that I no longer think so. I am told that she has broken off all relations with her former guardian, since his marriage to the Leigh woman."

"It is true—since his marriage they have been utter strangers."

"But she has no fortune, she is an orphan, and alone—how is she living, and with whom?"

"She is temporarily with the Helmonds at Plancha Grande. I suppose you have heard that Mrs. Lyndon is married to Captain Helmont?"

"No, I had not heard it. Well, she is a well-preserved woman, quite good-looking, and I am told very attractive. She ought to make a good wife for an old bachelor like Helmont—with an enormous estate."

"She will, sir," replied Alden emphatically. "She is a lady of education and of great personal charm. They are very happy together. She and her husband have both urged Diana—Miss Wayne—to make her home with them."

"Indefinitely?"

"For the rest of her life, or until she marries, I presume."

"Why, then, do you say that she is with the Helmonds temporarily?"

"Because she has declined their generous hospitality—with heartfelt thanks, but she has declined it."

"Does that mean she intends to marry?"

"She says she will never marry," replied Arthur gloomily.

"Don't be cast down, Arthur. *Semper femina mutabile*. Young women often change their minds. Even old ones do. But if she will not live with the Helmonds, and intends never to marry, and has no fortune, what is she going to live?"

"She intends to earn her living by teaching. She is

already making arrangements with the Sisters of the Sacred Heart to take a position in their convent. Miss Wayne's knowledge of Spanish will be useful with the daughters of the Mexican landholders."

"She is evidently a young woman of spirit. And are you going to let this brave girl, who saved your life, fritter away hers teaching insipid señoritas to lisp English? Why, Arthur, I'm ashamed of you!"

Arthur was startled at his uncle's earnestness. "But, sir," he protested, "I told you I had asked her to marry me, and she refused."

"But I told you to ask her again."

"But I did, and she refused me again."

"And I tell you to keep on asking until she accepts you or marries somebody else. Damn it, man! What do you expect a young girl to do! Throw herself at you? Particularly a high-spirited creature like that! She thinks you are offering to marry her out of pity."

"I believe she does, sir," responded Arthur soberly.

"You do, eh? Well, then, probably she is justified in thinking so. You had better be careful, Arthur, or you may make the mistake of your life. Now, when I was a young man—but never mind—that's a long story. You have sometimes wondered why I never married. The reason is because there was only one woman in the world I wanted to marry, and I was foolish enough to ask her only once. Perhaps she wouldn't have married me if I had asked her twenty times, but at least I would have demonstrated that fact. This I did not do—hence I am today a bachelor—an old bachelor—a lonely old bachelor."

The judge paused. He seemed more moved than his nephew had ever seen him. Alden had come to regard his uncle as a cold, hard, crafty man, not always over-scrupulous in the affairs of life if he kept to windward of the law. But for a long time they had not met—he was his mother's brother—since they met he himself had been in danger of death, and he believed his uncle, now that Tower was no longer in prison, was in grave peril. This, together with the judge's unwonted interest in his rejected suit, made his heart warm toward his uncle. He was quite sincere in the solicitude he expressed as they were about to part, and he wrung his uncle's hand warmly as the elder again urged him to renew his suit for Diana's hand.

"Very few girls like her, Arthur," he said, encouragingly. "Don't lose your chance. Good-bye, my boy."

As he stepped into the car, closely followed by his body-guard, Arthur stopped the man a moment to urge him to keep a keen look-out. The guard looked up at the nearest car window, where Fox had seated himself almost within reach of them.

"Don't be afraid," he replied. "I'll see the justice gets along all right."

"But you must have heard of the threats that Tower is making?" queried Arthur anxiously. "Don't underestimate him—he is a dangerous man."

"I have heard more of them than you have, sir, and more than the justice has either," added the guard significantly. "Tower is not the kind of a man to threaten when he's going to hurt or kill, but his wife's tongue is hung in the middle and works at both ends."

"Has she been indulging in threats?"

"All the time. Threats—and worse. Haven't you heard about her attack on Justice Masters, who sat on the bench with your uncle when he delivered the decision in her case?"

"No—when and where was it?"

"Last week, on this same train. Tower and his wife got on at their usual station, and no sooner did the woman set eyes on Justice Masters than she went for him, scratching and clawing like a wildcat, slapped his face, pulled his hair, and nearly jerked him bald-headed."

Alden's face clouded. "Such an attack on a Federal judge and an old man is barbarous!" he cried.

"Yes, but he had no guard. There will be no such attack on your uncle while I am with him," said the guard confidently.

Alden measured him with his eye. The man was not tall, but strong, and stockily built, and he had an air of complete self-confidence. Yet his uncle's enemy was a giant.

"Do you know Tower when you see him?"

"Know him? Well, rather. I was one of the deputies that had hold of him the day of the scrap in the court-room. My name's Hawke."

"Yes, I have heard of you," replied Alden slowly.

"And I saw the affray in the court-room. I thought I had seen your face before. You are the man who took away Tower's knife."

"Yes, and hard work I had to get it, too—although there were about six of us hanging on to him. Once he actually changed hands on the knife during the mix-up—I don't know how he did it. But at last I twisted his wrist till I made him let go."

"Don't forget that if you meet him now you'll have to get away with him single-handed," warned Alden. "My uncle is not the man physically he once was, and would be useless in such a struggle."

"Even if I were not looking out for Justice Fox, I would have to look out for myself. Tower has a memory like an Indian and a hug like a bear. If he sees me with the justice he'll recognize me, and he won't hesitate for a moment to attack us both. He has had hold of me once and I have had hold of him. He'll never get hold of me again, and if he gets hold of Justice Fox, which I don't believe, Tower will drop in his tracks."

Alden was impressed by the demeanor of Hawke. It was not boastful. It was calm. But what more

impressed him was that the man, having once been in a physical struggle with Tower, was willing to meet him again.

"There goes the bell," said Alden. "Well, I hope you may have no trouble, and probably you will have none. But if you do—why, then, remember that you are a sworn officer of the court, and do your duty."

"I'll do that all right, Mr. Alden," cried Hawke. "So long! We'll see you soon again." The train began to move, and he hopped nimbly on his car.

As the train crossed the wooden bridge over the wide yellow river and dwindled in the distance, Arthur looked after it with a curious feeling. He was surprised to find how much moved he was over his uncle's peril—for he did not for a moment doubt that the justice's life was in danger now that Tower was at large. But he did not think they would meet on a train—if a meeting took place it would probably be in a court-room or in the justice's chambers, where he would be well guarded. Hence Arthur had abandoned his half-formed plan of accompanying his uncle on this train-trip—more particularly since he had talked with the guard Hawke.

"He is in good hands," he said to himself, "better than mine. I would be of little use. This man Hawke is a gun-fighter, and as cool and courageous as Tower can be." He thought how the justice had aged. "How gray he has become!" he mused. "Although he is only twelve or fifteen years older than I, he begins to look like an old man. He does not seem so tall as he used to be; his body seems to be shrinking, his face pinched. This stormy life ages men early. Even I—young as I am, I find the hair at my temples growing grizzled. I wonder if Diana has noticed my gray hairs? How kindly my uncle spoke of her! And how encouragingly! No wonder my heart warms toward him!" And he mentally determined to follow his uncle's advice. "Has she noticed my grizzled hair? I wonder if she dislikes gray hair? But no—she can not, for Yarrow is quite gray, and she certainly likes him. I wonder if she loves him?" And from the slight feeling of exultation of a few minutes before, poor Alden soon fell to doubt and left the station, rapidly descending to despair again.

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As the train bearing Justice Fox and his guard left Sacrosanto, the routine dispatch was sent to Plack, the manager of the eating-house at Leland, a station where the train stopped for meals:

"Train Number Three left Sacrosanto on time. Seventy-five passengers."

Almost simultaneous with the arrival of this dispatch there came another:

"Train Number Six one hour late. Sixty passengers."

Plack read the two messages, and remarked to his head waitress:

"Always the way, Minnie. Number Three and Number Six will git here exactly at the same time. We'll have to feed the east and west bound passengers all to once—feed 'em in twenty minutes—and then we won't have no more meals to serve for a whole day, for them emigrant trains feed themselves out of their baskets. But think of feeding two train-loads all to once—with one force of girls and only one Chinese cook."

"Sing aint in a very good humor today neither," remarked Minnie.

"Aint he?" inquired Plack nervously. "Well, don't worrit him, Minnie, that's a good girl. And as for me, I'll just keep away—me and him, we don't always hitch. Don't let him know it's two trains, but tell him it's one big train in two sections. He won't know different till dinner's done."

What strain there was on Sing's nerves and temper was not apparent outside the celestial's kitchen. Plack always kept away from that department when the day was hot or when Sing was peevish; so did the girls. Today the thermometer was very high and steadily rising, while Sing's brow was dark and lowering. Therefore, putting a handkerchief over his head, Plack composed himself to slumber in his comfortable arm-chair behind the counter; the waitresses, having laid their tables, sat in the darkest, coolest corner, and gossiped in whispers, so as not to wake "the boss."

Outside there was no sign of life. The flimsy wooden building lay baking in the summer sun. The blinds of the dining-room were closely drawn to keep out the heat. The long platform was deserted. A small patch of grass grew beyond the track, on which was spelled out in flowers the word "L-E-L-A-N-D." At the edge of this bit of turf the vegetation ceased suddenly. The vast dry plain began, over which the gleaming rails stretched away in converging lines to the vanishing point, while seemingly endless telegraph poles marched toward the horizon. No sound issued from the silent station—save that now and again from the only open window there came the "click-clack! click-clack-clack!" of the telegraph-sounder. This was the room of the man who filled the manifold offices of station-master, ticket-agent, express-agent, freight-clerk, train-dispatcher, and telegrapher. The whispering of the waitresses, with an occasional suppressed giggle, was the only other sound from within.

Without, there was equal quiet on that drowsy summer afternoon. Nature made no sound, for around Leland there were no trees to rustle in the breeze, and no birds to sing in the branches had there been trees. There was but little breeze, and the only sound was the singing of the telegraph wires. At times this died away, and then rose again to a sonorous hum.



Suddenly the humming grew louder—it was in a deeper key. Both wires and rails were singing now. Soon the singing of the rails began to be punctuated by a faint rhythmic thumping. Plack woke up. He came to the door. He gazed up and down the track. Looking both to east and west, he could see the back-blown smoke-plumes of the two engines. It was as Plack feared—he would have to serve a meal to two train-loads in twenty minutes. With clouded brow he stepped back into the eating-room to confer with Minnie about the state of the dinner and the condition of Sing's temper.

With the roar of steam, the rushing of sucked-up dust, the grind of steel brake-blocks, the blast of escaping air from the air-hose, the squeak of springs and car-couplings, the two trains pulled in, one on a siding, the other on the main line. The noise of the great engines was stilled, and was replaced only by the solemn thump of the air-pump. Out of the trains poured the passengers from Pullmans, passengers from day-coaches, train-crews white and colored.

A negro seemingly went insane while beating a gong, but recovered and smiled brightly at the end of his solo. Plack chanted loudly in a solemn voice: "This—way—for—the—dining-room—Passengers—have—twenty—minutes—for—dinner—plenty—of—time—a—gentlemanly—agent—will—notify—passengers—five—minutes—before—the—train—starts—take—your—time!"

Guided by the gong and the solemn Plack, the passengers poured into the dining-room. Long tables awaited them, at which the waitresses seated them by the simple rule of placing them at some other table than the one they started for. Here they found bowls of cold soup awaiting them—thoughtfully made cold so they might not have to wait for it to cool. When they had pushed back their cold soup, they could, while waiting for the next course, regale themselves with gazing on the colored tissue-paper festoons, which hung from the ceilings, the deadly fly-paper plates where unsuspecting flies had met their doom, and the perhaps equally deadly pies which garnished the table, on which passengers might later meet their doom.

"Gents will please take off their hats at the table!" commanded the stentorian tones of Plack. And then, *sotto voce*, "this aint no cheap hash-house."

The few men who in their hurry had forgotten to remove their headpieces blushed, took them off, looked around uneasily, and finally hung them on the floor. The women who had put their hand-satchels and purses on the table, maugre the objections of the waitresses, smiled superior at the feebleness of a so-called stronger sex. The table where the brakemen, Pullman porters, and children sat was methodically plodding along through the courses, and had already reached pudding, while the passengers regarded them with jealous eyes.

Again Plack's orotund voice rang through the room: "Plenty—of—time—ladies—and—gents—twelve—minutes—more—take—your—time!"

Into the refectory there came a solid, thick, and unctuous mass of kitchen odor. The Hebes were bringing "lamb pot-pie," "prime roast beef," and "corned beef and cabbage." For those who contemplated these viands without enthusiasm a breathless question was put—"Pie-or-puddin'-tea-or-coffee?"

Nearly every table in the dining-room was filled. There were three rows of five tables. At the centre table of the centre row Justice Fox and his guard were seated, side by side, their faces toward the door. They had about half finished their meal when the watchful Hawke saw a stalwart figure in the doorway. It was Tower. He entered, followed by his wife. The only vacant seats remaining were at the last table on the inner row, in the furthest corner of the room. Toward these Plack pointed, and Tower and his wife made their way in that direction. They passed along the aisle next the wall, and not by the centre row of tables, or they would have gone directly by the table where Fox was seated. Tower did not look in the direction of Fox, and did not seem to see him. Fox had his head bent over the table, and did not notice Tower. Hawke, who saw both Tower and his wife, kept his eyes on them, but said nothing to Fox.

As they were half-way up the room Mrs. Tower's eyes fell on Fox. She stopped suddenly, and over her worn face there came a look of venomous hatred. For a moment she hesitated, and made as if to dart forward and speak to her husband. But she changed her mind, rapidly made her way back to the door, and went toward the train.

Hawke followed her every motion with his eyes. He observed that Plack also was watching her. As soon as she had left the room, Plack went to her husband and said:

"Judge, I hope Mrs. Tower won't raise no disturbance in the dining-room."

Tower looked up at him questioningly. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"She stopped when she saw Justice Fox in the room, and went back to the train for something. You don't think she will make trouble here, do you, judge?"

"I think it very likely if she saw Fox here," replied Tower quietly. "Where is he?"

Plack pointed to the table in the centre of the room. Tower followed the gesture with his eyes. He did not again take them from the unconscious Fox.

"Perhaps you had better put a man at the door," continued Tower, in the same quiet manner, still looking fixedly past Plack; "and on some pretext prevent her from entering the room again."

And still Tower looked fixedly past the man to whom he was talking. He was conscious of nothing but that his enemy was in the same room with him. He saw no one save the gray-bearded man seated there, his back toward Tower, unaware of his presence. He did not see the keen-eyed guard seated at Fox's side, his chair slightly turned away from the table. Tower saw only the man of whom he had said that the world was not large enough to hold them both. And now they were in the same room.

With an air of relief for the permission to exclude Mrs. Tower, Plack started toward the door. Instantly, Tower arose and followed him. So natural was the action, so placid was his appearance, that even those who knew him by sight did not dream of his intent. It seemed to them as if he were quietly accompanying Plack to the door, in response to some message.

Half-way to the door, Tower suddenly changed his course, and ceased to follow Plack. He crossed between the tables in such a way as to take him by the one where Fox was seated. His eyes were still fixed on Fox—he had not taken them off for a second since he had known his enemy was here. So possessed, so dominated was he, mind and body, by his bitter hate that still he did not see the small man at Fox's left, who watched him so closely with those cold keen eyes.

Tower reached the table where Fox was seated. He did not pause. First, he passed by Hawke. So cool was his demeanor that the guard's suspicions were half allayed. Tower almost passed by Fox. For a moment it seemed as if he did not see his enemy, who was still unconscious of his presence. Then like a flash Tower wheeled, and leaned over the unsuspecting man.

"Stop! Stop!"

The sound was heard distinctly over the clatter of dishes in the noisy dining-room. All eyes were turned toward the central table. They saw the gigantic form of Tower loom up above the seated Fox; they saw him give two powerful buffets with his open hands, first with the right, then with the left, on both sides of Fox's face. Those who did not see the buffets saw the crimson marks on the pale face of the man who was attacked. And those at the same table also saw Tower moving his hand toward a pocket as if to draw a weapon. They started up in alarm to flee.

But they were not quick enough. No one of them had yet succeeded in doing more than rising when the small man at the left of Fox rose and shouted loudly: "Stop!"

For the first time Tower took his eyes from Fox, and glared at the small man.

"Stop! I am an officer! Stop!"

Again the loud warning rang through the room.

When Tower saw that the man who thus commanded him to stop was the deputy marshal who had wrested his knife from him in the court-room his eyes blazed. Like a bull in the ring with two assailants, he hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. Again he turned toward Fox, and reached for his bowie-knife.

Hawke was holding his pistol concealed at his side in his left hand. He grasped the barrel with his right hand to steady it, and leveled it at Tower.

Two loud reports rang out.

Tower threw up his right arm, his right leg doubled under him, and he quietly sank to the floor.

All of this took place so quickly that Fox was still seated at the table. The thud of the blows was almost echoed by the two reports of Hawke's pistol.

As yet most of the on-lookers did not know who was the aggressor or who was attacked. They were additionally puzzled, for at that very moment an affray broke out at the door. A woman's voice was heard clamoring for admittance in loud and angry tones.

"Let me in, you scrubs!" she shouted. "If you don't I'll see that Judge Tower attends to you!"

"Tower!" It had been a name to conjure with. Almost all men feared him. Yet even while she was crying out his name in angry threats, the shots which made him harmless rang through the room.

"Tower!" A moment before, this word had meant a man—a powerful, subtle, daring man.

"Tower!" Now this word was only a name, and he that had borne it did not exist. Some crumbs of powder, some bits of lead, had instantly turned him into an inert organic mass.

The startled passengers had all arisen, uncertain whither to flee in the midst of these affrays within and without. Among them there was a tall man who seemed calmer than the rest. He approached Hawke, and said:

"Give me your gun."

"No," replied Hawke, firmly, "I am a United States marshal. Who are you?"

"But I am the sheriff of the county."

"I can't help that. I killed him in the discharge of my duty. I was protecting Judge Fox here, who is in my charge."

"Yes—that is true," assented Fox, "that man assaulted me, and this officer, who is the bailiff of my court, shot him."

The sheriff knelt down by the side of the big body. The dead man lay on his back, his right leg doubled under him just as he fell. His face wore a perfectly placid look, his eyes were wide open. The sheriff closed them with the ball of his thumb. They did not reopen. He placed his ear over the broad chest, where the tightly buttoned coat bore a small stain.

"He must have died instantly," he said to Hawke. "You shot him through the heart."

"And through the head too," quavered a pallid bystander, pointing to a wound in the side of the head.

"No," dissented the sheriff, decisively, "that is not a fatal wound—that bullet went through the ear. The first shot was what got him." And turning to Hawke he added dryly: "You shot quick, Mr. Marshal."

Fox here interposed. He was shaking now, and evidently only by an effort could he control his trembling lips. "It was well that the guard was quick," he said, "had he not fired at once, my life and perhaps other lives would have been in danger."

"Maybe so, judge," replied the sheriff thoughtfully. "Maybe so. But your guard did shoot awful quick, for a fact." And he rose, looked down at the flaccid body, and automatically dusted his trouser-knees with his hand.

"That man was a dangerous desperado," cried Fox, vehemently. "His death was necessary to save the lives of others."

"Maybe so, judge," repeated the sheriff, absently, still gazing down at the calm dead face, "maybe so. But he was a mighty brave man."

One of the travelers seated at Fox's table was an elderly Englishman, whose pallid face was slowly assuming its normal hue. To the sheriff, he said:

"I beg your pardon, but who was he?" pointing to the body.

The sheriff's eyes followed his glance. "Judge Tower? He was chief justice of the Supreme Court of this State."

"And who is he?" inquired the Englishman in a low tone, pointing to Fox.

"That is Judge Fox, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court."

"My God!" exclaimed the Englishman. "How very remarkable!"

During all this time the scuffle at the door had continued. At first Plack had merely tried to keep Mrs. Tower from entering, fearing that she might precipitate an affray. But when the shots rang out, and he saw her husband fall, he redoubled his efforts; he dreaded lest she might revenge herself on Fox. But she struggled fiercely, and broke from him and his assistant. Clutching the satchel for which she had gone to the train, she pushed her way through the passengers, crying:

"Judge! Judge! Where are you?"

As she reached the centre of the room where the crowd had grown thickest, the circle silently opened to admit her. In its centre she saw lying the dead body of her husband.

With a shrill scream she cast from her the satchel she had gone to so much pains to bring. Its springs snapped apart, and from its mouth a large revolver fell. Screaming wildly, the woman threw herself on the body, and passionately kissed the firm-set lips.

The sheriff turned to Fox. "You may advise your man to resist arrest, if you choose," he said. "You are a Federal judge, and know the law better than I do. But this is Tower's home county, and I know his home people better than you do. I think both you and your guard will be safer under arrest than free. Unless you formally resist, I will arrest you now, and in that way get you out of here. Then the legal status can be determined afterward. With that woman screaming there, over the dead body of her husband, I can't answer for your safety around here."

Fox determined to accept the sheriff's nominal arrest. He and Hawke were ostentatiously but quickly taken to their Pullman car, locked in the stateroom, and the train started.

The newly made widow still lay on the body of her dead husband. Her wild screams had at last given way to sobs, which shook her body. She moaned continually, but she had not uttered coherent words since she ran in, calling out his name. She gradually grew quieter, and at last she lay in silence with her head on the dead face.

The minutes slowly passed. She made no sound. She did not move. At last the women around her grew uneasy at her silence. One of them stooped down, looked into her face, and said:

"Her eyes are closed—I think she must have fainted!"

But with the sound of raised voices the widow arose. Evidently she had not been unconscious. Her countenance was composed. She looked at the circle of faces with unfeigned wonder, and then went as if to step forward. Her foot struck the form of her husband. She looked down, made a slight childish grimace of repugnance, and walked around the body.

"She does not recognize him!" murmured an awe-struck voice.

It was true. She did not know his face. Nor was it simply that death had made him unrecognizable, for she did not know who he was. Her mind was a blank.

A merciful madness had come upon her, so sudden was the shock of gazing on him lying limp in death, whom she had left stalwart and proud, two minutes before. She had no one left in the world but him—relatives, friends, all had abandoned her. The stormy life she had led, the corroding cankers of the law courts, the fiery play of strong passions around her—all these had imperiled wits not any too strong. Her mind was gone.

The women, weeping, led her away from the body, while she gazed at them in wonder, and asked them why they wept. And in those tired eyes, which had gazed on scenes of violence and bloodshed of which she was the centre and the cause, the light of reason never shone again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## SAUNTERINGS IN NORTHERN SPAIN.

The Beauties of the Basque Provinces as Described by  
Charles Marriott.

It is not a long voyage from the southern shore of England to the Bay of Biscay, and there is much at the landing to allure the adventurer for pleasure, yet the journey has not been made over-familiar by writing travelers. Charles Marriott, the British novelist, recently enjoyed his first visit to the Basque provinces, and the result is a book of genuine interest and abiding charm. He saw much that would have escaped less thoughtful observers, and he has written of his experiences with rare descriptive art, with thorough appreciation and sympathy, and with unflinching good humor. With a congenial brother tourist he made his way from the northern boundary of Spain through to Madrid, but the greater part of his holiday was passed among the Basques, and it is his account of these peculiar yet attractive people and their surroundings that is most impressive in his record. He had planned to go by sea to Bilbao, but at the last moment decided to go through France by train. After a day in Paris he set out with his friend for Irun, and at that point made his first acquaintance with Spanish life:

As we descended from the train we saw the first *mantilla* and with difficulty refrained from staring at the captivating grace of it. It seemed hard to believe that the gravely unconscious wearer had not assumed it merely to be looked at. We gave up the last coupons of our Cook's tickets with the feeling that we were venturing into the unknown. Our rucksacks were carefully examined by a polite official in gray-blue linen uniform, armed with a revolver, and the sight of his weapon made me feel already how foolish we had been in bringing ours. English firearms are contraband in Spain, and until I got rid of mine I was always bothered with a separate consciousness in my right-hand coat pocket whenever I saw a customs official.

At San Sebastian came the first change of cars and a brief but well-filled delay:

San Sebastian under a brilliant sun was a little too sparkling and alert, the contrast between reddish rock and very blue sea a little too frank for beauty. One was reminded of Dawlish. If Napoleon had conquered England and held it, I fancy that Dawlish today would be looking very much like San Sebastian. Away to the left we could just see the royal palace of Miramar, designed by an English architect, fronting the little island of Santa Clara, and beyond, the headland of Monte Igeldo which forms the western arm of the bay. To the right, between the glittering Casino and the dark mass of Monte Urgull, the little harbor and all that remains of the old town looked cool and gray and inviting by contrast with the general hard brightness. We turned in that direction through narrow streets and along slippery quays where here and there a watchful *carabinero* leaned on his Mauser. I don't know if smuggling between France and Spain is still carried on as described in Pierre Loti's "Ramuntcho," but certainly the old town of San Sebastian, with its convenient water-doors and sly entries, looks as if it had private reasons for being content with neglect and obscurity.

Thence by train to Bilbao, where a longer stay was anticipated:

The train seemed to take a great deal of sending off. Three times a bell rang loudly, but nothing happened except that people talked more and more excitedly. Armed officials wandered up and down the platform, occasionally glancing into the carriages. At last, punctually to the minute, we were off, and for the first half-hour or so the experience was almost terrifying. The narrow-gauge line passing through a mountainous country, we crashed through cuttings and tunnels with a deafening noise which made the train seem to be traveling at a reckless speed, particularly when rounding the most violent curves I have ever seen on any railway. Sometimes the train seemed to be chasing its own tail and very nearly catching it. The gradients, too, were sharp and sudden, and the pitch of the line round curves was so extreme that the coaches being swung on bogies, the houses and churches we passed seemed to be leaning away at an angle of twenty degrees. As there was only one lamp to the whole carriage, and that hidden from where we sat, the effect of broken light and violent shadow on the harsh, animated faces and restless hands was most impressive, and enhanced the devil-may-care character of the whole business.

Among their fellow-travelers was a kindly beaming woman who seemed to know all the military along the line, and for her ready smile and active sympathy Mr. Marriott named her in secret, "mother of all the soldiers":

At every station it seemed as if the whole village had turned out to greet the train. Everybody seemed to know everybody else, particularly, to use an Irishism, the mother of all the soldiers at my side. At several places two or three of her sons were waiting on the platform; they came forward eagerly to shake hands with her, and to receive a parcel of food or a bottle of wine, or to hand a letter to their young comrade who sat nursing his post-bag with a grave air of responsibility. Nearly all the men we saw were clean-shaven, with strong jaws, bold features, and hony brows. They all wore *batinos* and embroidered linen shirts with collars, but no neckties, and sometimes a broad sash round the waist. Some of the younger women were handsome, and, again, among the very old we saw some extraordinarily interesting faces, brown and deeply lined, with piercing dark eyes, like the pictures of old Indian squaws. All the women, young or old, moved with a large freedom, and most of them had thick hair, very neatly arranged, more frequently brown than we had expected to see, and occasionally red. All the people seemed happy, and there were no evidences among them of extreme poverty. What impressed us most of all was the general air of brotherhood; I have never been among people who seemed so bound together by the sense of common humanity. And whenever the train started the woman at my side called out "*Adios!*" in a clear, ringing tone that seemed full of hope and courage; it was "God's in His Heaven—All's right with the world!" in a single word, a word that seemed to contain all the special meaning which has evaporated from our "Good-bye." Isn't there, perhaps, more than a verbal difference in the fact that whereas we, a little doubtfully and evasively, hope that God may be with our friend, the Latin confidently commends his friend to God?

A ride on an electric line connecting Bilbao with the villages and seaside resorts presented many views:

The district, which by night in the rain had looked sinister,

by morning sunlight was merely untidy. A surprising number of the dilapidated buildings are wine-shops, distinguished by a withered hush at the door. The belt of land between this long suburb, degenerating seaward, and the chain of hills enclosing the valley is laid out in market gardens cultivated up to the last inch, of vegetables and flowers—roses, lilies, hollyhocks, and carnations. The last might be called the national flower of Spain; wherever we went we saw girls wearing carnations coquettishly in their hair, or still more piquantly in their mouths; and, indeed, the flower, when colored to its name, with its blurred outline and spicy odor, seems aptly to symbolize the indolent though passionate Spanish beauty. I believe there is an elaborate code of meanings according to the position of the flower, as worn over the right or left ear, or carried between the lips or in the hand, but it is not a language for the uninitiated.

Occasionally but not forbiddingly the writer touches upon historical and ethnological subjects, and his comment is always illuminating:

The Basques, who occupy not only the three provinces bearing their name, but Navarra and the neighboring part of France, claim with apparent justice to be the oldest race in Europe. Their language, which, though I believe still occasionally spoken in remote villages, is practically dead, is unlike any other European tongue. It may be studied—after seven years the devil is said to have learned only three words—in place-names, in a few greetings, and in songs. In print, with its constantly recurring *z's* and *k's*, it bears a superficial resemblance to Hungarian—at least to a person ignorant of both languages—and there is also a hint of something else which puts one on the track of a tantalizing theory of origins to which I shall refer again. The Basques might be described as the home-rulers of Spain. For centuries they were a republican community with freedom from taxes and military service. But during the Carlist wars between 1834 and 1876 they fought on the losing side of Don Carlos, and this led to the withdrawal of their *Fueros*, or special privileges. They still, however, enjoy a certain liberty of local government.

Slight disguise was required to make this English visitor one of the people among whom he was sojourning, a fact more impressive than may appear at first glance:

The slight annoyance of being stared at on account of my English cap, reminded me to get a *boina*. We went into a small shop on the outskirts of the market, where, for the sum of one peseta, I achieved, if not invisibility, at least a protective affinity to my surroundings. The huying of the *boina* was quite a charming little function. Not only the proprietor, but three or four customers were interested in the transaction. They seemed to take it as a personal compliment that a foreigner should wish to wear the cap of the country. The whole stock of the shop had to be overhauled to find a *boina* of the proper size and droop: mirrors were brought, and when I was finally capped to the satisfaction of the audience, they declared, evidently with the idea of paying me the highest compliment they knew, that I would pass for a Basque. The advantage of the change to ourselves was really remarkable. Thereafter, unless we spoke, we passed everywhere without the least attention.

Pelota, the original Basque game now played by Spanish young men everywhere, was seen under varying conditions and often with accompaniments which show that sports are really much the same in all countries:

The players we saw were highly trained professionals; their quickness of eye and hand and the force of their "serving" were marvelous. Frequently the ball would rebound from the wall the whole length of the *fronton*, which was about seventy yards. They played apparently with whole-hearted dash and energy, but we were assured by our companion that the game was probably sold. At certainly every fault there were loud groans and cries of "*Ladrón!*" ("Thief!") from the people under the gallery, as if the players' dishonesty were taken for granted. Between the games the players, who were lithe young fellows in the pink of condition, drank wine or beer, and drenched their hats in water, rasping the handles with a tool in order to get a better grip. At the end of the afternoon our English companion had won about a sovereign. But for the lower level of skill, Pelota is more interesting as we saw it played afterwards in the villages by boys and young men in an open *franton* surrounded by mulberry trees.

The emotional nature of the simple and kindly Basques is illustrated by this bit of imaginative description:

We returned to the Arenal, where the municipal band was playing under the trees. It was playing Massenet's "Dance of the Furies," and playing it well. There is something a little terrible in the effect of music upon a Spanish crowd; one feels that the musician has a responsibility like that of a man hearing a light in the neighborhood of a powder magazine. The large crowd surrounding the band-stand was silent and absolutely motionless. The people seemed actually to breathe in unison. The passionate absorption of their pale faces was intensified by the prevailing dark tones of their dresses and by the fact that heavy clouds were making a gloom under the trees. There were no individuals; it was one huge organism controlled by the conductor's baton. One understood why in some countries certain tunes are forbidden for political reasons. The changes of emotion in the music were immediately and unanimously reflected in the pale faces as changing lights are reflected in the particles of a mass; at a passage in slow time it might have been said that the whole crowd was plunged in grief. When the music ended, a little shiver like the stirring of leaves passed over the crowd; quite visibly, and before bodily movement had begun, the single organism split up into individuals as if at the release of some tension. And then, as if the weather had waited for the music, the clouds overhead broke in a thunder-shower, and there was a laughing, chattering rush for the shelter of trees or the awnings of the numerous cafés that surround the Arenal.

With something more than surprise the visitors discovered that this Spanish seaport had some of the most progressive of institutions:

This club was a revelation for which we had been gradually prepared by casual observations during the last two days, of the enlightenment and dignified amenity of civil life in this part of Spain. It was not merely the provision for social ease and comfort, the excellence of the luncheon and the appointments of the recreation-rooms, which were of a standard equal to that of the best clubs in London, that so impressed us, but the regard for and evidence of the intellectual vitality of the community. Bilbao is frankly a commercial town, and I suppose its inhabitants would describe themselves as a community of business men; but their principal club possesses a library which one would expect to find only in a centre of learning. When we were taken into this quiet room we were prepared for a good collection of books of reference; what we were not prepared for was a library containing the pick of European literature in prose and poetry, and the more significant works of modern science and philosophical speculation. At a hasty

examination I noted the names of Dante, Milton, Goethe, Balzac, Lombroso, and Herbert Spencer. On the long tables, under green-shaded electric lights, I saw not only the native periodical publications, but the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Jugend*, *The Studio*, *The Art Journal*, and innumerable English, French, Italian, and German newspapers. In addition to a splendid library the Sociedad Bilbaína provides a separate room for works of reference in those subjects with which its members are professionally engaged, and a room fitted up as a drawing-office for architects and engineers. Finally the more purely recreative advantages of the club are completed by the peculiarly Continental institution of a roulette-room.

Of the many delightful passages in the chronicle of a sightseer's wanderings, there is none that makes a more pleasing picture than this short story of an evening adventure by the sea:

Dusk had fallen before we reached Algorta; a wonderful violet dusk full of soft odors and the soundless moving of the tamarisk. Behind the mountains which guard the mouth of the river lightning played almost continuously, but without any sound of thunder, and below the golden lamps of Portugalete were drenched in the quiet waters of the bay. We followed winding lanes along the cliff in the direction of a dark headland. Somewhere behind a high wall girls were singing a queer wandering tune, "something," as James flippantly but accurately described it, "between a Gregorian chant and a con song," with one full-throated voice following the air and others coming in chorus like the petition and response of a litany. Presently we came to a village of narrow descending streets, rude steps and little quays, dim lit with angle lamps, filled with the hushing of the sea, the tang of brine, and the scent of hidden gardens. In a courtyard women were seated and children stooped over lighted candles, screening them with their hands, in some celebration which was half a game and half a piece of ritual. The children greeted us in laughing undertones, pressing about us in the dark affectionately but incuriously, as if we were long-expected. They touched us with their little hands, asking to be lifted up, and lisped their flower-soft names, Manuela, Asuncion, Dolores, claiming invisible brothers and sisters. The women, mothers and grandmothers, addressed us with the same quiet confidence, asking us if the little ones were not heavy for their ages, speaking always in a murmur as if under the spell of the night. We found the way, guided by the soft, laughing direction "*Abajo!*" "*A la derecha!*" "*A la izquierda!*" followed by "*Adios!*" of some invisible man or woman, to a sheltered quay overlooking the bay with a furtive incoming of pale bands of foam and a background of mountains only relieved upon the night by the summer lightning which played unceasingly behind them. Here we sat for nearly an hour listening to the lapping of the water, speaking rarely, in a mood of absolute contentment.

I don't know the name of the village, I don't want to know it nor to see it again by daylight. I want to keep the memory of that evening unaltered. It is a memory with the fragile charm and at the same time the strange reality of a dream, made up of tamarisk, the odor of brine, children's kisses in the dark, and the hands and voices, the intimate human presences of people whose faces I did not see, whose names I did not know, in an unidentified place of crooked streets and hidden gardens on the shores of the Bay of Biscay.

Once more the writer returns to his speculations concerning the origin of the race, as indicated in its language:

The head of the table was taken by the proprietor of a marble quarry somewhere up in the mountains. He had traveled all over the world, and was extremely interested in speculations about the origin of the Basque language. At least a dozen words, he said, were identical in Basque and Japanese. I suppose there is no subject more full of pitfalls for the unlearned than that of comparative philology, but there certainly seems to be strong evidence that the Basque language, like the Hungarian, the Chinese, and the Japanese, is of Turanian origin. When on an earlier page I remarked the superficial resemblance between printed Basque and printed Hungarian, I did not know that the latter language was held by philologists to belong to the Turanian family, nor had I read the chapter on the *Euskara* or Basque in Borrow's "Bible in Spain," so that the resemblance is marked enough to strike a person ignorant of the theories on the subject. The hint of something else which I alluded to is precisely of Japanese. I have never heard Japanese spoken, but I believe that if during the time of the Russo-Japanese war a verse of Basque song, such as "*Tru damacho!*" had been printed in an English newspaper, ninety-nine readers out of a hundred would have taken it for Japanese. But it is not only the Basque language which contains these tantalizing hints of the Mongolian. The people themselves, with their impassive, high cheek-boned faces, as Borrow observed, look like Tartars, and there is something irresistibly Chinese about a Basque farmer, in his flat cap and sad blue garments, patiently cultivating every inch of soil, and planting three crops where we should be content to grow one. On referring to a history of music I find the Basque instruments, the *dulsinya* and the *tamboril*, almost exactly reproduced in the Chinese *yo* and *ya-kou*. The comparisons are tempting and suggestive, but the subject as a whole is better left to the specialist.

From the northern provinces the travelers moved southward to Burgos, Madrid, and Toledo. The story of their views and experiences sustains the interest awakened in the first chapter, though it relates to scenes more often described. The homeward journey was by steamer, from Bilbao to the Cornish coast. Seldom is an account of travel less guide-booky, or more unaffected. The skill of the practiced writer is evident in its omissions as well as in its presentments. The work has a permanent value. It is illustrated with numerous photographs and drawings and is carefully indexed.

"A Spanish Holiday," by Charles Marriott. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$2.50 net.

The sailing-ship sanitarium for consumptives projected in England and described by the *British Medical Journal* seems an admirable scheme. If a patient is to be sequestered and kept in a long chair out of doors, why not alleviate his lot by the interest of sea life and glimpses of pleasant coasts? The ship projected would be of about 2000 tons, with ample deck space for cots in the open air. The plan would be to cruise in the neighborhood of the Canaries, taking advantage of trade winds and an equable climate, and seeking port in bad weather. The cost to each patient is not stated, but there must be a good many invalids who could afford to pay handsomely, and with fifty patients it might be possible to keep a 2000-ton schooner in commission.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Amelia E. Barr has been emitting some refreshingly vigorous opinions upon modern life. She is now eighty years of age and has just finished her fifty-ninth novel. What novel writing means to this capable old lady may be judged from the fact that she read 124 volumes as a preparation to writing the "Lion's Whelp," and ninety volumes before starting "The Black Shilling." A woman, says Mrs. Barr, has no right to a "career" until she has had children. She herself did not begin to write until after she had reared her fifteenth child, and she was prouder of her children than of her books. "At fifty-five or sixty a woman should find herself at her brightest and best. She is now far enough past the child-bearing period to have fully outlived the physical strain of motherhood, with its decades of burdens and cares. At sixty life assumes a truer perspective for a woman. She begins then, and hardly before then, to see the great vital truths of life and character in their proper proportions."

*Captain Margaret*, by John Masefield. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This is a striking romance of the days when King James ruled over the colony of Virginia. Captain Margaret, cut to the heart because the fair Olivia has preferred the scoundrel Stukeley to himself, sets sail for Virginia on board his ship, the *Broken Heart*, intending first to carry out a legitimate tobacco trade and then to pursue something like a piratical career on the Spanish Main. Seeking a final interview with Olivia before leaving the British port, he finds himself suddenly involved in some of Stukeley's misdeeds, and is actually forced to take him and his wife on board the *Broken Heart* in order that they may escape the pressing attentions of the sheriff. The ill-assorted party proceed to Virginia, and finding that orders for their arrest have been received by the governor, Stukeley and Olivia are compelled once more to seek sanctuary on the *Broken Heart* and to proceed with the adventurers to Darien. How Olivia finally awakens to the infamous character of her husband and learns to appreciate the chivalry and forbearance of Captain Margaret, how Stukeley's treachery justifies the assault upon Tolu, and how the expedition ends in failure are set forth with energy and vigor and make a fine story of adventure upon the Spanish Main. But it is a story by no means faultless. We could have been persuaded of Stukeley's infamy without so many coarse illustrations that are sometimes embarrassing in their effrontery. Captain Margaret and his ship's master, Cammock, seem to lack virility, while Olivia certainly lacks common sense, even for a day when the sole duty of young women was to be chaste and beautiful. Nor can we be easily persuaded that seamen in the days of King James said "B'Gee," or "Oh, Mommer."

*Rosnah*, by Myra Kelly. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Miss Kelly's novel will not be a disappointment to those who were a little dubious of her success in a new field. So far as is proper she has preserved all the characteristic virtues of her shorter writings, while her novel bears no marks of being a number of short stories cemented together.

"Rosnah" has a distinct value as a study of Irish life and the social effects of political agitation, while the element of farce that is sometimes pleasantly evident is quite consonant with the purpose of the story. The character of General Fitzgerald is not an ingratiating one, but its counterpart would not be hard to find in real life. The general and his wife have been so long in India that when they come home to Ireland their children have to be introduced to them by the butler. But Miss Sheila has refused to attend the family reunion, having just found a more fascinating way to spend her time. To avoid the paternal wrath and with a charming indifference to consequences, she persuades the beautiful Lady Rosnah Creighton to personate her, and the entanglements that ensue can be readily imagined. The final revelation is not reached until the curtain has been lifted from the dark corners of revolutionary Ireland. We see evictions, boycotts, and midnight drills, and these are not only described with convincing accuracy, but we are shown the part that they occupy in the national hopes. Miss Kelly writes not only with an enviable dramatic ease, but with spontaneous sympathy. Perhaps her sympathy is the source of her unquestioned power, already proved by her short stories and now confirmed by this more ambitious effort.

*The Supreme Test*, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. Published by Brentano's, New York; \$1.50.

This story is noteworthy as containing a distinctly clever piece of psychological work. Introduced to Wilmot Cunliffe, we cordially detest him as a combination of Chadhand and Pecksniff, but with a certain unthinking sin-

cerity that aggravates rather than condones. When Kythe West visits Cunliffe's house in order to stay for a while with her friend Frieda we anticipate a lively encounter between Kythe's irresponsible worldliness and Cunliffe's puritanic piety. The encounters follow in due course, but it is Cunliffe who is dismounted as much by Kythe's clever intelligence as by her beauty and charm. Then we see Cunliffe's deeper nature unfold under the double stimulus of his love for Kythe and his chivalrous desire to protect her from the results of her own waywardness. In other words we find that Cunliffe is a gentleman of the first water, brave, devoted, and unselfish and an easy victor in the "supreme test" where certain young gentlemen of much social charm are egregious failures. The author shows a real insight into human nature, and her story is easily worth a dozen of the strenuous novels that are in so much temporary favor.

*Mind, Religion, and Health*, by Dr. Robert MacDonald. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.30.

This is a clearly expressed presentation of the Emmanuel Movement, or the system of mental healing that has been made respectable by orthodox names and scientific degrees. The churches seem to be on their way to discover that "whatsoever a man thinketh in his heart so is he"—morally, mentally, and physically, although why the churches had to wait until Christianity was two thousand years old it is a little hard to explain.

We are still waiting to know what the "sub-conscious self" really is. At present its forms are as numerous as its expositors. At one time the sub-conscious self appears like a machine of irresistible power, but wholly dependent for its direction upon the human mind and as willing to do evil as good. Yet again it is presented to us as a sort of beneficent deity, omniscient and omnipotent. Is it superior to the mind or inferior, and is there no way to reach it except by hypnotic and suggestive processes from which self-respect shrinks? Or is the "sub-conscious mind" merely a name given to the whole undiscovered territory of human mentality, with its vast range of possibilities from the devilish to the divine? But Dr. MacDonald has written a thoughtful book, a little marred by ecclesiasticism, but sincere, thoughtful, and well adapted to those who need an artificial bridge to the obvious things of the mind.

*The Important Pictures of the Louvre*, by Florence Heywood. On sale by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York; \$1.50.

This little volume by a California woman who has won distinction in the art circles of Europe ought to accompany every tourist from the West who wishes to understand as well as to admire the treasures of the Louvre. Miss Heywood's art lectures are well known, and that her erudition is now made available in such permanent and portable form is a matter for congratulation.

The book is indeed admirably designed not only for the traveler who combines leisure with artistic education, but for that more numerous class who are anxious to admire what is admirable and to accept the guidance of competent culture. The chronological table of Florentine, Venetian, Umbrian, Sienese, Ferrarese, Flemish, German, and French art is peculiarly valuable, while in her consideration of the pictures themselves Miss Heywood shows a happy facility in her combination of art criticism with the essentials of history and biography. Technical description never becomes oppressive and a book that can be read with pleasure by the far-away fireside must be the most delightful of companions on the banks of the Seine. Miss Heywood should be encouraged to write at greater length and to place even more fully at our disposal an enviable knowledge of art and artists.

*The Higher Sacrifice*, by David Starr Jordan. Published by the American Unitarian Association, Boston; 80 cents.

This inspiring address to students is an incitement to keep alive the best ideals of their youth and to acquire the power of knowledge that it may be offered upon the altar of humanity. By his debt to nature, by the need that he pay his board bill, man is a slave. But he can acquire above and beyond these things. He can "Serve the Lord, not as slaves hoping for reward, but as gods who will take no reward." He can belong to those fittest ones who will demand their preservation at the hands of nature, not because their teeth and claws are the sharpest, but because their power of self-sacrifice is the greatest. Dr. Jordan's address should be read, not by students only, but by all who covet the impression of lofty and altruistic thought.

*The Sovereign Good*, by Helen Huntington. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

This is not a story of incident, but its delicate character analysis is far better than incident. The hero is Neil Duncan, a very young writer of promising distinction, who, curiously enough, is not conceited. The heroine is Fidelia King, a lady no longer in

her first youth, but beautiful, *spirituelle*, and wealthy. Neil falls in love with Fidelia, or thinks he does, and Fidelia falls in love with Neil, but she has the good sense to discriminate between a young man's fancy and the enduring affection upon which alone marriage should be based. Therefore she refuses Neil when he proposes, and although her own love continues she experiences the pain of seeing that her estimate of Neil's devotion was well founded and that he slowly gravitates without remonstrance towards attractions more consonant with his age and disposition. It is a well-told story and both true and pathetic.

*Ocean Life in the Old Sailing-Ship Days*, by John D. Whidden. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Captain Whidden tells the story of his long life with all the interest of a romance. He went to sea when he was twelve years old. He was ship's boy, sailor, mate, captain, and part owner. He went all over the world and met all kinds of people, while a full share of adventure and of stirring incident seems to have come in his way. That Captain Whidden should lead so strenuous a life for seventy years and should then produce so admirable a book is an enviable achievement.

*Robert Lee, the Southerner*, by Thomas Nelson Page. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

The story of General Lee has never been better told, nor told more concisely and gracefully. Mr. Page shows us the Southern leader first as a man, and secondly as a soldier, and if he arouses our admiration for a stainless character, his advocacy of his military genius is hardly less convincing.

## New Publications.

"Tales from Bohemia," by Robert Neilson Stephens, with illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith, has been published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. The tales are twenty-five in number.

"The Winter's Tale" has been added to the Lamb Shakespeare for the Young, the attractive series now being issued by Duffield & Co., New York, price 80 cents and \$1 per volume.

Appropriate to the New Year comes two tastefully decorated little volumes of "Scottish Toasts," by Ivor Ben McIvor, and "Irish Toasts," by Shane Na Gael. They are published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston.

P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia, have published the "American National Red Cross Text-Book on First Aid and Relief Columns," otherwise described as "A Manual of Instruction How to Prevent Accidents and What to Do for Injuries and Emergencies," by Major Charles Lynch, Medical Corps, United States Army. The little volume is of pocket size, inclusive, usefully illustrated and well printed. Price, \$1.

"Comrades Four," by Edward R. Rich, was suggested upon an occasion when several members of Company E, First Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., were talking over old war times. "I for one," said the author, "would like to see in print the simple narrative of something that really happened to somebody we know." One of the party said, "Write it yourself," and the seed of suggestion falling upon good ground the present simple and unassuming war story is the result. That the book was written by a real soldier is evident enough from its modesty. It is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Politicians," by Aaron Hoffman and J. A. Raynes, produced at the Princess Theatre last Monday evening for the first time on any stage, is a distinct gain in merit over former work of the same authors. It is absurd, of course, but it is bright and clean. It has no such screamingly funny scene as the crockery-smashing episode in "Playing the Ponies," but it is fairly even in interest and gives some opportunities for character comedy work.

Kohl and Dill have good parts as the vagrant politicians, dragged into the race for office against their will. It does not matter much what this eccentric pair do on the stage, their least effort is unfailingly rewarded with the laughter and applause of a large and invincibly loyal following. To the credit of the comedians, he it said, they do not build on this, and do not relax their efforts. Kohl is the more assertive of the two, but Dill is a good feeder for his fun. They never did better or more conscientious work than in this latest production.

Several new people appear in the piece. George A. Wright as the station agent, chief of the fire department, postmaster, jailer, chief of police, and election inspector, displays finished art. He could easily overdo his part, but he makes it convincingly real, and in every word and act is the rural official to the life.

Adele Rafter, the new leading lady, is a distinct acquisition to the Kohl and Dill forces. She is a very pretty woman with an accomplished stage presence, and sings with pleasing effect. Her success was evident on the first night.

Netta Vesta, the souhrette, is better qualified by nature and art than any of her predecessors have been to delight an audience. Percy Bronson, Sidney de Gray, Charles Swickard, and Carlton Chase, are equal to all the demands made upon them. The chorus is large in numbers, attractive in personality, and displays many changes of handsome costumes. Their songs, dances, and marches are strong testimony for the ability of the new stage manager, Jack Mason.

Altogether, the company and the play are to be recommended to all who would see an entertainment of mirth and music without a discordant element. It will run indefinitely, as well it may. There was "standing room only" last week at the Princess, when "Weiner & Schnitzel" was in its fourth week.

As was to have been expected, George Ade's "The College Widow" is a great success at the Valencia Theatre, and it will be continued all next week. Robert Warwick as the athletic conqueror, Blanche Stoddard as the widow, and Helen Lackaye as the pompous-haired waitress, are making the most of their parts. Charles Dow Clark is a clever "Buh" Hicks, and the whole company, in fact, is imbued with the jolly comedy spirit. There could be no better bill for the holidays, and the people are proving the assertion by filling the handsome theatre nightly. Upton Sinclair's new fantastic drama in four acts, "Prince Hagen," will follow "The College Widow," but it is not necessary to speak at length of that at present.

"Ben Hur" will continue to hold the stage at the Van Ness Theatre for another week, with every promise of large attendance. The curtain goes up at eight o'clock sharp at evening performances and at two o'clock at matinees, on account of the length of the spectacle. With matinees Wednesday and Saturday, the piece will be seen for the last time on Saturday evening of next week.

But one of the attractions of the present week will be a part of the new programme at the Orpheum, opening Sunday afternoon, and the bill announced is full of novelty and variety. Wilfred Clarke, son of the great comedian, John Sleeper Clarke, and a nephew of Edwin Booth, appears in his own playlet, "What Will Happen Next?" This is said to be one of the happiest of vaudeville hits with a legitimate comedy flavor. De Biere, the European illusionist, will present many new things. The Salvagis are whirlwind dancers from Paris. Edwin Latell is a monologist and a comedian. The Rooney Sisters are young but famous singers and dancers. Hihbert and Warren are versatile minstrels who have an act entitled "The Pianist and the Dancer." Eva Taylor, recently seen in "Chums," will return for one week only. Gus Edwards' School Boys and Girls have had one week of success and will conclude their engagement with the coming week. New motion pictures, of course.

## New York's "New" Theatre.

The cornerstone of the New Theatre in New York City was laid a few days ago with elaborate ceremonies, marking what it is hoped will prove a new impulse in the artistic and educational development of the entire country. The fact that in the playhouse commercial success is to be subordinated to art was set upon in the addresses of Mayor McClellan, Dr. John R. Finley, president of the City of New York, and Thomas, the playwright. The New

Theatre will begin its first season next November, under the administration of Winthrop Ames, director; Lee Shuhert, business manager, and John Corbin, literary manager. Modern and classic plays are to be acted by a stock company.

The founders of the theatre are John Jacob Astor, George F. Baker, Edmund L. Baylies, August Belmont, Cortlandt Field Bishop, Paul D. Cravath, William B. Osgood Field, Henry Clay Frick, Elbert H. Gary, and George J. Gould.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Kenneth Grahame, author of one of the most pleasing holiday volumes, a fanciful story of moles, rats, and toads, is the secretary of the Bank of England.

The *Century Magazine* will begin publication at once of a number of letters written by Mrs. Sallie Coles Stevenson, wife of the American minister in London, 1836-41, giving an intimate view of the young Queen Victoria.

Dr. I. K. Funk, publisher, has announced that he has abandoned the spiritualistic field. Two years ago he published his last book, "The Psychic Riddle," and since then, he says, he hasn't bothered with mediums and the realm of the invisible.

Whatever the effect of her hooks on society, the fact remains that Marie Corelli probably has the largest, steady income from her hooks of any English novelist. Reputedly, she has earned \$60,000 a year for the past eighteen years.

Princess Feodora of Schleswig-Holstein, the young sister of the German empress, has joined the ranks of royal authors. The story she has written under the pen name of F. Hugin is entitled "Through the Mist."

The Nobel prize for literature has just been awarded to Rudolph Eucken, an author whose book, "The Problem of Human Life," is soon to be published in translation in this country. Professor Eucken is the author of a number of books on religion and philosophy. He has spent his life as an academic and university instructor, and he is now professor of philosophy in the University of Jena.

In Dr. Nicoll's "Life of Ian Maclaren" the author tells us that that writer "had the hook collector's reverence for hooks; he never marked a hook in his life." Mr. Clement Shorter takes issue with Dr. Nicoll on this point and says that "the real hook collector, as distinguished from the postage stamp collecting sort of personage, marks his hooks without end, scribbles on the margins, as Coleridge did, makes his own index on the fly-leaves, and is quite reckless as to whether he is detracting from their value for some other person. The real hook collector is fashioned like one who said long ago that 'He sought his books for himself and not for his executors.'"

In the *American Magazine* for 1909 Ida M. Tarbell is to have a series of historical and present-day studies of American women.

Professor Simkovich, who has charge of the Morgan collection of manuscripts now on exhibition at the Columbia University library, has discovered that Robert Burns did not write "Auld Lang Syne," and proves it by this letter written by Burns to George Thompson: "One song more and I have done—'Auld Lang Syne.' The air is hut mediocre; but the following song, the old song of the olden times and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from old Fan's singing, is enough to recommend any air." Then follows "Auld Lang Syne," just as it is sung today.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, the American publishers of Arvede Barine, announce "Madame, Mother of the Regent," by that author. The book has just run its serial course in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Professor Max Lenz's "Napoleon" says that the power which Napoleon held in his hands, when it was at its greatest, was not inferior to that of any empire known to history. The national ideals of Italy are all due to Napoleon and, aside from Prussia, most of the present states of the German empire rest on foundations that he laid. In France the basis of administration, the law, the army, all still bear the imprint of his ideas.

In a recent notice, the musical critic of the *New York Evening Sun* writes: "Emma Eames's beautiful Leonora was a Leonora who is exquisite to see and equally lovely to hear. Her voice grows in beauty, in lusciousness, in fullness, and her art ripens yearly, so every note is a delight to the ear and makes one long to have her follow in Nordica's footsteps and give us another great American Isolde and Brünnhilde. It surely can not be true that she intends to leave the stage now that she is in her very prime."

George Ade's "The County Chairman," Gillette's "Sherlock Holmes," and Hoyt's "A Texas Steer," are all named for early production at the Valencia Theatre.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Two Dogs.

Two dogs on Bournemouth beach: a mongrel, one, With spaniel plainest on the palimpsest, The blur of muddled stock; the other, bred, With tapering muzzle, rising brow, strong jaw— A terrier to the tail's expressive tip, Magnetic, nimble, endlessly alert.

The mongrel, wet and shivering, at my feet Deposited a wedge of half-inch board, A foot in length and splintered at the butt; Withdrew a yard and crouched in act to spring, While to and fro between his wedge and me The glancing shuttle of his eager look A purpose wove. The terrier, ears a-cock, And neck one curve of sheer intelligence, Stood sentinel; no sound, no movement, save The mongrel's telegraphic eyes, hespoke The object of the canine pantomime.

I stooped to grasp the wedge, knowing the game; But, like a thing uncolled, the mongrel snapt It off, and promptly set it out again, The terrier at his quarters, every nerve Waltzing inside his lithe rigidity.

"More complex than I thought!" Again I made To seize the wedge; again the mongrel won, Whipt off the jack, relaid it, crouched and watched, The terrier at attention all the time. I won the third bout: ere the mongrel snapt His toy, I stayed my hand; he halted, half Across the neutral ground, and in his pause Of doubt I seized the prize. A vanquished yelp From both; and then intensest vigilance.

Together, when I tossed the wedge, they plunged Before it reached the sea. The mongrel, out Among the waves, and standing to them, meant Heroic business; but the terrier dodged Behind, adroitly scouting in the surf, And seized the wedge, rebuffed by the tide, In shallow water, while the mongrel searched The English Channel on his hind legs poised. The terrier laid the trophy at my feet; And neither dog protested when I picked It up: the overture of their marine Diversion had been played out once for all.

A second match the reckless mongrel won, Vanishing twice under the heavy surf, Before he found and brought the wedge to land. Then for an hour the aquatic sport went on, And still the mongrel took the heroic rôle, The terrier hanging dutifully in the rear. Sometimes the terrier when the mongrel found Betrayed a jealous scorn, as who would say, "Your hero's always a vulgarian! Pah!" But when the mongrel missed, after a fight With such a sea of troubles, and saw the prize Grabbed by the terrier in an inch of surf, He seemed entirely satisfied, and watched With more pathetic vigilance the cast That followed.

"Once a passion, mongrel, this Retrieving of a stick," I told the brute, "Has now become a vice with you. Go home! Wet to the marrow and palsied with the cold, You won't give in; and, good or bad, you've earned My admiration. Go home now, and get warm, And the best bone in the pantry." As I talked I stript the water from his hybrid coat, Laughed, and made much of him—which mortified The fuming terrier.

"I'm despised, it seems!" The terrier thought. "My cleverness (my feet Are barely wet!) beside the mongrel's zeal Appears timidity. This biped's mad! To pet the stupid brute. Yap! Yap!" He seized The wedge and went; and at his heels at once, Without a thought of me, the mongrel trudged.

Along the beach, smokers of cigarettes, All sixpenny-novel-readers to a man, Attracted Master Terrier. Again the wedge, Passed to the loyal mongrel, was teed with care; Again the fateful overture began. Upon the fourth attempt, and not before, And by a feat at that, the challenged youth (Most equable, he sure, of all the group; Allow the veriest dog to measure men!) Secured the soaked and splintered scrap of deal. Thereafter, as with me, the game progressed. The breathless, shivering mongrel rushing out Into the heavy surf, there to be tossed And tumbled like a floating hunch of kelp, While gingerly the terrier picked his steps, Strategic in the rear, and snapt the prize Oftener than his more adventurous, more Romantic, more devoted rival did. The uncomfortable moral glares at one! And, further, in the mongrel's wistful mind A punitive idea darkly wrought:

Having once lost the prize in the overture With his bipedal rival, he felt himself In honor and in conscience bound to plunge Forever after it at the winner's will. But the smart terrier was an Overdog, And knew a trick worth two of that. He thought—If canine cerebration works like ours, And I interpret canine mind aright — "Let men and mongrels worry and wet their coats!"

I use my brains and choose the better part. Quick-witted ease and self-approval lift Me miles above this anxious cur, absorbed, Body and soul, in playing a game I win Without an effort. And yet the mongrel seems The happier dog. How's that? Belike, the old Compensatory principle again: I have preëminence and conscious worth; And he, his power to fling himself away For anything or nothing. Men and dogs, What an unfathomable world it is!" —John Davidson, in *Westminster Gazette*.

In the first half of the month of December just past more than five million dollars was sent by postal money orders from New York to foreign countries. Nearly all the orders represented Christmas gifts to relatives and friends across the ocean.

Many people believe that they can not be fitted with glasses, because they have never been to an expert.

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## THE "BEN HUR" SPECTACLE.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Ben Hur" would be a fine soporific for a cross baby. To be sure, the spectacle, which is unquestionably imposing, as theatrical spectacles go, especially when it comes to the race, might keep the baby awake, but, in the end, the volumes of talk would infallibly put him to sleep.

They never have good players in "Ben Hur," upon which, indeed, good playing would be wasted. It is hald, scenery-relieved melodrama, and all that is required is a lot of clothes-horses to stand around and spout out long-winded conversation of an appropriately ancient turn of phraseology. "Said I not so and so?" and, "Saw you ever such a one?" or "Never have mine eyes," and so forth.

It is always curious and a little unexplainable to know why novels of the dignified standing of "Notre Dame," "Quo Vadis," and "Ben Hur," become, from the truly dramatic point of view, so juiceless when made into plays. Of course "Ben Hur," the novel, is not a literary masterpiece. But it is a worthy achievement in historical fiction, and there are chapters in it which are really impressive. Take the description of the fall of the house of Hur, for instance, and, following that, the pen-picture of the Roman galley, with its tiers of slaves chained to their oars, and in their midst the proud Jerusalem prince, hoarding his strength against the day of vengeance.

And again, the description of the Grove of Daphne in Antioch. Since I first read it I never, on a holiday occasion, approach Golden Gate Park by the main driveway without half-closing my eyes, and imagining the gaily dressed crowds brightening the broad red pathways and stretches of emerald lawn as clothed in the graceful draperies and seeking the same diversions as the pleasure-seeking multitude that revelled in the classic groves of Daphne.

Yet, when the events and the pictures and the dialogues of "Ben Hur" are transferred to the stage, they lose their dignity and their solemnity. Cheap actors, besides, are a terrible deterrent to illusion, and nobody ever heard before of anybody that is playing in the present production.

And the way they talk, their manner of elocution! It takes me hack, far, far hack, into the years.

It is a summer afternoon, in the long ago. "Still sits the school house by the road," and within its scholastic precincts is gathered an attentive audience of youngsters, who hang upon the utterances of Master Tommy Frecklenose, who is "speaking a piece." Tommy has red hair, a shiny afternoon face that smells of soap, and leather stogies with soles an inch thick that smell of hlaeking. Tommy opens his mouth with an expression compounded of acute anguish and a grin of nervous self-consciousness. He opens it, after several ineffectual efforts, to final purpose, and the flowing periods of "Casahianca," or "Bingen on the Rhine" fill our savage young souls with a curious blending of pleasure in the rhyme, enjoyment of the occasion, and cruel delight in Tommy's discomfort.

Cheap players, or, at least, the ordinary ones, are never discomfited; they haven't sufficient imagination. Otherwise, a large percentage of the "Ben Hur" players spout like little Tommy Frecklenose. Speaking of a lack of imagination, there is, undoubtedly, a big lack when a player puts so little intelligent inflection into his speech as to allow one to catch only the leading word or phrase in a torrent of noisy mouthings.

For instance, says Sheikh Ilderim—Gawpity, gawpity gawp! (*Wagging his beard*) By the splendor of God! Strumity, grumity, grumpy, grump! He is a Roman!

Massala (*in sounding accent, addressing Judah, prince of Hur*)—Whoop her up! (*or something like it!*) Juder. The sun of Indier is in thine eye. (*In more resounding accents*) Howlihus, yowlihus, climaxum yell.

Juder, (*sic, Massala, successfully out-shouting, and vainly endeavoring to under-articulate Massala*)—Roman, homan, doman, terum, 'er-ree, ter-rob! Je-ru-sa-lem!

And the really, truly calm scratched his right ear with his left hind-leg and the four hundred public school children in front were very, very happy.

And so was not I. Because it was altogether too shouty for peaceful slumber, and what is the use of listening to incomprehensible gihherish. The men all woke up when

the dancers came on, for they had hopes of the scene of revels in the grove of Daphne. They felt interested in the dancers, a little dashed by their long skirts, somewhat cheered up by their kickings, and again a little subdued by their chantings, which at times had a religious sound, so that some of them even turned over, and went to sleep again. This scene is so much like musical comedy costume marches and dances that it served merely as detached spectacle, not particularly affecting the rest of the action.

Irass the Egyptian makes her first appearance in this scene, and it is generally sought to secure for the rôle a long-eyed sinuous charmer whom we may persuade ourselves is of the Egyptian type.

But the Irass of this production is hopelessly un-Biblical and thoroughly commonplace. In this case the cruel, coquettish smile of Irass becomes a steady grin. For this Irass has not learned the polite art of smiling alluringly. However, we do know what she is talking about, which is something.

The same may be said of Simonides's daughter Esther, a pretty little young thing also thoroughly American in type, who clings around the paternal knees successfully, uses the broken-hearted voice successfully, cries "my father" at intervals with successful pathos—in fact, did well enough in a stereotyped rôle.

The race made one beautifully wakeful. The contrivance for giving the effect of horses drawing their chariots in frantic action is a splendid piece of mechanism, and, to those who have never seen it, one well worth seeing. The illusion is almost perfect. It is possible, but not probable, that one may lose it suddenly, but mine worked without a hitch. The acres of painted canvas that go flying by give the horses the appearance of progressing on with terrific speed, and the device for giving Ben Hur the lead in the race is eminently successful.

After that we 'uns, who knew it all by heart, had to struggle through a long, dismal stage moan from the mother and sister of Ben Hur. Oh, my goodness me, what do they mean by so carefully subtracting real feeling, and painstakingly substituting artificialized emotion, when they are engaged in representing emotions such as are felt by the two lepers, once the loved and cherished princesses of the house of Hur? The situation is certainly one which can and ought to appeal vividly to the imagination, but not a glimmer was perceptible. All was careful tutelage in the monotonously toned utterances of the two women, and one involuntarily heaved a sigh of relief, as of a funeral duty duly discharged, when they were safely off the stage.

But this is a world of compensations. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. It suddenly occurred to me, in the middle of their scene, when I was saying to myself, "Why, oh, why?" that it was the little hour upon the stage of this dismal pair, and that they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. More, I'll wager a cooky, than did Amrah, who spoke with distinctness and intelligence, and who was probably perfectly willing to go home and go to bed.

And were there any good players in "Ben Hur," you may ask. I give it up. It is the kind of play where you can not tell. When I first saw Robert Drouet in "Janice Meredith" I hadn't the slightest idea that he was an excellent actor. The lines, situations, and sentimentality of the piece drowned him in mush so thoroughly that he remained undiscovered.

Ben Hur himself is never anything more than a resounding hunch of talking muscles. So with Messala. The rest of them are principally clothes-horses. The art of speech in the noble, elevated style of the old legitimate only survives with a few isolated instances, and in the present instance the legitimate actor is conspicuous by his absence.

But "Ben Hur's" days of prestige are entirely over. The play has become merely a catch-penny, or, rather, a catch-dollar affair, and all the main expense lies in the scenic effects. All the confirmed theatre-goers have seen it, and it is now abandoned to the open-mouthed interest of Sunday-school, orphan asylum and church sewing circles. With them it is safe to draw for some years to

come, and, indeed, on account of the great scene of the race, may yet attain to the lasting vitality of "The County Fair."

## Stage Romances.

The best qualification for marriage into the peerage nowadays seems to be either connection with the stage or American nationality (observes the London *Express*). It is almost fatiguing to run through the long list of marchionesses, countesses, and harronesses who have at one time or another amused us in the theatre. Some of the best known are the Marchioness of Headfort (Miss Rosie Boote), the Countess of Orkney (Miss Connie Gilchrist), the Countess of Clonmell (Miss Rachael Berridge), and the Hon. Mrs. Yarde-Buller and future Lady Churston (Miss Denise Orme).

The match-making successes of Mr. Seymour Hicks's company, of which Miss Storey, who married the Earl Poulett a few days ago, was until recently a member, have been remarkable. Here they are:

Miss Camille Clifford, married to the Hon. Lyndhurst Bruce, son of Lord Aherdare.

Miss Eva Carrington, to Lord de Clifford.

Miss Elsie Kay, to Mr. Ronald McAndrew, son of a millionaire.

Miss Hilda Harris, to Mr. Drummond, of Drummond's Bank.

Miss Barbara Deane, to Mr. Basil Loder, a member of a famous hanking family.

Miss Kathleen Dawn, to Mr. Hardinge, a ward of the Duke of Portland.

Miss May Gates, to Baron von Ditten.

Miss Eva Hillisdon, to the Marquis de Florac.

Miss Mary Fairhairn, to Mr. Smithson, an American millionaire.

Miss May Kennedy, to Mr. Peter Kelly, a rich American.

Miss Christina Humphries, to Mr. Anderson, another rich American.

## The First Greenbaum "Pop" Concert.

The first of the series of four popular chamber music concerts to be given this season at Lyric Hall, corner of Larkin and Turk Streets, by Manager Will Greenbaum with his Lyric String Quartet, assisted by other talent, is scheduled for this coming Sunday afternoon, January 3, and the following interesting programme will be given:

Quartet, No. 12 (G major), Mozart—Allegro vivace assai—Menuetto, allegretto—Andante cantabile—Molto allegro; Sonata in G minor, Tartini, for violin and piano; quintet, op. 5, Sinding, (string quartet and piano)—Allegro ma non troppo—Andante—Intermezzo—Vivace—Finale, allegro vivace.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt will be the assisting pianist, and with Mr. Hoffman will play the beautiful old classic of Tartini's in addition to the difficult piano part in the Sinding work. Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday the box office will open at Lyric Hall at 10 a. m.

The second concert will be given on the 31st of the month and will be "An Afternoon with Dvorak."

Season tickets may be obtained until the hour of the concert Sunday.

## The Gadsdi Concerts.

Mme. Johanna Gadsdi, the famous prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House, will be Manager Will Greenbaum's first stellar attraction this year. The great artist will be assisted by the composer-pianist, Frank Lá Forge, and will appear at two Sunday afternoon concerts at the Van Ness Theatre, January 10 and 17. Complete programmes may already be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Sutter and Kearny Streets store, where the sale of seats opens next Wednesday morning.

Mme. Gadsdi has been secured for the second concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 20, Mme. Gadsdi will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, and will present a programme specially arranged for that event and including entirely different works from those used in her concerts here.

Mail orders for the Gadsdi concerts should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## AMUSEMENTS

## First Lyric Hall "Pop" Concert

(LYRIC HALL, cor. Larkin and Turk Sts.)

## THE LYRIC QUARTETTE

Assisted by Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt

This Sunday aft., January 3, at 2:30

Reserved Seats 50 cents and \$1.00. General admission 50 cents.

## EXTRA—TWO SONG CONCERTS BY

## MME. GADSKI

VAN NESS THEATRE

Sunday aft., January 10-17

Seats \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay &amp; Co.'s, Kearny and Sutter only. Mail orders accompanied by current funds carefully attended to. Address Will L. Greenbaum, Manager.

## GADSKI IN OAKLAND

Wednesday aft., January 20, YE LIBERTY

Coming—Katharine Goodson, Pianiste.

## ORPHEUM ELLIS STREET NEAR FILLMORE

Absolutely Class A Theatre Building

Week beginning this Sunday afternoon

Matinee Every Day

## A GREAT NEW SHOW

WILFRED CLARKE & CO. in his own farce, "What Will Happen Next"; DE BIERE, European Illusionist; LES SALVAGGAS, Parisian Whirlwind Dancers; EDWIN LATELL, Musical Monologist; ROONEY SISTERS, the American Dancers; HIBBERT & WARREN, the Pianist and the Dancer; EVA TAYLOR & CO. in "Chums"; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last week GUS EDWARDS' SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS.

Evening Prices, 10, 25, 50, 75c; Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10, 25, 50c. Phone WEST 6000.

## PRINCESS THEATRE Ellis Street near Fillmore

S. LOVERICH, Manager

Class "A" Theatre Phone West 663

Matinee Saturday and Sunday

THIS AND NEXT WEEK ONLY

KOLB AND DILL

In Another Tremendous Hit

## THE POLITICIANS

Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinees (except Sundays and Holidays), 25c, 50c, 75c.

## VAN NESS THEATRE Cor. Van Ness and Grove St.

Phone Market 500

Beginning MONDAY, JANUARY 4

SECOND AND LAST WEEK

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

No Sunday Performances

Klaw and Erlanger's New and Greater

## BEN HUR

Last time Saturday Night, Jan. 9.

Sunday, January 10—"Brewster's Millions."

Coming—E. H. SOTHERN

## VALENCIA THEATRE Valencia St. at 14th Phone 17 Market

San Francisco's newest and most beautiful playhouse

This and Tomorrow Afternoons and Evenings

and All Next Week

## THE BIGGEST LAUGH IN YEARS!

## THE COLLEGE WIDOW

George Ade's Pictorial Comedy

Presented by the full strength of the Valencia Stock Company, including ROBERT

WARWICK and BLANCHE STODDARD.

Sixty People on the Stage.

Regular Matinees every Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Prices, 25 and 50c. Evenings, 25c to 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.

Monday, Jan. 11—"PRINCE HAGEN," by

Upton Sinclair.

## RACING NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

## Oakland Race Track

Six Races Each Week Day, Rain or Shine

FIRST RACE AT 1:40 P. M.

For special trains stopping at the track, take

Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market Street;

leave at 12 m.; thereafter every twenty minutes

until 1:40 p. m.

No smoking in the last two cars, which are

reserved for ladies and their escorts.

THOS. H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

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## PALACE HOTEL COMPANY



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108 Sutter Street, near Montgomery

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Total Assets ..... 4,270,800  
Strictly a Savings Bank. Open Saturday  
Evening from 7 to 8:30

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Directors—N. Babin, J. A. Bergerot, Charles Carpy, Arthur Legallet, G. Beleney, H. de St. Seine, J. M. Dupas, Leon Boqueraz, J. E. Artigues, J. S. Godeau, John Ginty.

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The French-American Bank is located in the same building.

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526 California St., San Francisco

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

Guaranteed Capital .....\$ 1,200,000.00  
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00  
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Deposits June 30, 1908..... 34,474,554.23  
Total Assets ..... 37,055,263.31

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President, Emil Rohite; Cashier, H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goddell & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohite, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodshaw.  
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## LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

N. W. cor. Sutter and Sansome Sts.

CAPITAL.....\$2,500,000

SURPLUS.....700,000

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### DIVIDEND NOTICES

## The Continental Building and Loan Association

Market and Church Streets

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1908, its usual dividend of 4 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and 6 per cent on term deposits. Interest on deposits payable on and after January 1, 1909. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,  
President.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), N. W. Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-Second.—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, Market and Sansome Streets; Branches, 624 Van Ness Avenue and 3039 Sixteenth Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

B. G. TOGNAZZI,  
Manager.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market St., Near Fourth (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco).—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

W. E. PALMER,  
Secretary.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1908, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1909.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 161 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. Money deposited before January 10th will draw interest from January 1, 1909.

WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

### VANITY FAIR.

The New York Court of Appeals is at lamentable variance with the lower courts of that State as to the right of an hotel-keeper to annoy and molest his guests. That either of these august tribunals should hold that an hotel guest has no rights is not so surprising as that either of them should believe that he has rights as against the capitalized interests represented by a large hotel. But this is a day of deplorable democratic ideals, and that they should invade a court of justice here and there is hardly surprising. They won't last long, anyway.

The trouble arose in a very simple fashion. It seems that Mrs. Catherine De Wolf, her daughter, and her brother took rooms at the Grand Union Hotel, New York. At one o'clock in the morning Mrs. De Wolf was doubly engaged in preparing for bed and conversing with her brother. As a matter of fact the lady was in her nightgown, for so the garment was described in the press report, although we ourselves would have preferred the term *robe de nuit*—things sound so different in French, you know. Now this seems innocent enough. The virgin saints in heaven would hardly blush at such a spectacle, although the damask cheek of Mr. Anthony Comstock might perhaps take on a more roscate hue. But the hotel people in New York are very virtuous. They scent an impropriety with a truly amazing skill, and their pure white souls were filled with horror at such a violation of the proprieties. It was a servant who first detected this brother and sister in their brazen effrontery, in their wanton outrage upon the common decencies of life, and, zealous in the cause of purity, he forced open the door, ordered the lady to leave the hotel, and threatened to publish her name in the newspapers as a warning to other hotels. When that upright servant eventually joins the company of the bluest he ought to be furnished with a seat very near the throne.

Mrs. De Wolf naturally brought a suit for damages. The defense produced a rule of the hotel forbidding the presence of a man in a woman's room at night unless he were her husband, and the duty of the employees to enforce this rule. Such a rule may be a good one, but if it is actually framed in so cursory and haphazard a manner it is surely worse than no rule at all. It would have been broken just as actually if Mrs. De Wolf and her brother had simply sat down for a few minutes in the lady's room on returning from a hall or a party, and it can hardly be supposed that such a proceeding would be frowned upon even in that citadel of the virtues, New York. Again, let us suppose that a lady visits her aged and paralyzed father for a few minutes to assure herself of his comfort for the night, would that, too, be an offense to the chaste and virgin purity of the metropolis? Moreover, are such preposterous rules to be left to the enforcement of a night porter? The night porters of New York are, of course, of a higher order than is to be found elsewhere. They all belong to that kind of humanity from which other localities select their bishops and governors, but so great a weight of responsibility would seem too heavy even for them.

Judge Werner of the Court of Appeals seems to have thought so at any rate. His opinion says:

We think it would be startling, to say the least, to announce it as the law of this State that an innkeeper and his male servants may invade the rooms of a female guest at any hour of the day or night without her consent and in utter disregard of every law of decency and modesty, and that the necessity for such an extraordinary right lies in the rule that an innkeeper must be permitted to control every part of his inn for the protection of all his guests. Such a doctrine, so far from holding an innkeeper to a reasonable responsibility in the quasi-public business which he is permitted to carry on, would clothe him with dangerous prerogatives permitted to no other class of men.

Judge Werner, concluding his opinion, expresses himself on the general question of an hotel-keeper's responsibility for the comfort and safety of his guests. He says:

One of the things which a guest for hire at a public inn has the right to insist upon is respectful and decent treatment at the hands of the innkeeper and his servants. That is an essential part of the contract, whether it is expressed or implied. This right of the guest necessarily implies an obligation on the part of the innkeeper that neither he nor his servants will abuse or insult the guest or indulge in any conduct or speech that may unnecessarily bring upon him physical discomfort or distress of mind. The innkeeper, it is true, is not an insurer of the safety, convenience, or comfort of the guest. But the former is bound to exercise reasonable care that neither he nor his servant shall by uncivil, harsh, or cruel treatment destroy or minimize the comfort, convenience, and peace which the latter would ordinarily enjoy if the inn were properly conducted, due allowance always being made for the grade of the inn and the character of the accommodation which it is designed to afford.

The New York *World*, with that panting anxiety to remedy public wrongs that consistently distinguishes its pages, has drawn attention to the excessive prices charged at the restaurants for after-theatre suppers and

also to the hardship involved by the early closing demands of the excise law. It seems to cost \$5 to satisfy one's hunger in New York so long as it is done with due attention to *les convenances*.

Proprietors of London restaurants are said to be much interested in the discussion, and some of them are thinking of coming over here in order to share in our prosperity. The *World* now publishes the opinions of some of these restaurateurs, and they all seem to be in agreement that their New York confrères are lucky fellows or that their customers are strangely complacent.

Jacques Drawar, manager of the Carleton, said: "It seems to me that the time limit here is nonsense. Its object is to limit the sale of intoxicants, but its effect is to put the best restaurants on the same footing with the lowest saloons where drink alone is sold. I don't like to criticize New York prices, but I give an excellent supper for a dollar and a quarter."

Henry Pruger, manager of the Savoy, commented: "If it is true that it is difficult or impossible to get good suppers in New York for less than \$5 a plate, prices certainly are heavy and also high as compared with ours. We serve suppers consisting of a choice of two kinds of soup, fish, three cold dishes, sweeties, and cheese and coffee. This costs five shillings (\$1.25). The average bill for savory suppers including wine is fifteen shillings (\$3.75). I don't believe the time limit worries our customers. They have sixty to ninety minutes for eating and gradually are told of the approach of closing time. We always can get an extension of time for special occasions."

Branchini, manager of Claridge's, remarked: "We don't have late suppers as late as is defined in New York. If it is impossible to dine in New York after the theatre for less than \$5 a plate, I think there is a good field in New York for me. I could give an excellent meal for much less even there. I would like to see hotels close at ten o'clock every night. Then we would all get more sleep."

Those who think that money is the strongest motive in human life should take note of the frantic struggle for the possession of the ribbon of the Legion of Honor which is an annual affair in France. The decoration in its more ordinary grades is of the simplest form. The couple of inches of material that compose it can hardly be worth a fraction of a cent. It is tied into the buttonhole and is

usually so small and inconspicuous as to be hardly visible, but what will not the Frenchman do to possess it?

A report from Paris tells us some of the grounds upon which Frenchmen claim the coveted treasure, for it must be claimed by a duly forwarded application. The claimants are of all sorts and conditions, for the French government—the only democratic government in the world—delights to honor humble merit and to recognize all work that is for the public good. And so the candidates include literary persons, artists, dancers, typewriters, stenographers, midwives, and chiropodists. All sorts and conditions of people believe that in some way or other they have benefited humanity, and they make known their good deeds to a paternal government in the hope that said paternal government will take the same view of it and reward them with the coveted ribbon.

Some of the applicants have rendered political services to the government at election times, and instead of asking for some salaried position they will be content and more than content with the Legion of Honor. But political services do not count for very much. The applicant who can say no more than this for himself is apt to be left out in the cold. The winning card is a substantiated claim to the performance of some sort of intellectual service, to weighty contributions to popular discussions, to some sort of addition to the general knowledge, to some attempt to solve social problems. And the next best recommendation is a participation in some philanthropic work, such as the organization of a school savings bank or aid given to some charitable institution.

This clamor for a decoration is worthy of some attention by those who study social forces. There are no decorations in America, and it is rather a pity that there are not, because we should then be able to compare the enthusiasm that they would evoke with that for more mercenary rewards. It is hard to understand why it should be "democratic" to confer richly salaried positions in return for political services that are often of a discreditable nature and "undemocratic" to give a decoration to those who have measurably advanced the happiness of the nation. Why should it be "democratic" to reward everything except moral and intellectual value? Why should it be "undemocratic" to honor a public benefactor and to give him a bit of ribbon as an outward and visible sign of national appreciation? But then why ask questions that can not be answered?

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Santa Fe



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard, a shrew of marked ability. She complained that he showed her no attention, and wished herself a hook that she might enjoy more of his society. "Wish yourself an almanac, my dear; then I could change you every year."

The colored hoy employed by a New York lady was named Lycurgus Jones. "Lycurgus is a rather long name," she said to him; "suppose I call you Gus for short." "Ab doesn't like nicknames," he replied; "'f you doesn't like Lycurgus, you kin call me Jonesey." She calls him Lycurgus.

Concerning the reliability of things in print, it is recalled that Charles Sumner criticised General Grant savagely, and some time after some one was talking to Grant about atheism in New England and remarked: "Even Sumner does not believe in the Bihle." "Why should he?" quietly replied Grant; "he didn't write it."

There is a story of Carlyle in his old age having taken the following farewell, in his broadest Scotch, of a young friend who had had him in charge for walks, and who, while almost always adapting himself to Carlyle's mood, had on a single occasion ventured to disagree with him: "I would have you to know, young man, that you have the capacity of being the greatest hore in Christendom."

At one time there were two members of the House of Commons named Montagu Matthew and Matthew Montagu; the former a tall, handsome man, and the latter a little man. During a session of Parliament, the speaker, having addressed the latter as the former, Montagu Matthew observed that it was strange he should make such a mistake, as there was as great a difference between them as between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse.

Leech was at his best as an entertainer in his own home. Dean Hole asked him one day, after Leech had given him a delectable dinner at his lodgings in Scarborough, how he made such good champagne-cup. "The ingredients," he replied, "of which this refreshing heverage is composed, and which is highly recommended by the faculty for officers going abroad and all other persons stopping at home, are champagne, ice, and aerated water; hut, in consequence of advancing years, I always forget the seltzer."

A certain prominent and excellent lawyer of Chicago, hut one of the quietest and most unobtrusive of men, steals around noiselessly, with his hands meekly clasped on his breast and a seraphic and perpetual smile. A *bon mot* at his expense is told of the late Emory Storrs, a brilliant advocate and an exquisite wit. He went to the lawyer's office and inquired for him, hut was informed that he was out. "Oh, no, he isn't," he replied; "I know that he is in." "But I assure you, Mr. Storrs, he is not in." "Now," responded Mr. Storrs, "I know better; he must be in, it is so still in there!"

It is supposed that business letters are deficient in humor. Still there have been exceptions, and the latest, sent by a member of the well-known wholesale soap-making firm of (let us say) Cake & Son, is one of the most brilliant. A retail dealer in a small way had sent for a consignment of their goods: "Gentlemen" (he writes), "wherfor have you not sent me the sope? Is it hekawse you think my money is not so good as nobody elses? Dam you, Cake & Son! wherfor have you not sent the sope? Please send sope at once, and oblige yours respectfully, RICHARD JONES. P. S.—Since writing the above my wife has found the sope under the counter."

A reporter of the Cincinnati Enquirer—John R. McLean's newspaper—was once sent into a small town in southwestern Ohio to get the story of a woman evangelist who had been greatly talked about. The reporter attended one of her meetings and occupied a front seat. When those who wished to be saved were asked to arise, he kept his seat and used his note-book. The woman approached, and, taking him by the hand, said: "Come to Jesus." "Madam," said the newspaper man, "I'm here solely on business to report your work." "Brother," said she, "there is no business so important as God's." "Well, maybe not," said the reporter; "hut you don't know John McLean."

A vendor of plaster statuettes saw a chance for a sale in a well-dressed, hihulous man who was tacking down the street. "You huy-a de statuette?" he asked, alluringly holding out his choicest offering. "Gar-r-rihaldi—I sell-a him verra cheep. De gr-reat-a Gar-r-rihaldi—only thirta cents!" "Oh, t'ell with Garihaldi," said the hihulous one, making a swipe with his arms that sent Garihaldi crashing to the sidewalk. For a moment the Italian regarded the fragments. Then, his eyes flash-

ing fire, he seized from his stock a statuette of George Washington. "You t'ell-a with my Gar-r-rihaldi?" he hissed between his teeth. "So." He raised the immortal George high above his head and—crash! it flew into fragments alongside of the ill-fated Garihaldi. "Ha! I to hell-a wid your George Wash! Ha, ha!"

Mr. Sergeant Wilkins once defended a breach-of-promise case for a singularly ugly little man, which he told the defendant, after reading his brief, must be "hounced" through. And the sergeant did bounce it through in a truly remarkable manner. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, at the close of a most eloquent speech, "you have heard the evidence for the plaintiff; and, gentlemen of the jury, you have seen and have admired that most bewitching plaintiff herself. Gentlemen, do you believe that this enchanting, this fascinating, this captivating, this accomplished lady would for one moment favor the advances or listen with anything save scorn and indignation to the amorous protestations of the wretched and repulsive *homunculus*, the deformed and degraded defendant?" His client looked up from the well of the court and piteously murmured: "Mr. Sergeant Wilkins! Oh, Mr. Sergeant Wilkins!" "Silence, sir," replied the sergeant, in a wrathful undertone. "Gentlemen," he continued, bringing his fist down heavily on the desk before him, "do you think that this lovely lady, this fair and smiling creature, would ever have permitted an offer of marriage to be made to her by this miserable atom of humanity, this stunted creature, who would have to stand on a sheet of note paper to look over twopence?" The jury at once gave a verdict for the defendant.

THE MERRY MUZE.

Adam and Eve.

What's a woman? Ask a man,  
What d'you fancy he will say?  
"Airs and graces, frills and laces,  
Never knows what she wants each day!"  
Why, then, gossip, tell me true,  
Why you woo her—as you do.

Ask a woman: What's a man?  
What d'you fancy she will say?  
"Swagg'ring, swearing, overhearing,  
Always wanting to have his way!"  
Say, then, gossip, if you can,  
Why you wed him—horrid man!

Gentle sir and sweetest madam,  
Would you know the reason true  
Why today you scorn each other  
And tomorrow hill and coo?  
Ask your parents Eve and Adam,  
They can tell, and—so can you!  
—*Pall-Mall Gazette.*

The Bathos of the Bounty.

I'm going to tip the janitor—mayhe!  
I'm going to tip the grocer's hoy—we'll see!  
I'm going to tip the cook, of course, oh, yes!  
I'm going to tip my typewriter—I guess!  
I'm going to tip the waiter—well, I'll think!  
I'm going to tip the candy girl—a wink!  
And, if there should be others—after that—  
To him or her I'm going to tip my hat!  
—*New York Times.*

The New York Girl.

She knows what shows are on the hills,  
She knows what every one is wearing,  
She knows what novels have the thrills,  
She knows she's sweet when men are staring.  
She knows who's in the social swim,  
She knows what each grand dame is doing;  
She knows each actor's passing whim,  
She knows what gun the girls are chewing.  
She knows what games are quite the fad,  
She knows what things the shops are selling;  
She knows what plays are good and bad,  
She knows what gossip folks are telling.  
She knows what people are engaged,  
She knows what roads the motors speed on;  
She knows what girls are looking aged,  
She knows what things are good to feed on.  
She does not know how floors are swept,  
She does not know what's in a dressing;  
At scrubbing she is not adept,  
For her engagements are too pressing.  
Yet, though she's superficial quite,  
The New York papers print more headings  
Than any other town in sight,  
That have to do with happy weddings.  
—*New York Sun.*

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, told in a recent speech of a hunting trip he had taken in the South. They were after 'coons and 'possums, but the only trail the dogs struck was one which made them put their tails between their legs and turn for home. "Just what does a polecat look like?" Mr. Thomas asked one of his negro guides. "A polecat, hoss? Why, a polecat's somefin' like a kitten, only prettier. Yes, a polecat's a heap prettier'n a kitten, aint it, Sam?" he said, turning to another negro for corroboration. Sam did not seem so sure. He hesitated a moment. "Well," he replied, scratching his wool, "it's always been mah contention dat handsome is as handsome does."

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EVERY WEEK DAY

Rain or Shine

STAKES TO BE RUN

FOR SEASON 1908-1909

1. Opening Handicap.....Added Money, \$2,000
2. Oakland Handicap.....Added Money, 2,000
3. Thanksgiving Handicap.....Added Money, 2,000
4. Crocker Selling Stakes. ....Added Money, 2,000
5. Pacific-Union Handicap.....Added Money, 2,000
6. Sacramento Handicap. ....Added Money, 2,000
7. Christmas Handicap.....Added Money, 3,000
8. New Year Handicap.....Added Money, 2,000
9. Follansbee Handicap.....Added Money, 2,000
10. Andrew Selling Stakes.....Added Money, 2,000
11. Lissak Handicap.....Added Money, 2,000
12. Burns Handicap.....Added Money, 10,000
13. Palace Hotel Handicap.....Added Money, 2,000
14. California Derby.....Added Money, 5,000
15. California Oaks.....Added Money, 3,000
16. Waterhouse Cup.....Added Money, 5,000
17. Thornton Stakes.....Added Money, 5,000
18. Gunst Stakes.....Added Money, 2,000
19. Undine Stakes.....Added Money, 2,000
20. Bell Stakes.....Added Money, 2,000
21. Gebhard Handicap.....Added Money, 2,500

THOS. H. WILLIAMS

President

PERCY W. TREAT

Secretary



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The opening of the New Year has been the signal for the beginning of festivities of a more formal and less intimate nature than marked the holiday season. The first of the Colonial Dances takes place next week, to be followed in rapid succession by other balls. It is rumored that two or three more private balls of an elaborate nature will be given before Lent in addition to the several subscription dances scheduled.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nina Crittenden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Crittenden of Oakland, to Mr. Austin Carrington Scott of this city. No date has been announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Esberg, daughter of Mrs. Mathilde Esberg, to Mr. Joseph Sloss.

The wedding of Miss Amy Porter, daughter of Mrs. M. C. Porter, to Mr. William Bethune Ireland took place on Tuesday evening last at the home of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Clarke, in Presidio Terrace. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. F. W. Clappett of Trinity Church. Mrs. Colin Nicol was matron of honor, Miss Gladys Buchanan was maid of honor, and little Miss Gerald King and Master Ritchie Dunn were ribbon bearers. Mr. George Keith Weeks was the best man. About seventy-five relatives and intimate friends were present. After a honeymoon trip to Southern California Mr. and Mrs. Ireland will make their home in this city.

The first of the Colonial Dances will take place on Friday evening next at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller will entertain at a tea on Saturday afternoon next at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Marian Miller.

Mrs. George C. Boardman recalled the invitations for her tea in honor of Mrs. M. M. Tompkins on Wednesday last, but will entertain instead on Wednesday next.

Mrs. James Coffin will entertain at a dinner at her home on Pacific Avenue on Friday evening next.

Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Maude Woods, and Miss Dorothy Woods entertained at an informal Christmas dance on Wednesday evening of last week at their home on California Street.

Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow entertained at an informal dance on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of her daughter, Miss Ruth Winslow.

Mrs. George C. Boardman was the hostess at an informal dance on Monday evening last at her home on California Street in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy was the hostess at an informal dance on Tuesday evening last at her home on Clay Street in honor of her daughter, Miss Harriet Pomeroy.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall entertained at an informal dance on Wednesday evening at her home on Scott and Green Streets for her son Mayo.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle was the hostess at a dinner on Monday of last week at her home in Ross Valley, at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Katharine Donohoe, Mr. Allen Kittle, Mr. John Kittle, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, and Mr. James Jenkins.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week at which Mrs. William G. Irwin was the guest of honor. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Laura McKinstry, Captain Halstead, U. S. N., and Mr. Edward D. Hopkins.

Miss Genevieve King was the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at which she entertained a dozen guests.

Mrs. Joseph H. Norris was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of her daughter, Miss Eliza McMullin, and her niece, Miss Anna Teller.

Miss Leslie Page was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday last at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William R. Smedberg was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Tuesday of last week.

Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith were at home to their friends and the officers from the posts around the bay yesterday (Friday) from noon to five o'clock at Fort Mason.

Miss Augusta Foute entertained at an informal tea yesterday (Friday) afternoon at her apartments at the Hillcrest in honor of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger entertained at a tea and musicale early in December at their home in Paris in honor of their daughter, Baroness Nugent de Devlin, who is

to arrive here shortly for a visit. Among the guests were Mrs. Van Wyck, Mrs. Sherman, Miss Elsie Sherman, Miss Edith Sanderson, Mrs. Whittell, Miss Florence Whittell, Mrs. Gros, Miss Gros, Miss Lyman, Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Holman-Black, Mr. Walter Savage Landor, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Miss Sallee, Mrs. Postley, Mr. Lawrence Haynes, and Mr. Lionel Walden.

Miss Amie Brewer and Miss Lenore Brewer entertained at an informal tea on Sunday last at their home at San Mateo.

Mrs. J. D. Grant was hostess at a luncheon in the Green Room of the St. Francis Tuesday afternoon. Her guests were Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mrs. William Babcock.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. D. O. Mills are expected to arrive in a few days for a stay at the Mills country place at Millbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Florence Breckinridge have returned from their Menlo Park country place, where they were for Christmas, and are again at the Fairmont.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle and their son Douglas are spending the holiday season in New York.

M. Helie de Dampierre has arrived from Paris and is a guest at the De Guigne home at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick spent Christmas at their country place at Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Josselyn at Woodside for Christmas.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace, who has been in Vienna for some time, will probably remain there all winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin have sailed from New York for Paris.

Miss Cora Smedberg has been visiting her sister, Mrs. McIvor, at the Presidio of Monterey.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop left last Monday for Tahiti, where he will spend several months. Mr. Robert M. Eyre is spending the holidays in New York.

Miss Margaret Newhall has been at Burlingame this week as the guest of Mrs. Laurance Scott.

Mr. James Potter Langhorne, Jr., is the guest at present of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond, in Tucson, Arizona.

Mr. Benjamin Lathrop, who has gone recently to Los Angeles to make his home, is spending the holiday season in New York with Mrs. Lathrop.

Mrs. George F. Ashton, Miss Helen Ashton, and Miss Bessie Ashton have gone recently from Italy to Germany.

Mrs. James Winston of Los Angeles arrived recently to visit friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody are at present sojourning in Paris.

Mr. Raymond Armsby has gone East for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy have arrived recently at the St. Regis Hotel in New York.

Miss Edith Berry will leave on Friday next for an Eastern trip.

Miss Natalie Hunt has returned from a visit of several months' duration in the East.

Mr. William Ronaldson has been the guest of friends in San Mateo for the holidays.

Miss Alice Owen will leave on Tuesday next for a six weeks' stay in New York.

Mr. William T. Goldsborough, who has been abroad for several months, is expected to return in a few weeks.

Among the guest from New York at the Fairmont are Mr. Henry A. Lardner, Mr. G. L. Wilson, Mr. Leonard Robin, Mr. R. A. Graham, Mr. B. J. Mann.

Among Burlingame residents who have taken apartments at the Fairmont are Mrs. J. P. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Coleman, and Mr. William T. Coleman.

Mr. J. G. Schurman, president of Cornell University, and Miss Schurman are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. W. R. Broome and Miss Broome of Ventura are guests of the Fairmont.

Mr. Samuel Murphy is stopping at the Fairmont. He is accompanied by Mr. F. N. Gregory.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Machray of Paris, Mr. M. F. Van Vorsveld, Mr. W. H. Higham, of London, are among the foreign visitors now at the Fairmont.

The Hon. M. Shirashi of Japan is at the Fairmont, accompanied by Mrs. Shirashi.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Citron have just returned from a tour of Europe and have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Among the latest arrivals at the Hotel Fairmont from the North are Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Sanders, Miss Whyte, Mr. F. W. Pettygrove, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clarke, Mr. R. Walgesmith, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Armstrong, Mr. B. M. Godse, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Munn, Mr. Frank V. Smith, Mr. Henry E. McGinn, Portland.

## German Musicians Poorly Paid.

A libel suit brought by the conductor, Schncevoigt, against five members of the Kaim Orchestra, recently tried in Munich, has given the newspapers occasion for dwelling on the deplorable situation of the German orchestral player. Members of this, one of the most famous orchestras in the country, get \$31 a month, and at the same time they are so steadily engaged either in Munich or on the road that they can not earn an extra penny by teaching. Conditions of their contract regarding illness, etc., were, furthermore, cited which were pronounced positively "inhuman." The season for most orchestral players—there are about 50,000 of them in Germany—is nine months; and as it is quite impossible for them to save a penny during this time, they have to scramble for a place in a hotel or summer resort band. If they are so lucky as to find one in a famous resort, like Kissingen or Homburg, they may earn from \$27.50 to \$40 a month; but in a less favored place they are lucky if they get \$25 a month.

The average orchestral player's income is about that of the English eighty-cents-a-day organ-grinder, while \$5 a day is a goal to which he can not aspire. The two leading men in the Royal Orchestra of Berlin get about \$1250 a year, but this is far above the usual salaries. The highest pay for any member of the opera orchestra in Vienna is 3600 crowns (\$720) a year, or less than \$2 a day. The players in the orchestra of the Hamburg Stadttheatre get only \$350 a year, and in smaller cities like Nuremberg, Würzburg, Rostock, although the musicians have to be sufficiently expert to play Wagner and Richard Strauss, the pay is from \$20 to \$25 a month.

## Mysteries of Windsor Castle.

King Edward, in directing that a fresh inventory should be made of the treasures of Windsor Castle, and that a map of the subterranean passages—if any—should be executed, ministers pleasantly to the instinct for accuracy as well as of wonder. A castle with a history of over 700 years is worth exploring. Its modern history, however, begins only with George IV, observes the London Chronicle. When that monarch announced his intention of making the castle his home a grant of £300,000 was voted him by Parliament in 1824. Four architects were called into consultation—Soane, Nash, Smirke, and Jeffrey Wyatt.

Wyatt was the lucky man, and under his direction work was begun. The first stone of King George IV gateway was laid on August 12, 1824. Everybody was delighted, the architect so much so that he implored the king to allow him to alter his name to Wyattville, an odd request which his majesty graciously granted. On the king taking possession of his private apartments in 1828 "Wyattville" was made a knight. After the first grant of £300,000 others were successively made until by the end of the reign of William IV very nearly a million had been swallowed up.

Herman K. Viele, author of "The Inn of the Silver Moon," "The Last of the Knickerbockers," a volume of verse, and numerous magazine sketches, died in New York last month. He was a civil engineer and artist, as well as a writer. His first novel, published in 1900, was written after he was forty years old.

"What was that sentence the choir repeated so often during the litany?" "As near as I could make out it was 'We are all miserable sinners.'"—Boston Courier.

Miss May Sutton, the California tennis player, has been invited to take a team of women to England to compete there.

## The Study of Languages.

Professor T. B. de Filippe, the well-known teacher of languages, and author of Spanish and French text-books, is located at 1356 Geary Street.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General John F. Weston, U. S. A., will arrive on the transport *Sheridan* from Manila on January 15 to assume command of the Department of California.

Colonel George L. Anderson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect on his being relieved from duty in the Department of California.

Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Shunk, First Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived here on Sunday last and will sail on Tuesday next for Manila to join his regiment. He will be stationed at Camp Stotsenburg.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. Walker Benet, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, on official business pertaining to the inspection of sea coast armament and the work of mechanics engaged thereon.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Ahercrombie, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., will sail next week for Manila.

Major William B. Ladue, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., will arrive this month from Manila and will proceed to Washington, D. C., for duty.

Captain Edwin G. Davis, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from assignment to the Sixty-First Company, Coast Artillery, and placed on the unassigned list. He will report to the commanding officer, Artillery District of San Francisco, for duty on his staff.

Captain John T. Geary, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been assigned to the Seventy-First Company, Coast Artillery, with station at Fort Casey, Washington.

Captain Henry B. Clark, quartermaster, U. S. A., arrived here last week from Seattle on leave of absence.

Captain Louis M. Nuttman, commissary, U. S. A., upon his arrival in San Francisco will report to the purchasing commissary here for duty as his assistant.

Major John S. Parke, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will sail from this port on the transport *Thomas* on Thursday next, en route to the Philippines to rejoin his regiment.

Captain F. D. Ely, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., will sail on the *Thomas* on Tuesday next for Manila to rejoin his regiment.

Captain C. J. Stedman, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Fort Stevens, Oregon, arrived here last week for duty before a medical examining board at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Henry S. Greenleaf, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month and five days on a surgeon's certificate of disability.

Lieutenant U. S. Kihhee, U. S. N., is detached from the *Independence*, Mare Island, and ordered to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

Past Assistant Surgeon Paul T. L. U. S. N., will sail on the transport *Thomas* next week en route to Manila.

Lieutenant Leslie A. I. Chapman, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Fifth Cavalry to the Fourteenth Cavalry.

Lieutenant Thomas H. Cunningham, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Fourteenth Cavalry to the Fifth Cavalry.

Lieutenant Augustus B. Van Wormer, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has had Healdsburg designated as his station while on duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States.

Midshipman G. W. Kenyon, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Charleston* and ordered to the *Cleveland*.

The headquarters and two squadrons of the Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel Walter S. Schuyler, U. S. A., will sail on Tuesday next on the transport *Thomas* for Honolulu.

Donald Grant Mitchell (Ik Marvel), who died a few days ago at his home in Edgewood, New Haven, Connecticut, was a popular author fifty years ago, and his books still have many readers, especially among the older generation. He was born in 1822 and was graduated from Yale University in 1841. His first book, "Fresh Gleanings; or a New Sheaf from the Old Field of Continental Europe," was the result of two years of travel abroad. His two most popular volumes, "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," came several years later, succeeding sketches of life in Paris and satirical reviews of New York society. In 1853 he was appointed consul at Venice, and two years later he returned to America and bought a farm at Edgewood, where he lived by far the greater part of his life. He did considerable editorial work on various publications and published many other books, but gave most of his time to landscape gardening and the enjoyments of rural life. He was active and interested in general affairs to his latest day.

Ethel Barrymore and Lillian Russell both have San Francisco and the Van Ness Theatre on their date-hooks for the present season.

### Warships in Gray.

Hornpipes and hilarious tunefulness among the Jackies, observes the Boston *Transcript* with fine sarcasm. They are flinging up their pancake caps in joyous exultation. They are at once vocal and saltatory and inwardly jubilant. And the cause of their mirth is the news that warships are to lay away their suit of white and don the pleasing gray. Observe, though: it is not that Jackies love white less, but gray more.

White paint is delicious, and Jackies adore it. To caress it with mops, sponges, nail-brushes and soap, they tear themselves from their happy homes and enlist in the navy. Not even the menace of "a chance to see the world" deters them. Their ambition is to serve their country by scrubbing its white paint from eight hells in the morning till eight bells the next morning, and then to begin gleefully where they left off. While in port, they take pride in ignoring the pleasures ashore and in continuing—unless actually driven "ahoard land"—their worship of the white paint. It is an obsession with them—a passion. But at intervals there comes a time when all the white paint has been groomed. It proclaims the grooming by its glaringly immaculate whiteness. Then may he hear the low, plaintive murmur of the crew heseeking the captain for more white paint to polish. Indulgent captains summon the stokers, in such emergencies, and command them to finger the ship. Obdurate, hard-hearted captains tell their Jackies to go helow and pray for coaling time.

With gray, it's different. When a Jackie has scoured the same patch of gray for six weeks, it is still only gray. There may be thumbmarks on it, or flyspecks, or other blemishes that cripple and enfeeble a battleship. Nobody can tell, for the smirches don't show. Though "seven maids with seven mops should mop for seven years," there would arrive no imperative stopping point. So the captain shares the relief experienced by his men. No more will he be forced to get out stokers, exposing them to the chill of the upper air, in order to satisfy the zest of his mariners. No more will he think himself required to deny his crew indulgence in their favorite pastime or send them ashore to get them off his mind. From now on, he will say to the dissatisfied, "It looks clean to you, no doubt, but if you had my spectacles, you'd see. Have courage, men! At it, one and all, with a will! Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!"

### Tattooing in Favor.

The New York *World* says that four American society women have had imperishable blushes manufactured on their lily white cheeks. This look of youth is no liquid application, no rouge so subtly applied as to defy the untutored eye of man. It is the rich unwavering color injected by the pricking of the tattooer and is warranted to withstand wind, weather, and the ravages of time. The tattooer is Sutherland MacDonald, the Scotchman who decorated many famous Londoners, women as well as men. MacDonald is now at work on the skins of the enthusiastic members of the Racquet Club of Philadelphia, and progressive monsters are appearing on the hacks and chests of the bluest blooded Quaker City men as a reward of his efforts.

"American women do not take to my method of decoration," said MacDonald, "hut as an adjunct to the complexion I can foresee a cult in this country. Tattooing, I believe, saved the life of the Earl of Lonsdale in the Matabele war. Before he left England I imprinted a most terrifying picture of His Satanic Majesty on the nobleman's hack. He was captured by the ferocious Matabele, who were about to slay him, but when they saw his devil in full regalia they were inclined to fall upon their knees and worship."

Some particulars which have been published as to the number of persons employed in the holiday Drury Lane pantomime give an idea of the scale on which such shows are organized nowadays. The performers on the stage amount to 670; carpenters, scene-lifters, and so forth, to 310, and box-office employees, programme sellers, money-takers, etc., to another 130; making, altogether, a total salary list of over 1100.

At the Van Ness Theatre, following "Ben Hur," will come "Brewster's Millions," with Robert Ober in the leading part. It is a comedy of surprising complications.



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1:45p	9:45a	1:40p	12:50p	1:40p	11:43a
4:45p	10:45a	2:40p	2:50p	4:14p	12:45p
.....	1:45p	4:20p	4:50p	8:10p	2:45p
.....	.....	6:15p	.....	.....	4:00p
.....	2:45p	.....	.....	.....	5:15p

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"I aint insultin' of yer—I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar' an' yer ARE one!"—*Punch*.

*Augustus*—Hallo, old man, bow are you, and how are your people, and all that sort of silly rot?—*London Globe*.

*First U. S. Senator*—What is a blind partisan? *Second U. S. Senator*—One who doesn't know the color of money.—*Life*.

*Hewitt*—No news is good news. *Jewett*—That may be; but if you are a reporter you can't make your city editor believe it.—*Town and Country*.

*Algy*—Myrtle, what are your objections to marrying me? *Myrtle*—I have only one objection, Algy. I'd have to live with you.—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Father*—What is that noise in the parlor, Tommy? *Tommy*—That's sis dropping a hint. She wants that young man to go home.—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Young Man*—Why do you advise Miss Smith to go abroad to study music? You know she has no talent. *Old Man*—I live next door to Miss Smith.—*Town and Country*.

"Old Cusb landed in this country in his bare feet, ten years ago. Now he's got millions." "You don't say! Why, he's got a centipede skinned to death, hasn't he?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

"My dear friend, I beg you to lend me fifty dollars," wrote a needy man to an acquaintance, "and then forget me forever. I am not worthy to be remembered."—*Philippines Gossip*.

*Whale*—What are you going to tell your wife when you get home? *Jonah*—I don't know; I don't suppose she would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner.—*The Bohemian*.

"A man recently found nine pearls in an oyster stew, but the hot milk had ruined their value." "These get-rich-quick schemes never pan out. Now if he had found nine oysters, he would have had something."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Young Surgeon* (in hospital, after having just removed a patient's leg)—Does the operation meet your approval, doctor? *Head Surgeon*—Very well done, except for a slight

mistake. *Young Surgeon*—Why, what's the matter? *Head Surgeon*—You've amputated the wrong leg.—*Illustrated Bits*.

"Is the new filing system a success?" "Great!" "And how's business?" "Oh, we've stopped business to attend to the filing system."—*Boston Traveler*.

*Clerk*—But you just bought this novel and paid for it. *Customer*—Yes. *Clerk*—Then why do you wish to return it? *Customer*—I read it while waiting for my change.—*Cleveland Leader*.

*Little Nephew*—Auntie, did you marry an Indian? *Aunt*—Why do you ask such silly questions, Freddie? *Little Nephew*—Well, I saw some scalps on your dressing-table.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Young man," said Mr. Bluffkins, "when I was your age I always stood at the head of my class." "Well," answered the fearfully precocious boy, "maybe teachers were easier to fool then than they are now."—*Washington Star*.

*She*—You say you could hypnotize me. Could you make me believe that we were in a motor-car, and that we were going faster and faster— *He*—Well—er—Ab—that would have to be done by auto-suggestion.—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Do you think we ought to have a bigger army and a larger navy?" "Oh, yes," replied the beautiful girl. "It would be so nice if all the boys at the dances could appear in uniform, with epaulettes and braided collars."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Ah," complained the visiting nobleman, "but you have no privileged classes in this country." "We haven't, eh?" replied the prominent citizen. "You ought to be out some night when a gang of college boys are on a tear."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

(*Mrs. Bhunder has just received a telegram from India*)—"What an admirable invention the telegram is!" she exclaimed, "when you come to consider that this message has come a distance of thousands of miles, and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet."—*Tit-Bits*.

"You look tired, Johnny. What's the matter—social duties too much for you?" said a gentleman in a Cincinnati elevator the other day, jocosely. "Yes, sir," replied the elevator boy, opening the door at the ninth floor to let out Mr. Taft. "I've been getting up a large party."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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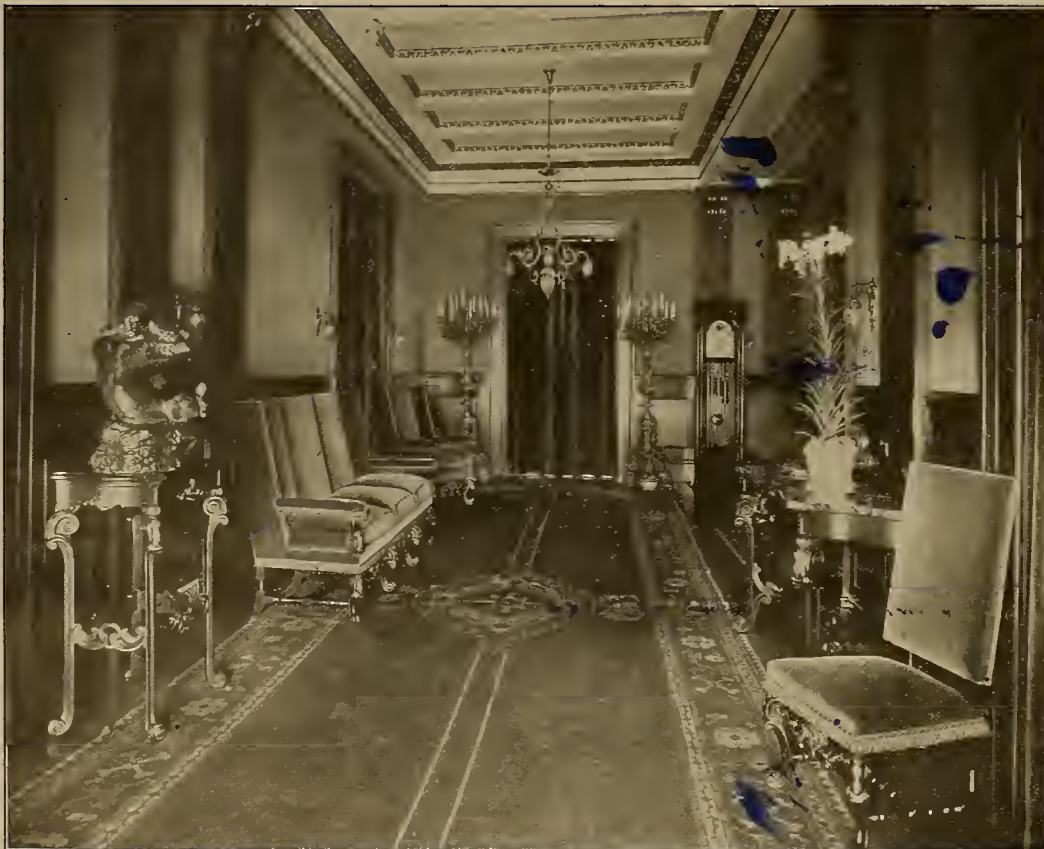
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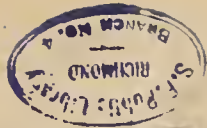
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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Red Cross Fund—A Terrible Record—A Good Adjustment in Ohio—Let the Issue Come—The President-Elect—Pennsylvania Seeking a Senator—An Interesting Suggestion—Eliminating the Senate—The Nations' Airy Navies—Winter in the Balkans—Editorial Notes	17-20
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	20
CURRENT TOPICS	20
OLD FAVORITES: "Capri," by Alfred Austin; "The Azure Grotto," by Charles D. Bell	21
AUTOMOBILES AND CHAUFFEURS: First of the Season's Motor-Car Shows Opens in New York	21
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World	21
AN EXILE AND AN EXPLANATION: XLVII. By Jerome A. Hart	22
SCOTTISH SENSE AND WIT: Dean Ramsay's Famous Collection of Anecdotes Illustrating National Traits	23
A QUEER TRANSACTION: The Bad Bargain Driven by a Drummer in Mexico	24
CURRENT VERSE: "Lovers," by Richard Le Gallienne; "Shakespeare's New Home," by Richard Watson Gilder; "Old Man Frost," by Aloysius Coll; "On Como," by George Meredith	24
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn	25
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	26
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT	26
DRAMA: "The College Widow." By Josephine Hart Phelps	27
VANITY FAIR	28
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	29
THE MERRY NUSE	29
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	30-31
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day	32

### The Red Cross Fund.

When San Francisco was stricken by overwhelming disaster some three years ago the world gave generously of its bounty for relief of suffering. Many hundred thousands of dollars were poured in upon us, the money being used to excellent purpose in the main. When the work of beneficence had been carried to the full length of legitimacy and propriety, when the affairs of the relief service were wound up, there remained in the hands of the local finance committee a fund of something more than \$300,000 as a left-over balance.

What to do with this money has now for more than a year been a subject of interested discussion. For obvious reasons it can not be returned to the donors; and no use in the direct line of the purpose for which it was given has until just now presented itself. Of course, where ready money is to be given away there is never any lack of uses to which it may be put nor of Johnnies-on-the-spot to apply for it. In the immediate instance unnumbered suggestions and appeals have been made. The Red Cross Society wants a great hospital. The State University, as usual, wants the money for some worthy purpose. And so project after project in some way connected with beneficent aims has put in

its demand and found the support of persons who are always willing and eager where money other than their own is to be disposed of.

But none of the uses to which it has been proposed to put this left-over fund has won the approval of the public. It has been felt that money given to relieve stress and suffering ought in strict integrity to be used directly to these ends. Nor has the committee in charge been anxious to relieve itself of the responsibilities of custodianship. Passing over all possible calculations of private advantage in having so large a fund in hand, it is a stimulant to personal pride to hold so important a trust. The committee has appreciated this to its full value and has shown no disposition to let go of its cash balance.

To the mind of common sense the Italian disaster affords a natural and eminently proper solution of the problem. Here is an instance in precise line with the purposes for which this money was given. The case is not only similar in kind, but the need is infinitely greater. And yet when it is proposed to send this money to those who are suffering so pitifully at Messina and thereabouts—and who are still suffering—there is disinclination to let the money go. Those who would like to see it applied to uses in which they have a more or less personal interest are full of doubts as to the propriety of sending money given to California for the relief of suffering in Italy. The committee in charge of the fund finds reasons more than enough for holding firmly to it. And so while multitudes are shivering, starving, and dying amid the wrecks of their homes, funds given to relieve the shivering, starving, and dying are snugly held in the hands of the finance committee.

The case is one for the application of just a little plain common sense. And in the view of common sense there is only one possible and proper course. The money ought to be despatched by the quickest possible means for the relief of distress in Italy. There ought to be no haggling and no quibbling. This money was given for the relief of distress, and those who gave it could not have cared whether those for whose relief it was given, are Americans or Italians. To withhold this money under the circumstances as they present themselves is to play a cheap, selfish, and sinister game, contrary to the dictates of plain reason and out of harmony with the broad spirit of human beneficence.

### A Terrible Record.

The disaster in southern Italy is only the latest in a series of cataclysms which have shocked and wrecked Sicily, Calabria, and adjacent regions periodically since the dawn of history. To go no further back than the Christian era, we read of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum in the Neapolitan district in the year 79. Catania in Sicily, one of the cities overwhelmed last week, was buried in ruins in 1137 with a loss of 15,000 people. A little later, in 1186, the city of Calabria was overwhelmed by a tidal wave. In 1456 Naples was visited by an earthquake which killed 40,000 persons. Again, in 1626, Naples with thirty near-by villages was devastated with a loss of 70,000. In 1638 the city of Calabria was again overwhelmed with the loss of unnumbered thousands. In 1693 fifty-four cities and three hundred villages of Sicily, including Catania, were shaken down with the loss of 100,000. In 1703 five thousand persons were killed by an earthquake at Aquila, Italy, and in 1706 fifteen thousand were destroyed at Abruzzi. Palermo, on the island of Sicily, was nearly destroyed in 1726 with the loss of six thousand lives. In 1783 Messina and other Sicilian towns were terribly shocked, with the loss of unnumbered thousands.

In 1805 six thousand were killed in Naples and in 1819 Genoa, Palermo, and Rome, with all the intervening region, were visited with a shock which destroyed multitudes. In April, 1835, one thousand persons were buried under the walls of Calabria by an

earthquake and in October of the same year a lighter shock killed one hundred persons. In 1851 Melfi, in southern Italy, was thrown down, with the loss of 14,000 persons, and in 1857 the ill-faring Calabria was again shocked with vast loss of life. In more recent times there have been many earthquakes in the same region. The whole of southern Italy was violently shaken in 1881 and again in 1883. There was another and a comparatively light shock over the whole of southern Europe in 1887, and so late as September, 1905, Calabria was again badly shaken, with the loss of five hundred. Only two years ago, on November 11, 1906, the region about Vesuvius, including Naples, was devastated, with the loss of one thousand lives. Still again, in October, 1907, six hundred persons were killed at Calabria. In the seventy-five years from 1783 to 1857 the kingdom of Naples alone lost over 110,000 inhabitants by earthquake; an average of 1500 a year out of a population of 6,000,000.

The record is a terrible one, but it shows that that which has just been suffered has many historical counterparts. Those who imagine that the devastated territory will be abandoned have observed human nature to small purpose. It will no doubt be many a year before the more notable structures which have gone down at Messina and elsewhere will be restored. But with progress of time, toiling and hopeful generations will renew what has been lost. This is the story of such incidents the world over and we see it exemplified with especial significance in the scenes under our eyes in San Francisco, where a new city vastly greater and more imposing than that which was destroyed in 1906 is rapidly rising.

Incidents like the immediate disaster in Italy have this value, namely, they stir the heart of the world and tend to develop the tenderer sentiments of humanity. The cost is indeed great, but it is worth something to the world in its moral character to suffer as it has suffered during the past ten days and to hold out as it has the hand of a bountiful providence.

### A Good Adjustment in Ohio.

Probably it was the quiet hand of the President-elect that solved the senatorial problem in Ohio. Mr. Taft must have seen that in a multitude of ways he would be grievously embarrassed by the presence of his brother in the Senate, especially in view of the fact that personal relationship would have been the sole basis of his election. Mr. Charles Taft has, as all the world knows, been a generous brother, but he has distinctly cheapened the quality of his generosity by so presenting himself as to appear to demand payment for his various forms of brotherly friendship. The mere fact that he has wished to be paid for his advances to his brother by election to the Senate marks him as a man lacking in the finer sensibilities and incapable of seeing things in their truer and more delicate lights.

Senator Foraker likewise has done well to withdraw from a hopeless candidacy. Mr. Foraker is, indeed, a gallant figure in politics, as in all things, but conditions largely of his own making clearly mark the end, for the immediate time at least, of his possible usefulness as a senator. His presence in the Senate during the coming administration would simply be a mark and an invitation to contentions, and his activity in Ohio politics could yield nothing of advantage to himself or anybody else. Mr. Foraker will retire from public life with the respect of all who admire a positive and valiant man, one who does not quail before opposition or failure, nor knuckle under to power or favor. At the same time the one situation in which Mr. Foraker can now best maintain his personal dignities and best serve those public interests with which he has long been associated is that of private station. Conditions may easily be conceived in which Mr. Foraker's return to active public life, both in Ohio and at Washington, may be of advantage; and if this should ever come, it will



be welcomed by everybody who admires manly independence of character.

Mr. Burton, whose election to the Senate is now an assurance, is a man strong through character and experience rather than by intellectual force. In truth, Mr. Burton, regarded from the intellectual standpoint, is very far from a great man. But he is dependably honest, he has been in public life for a long time, and as a leading member of the House of Representatives he has dealt with large affairs in a diligent and intelligent spirit. He will not, like Mr. Root of New York, Mr. Cummins of Iowa, or Mr. Long of Kansas, add largely to the strictly intellectual power of the Senate, but he will contribute to advance the average of its character and working potentialities. He will worthily represent Ohio, and that is saying a good deal for a State which has given the public service more important men during the past forty years than any other in the Union.

#### Let the Issue Come!

The champions and apologists of organized labor seek to make much of the fact that some hundreds of thousands of citizens at San Francisco and elsewhere throughout the country have joined in protest against the sentence of Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison. If the meetings by which this protest was formulated had been spontaneous in their motive and method, if they had developed from the sentiment of those represented by them, the matter would be important indeed. But the truth is that the whole movement was machine-made. It was conceived at labor headquarters at Washington. The meetings were held under orders issued from headquarters. The resolutions as adopted everywhere were suggested from headquarters. Perhaps not one man in a hundred who took part in the meetings had anything more than a merely mechanical interest or part in them. Not one man in fifty, we are glad to believe, will support at the ballot-box the principles enunciated in these revolutionary resolves.

The sanctities of free speech and free press rest upon a principle which depends primarily and absolutely upon how the terms free speech and free press are interpreted. Nobody denies the freedom of speech or of press which makes no encroachment upon the rights of others. But common justice denies and must always resist freedom of speech when such speech is addressed to the injury of others. Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison claim under the rights of free speech license to vilify others whose rights are as sacred as their own and to destroy the value of property which has both a moral and legal right to protection alike against slander and conspiracy. To allow under the principle of free speech such wanton "liberty" as this would be to carry the principle of liberty beyond all propriety and reason and to destroy it in its own name.

A citizen has the right to bear arms, but he has no right to shoot his neighbor. A citizen has the right to kindle a fire, but none to burn down his neighbor's house. A citizen has the right to meet and confer with his neighbors, but none to conspire against other citizens. A citizen has the right to leave off any work which for any reason or upon his mere whim may not suit him, but that gives him no right to restrain another man from taking up the work which he himself leaves off. A citizen has the right to hold property and to use it for his own purposes, subject to such limitations as the rights of his neighbor may hold against the maintenance of a nuisance. Likewise a citizen has the right to freedom of speech, but this gives no license to the malignant slanderer or to him who would conspire to destroy the property of another. These principles are simple and elementary. They are easily understood by all men. They are founded in common sense, in common justice, and in the law of every civilized land, including our own.

What Mr. Gompers and his associates want, if they would be frank about it, is license to establish within the body politic a private association with leave to enforce to itself absolute monopoly of industry. It would maintain a system under which no man might earn his living excepting under such rules as that association might define. It has established all the machinery for this sort of coercion, but finds itself balked by the laws which proscribe conspiracy, slander, and intimidation. It wishes to override these laws. It demands special privilege for itself, and its agents seek by political and other forms of terrorism and compulsion to enforce its demands. In the language of Gompers, it wants freedom to exercise its "normal rights," by which is meant license for proscription

and the boycott, with the incidents of picketing, intimidation, and personal assault.

Of course, this sort of license can not be granted without positive sacrifice of the principles upon which our government is founded. Nothing is more firmly fixed in the laws and traditions of the country than this principle, namely, that all men are equal under the law. To grant special privileges to a particular class of citizens would be a violation of every principle and every theory called American; it would nullify the achievements for which our forebears laid down their lives. The suggestion is preposterous, outrageous, infamous. Its acceptance would make the United States a country of cowards and dastards.

The *Argonaut* hopes that Mr. Gompers and his associates will force the issue. Any time is a good time to determine the character and quality of a people. And, as we have suggested many times before, the sooner the question is fought out to a finality the better it will be all round. By all means let organized labor present its demands in full and complete form and let them go before the country for determination. Those who stand for law and equity and whose faces are firmly set against any and every form of special privilege will not quail.

#### The President-Elect.

In his calm, slow, and large way of saying and doing, Mr. Taft is somehow impressing the public mind at a point where it has been solicitous and even anxious. The feeling of confidence in Mr. Taft, in the certainty that he himself will be the President, steadily and surely grows. He has done nothing directly to assure the public mind, he has not even tried to avoid appearances incidental to his personally friendly relations with Mr. Roosevelt; none the less it is plain to be seen that the hand of the President-to-be is not only a capable one, but as well an independent one.

Small circumstances are significant. For example, Mr. Knox of Pennsylvania, who so far failed to get on with Mr. Roosevelt as to decline further Cabinet service with him, is to be the head of the Cabinet, and no other assignments will be made without his definite approval. A recent dispatch from Augusta, Georgia, to the Cincinnati *Times-Star* declares that "the President-elect is frank in the statement that he will depend on the counsel of Mr. Knox more than on the advice of any other man." And in conjunction with this statement comes the semi-authoritative announcement that Mr. Garfield will not be the Secretary of the Interior in President Taft's Cabinet and that Mr. Pinchot will not be Secretary of Agriculture.

Interpreted, all this means that Mr. Taft is not consulting Mr. Roosevelt in the make-up of his Cabinet and that he is not accepting those personal friends and associates of Mr. Roosevelt's whom the latter might naturally wish to see in the new Cabinet. Briefly, it is apparent that Mr. Taft is organizing his administration according to his own ideas.

Although half the period between election and inauguration is now past, but one Cabinet position has been definitely assigned. With respect to the other posts there is no better authority than the gossip which floods the newspapers with a hundred names. Upon the basis of his selection of Mr. Knox, the *Argonaut* cherishes the hope that Mr. Taft will be more considerate of established character and of definite achievement in the public service than any recent President. In the organization of his Cabinet President Washington selected only men of large character and repute. At a later day President Lincoln followed the same high policy, even to the extent of making his chief rival for the presidential nomination his Secretary of State. The principle is a mighty good one, and there are evidences that Mr. Taft is bearing it in mind.

#### Pennsylvania Seeking a Senator.

The prospective election of Mr. Root as a senator from New York has had the effect of inspiring the people of Pennsylvania with ambition to find a first-class man as the successor of Mr. Knox. The Philadelphia *Ledger* has formulated the demand of the people of Pennsylvania. We quote:

They ask a man of broad intelligence and sound capacity, adapted to the duties of public life; a man of statesmanlike cast of mind and mould, in the sense that he shall have some training in large affairs, or, at least, the ability to grip large things in a broad and large way. The specifications which form themselves in the minds of average Pennsylvanians are not unduly exacting. They expect to have a senator of whom Pennsylvanians will be apt to say, when his name is mentioned or when his abilities have been discovered, that "he is a big

and capable man of brains; he can think for himself; he understands public questions; he is not owned by anybody, not even by an organization as a slave; he is a credit to his State; we are proud of our senator."

All this is quite within reason, and yet it presents a problem which is hardly likely to be solved fairly. The trouble is that the political activities of Pennsylvania have so long been organized on the close corporation basis that no man filling the *Ledger's* requirements has been allowed to grow into a position of political importance. Mr. Knox is, indeed, such a man, but he came to the senatorship not through ordinary course of political recognition and promotion, but upon the basis of distinctions won in other spheres and of an ascendancy attained in spite of the political restraints of the system so long maintained in the politics of Pennsylvania.

It is truly a wholesome sign when great States like New York and Pennsylvania become sufficiently concerned for the character of the United States Senate and about their own representation in it to consider the matter of senatorial selection in some other light than that of mere expediency in the matter of domestic politics. The expediency notion has, indeed, been worked so long and so universally as well nigh to have eliminated the larger dignities and the moral powers of the so-called highest council of the nation. If traditional notions of senatorial character are to be maintained, there must come a change, and New York, as becomes her place in the sisterhood of the States, is leading the way in the election of Mr. Root.

It is high time that the Pacific group of States should consider seriously its obligations to the Senate. We have, indeed, respectability if not high distinction from California, but hardly that from any other of the Pacific group. Until the Pacific States learn to do better, until we shall send to the Senate a company of men competent to take not only a large, but a leading part in the business of formulating the policies of government, we shall not count for much in general legislation, nor shall we succeed in doing much for ourselves in those respects where the policies of government affect us.

#### An Interesting Suggestion.

Mr. Walter McCreery, whose name is familiar in connection with polo, golf, and other amateur sports, comes forward with an interesting proposal to make the district round about San Mateo a winter centre of national importance for high-class sports. He proposes a financial organization to provide facilities for the various out-of-door games and to offer prizes liberal enough to stimulate competition between players of world-wide repute. Mr. McCreery argues that the peninsular region has the climate, the proximity to a large city, and other general conditions, including an established nucleus of sporting interest, for the making of an ideal winter sporting headquarters comparable to the summer character of Newport, Rhode Island. Mr. McCreery further argues in support of his proposal that it would bring hundreds and even thousands of winter visitors and thereby be a thing of distinct material importance and value to San Francisco and to the State.

All this is not without interest; and, indeed, we see no reason why Mr. McCreery's pleasant dream may not become a reality. In times past the invitation of Northern and Central California has been made chiefly to the industrialist and the commercialist. Southern California has invited the invalid, the loiterer, and the recreationist. The southern counties have profited amazingly through the facilities they have created for the seekers after health and pleasure; and yet the main appeal made by the south is to the people of the Middle West. The Easterner, the type of man who is identified with Newport and the Berkshire Hills, has not come in large numbers to Southern California. The winter atmosphere there is rather Western than Eastern. In far the greater number of cases the winter visitor in the south harks back to Chicago rather than to New York or Boston.

Mr. McCreery, whose acquaintance with the Eastern world of leisure and sport is wide, believes that upon the foundation of social and sporting interests now existing roundabout San Mateo there can be created a movement that will make San Francisco and its vicinity the winter capital, so to speak, of the Eastern amateur sportsmen. The suggestion is at least worth consideration. It would mean much to California, and especially to Northern and Central California, if we could interest the class to which Mr. McCreery's



project especially refers. It would imply the establishment of many winter homes here and attract multitudes of sportsmen and tourists—in short, give to this part of the State a larger share than it has hitherto enjoyed of that very pleasant and very profitable traffic which literally fills the southern counties from November until May.

### Eliminating the Senate.

An incident reported from St. Petersburg may give point to the objections of the United States Senate to the form of the recent agreement with Japan, a form, it will be remembered, that puts that agreement beyond the reach of senatorial comment or criticism. The Russian foreign minister, speaking before the Duma, said that the terms of the understanding between the United States and Japan were submitted to him for his approval before they were finally published. If they were submitted to the Russian foreign minister, they were submitted to all foreign ministers throughout Europe. That is to say, all the countries of the civilized world were invited to express their opinions of a document in which America is vitally concerned, but which had not been submitted, and was not intended to be submitted, to the legislative body in America specially empowered by the Constitution to deal with relations of this nature. It is hard to resist the conviction that the Senate has been ignored in this matter by something very like a diplomatic subterfuge. Either the agreement has some sort of binding power or it has none. If it has none, then it is obviously superfluous. If it has binding power, moral or otherwise, then it is of the nature of a treaty, by whatever variation of that name it may be called, and it therefore comes within the scope of the senatorial province. The Senate may have its faults, but it would be better to eliminate the faults than to eliminate the Senate.

### The Nations' Airy Navies.

Councillor Martin, a well-known German writer on aeronautics, has taken occasion in a public speech to reassure Lord Roberts on the point of a German invasion of England. It is, he says, impossible that 200,000 men should land unobserved on the British coast, and it would certainly seem that an army of that size should be distinctly visible to the naked eye even of the self-complacent Briton and long before it was ready to descend "like a wolf on the fold." But Councillor Martin's benevolence is delusive. He does not mean to say that England will not be invaded, but only that it will not be invaded in the common and every-day way. Councillor Martin rather favors the aeroplane and he pins his faith to the Wright machine, which is a delicate tribute to American invention. He has it all figured out to a nicety, and it must be gratifying to John Bull to see such mathematical precision. An aeroplane costs \$5000, it carries two men, and it can easily cross the English Channel. Fifty thousand aeroplanes would cost \$250,000,000 and would transport 100,000 men. The thing is simplicity itself, and no doubt Mr. Wright's representatives, with true commercial enterprise, are already trying to book that order. Of course, Councillor Martin does not want to see war between Germany and England. He uses all the cant phrases about insurance against war usually associated with naval secretaries who are asking for appropriations, but he feels that unless those 50,000 aeroplanes are ordered forthwith it will be impossible for Germany to maintain the respect essential to peace. And now it only remains for some fanatical aeronaut upon the other side of the channel to urge upon the English government the importance of building just twice that number of aeroplanes. Then a fresh cycle of hysterical competition will be started, and the Wright brothers will feel that business is picking up after all and that financial depression has no terrors for them.

### Winter in the Balkans.

It is hard to see upon what grounds the Emperor of Austria bases his confidence in a peaceful solution of the Balkan question. Perhaps he has no such confidence and is only uttering those placid and meaningless formulas so much in favor by diplomacy for popular consumption. Certainly there is no change in the situation, except a perceptible drift toward the rocks. We hear no more of the much-heralded conference of European powers that was supposed to be an infallible way of escape. What, indeed, could such a conference do in the face of Austria's declaration that she would permit no discussion of the incendiary act of annexa-

tion that was the direct and only origin of the trouble? The vague diplomatic discussion that has taken the place of the conference has had no result except to show how tightly the knot has been tied and to make it easy for the various powers to display a dangerous partisanship. Austria's offer to Turkey to make a cash payment in compensation for the stolen provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina has been flatly refused. On the other hand, Italy has declared that she will permit no Austrian invasion of Serbia and Montenegro, which would certainly be inevitable if Bosnia and Herzegovina should resist the change of ownership. German sympathies are avowedly on the side of Austria, presumably on the general principle of mischief-making or in the pathetic search for a friend. England, France, and perhaps Russia, are therefore upon the other side, and so we see a clear line of demarcation, with no lack of ill-will and of hatred to supply impetus and enthusiasm. As a matter of fact, the situation is dead-locked, and if the chancelleries of Europe were to express a frank opinion it would not be a pleasant one.

There is, in fact, a general expectation of war. Even the platitudes of Franz Josef do not hide the fact that Austria is massing her troops and collecting war material with feverish activity. The Balkan provinces are doing the same thing, so far as their means will allow. England and Germany have thrown all pretense of economy to the winds and are engaged in a perfect debauch of ship-building, enlivened by insult. Prince Bülow, speaking recently in the Reichstag, made the momentous statement that "our position is strategically the most unfavorable that could possibly be discovered on the map of all the five continents." The European situation, he said, "is not particularly comfortable," which is a diplomatic way of saying that Europe is lying on the bars of hell. A relaxation of German armaments would mean that "our position would become really bad and that peace would become seriously endangered." This means simply that Count Bülow has been seeing visions and is afraid that they will come true. France alone says nothing very audible, and the military strength of France will be one of the surprises of the future.

In point of fact eastern Europe is waiting for the weather, and marking time with what patience she may. Winter holds her restraining hand over the movements of guns and men, but when the roads get firm we are likely to see diplomacy give way before something more practical.

### Editorial Notes.

There is one practice in California legislation which may fairly be called a menace to the integrity of State government. It is the practice under which everybody practically votes in favor of every bill appropriating money, leaving it to the governor to "trim down" the several appropriations to the capabilities of the State treasury to meet the demand. Under this practice, session after session, the legislature appropriates vastly more money than the treasury can provide. The result is that the governor is made the sole arbiter of the public purse, for upon his discretion the whole mass of fiscal legislation ultimately falls. It is only a chance that no scandal has grown out of this practice, for a bad man in the governor's chair could do a tremendous amount of harm. Up to now, fortunately, we have had no man of the reckless type in the governorship. True, we have had indiscretion, carelessness, and weakness, but Providence has protected us thus far against a scoundrel. Other States have not always been so favored; some day we may get a bad man in the governor's chair, and then it will go hard with us if the public purse with its enormous powers shall rest in his hand. In financial, as in other matters, the legislature ought to stand fairly on its own legs, finding the courage to vote such appropriations as the public interest requires, likewise to reject such as are not essential to the public interest. The old rule of favoring every money bill for the sake of good fellowship, and with the comfortable assurance that the governor will ultimately cast it out, ought to be abrogated.

The *Argonaut* thinks that Mayor Taylor has done a most excellent and highly proper thing in promptly and emphatically calling down School Director Boyle for inviting his friend Eugene Schmitz to ride with him through the public streets in an automobile owned by the municipality. Mr. Boyle perhaps has the right to his private friendships, but the man who admits himself the private friend of Eugene Schmitz and who in the

present posture of our affairs stands as his supporter makes confession of standards and principles—if we may employ these terms in this connection—which merit censure and contempt. A man who holds himself the friend of Eugene Schmitz, who parades his friendship for him and who seeks public occasions for manifesting it, has no proper place on the school board. Mr. Boyle was doubly wrong in inviting Schmitz to ride in a municipal automobile. And in this connection the question arises, why should Mr. Boyle have the use and service of a municipal automobile? Is there anything so important or immediate about the duties of a school director that he should be supplied at the public charge with an exclusive and expensive means of locomotion which observation goes to show is used mainly for private convenience and for the purposes of individual hospitality? The whole incident reeks with suggestions of impropriety.

We trust that the Sempervirens Club, which has assumed an unofficial oversight of the State park in the Big Basin, will not stand so straight as to lean backwards. The improvements which it proposes are not only important, but necessary; but we question if the club is not going too far in recommending that no timber shall be removed from the park, not even dead wood. A better suggestion, we think, would be to limit the interdiction to standing timber about which there may be a question as to its character. But surely it is a mistake to insist that prostrate trees and other forms of dead wood should be left to encumber the ground and to invite fire. An ideal treatment of the Big Basin park would be to clear out all prostrate timber and all undergrowths of a kind calculated to carry fire, but if this plan is impracticable upon the score of cost, there would seem to be no objection to getting rid of so much fallen timber as possible by disposing of it to the highest bidder. But in doing this provision should be made that all dead wood hauled out of the park should be carried over roads other than the general highway which the State has constructed for the convenience and delight of the public. During the past summer and fall seasons the splendid highway constructed by the State was ground into heavy dust and worn into deep ruts by teams hauling timber out of the park or passing over the park roads in going from adjacent sawmills to the railroad. The park highways were not built for heavy teaming and are not adapted to it, and their use by timber wagons is in direct nullification of the purposes for which they were made.

The appointment of General Charles A. Woodruff as commandant of the State Soldiers' Home at Yountville is one of the incidents which happen too rarely in connection with public affairs. General Woodruff is literally the ideal man for the place—a soldier and a stickler for discipline, yet far from fuss and feathers; an administrator accustomed to deal with large things and yet capable of infinite pains with details; a gentleman by instinct and breeding, without fear and without reproach. The board of directors of the Yountville Home has indeed done itself credit in a selection which leaves positively nothing to be desired.

The Boston *Transcript* makes the death of Congressman Loud of California a text for dilating upon a notable change that has come over the spirit of Congress. Mr. Loud, says the *Transcript*, was one of the last survivors of that old-fashioned type of congressmen who believed that governments should limit their activities to governing, and that the less they could get along with doing the better it would be:

Although a battle-scarred veteran of long service in the Civil War, he resolutely opposed private pension legislation on principle, and scores of times in the House when unanimous consent was asked for the passage of such a bill or for a private claim bill, the words "I object" would be heard from his quarter of the room, often to the great displeasure of the member whose project he had interfered with. Mr. Loud was a factor to be reckoned with in all those legislative projects which depend on unanimous consent for their consideration. As chairman of the Postoffice Committee it used to be said of him that he did not believe in the postoffice, and that he would—like Gerrit Smith a generation before—like to see it turned over to a regulated private enterprise. This was hardly true. He was always ready to submit to the inevitable, and somewhat pessimistic in recognizing as such certain tendencies of the times. He did say that the postal establishment could be run just as well by private enterprise for fifty million dollars a year less—and of course this is true. Mr. Loud voted against the rural free delivery experiments when they were beginning at a few thousand dollars a year, but for the extension of the service when it had reached the neighborhood of twenty million, explaining his apparent inconsistency by saying that before the service had attached itself to the line of beneficiaries the wisdom of going into it was as yet an open



for discussion; but with the thousands of routes in operation he knew it would be absolutely useless to make any further protest. He used to say, in commenting on the paternalistic proposals brought before Congress, that it was singular the great ingenuity and assurance in advising the government how to do business those persons possessed who always made a failure of everything of their own. He voted in favor of equipping the government printing office with typesetting machines, while dissenting from the argument that this would prove any saving in Uncle Sam's payroll. He added characteristically: "The government would never want to do anything like that."

The *Transcript* makes no secret of its respect for that kind of narrowness of mind which held men of Mr. Loud's type to restrict the operations of government and to save its resources. It points out that while our annual increase of population is a little less than 2 per cent, the increase of Federal expenditures runs upwards of 7 per cent, and it suggests that things can not permanently go on wholesomely or even safely upon this basis.

The *Argonaut* is glad to have from a source so unquestionable as that of Dr. Norman Bridge of Pasadena a statement which relieves a recent incident before the Medical Congress at Washington City of certain revolting suggestions. Dr. Bridge was a member of the convention and therefore knows whereof he speaks. There was, he says, no inoculation of children from a local orphan asylum with the germs of tuberculosis. What was done was to test the condition of a group of children with reference to possible tuberculosis by an entirely harmless and useful application of tuberculin. The Associated Press got the story wrong through the error of a reporter, who may have thought that "tuberculin" is "tuberculosis." A report thus incorrect was sent out by the Associated Press to the newspapers of the country and later it was found impossible to make the correction so widely as to relieve the doctors in session at Washington from the presumption of having done a cruel and inhuman act. In California, as elsewhere, the report was read with universal condemnation and tended to develop wide criticism of the medical profession.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### Music Licenses.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 3, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—Having read your editorial in this week's *Argonaut* against the proposed law to license music teachers, I desire, as a musician and as a woman, who as such I suppose could not directly profit by the "familiar paraphernalia of privilege, patronage, and graft," to express through your valued columns my approval and heartiest moral support of the demand made by a number of local musicians that music teachers of all kinds shall be licensed and that a bill to that effect be submitted for approval to the coming legislature.

If public schools demand a certificate to teach from all their teachers—and I had the opportunity some twelve years ago to find out by personal experience that these certificates are not granted on your mere say-so—why should the general public not be granted the same privilege and be protected likewise? If the law of the land protects the public against possible injuries from charlatans in medicine and injurious concoctions called patent medicines, why should it not do the same in regard to charlatans in other professions, where health and happiness and even human lives are at stake? For are the many cases forgotten where suicide or insanity were the finale to an originally promising career of a young musician, just because they fell into the hands of some unscrupulous person calling himself a teacher? This is probably the main reason why Europe has been trying for years, if I am not mistaken, to bribe about a governmental protection of the musical profession, exactly the same thing as has been wisely suggested by our local musicians.

I fail to see where any rigid examination should be a "restriction" to any capable and honest teacher—on the contrary, it will sift the wheat from chaff and raise the musical profession to a much more dignified position.

ANNA VON MEYERINCK.

[The letter of our correspondent is interesting as an expression of personal opinion, but it leaves untouched the wider question of the mischief wrought by the increasing efforts to "protect the public" by restrictive legislation upon matters that should be left to personal discrimination and common sense. Where is this sort of thing to end and what will be left of personal freedom when it does end?—Ed.]

On the many million dollars' worth of buildings owned by the United States government in the Panama Canal zone no insurance is carried. The government has spent \$10,250,000 in buildings in the zone, which amount takes no account of the value of the buildings purchased from the French, both in the canal zone and the republic of Panama, nor value of the property in all the buildings, including the large amount of stores. The only protection against fire the government has for these buildings scattered along a line fifty miles in length is in the precautionary measures taken and in the fire department, which has been developed to a high state of efficiency.

Rome is not yet finished. Ernesto Nathan, the mayor of Rome, is described as a remarkable man of charming personality, earnest in his work and intent on doing his utmost toward bringing to perfection the plans which make Rome one of the most beautiful cities in the

## CURRENT TOPICS.

Now that there has been time to analyze the presidential vote there are certain curious facts that can hardly escape the attention they deserve. For one thing the voting strength of the country has increased to the extent of 1,341,531 during the four years. Nearly all the gains were made by Bryan, inasmuch as he received 1,315,311 votes more than those cast for Parker four years earlier. The *New York Times* says truly that this would have caused consternation had it been known in advance, and it would have put a different color on the event but for the fact that Taft was stronger than Roosevelt, although only by 14,190 votes.

The source of Bryan's gain is not very clear. It did not come from the Socialists, who have themselves gained to the extent of 45,368, while their total strength is less than half that of Bryan's increase. It seems probable that the *Times* is right and that Bryan's gain came from the new vote and from the losses of the Populists, the Prohibitionists, and the Socialist Laborites.

Bryan is a grand candidate of the discontented, but the result is a demonstration that in the United States the discontented do not rule. The successive Republican pluralities have been 601,854, 849,790, 1,208,998. Hence it is fair to paraphrase Mr. Morgan's statement that "bears" on the United States are predestined to bankruptcy, and to say that candidates of the discontented are foredoomed. The moral is not that the discontented are negligible. Upon the contrary, their moanings should be attentively listened to, and their grievances corrected, so far as they are just. The right should rule. Principle should guide our suffrage. The discontented should be regarded sympathetically, but nothing should be conceded to bluster. Care should be taken that in the future, as in the past, the builders rather than the smashers should be kept in power.

The margin is narrower than is comfortable. Mr. Taft's majority over the combined opposition vote is 422,311. The Republicans stand for many policies which would cost them more than that if it were possible to run any other Democrat for the presidency while Bryan is alive. The obstacle to doing that is the fact to which he can point with pride that he alone, running as a Democrat, has polled 6,000,000 votes, and that he has done it three times. But what's the use of doing it thirty times if each time the Republicans have a larger plurality the other way?

Mr. Roosevelt need not feel any perplexity in the "consideration" that he is now giving to the Gompers-Mitchell incident. He has only to revert to the principles laid down by himself in earlier days, although it is of course very inconvenient when abstract principles have the bad taste to descend to the plane of concrete application. Take, for example, President Roosevelt's annual message of 1903, in which he lays down a line of conduct that is wholly admirable and that should save him from all anxious deliberations upon the present situation. The passage is worth quoting in full:

Whenever either corporation, labor union, or individual disregards the law or acts in a spirit of arbitrary and tyrannous interference with the rights of others, whether corporations or individuals, then where the Federal government has jurisdiction it will see to it that the misconduct is stopped, paying not the slightest heed to the position or power of the corporation, the union, or the individual, but only to one vital fact—that is, the question whether or not the conduct of the individual or aggregate of individuals is in accordance with the law of the land.

Every man must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor, so long as he does not infringe the rights of others. No man is above the law and no man is below it; nor do we ask any man's permission when we require him to obey it. Obedience to the law is demanded as a right, not asked as a favor.

We have cause as a nation to be thankful for the steps that have been so successfully taken to put these principles into effect. The progress has been by evolution, not by revolution. Nothing radical has been done; the action has been both moderate and resolute. Therefore the work will stand. There shall be no backward step.

There is a fine dictatorial ring about that concluding sentence that it might not have had if the President had foreseen that his own particular friend, John Mitchell, would be one of its first victims. It is, of course, well known that general principles, either of law or equity, with whatever high sound they have been enunciated, can not be allowed to interfere with the course of true love, but it must be embarrassing, to say the least of it, when the claims of friendship run so directly counter to the lofty sentiments of a general nature upon which a reputation has been built.

But we have something still more recent than the annual message of 1903. On October 21, 1908, President Roosevelt wrote a letter to Senator Knox in which he said that "the blacklist and the secondary boycott are two of the most cruel forms of oppression ever devised by the wit of man for the infliction of suffering on his weaker fellows." Continuing the same letter, Mr. Roosevelt said:

Mr. Gompers, now Mr. Bryan's open and avowed ally, has, in a letter here quoted, attacked the Federal courts in unmeasured terms of reproach because, by a long line of decisions, the equity courts have refused to make an outlaw of the business man, because his right to carry on a lawful business under the peace of the law has been protected by the process of injunction, because in a word one of the most vital and most fundamental rights of the business world, the right of a business man to carry on his business, has been sustained and not denied by the processes of the courts of equity.

This, of course, was in the heat of an election, and at the moment no private friendship was involved. Mr. Mitchell was something of a good dog with a commendable disposition to come to heel, and if Mr. Gompers alone now stood under the lash of the court we might expect, not deliberation, but some sage reflections on the unerring aim of the Jovian thunderbolts and the certainty of divine retribution.

But why do these interesting injunction breakers object to go to jail? Surely they know that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, and what more inspiring object lesson could be found than the sight of the leaders languishing in durance vile for the sake of their principles, while their followers keep up the agitation from outside, keep the noisome dungeons decorated with the white flowers that are the symbols of a blameless life, and organize torchlight processions and the like for the festive day of liberation. If Messrs.

Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison actually escape incarceration they will lose one of the opportunities of their lives. They will deliberately throw away the halo that the fates have offered them.

The newspapers of the country do not seem to need any time for deliberation. So far as can be seen they are nearly unanimous. The *Wall Street Journal* says that "labor-union leaders must obey the law, but so must everybody else. On this hangs every hope of our future as a people." The *Lewiston Journal* speaks of the "just conviction of the three most prominent labor leaders of the country, who have defied the law and the courts," but it thinks that the conviction would be received with greater acclaim if the scales of justice were more evenly balanced between the rich and the poor and if the sword of the law fell with more equal weight upon all kinds of malefactors. "Defiance of law by labor leaders has been far more flagrant because of successful defiance of law by leaders of capitalistic trusts." The *Washington Post* controverts this view when it says:

If any corporation were guilty of "willful disobedience and deliberate violation of an injunction" it is extremely probable that its responsible officers would be adjudged guilty of contempt and punished by imprisonment. No corporation has thus invited the rebuke of the courts, and it is possible that if Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison had had the benefit of legal counsel as able as that at the disposal of great corporations, they would not have gone so far.

The *Lowell Courier-Citizen* says "of course, in the end labor has got to bow, as all of us have got to bow, before the law." The *Baltimore American-Star* points out that our safety and our strength lie in the courts which Gompers and his followers have defied:

If the programme Gompers has illustrated in the attempt should be possible then any man's business would be at the mercy of a few individuals speaking for an organization representing a very small proportion of the population. Is that fair? Is it American? The courts say it is not and the people agree with the courts.

The *New York Press* says, "But we do want it perfectly understood that if a man deliberately sets out to defy the courts his path runs straight to jail." The *Providence Journal* points out that "the real question is whether any man, or any class of men, can defy an order of the court with impunity." The *New York Times* says that hundreds of telegrams from labor unionists have been sent to the President, but "there are no telegrams reported urging the President to take action to uphold the court, which spoke for the 85,000,000 of us who are not trades unionists." The *New Haven Journal-Courier* suggests that "labor appears to be no exception to the rule which declares that knowledge must be had through bitter experience where its written lessons are ignored."

The *New York Sun* gives currency to a report that Mr. Taft is working out the details of a plan designed to increase the efficiency of government regulation of corporations doing an interstate business. Mr. Taft declines to discuss the plan for publication, but persons who have talked with him say that it will follow the lines suggested by him in his campaign speeches and will have as its chief object the quick enforcement of laws already on the statute books. In other words, it will be one of Mr. Taft's first steps to make good his campaign promise that he would do everything in his power to "clinch the Roosevelt policies."

Mr. Taft's friends say that the proposed plan will need legislation from Congress decreasing the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, greatly increasing the powers of the Bureau of Corporations in the Department of Labor and Commerce, and creating a practically new bureau in the Department of Justice.

The general outline of the plan is described as follows: The Interstate Commerce Commission is to be relieved of its duties as an investigating body. It is to be a commission exercising only quasi-judicial functions. The jurisdiction of the Bureau of Corporations, on the other hand, is to be extended over all corporations doing an interstate business. It will be charged with the detailed work of investigating and preparing cases.

This bureau, acting upon individual complaints or upon its own initiative, will lay the results of its investigations before the Interstate Commerce Commission for decision. It will originate all cases. The new bureau in the Department of Justice will work in cooperation with the Bureau of Corporations and the Interstate Commerce Commission when legal aid is necessary.

To Columbia University belongs the credit of offering the first course designed to give students a practical knowledge of the conduct of political affairs. That institution has asked the bureau of municipal research in New York to give the members of the class the benefit of the experience it has derived from the study of the affairs of that city, and the invitation has been accepted. The growing demand for the adoption of scientific methods of city government lends support to the view that college men will be in demand in this department of the public service, hence the propriety and usefulness of a university course established on the lines indicated by the innovation at Columbia.

In both India and China there are thousands of people who manufacture India ink as a side line to their regular business, working at it in the winter, at night, and on days when they are not otherwise employed. It is made by burning some kind of oil in a lamp with a very long chimney, usually made in joints which can be taken apart for greater convenience in cleaning out the soot, which makes the ink. Almost any kind of vegetable oil will answer, and in districts where petroleum is found even coal oil is used in making the cheaper grades. The best kind is made from sesame oil.



## AUTOMOBILES AND CHAUFFEURS.

### First of the Season's Motor Car Shows Opens in New York.

Whether you are accustomed to the luxury of travel in a ten-thousand-dollar imported motor car, or to less sumptuous but equally certain conveyance in a horseless carriage costing one-fifth as much, or assume virtuous content as you walk while others ride, you are more or less interested in automobiles. Possibly in these closing hours of the year you are numbering among your items of good fortune in the record the fact that you have thus far escaped with life and limb from their pervading proximity. Even this, however, might not restrain you from visiting the big show of motor-vehicles which opens New Year's eve in Grand Central Palace. I have just had a look at the preparations for the exhibit, have heard the glories of the automobile past and the wonders of the motor-car future dilated upon by enthusiasts, and at this moment could not tell whether I would prefer to own one of the best of the new machines or the biggest one of the waste pieces of the Cullinan diamond. There is a resemblance in the objects mentioned that may or may not be apprehended at a distance.

First, let me unburden my memory of some rather impressive figures. There will be a million dollars' worth of motor-cars at the show. Sixty-seven American varieties will attempt to overawe the fourteen specimens of imported scientific elegance, and the cars will range in price from \$150 to \$15,000, and in speed from twenty-five to seventy-five miles an hour. They will not all be "land yachts." The commercial vehicle exhibits will justify their presence. Ease and swiftness of movement are at the command of the physician and the expressman no less than at the whim of the pleasure seeker. But the \$150 cars do not appeal to you. It is easy to understand why the manufacturers lie awake nights thinking about improvements for the big, costly affairs that magnetize your sympathies. They are the real thoroughbreds of the species. How much better to coax, or spur, or drag the public up to a ten-thousand-dollar level of purchasing power than to deflect the line of progress and assume that indigence is unconquerable!

Seriously, the natural development of this important element in civilization is along the lines marked out by the profit-seeking manufacturer. Just now he is more interested in problems of greater and more reliable power, of ease of management and economy of maintenance, than he is in the reduction of prices. Later, the purchaser who can not afford the highest-priced luxuries will benefit by the experiments which the demands of the lavish rich induce. There are now at least three hundred million dollars invested in automobiles in this country—not a big amount when the industry is fairly considered. During 1909 American manufacturers expect to turn out 75,000 machines, and they assert the production will not overstock the market. And best of all, the makers themselves are amazed at their success in perfecting the machinery. They now make a car that is faster and more dependable in all exigencies than was deemed possible three years ago.

The Grand Palace show is under the auspices of the American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association. The building has been handsomely decorated and many unique features are introduced for the first time, the result of careful examination of the foreign shows and a desire to outdo all previous exhibitions. Among the special attractions are a dozen or more of famous racing cars which have won in prize events. The attendance will be large without doubt. Two weeks later comes the National Automobile Show at Madison Square Garden, which will be even more spectacular and notable.

Motor-car owners, however, will look in vain at these exhibitions for a much needed invention. It is a "joy-ride" preventive. The joy ride is a surreptitious outing, participated in by the chauffeur and one or more friends, while the owner supposes his car is safely in the garage. More than half the automobile accidents are the results of joy rides. Aside from damages to the cars, there are often serious consequences. Chauffeurs are demoralized by the practice. They fall into bad company; they lead others into bad company. The rides are most often at night, and dangers multiply in darkness, even in this era of arc lights. There is no greater menace to the morals of the young women of the cities than the temptations put before them by irresponsible and vicious drivers of motor cars. It is probable that the public knows little of the possibilities—the actual use—of this alluring path to destruction.

More than an attempt to prevent pecuniary loss is to be recognized in the efforts now being made by the Automobile Club of America to secure a legal ruling on the question whether a chauffeur who takes his owner's motor car out of the garage without permission may be considered guilty of larceny. He uses up the motive power of the car, the lubricating oil, and subjects the tires to damaging wear and tear. Several cases are now before the courts, presented by the club, and it is hoped to establish the contention. There have been convictions under the charge of larceny in some instances, where actual felonious intent could be proved, but in the great majority of cases this feature is wanting.

Judge Foster in general sessions recently sentenced a driver charged with larceny to three months in

prison. It was alleged in the trial that the chauffeur merely "borrowed" the car, but the judge held that he deprived the owner of its use and consumed the axle grease. So that the question might be passed upon by a higher court, Judge Foster has granted a certificate of reasonable doubt. Another case came up before Judge Malone, and in his charge to the jury the court said: "In cases of this kind, where a chauffeur takes his employer's automobile from the garage and uses it, the law does not say that the intent must be to keep the property forever. Suppose an automobile is in the garage, where it is reserved for the comfort and use of its owner. The chauffeur takes the motor car out at night without his employer's permission and uses up the motive power and lubricating fluids and wears out the tires. Isn't that larceny? And if this use and wear and tear is not larceny, isn't it high time that it was so defined, legally? If you believe the owner of this machine was deprived of it for only ten minutes, you may convict the defendant of larceny."

Conviction and a sentence of nine months in the penitentiary resulted. The prisoner in this case was a taxicab driver, who started with his machine for Philadelphia and was arrested on the way. He claimed that he was going to the Quaker City to give his family a ride, and that he would have returned with the car. In this case also a certificate of reasonable doubt has been secured by the Automobile Club, and a higher court will decide the points raised. The movement under way is serious and determined, and it is certainly to be hoped that it will have the desired effect.

NEW YORK, December 30, 1908. FLANEUR.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Capri.

There is an isle, kissed by a smiling sea,  
Where all sweet confluent meet: a thing of heaven,  
A spent aerolite, that well may he  
The missing sister of the starry Seven.  
Celestial beauty nestles at its knee,  
And in its lap is naught of earthly leaven.  
'T is girl and crowned with loveliness; its year,  
Eternal summer; winter comes not near.

'T is small, as things of beauty ofttimes are,  
And in a morning round it you may row,  
Nor need a tedious haste your hark debar  
From gliding inwards where the ripples flow  
Into strange grots whose roofs are azure spar,  
Whose pavements liquid silver. Mild winds blow  
Around your prow, and at your keel the foam,  
Leaping and laughing, freshly wafts you home.

They call the island Capri,—with a name  
Dulling an airy dream, just as the soul  
Is clogged with body palpable,—and Fame  
Hath long while winged the word from pole to pole.  
Its human story is a tale of shame,  
Of all unnatural lusts a gory scroll.  
Record of what, when pomp and power agree,  
Man once hath heen, and man again may be.

Terrace and slope from shore to summit show  
Of all rich climes the glad-surrendered spoil.  
Here the bright olive's phantom branches glow,  
There the plump fig sucks sweetness from the soil.  
Mid odorous flowers that through the Zodiac blow,  
Returning tenfold to man's leisured toil,  
Hesperia's fruit hangs golden. High in air,  
The vine runs riot, spurning human care.

And flowers of every hue and breath abound,  
Charming the sense; the burning cactus glows,  
Like daisies elsewhere dapping all the ground,  
And in each cleft the herried myrtle blows.  
The playful lizard glides and darts around,  
The elfin fireflies flicker o'er the rows  
Of ripened grain. Alien to pain and wrong,  
Men fill the days with dance, the nights with song.  
—Alfred Austin.

### The Azure Grotto.

Beneath the vine-clad slopes of Capri's Isle,  
Which run down to the margin of that sea  
Whose waters kiss the sweet Parthenope,  
There is a grot whose rugged front the while  
Frowns only dark where all is seen to smile.  
But enter, and behold! surpassing fair  
The magic sight that meets your vision there,—  
Nor heaven! with all its broad expanse of blue,  
Gleams colored with a sheen so rich, so rare,  
So changing in its clear, translucent hue;  
Classed in the lustrous wave, the walls and roof  
Shine as does silver scattered o'er the woof  
Of some rich robe, or bright as stars whose light  
Inlays the azure concave of the night.

You can not find throughout this world, I ween,  
Waters so fair as those within this cave,  
Color like that which flashes from the wave,  
Or which is steeped in such cerulean sheen  
As here gleams forth within this grotto's screen.  
And when the oar the boatman gently takes  
And dips it in the flood, a fiery glow,  
Ruddy as phosphor, stirs in depths below;  
Each ripple into burning splendor breaks,  
As though some hidden fires beneath did lie  
Waiting at touch to kindle into flame,  
And shine in radiance on the dazzled eye,  
As sparkling up from wells of light they came,  
To make his grot a glory far and nigh.  
—Charles D. Bell.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu's figures show that France now receives \$360,000,000 an annual income from foreign holdings, principally government bonds, the amount having been almost doubled in the last fifteen years. He estimates the present wealth of the French people at \$45,000,000,000, or more than \$1100 for every man, woman, and child, and as the estimate is based upon declared succession taxes, it is admittedly much below the real figures.

Senator Knox, soon to be Secretary of State, is a golfer of strong quality.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Thomas F. Ryan, the financier, finds his health broken down at fifty-seven, and will practically retire to live the simple life.

General Antoine Simon, elevated by his bayonets to the presidency of Hayti, promises law and order, protection to aliens, public works, concessions and progress, and the uplift of his people.

Sir Thomas Lipton allowed December 28 to pass without sending a challenge to the New York Yacht Club, and it is believed that the baronet is through with America Cup racing and will never send another challenging yacht to this country.

Miss Margaret J. Dunn has lived for five years, with scarcely any intermission, out in the woods for the benefit of her health. Both winter and summer she has taken this rigorous treatment in the Highlands of Scotland, and speaks highly of the benefits of the snow bath.

Mrs. Harriet O. Berg is the first woman to make an aeroplane ascension, and declares that the experience was a very pleasant one, she having gone up with Wilbur Wright. She is an English woman, but has spent many years in the United States. The flight was made at Le Mans.

General Gregorio Riera, who for a number of years has been working in conjunction with the revolutionists against President Castro, was one of eighteen political exiles who recently returned to Caracas from Maracaibo. President Gomez summoned the long absent men.

Mrs. J. L. Parks of Los Angeles married at thirteen, has seventeen living children, nine of whom are caring for themselves out in the world and eight are now at home with her. She is now forty-eight, and has just been "investigated" by the children's humane society for speaking crossly to her brood.

W. C. Brown, who will assume the presidency of the New York Central Railroad February 1, began his railroad career as a wood corder on a Milwaukee and St. Paul locomotive in 1869, when sixteen years old. Within two years he became a telegraph operator and rose rapidly to many responsible positions.

The Rev. Anson Phelps recently entertained at his home in New Haven his brother, quite as well known, and while he was preaching at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of which he is pastor, J. G. Phelps Stokes, the Socialist, addressed a larger audience in Steinert Athenaeum, and there attacked the efficacy of the church.

Mrs. Carrie Nation is to be seen on the stage of a London music hall. She has accepted an engagement to give a series of lectures for a vaudeville syndicate, which pointed out the excellent opportunity she would have in advancing her prohibition campaign, and guaranteed, as far as lay in its power, courteous and attentive treatment.

Professor George Hempl, professor of philology at Leland Stanford Junior University, believes that he has discovered a key to ancient inscriptions on Etruscan tombs and columns, which he regards as more important than his solution of inscriptions on German runics. Professor Hempl declares that his find will have far-reaching results on ancient Latin history and on disputed facts in Latin grammar and etymology.

Frederick MacMonnies, who, since the death of Saint-Gaudens, will take rank as America's most famous sculptor, has determined to forsake Europe, convinced that the best place for an American artist to live is in America. And this after receiving honors from France rarely before bestowed upon an American artist; after having been decorated by the French government and made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, after having passed twenty-five of his forty-five years in France, winning honors in competition with Europe's greatest artists.

Two of the five winners of the Nobel prizes last year are Jews—Professor Gabriel Lippmann of the Paris Academy of Sciences, distinguished as a physicist, and Dr. Paul Ehrlich of Berlin, a biologist of international reputation. Dr. Ehrlich was from 1890 to 1899 an assistant professor at the University of Berlin and assistant to Dr. Koch. Finding that he never could obtain the full professorship to which his successful work entitled him unless he was willing to become an apostate and be baptized, he resigned his position. Professor Lippmann is known throughout the world for his remarkable investigations in color photography, to which he has devoted the last twenty years of his life.

Mrs. Eleanor Relyea, a clerk in the signal office of the War Department, will be the next social secretary of the White House, and Miss Isabelle Hagner, who now dictates the social lists of the President's wife, will step from the coveted position back into the ranks of government clerks by executive order and will be given a position in the surgeon-general's office of the War Department. Unofficial announcement of these changes has been made in Washington. Mrs. Relyea was appointed to the War Department from Connecticut in 1907. She is a woman of culture and has a wide acquaintance among the social colony not only in Washington but in New York and Newport. She is the widow of Albert Relyea, formerly chief of a division in the Treasury Department.



## AN EXILE AND AN EXPLANATION.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XLVII.

"What is the general opinion down at the Bay about the action of the Federal judges?" asked Helmont of Eugene Yarrow. They were seated in the beautiful *patio* of the Hacienda, with its fountains and its flowers. Eugene had gone thither with the double purpose of congratulating his old friends on their recent marriage, and of bidding them farewell.

"As usual, opinions are colored by sectionalism," replied Eugene. "Northern men believe that Tower was a blood-thirsty ruffian, intent on taking Fox's life in revenge for an unwelcome decision read by him from the bench. They hold that the guard, Hawke, was not only justified in killing Tower, but that it was his duty to kill him."

"And what do the Southerners hold?"

"They maintain that Tower's death was a cowardly murder. They admit he was wrong in attacking Fox, particularly from behind; but they contend that Fox's remedy was to call him out. And they darkly hint that a trap was laid, baited with Fox, to tempt Tower into assaulting him, with a hired gun-fighter lying in wait to kill him if he lifted a hand."

"Surely they can not believe that Fox would run the risk of such a trap!"

"No indeed. Fox knew Tower too well. But they believe it was a deep-laid plot, hatched by the Department of Justice at Washington and carried out by the United States Marshal here."

"Indeed!" remarked Helmont thoughtfully. "I heard that the Attorney-General sent word from Washington warning Fox that Tower was dangerous, and to look out for him. Probably that is the foundation of these rumors of a plot."

"It may be. But those who believed the rumors had their belief corroborated by the action of the Federal courts. Hawke was arrested by the sheriff of Tower's county, and charged with murder; Fox was arrested as an accessory. But both men were immediately brought before the Federal court on *habeas corpus*, and discharged from custody."

"On what ground?"

"On the ground that Fox was traveling from court to court in his judicial capacity; that it was his guard's duty to protect him as much as if he were in his courtroom; that he was in danger of death from Tower; and that therefore the act was a justifiable homicide."

"And the decision of the Federal court—how is it received?"

"It is received on purely sectional lines, as I said; approved by men of the South, condemned by those of the North."

Helmont shook his head. "It was a terrible affair," he said. "A quick and bloody death for Tower, madness for his wife. She has not recovered, I presume?"

"No—she is in the State asylum and is said to be hopelessly insane."

"Fox, too, has come out of the affray a broken man. Since the death of Tower he has suddenly aged many years, so I am told by Arthur Alden."

"Indeed?" inquired Eugene, his expression changing slightly. "I have not seen Alden lately. Is he—"

The captain rose suddenly, interrupting him. "Here is Mrs. Helmont," he said. "I sent her word that you had come."

Eugene impulsively seized both of Mrs. Helmont's outstretched hands. "So you have taken your courage in these two hands," he cried, "and been moved to pity for this poor old bachelor here. Ah, you don't know how delighted I am!"

Mrs. Helmont laughed, and blushed, almost as if she were a girl. "Yes," she admitted, "I had to. He would give me no peace. And at last I was weak enough to tell him that I had vowed never to marry a foreigner."

Eugene turned to Helmont. "That would have discouraged most men, captain, for a man can not change his birth."

"But he can change his nationality, and that I hastened to do," laughed Helmont. "Instead of being discouraged, that was the first thing she said which gave me hope. *Femme qui écoute, forteresse qui porte*, you know."

Eugene looked at Mrs. Helmont with an amused glance. "And the lady who listened, ensconced in her fortress which parleyed—how did she revoke her vow? Did she stick to it stoutly for a stated time like Isabella of Spain, and then break it? Or did she break it at once? At ladies' as well as lovers' perjuries, they say Jove laughs."

"No indeed!" cried Mrs. Helmont, with some umbrage. "I did not break my vow. I flatly refused to marry him until he became an American citizen!"

Eugene looked at the captain, who beamed back at him an assent.

"Then he has become naturalized?" asked Eugene.

"For the express and only purpose of making this cruel lady my bride," replied the jubilant Benedict. "You will pardon the apparent reflection on American institutions, Eugene, but in my eyes my citizenship is secondary to my spouse. I would rather be her husband than be President."

Mrs. Helmont gazed at her husband with what was to be a rebuking glance, but it was rather a friendly one at both ends.

"We see," said Eugene reflectively, "before secur-

ing naturalization a man must take out his first papers, under the law, and then remain in the country for five years. This would seem to show that this old soldier here must have long since begun beleaguering and circumvallating, digging trenches, planting batteries, and laying mines—in short, must have laid formal siege to the parleying fortress about five years ago."

The captain laughed loud and long. "You see, my dear," he cried, "I told you that I would never betray the secret of our long understanding. You are the one who has done so. A woman can not keep a secret."

The captain's bride looked so much confused at the disclosure of her pre-nuptial promise that Eugene came to her rescue. "Never mind, Mrs. Helmont," he said, "you made him wait nearly as long as Jacob did for Rachel. And what's more, it's my belief he would have waited twice as long." The captain nodded his head affirmatively. "And now, you dear good friends, I must say good-bye to you. It is a melancholy word to say, and the only thing that makes the parting pleasant to me is that I see you both so happy."

Mrs. Helmont whispered to the captain; he shook his head. She whispered to him again. Still he shook his head.

But the lady persisted. "Would you like to see Diana—to say good-bye to her, Eugene?" she asked.

Into Eugene's merry eyes there came a look of pain. "No, I think it would be better for me not to see her again," he said.

"But why not?" she asked.

"To be quite frank with you, because if I see her again I fear I shall postpone my leaving again," responded Eugene, with a forced smile. "I think I had better go for good, and get over it."

"And where do you intend to go?" asked Helmont.

"I have condemned myself to exile in Paris," replied Eugene gravely. "To strict confinement within the limits of the exterior boulevard. There I shall eventually come to believe that the sun rises at Père la Chaise, and sets in the Bois de Boulogne, as all good Parisians do. Every day, I shall at the absinthe hour, through opalescent glasses, take incorrect azimuths of the heavenly bodies declining toward the horizon. Then when I shall have forgotten my astronomy I shall perhaps in time forget my headache too."

"It is not well to mock at yourself, Eugene," said Mrs. Helmont gravely.

"It is much better than to have others mock at me. But there—forgive me—I am only pretending to be cynical to keep from giving way, for I leave you both with a heavy heart. Good-bye, dear friends. May you always be happy in this your Eden here—happy for the rest of your lives in your *egoisme à deux*."

Mrs. Helmont looked at him with brimming eyes. "I wish you could be as happy as we are, you poor dear boy," she exclaimed. And then she impulsively threw her arms around him, and gave him a good, honest, affectionate kiss.

And the bridegroom? Well, that jovial person did not seem at all disturbed at this daring act of his bride, but hugged Eugene himself, although he did not kiss him. And with earnest God-speeds from his two faithful friends, Eugene Yarrow passed out of their lives.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Helmont plaintively, pressing a bit of mopsy lace to her eyes, as she looked after Eugene's disappearing form. "Everything in this world seems to go wrong! Why, oh, why doesn't Diana marry him?"

"Because, my dear," replied her husband, with that logical yet disagreeable air so irritating to wives, "because she is going to marry Arthur, and she can not marry them both."

"Do you really think she will marry Arthur?" she queried, dolefully. "He is such a prig!"

"But prigs must win brides, and become fathers of long lines of other prigs, or else what would become of the world's most cherished institutions?" retorted Helmont. "But seriously, my dear, you are scarcely just to Arthur. He is a high-minded and honorable young gentleman, and will make Diana an excellent husband."

"High-minded iceberg!" commented his wife. "He always affects me like a refrigerator. Why, here they come, now. It does me good to see you, you two wandering children! Where in the world have you been, Diana? Mr. Alden, your friend Eugene Yarrow has just left here. He called to say good-bye."

Diana was silent, and after a pause Arthur replied rather constrainedly:

"Indeed? I am sorry we did not see him. We have just returned from a long ride. Where is he going?"

"To Europe, he says, and adds that he intends never to return," replied Mrs. Helmont, a trifle crisply, addressing Arthur while looking at Diana. But if she expected to see any trace of emotion on Diana's face she was disappointed.

"Come, my dear," interrupted Helmont, "the majordomo is waiting for us with his daily budget of household accounts. You know how it fascinates you—come."

When they had gone there was a silence between Diana and Arthur for some minutes. At last he spoke:

"Eugene Yarrow has been a good friend to me, and I wish I could sincerely say that I am sorry he is going. But it would not be true."

"Why would it not be true?" Diana flashed at him.

"Because his going gives me hope, Diana."

She looked away from him. "I don't see what Mr. Yarrow's coming or going has to do with your career in life. And I don't see why you should be so overjoyed at his departure."

"I am not overjoyed, but frankly, Diana, I am not

sorry. And it is not my career, but my whole life's happiness which is at stake now. For I have often thought that the reason you rejected my suit was because you loved Eugene."

"Poor fellow! He is gone—why discuss him? He never did you any harm."

"Harm! God bless him—no! He is the dearest fellow in the world, and I could even have forgiven him if he had won the dearest girl in the world, although it would have been hard for me, and I would have been forced to take my sore heart away, where I could not see his and her happiness. But now *he* has gone, Diana, and gone for good. Does it mean that I was mistaken, and that you do not love him?"

"No," faltered Diana, "I always liked him, but I never loved him."

"Then it was not because of Eugene that you persisted in rejecting me? I did not dare to ask whether you loved another lest you should reply 'yes,' and then I would have been sure it was Eugene. I ask it now—tell me, frankly, honestly, Diana—do you love any other man? For if you do I promise you that I will cease to trouble you and take my solemn face away."

Diana buried her face in a big red rose she was carrying, and did not reply at once. At last from the depths of the petals there came a faint "No."

Arthur's face alternately flushed and paled: "You do not love poor Eugene! And you do not love any other man! Ah, Diana! How I wish you could love me! Yet every time I have asked you to be my wife you have refused me so coldly that I had no need to be told you did not love me!"

Diana suddenly took her face out of the rose, and looked at him with dangerously sparkling eyes. "Do you remember *how* you asked me?" she said. "Even if I did love you, I would never be your wife, when you asked me so."

Arthur gazed at her in stupefaction. "Asked you *how*?" he cried; "I asked you because I loved you. What can you mean, Diana?"

"I mean this—that when you asked me—well, the first time, it was just after we were cut off from the Hacienda by the sudden rise of the river. You showed plainly that you thought it was your duty to offer marriage to a young woman whom you had innocently compromised."

"Why, Diana!" began Arthur aghast. "You are entirely—"

"And next," went on Diana remorselessly, "it was your *duty* again—it was when my guardian married that dreadful woman, and I was left without a home—for of course Mrs. Helmont's cordial offer to have me live with her for the rest of my life could not be considered."

"But let me explain, Diana," began Alden.

"The next time was after the Vigilante episode at Gold Gulch," Diana went on in icy tones. "You said that I had saved your life, and you seemed to think that you ought to offer to marry me out of gratitude."

Arthur gazed at her hopelessly for some moments. "You do me wrong, Diana, indeed you do," he said. Then he added doggedly: "You do not know how much I love you—you can not know how many reasons I have for wanting you to marry me, Diana. But those you give are none of them the right ones. Some of the right ones are that I love you with all my heart and soul; that I can not be happy without you; that I want you for my dear wife, my chum, my confidant, my comrade; that I never dreamed there could be a woman whom I wanted for a life companion until I met you; that if you will not walk with me, I look forward to my pathway through life as an inexplicably dreary one. Oh, Diana! I want you so much! And I love you so! Why can not you love me?"

Again Diana was silent. Never had he seen her in so variable a mood. Only a few moments ago she had the severe demeanor of an accuser; now she had the penitent mien of one who had unjustly given pain.

He leaned over and strove to meet her glance, but she averted her eyes.

"Tell me, Diana," he pleaded, "do you not think you might come to love me—some day—just a little?"

Still she was obstinately silent. Out of the lunacy with which lovers are afflicted, there flashed from Arthur's brain an idea which seemed to him simple yet luminous. "At least," he said to himself, "if I may not have her, no one else shall." And so he essayed his forlorn hope.

"Diana," said he, impressively, "you do not love me, and yet you love no other man. Now, since you will not marry me, will you promise me that you will never marry any one else?"

Diana did not look up, but she murmured in a faint voice: "Yes, I will promise that, Arthur, for I never intend to marry."

"Thank you for that at least, Diana," said Arthur, earnestly, "it is something in my misery at least to have the assurance that you will marry no other man."

"Yes, Arthur," said Diana, with equal simplicity and earnestness, "I can promise you that."

"Then at least, even if you do not become my wife, you will be no other man's?" said Arthur, somewhat pensively, for it was a negative sort of comfort after all.

"I promise," said Diana gravely.

"And I shall always belong to you, for I shall love you all my life, even if you do not love me!" exclaimed Arthur.

He seized her hand. He was conscious that he was slipping back from the calm and platonic heights on which but now he had seemed so firmly fixed. But the sensation was pleasant, and he did not stop. He waited, but she did not take away her hand. Her strong white



hand—how often he had admired it—how often he had yearned to take it in his, to caress it, to cover it with kisses! And now he knew it was never to be his. She did not love him.

He sighed and took the other hand. He waited, but she did not take it away. He put the two firm little hands together, patted them caressingly, and then cradled them between his larger, stronger ones. They yielded pliantly to his hold. For his life he could not help it—he grasped them between his own with such a clutch that he could feel the pulses throbbing and thrilling in her hands from wrists to finger-tips.

How strange, he thought, that her strong hands should suddenly become so supple when her heart was bounding so that—

"Diana!" he exclaimed, severely, with a sudden suspicion.

The little hands so tightly held in his started, and fluttered faint-heartedly.

"Diana, you never said you did *not* love me!"

The hands locked between his own made a weak effort as if to free themselves, and then grew still again.

"If you do not love me, I implore you to tell me so—then I will go away." He paused. "Shall I stay?" The imprisoned hands were still. "Or shall I go?" Again the little fingers fluttered, as if to stay him.

"Diana, I verily believe you love me," he cried.

Still there came no word from her. He strove to look into her eyes, but she turned away her revealing face. He took her in his arms—she did not resist. With a surge of joy he pressed his lips to hers, and felt, wildly beating against his bosom, the little tell-tale heart that had betrayed her.

For a time they both were silent—one of those long, eloquent silences of lovers. And then he thought he heard the silence broken by a sob. A new mood had come upon her. He found that she was weeping.

He became alarmed—he was not the first man to be dismayed at the enigmatic demeanor of a woman when first her lover takes her to his heart. For a woman is a subtle, a complex instrument, and when her heart-strings first are swept, sometimes delicate harmonies resound, and sometimes jangling discords.

"Why are you crying, sweetheart?" he asked her tenderly.

Still she wept silently on his breast, but at last she looked up.

"Oh, Arthur, I have been so lonely—so unhappy!" she murmured. "A few years ago this seemed to me a bright and happy world. I thought there was so much of good in it, and so little of evil. But now, Arthur, I have come to fear that it is a world of hatred, of selfishness, of greed; a world of black passions, of revenge, of bloodshed." She shuddered and was silent. "Come, my darling, do not think of such dreadful things—they are past. Let us think of our happiness to come!"

"Yes," she said eagerly, "let us think of the future. The past is dead—thank God!" She shuddered again.

"Besides, dearest, remember that these happenings were no work of ours—we were only blind instruments of Fate."

She looked up through her tears. "Yes, Arthur, but that has terrified me too. A few years ago I was arrogant, self-poised. I believed my destiny was in my own hands. I thought I could shape my life. I was sure my feet were firmly planted where I chose to stand. But oh, Arthur, I have found myself blown about like a feather before the wind. I have found the solid ground crumbling from under me. It has seemed to me as if I were the sport of destiny. And at last I found myself alone—all, all alone. The whirlwind of evil passions around me first startled, then terrified me. I knew not what to do, nor where to turn."

"And did you not think of me?" he asked reproachfully.

"Yes, Arthur, but it seemed as if the bad passions around us had embittered me. When you—when you—when you *asked* me, you know, I tried to crush my feelings for you—I yielded to a rush of wounded pride—I thought you pitied me—I looked at you with cold, hard eyes—I thought of you with bitter thoughts. Oh, dearest, I tried to think you were unworthy. I tried so hard to believe I did not love you."

"But you could not believe that, could you, sweetheart?"

Again she hid her face and was silent for a time.

"No, Arthur," she said at last. "No—I could not make myself believe that, although I tried—oh, I tried so hard! And oh, I was so lonely—so wretched! Were you lonely, Arthur?"

"Very lonely, dearest—very wretched, and very, very lonely."

"Isn't it different now! I feel as if I had just come into a quiet harbor after sailing over black and stormy seas."

She looked up at him through her tear-wet eyes, and he kissed her again tenderly.

"The storms are over at last, dearest."

She looked up trustfully into his eyes, and nestled her head against his shoulder with a little sigh of content.

"Do you really think so, Arthur? But I must believe it—the skies can not always be so black, the world so wicked!"

"Indeed, no. Somewhere on the ocean there is always a storm, but over most of it the sky is blue. We have left the storms behind, dearest, and now, please God, we shall begin our voyage together under sunny skies."

THE END.

## SCOTTISH SENSE AND WIT.

Dean Ramsay's Famous Collection of Anecdotes Illustrating National Traits.

It was in 1872, just before he died, that Edward Bannerman Burnett Ramsay, dean of the diocese of Edinburgh, antiquarian and author, wrote the preface for the twenty-second edition of his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," first published in 1857. His book deserves its continuing popularity. There is no other so full of quaint suggestion, wit, and characteristic anecdote. He had gathered from all sources, preferably from records and recollections of the past, and nothing of illuminative value in the form of reminiscence was too slight for his notice. Love of his country and his countrymen incited him to this pleasant work, and the result, even in his lifetime, was gratifying. In the volume of nearly four hundred pages he gives as many stories, in a sort of classification, though his method is not strict. There is a chapter devoted to ministerial wits and the odd experiences they have set down, one on Scottish conviviality, another devoted to the traits of domestic servants, and one on the humor and satire of lawyers and judges. Scotch proverbs and expressions have a section, and the conclusion is a gathering of stray quips and illustrations that would not fit so well with what had been catalogued.

Not only with smile-provoking incidents and dialogue, but with all that preserves the real Caledonian flavor, was the reverend author interested. Old customs and manners, now passed or passing, were objects of his concern and always with good effect. As a specimen:

We have given an account of the pains taken by Lord Gardenstone to extend and improve his rising village of Laurencekirk; among other devices he had brought down, as settlers, a variety of artificers and workmen from England. With these he had introduced a hatter from Newcastle; but on taking him to church the next day after his arrival, the poor man saw that he might decamp without loss of time, as he could not expect much success in his calling at Laurencekirk; in fact, he found Lord Gardenstone's and his own the only hats in the kirk—the men all wore the flat Lowland bonnet. But how quickly things change! My excellent friend, Mr. Gibbon of Johnstone, Lord Gardenstone's own place, which is near Laurencekirk, tells me that at the present time one solitary Lowland bonnet lingers in the parish.

The Scotsman abroad occasionally contributed to the dean's knapsack:

A Scotsman had come to London on his way to India, and for a few days had time to amuse himself by sight-seeing before his departure. He had been much struck with the appearance of the mounted sentinels at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, and bore them in remembrance during his Eastern sojourn. On his return, after a period of thirty years, on passing the Horse Guards he looked up to one and seeing him, as he thought, unchanged as to horse, position, and accoutrements, he exclaimed, "Od, freend, ye hae had a lang spell on't sin' I left."

This story has been told often, but is here attached to a real person:

Dr. Macleod was on a Highland loch when a storm came on which threatened serious consequences. The doctor, a large, powerful man, was accompanied by a clerical friend of diminutive size and small appearance, who began to speak seriously to the boatmen of their danger, and proposed that all present should join in prayer. "Na, na," said the chief boatman; "let the little ane gang to pray, but first the big ane maun tak an oar." Illustrative of the same spirit was a reply of a Scotsman of the genuine old school, "Boatie" of Decside, of whom I have more to say, to a relative of mine. He had been nearly lost in a squall, and saved after great exertion, and was told by my aunt that he should be grateful to Providence for his safety. The man, not meaning to be at all ungrateful, but viewing his preservation in the purely hard matter-of-fact light, quietly answered, "Weel, weel, Mrs. Russell; Providence here or Providence there, an I hadna worked sair mysel I had been drowned."

Caution has ever been a distinguishing mark of the race, and many anecdotes are given to illustrate its general application in the affairs of life:

Certainly this cautious spirit thus pervaded the opinions of the Scottish architect who was called upon to erect a building in England upon the long-lease system, so common with Anglican proprietors, but quite new to our friend. When he found the proposal was to build upon the tenure of 999 years, he quietly suggested, "Culd ye no mak it a thousand? 999 years 'll be slippin' awa'." But of all the cautious and careful answers we ever heard of was one given by a carpenter to an old lady in Glasgow, for whom he was working, and the anecdote is well authenticated. She had offered him a dram and asked him whether he would have it then or wait till his work was done. "Indeed, mem," he said, "there's been sic a power o' sudden deaths lately that I'll just tak it now."

The independence that comes from proper consideration of domestic economy could not be more strikingly pictured:

A minister had been preaching against covetousness and the love of money, and had frequently repeated how "love of money was the root of all evil." Two old bodies walking home from church, one said, "An' I wasna the minister strang upo' the money?" "Nae doot," said the other, rather hesitatingly; and added, "Ay, but it's grand to hae the wee bit siller in your hand when ye gang an errand."

There is a Hibernian touch in this little adventure:

A Scottish piper was passing through a deep forest. In the evening he sat down to take his supper. He had hardly begun when a number of hungry wolves, prowling about for food, collected round him. In self-defense the poor man began to throw pieces of his victuals to them, which they greedily devoured. When he had disposed of all, in a fit of despair he took his pipes and began to play. The unusual sound terrified the wolves, which one and all took to their heels and scampered off in every direction, on observing which Sandy quietly remarked, "Od, an' I'd kenned ye liked the pipes sae weel, I'd gien ye a spring afore supper."

How a soft answer stirred up wrath is related in a bit of morality that betrays sympathy with the erring:

An elder of the kirk having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form, not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where children go who play marbles on Sabbath-day?" "Ay,"

said the boy: "they gang down' to the field by the water below the brig." "No," roared out the elder, "they go to hell, and are burned." The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister, "Come awa', Jeanie, here's a man swearing awfully."

Theology was a family predisposition in the older days, but the younger men had no monopoly of keen logic and skillful answer:

The late Rev. John Skinner, author of "Annals of Scottish Episcopacy," was his grandson. He was first appointed to a charge in Montrose, whence he was removed to Banff, and ultimately to Forfar. After he had left Montrose it reached his ears that an ill-natured insinuation was circulating there that he had been induced to leave this town by the temptation of a better income and of fat pork, which, it would appear, was plentiful in the locality of his new incumbency. Indignant at such an aspersion, he wrote a letter, directed to his maligners, vindicating himself sharply from it, which he showed to his grandfather, John Skinner of Langside, for his approval. The old gentleman objected to it as too lengthy, and proposed the following pithy substitute:

Had Skinner been of carnal mind,  
As strangely ye suppose,  
Or had he even been fond of swine,  
He'd ne'er have left Montrose.

This plea for the old Scotch songs includes a scrap of musical history:

It must, I think, be admitted that singing of Scottish songs, in the perfection of their style—at once pathetic, graceful, and characteristic—is not so often met with as to remove all apprehension that ere long they may become matters only of reminiscence. Many accomplished musicians often neglect entirely the cultivation of their native melodies, under the idea of their being inconsistent with the elegance and science of high-class music. They commit a mistake. When judiciously and tastefully performed, it is a charming style of music, and will always give pleasure to the intelligent hearer. I have heard two young friends, who have attained great skill in scientific and elaborate compositions, execute the simple song of "Low Down in the Broom" with an effect I shall not easily forget. Who that has heard the Countess of Essex, when Miss Stephens, sing "Auld Robin Gray," can ever lose the impression of her heart-touching notes? In the case of "Auld Robin Gray," the song composed by Lady Anne Lindsay, although very beautiful in itself, has been, I think, a good deal indebted to the air for its great and continued popularity. The history of that tender and appropriate melody is somewhat curious, and not generally known. The author was not a Scotchman. It was composed by the Rev. Mr. Leves, rector of Wrington in Somersetshire, either early in this century or just at the close of the last. Mr. Leves was fond of music, and composed several songs, but none ever gained any notice except his "Auld Robin Gray," the popularity of which has been marvelous. I knew the family when I lived in Somersetshire, and had met them in Bath. Mr. Leves composed the air for his daughter, Miss Bessy Leves, who was a pretty girl and a pretty singer.

The display of a cheerful countenance even was considered Sabbath-breaking, especially when connected with a light-hearted and melodious exhalation of the breath:

This will illustrate the contrast between the severity of judgment passed upon treating the Sabbath with levity and the lighter censure attached to indulgence in whisky. Mr. Macnee begins: "Donald, what brought you here?" "Ou, weel, sir, it was a baad place yon; they were bad folk—but they're a God-fearin' sort o' folk here!" "Weel, Donald," said Mr. M., "I'm glad to hear it." "Ou, ay, sir, 'deed are they; an' I'll gie ye an instance o't. Last Sabbath, just as the kirk was skailin', there was a drover chield fra' Dumfries comin' along the road whustlin', an' lookin' as happy as if it was a middle o' ta week; weel, sir, oor laads is a God-fearin' set o' laads, an' they were just comin' oot o' the kirk—od they yokit upon him, an' a'most killed him!" Mr. M., to whom their zeal seemed scarcely sufficiently well directed to merit his approbation, then asked Donald whether it had been drunkenness that induced the depravity of his former neighbors. "Weel, weel, sir," said Donald, with some hesitation, "may be; I'll no say but it micht." "Depend upon it," said Mr. M., "it's a bad thing, whisky." "Weel, weel, sir," replied Donald, "I'll no say but it may;" adding in a very decided tone—"specialie baad whisky!"

Country clergymen were allowed to go to the theatre in the early days, though it must be said that the temptation was a strong one:

One question connected with religious feeling, and the manifestation of religious feeling, has become a more settled point among us, since fifty years have expired. I mean the question of attendance by clergymen on theatrical representations. Dr. Carlyle had been prosecuted before the General Assembly in 1757 for being present at the performance of the tragedy of "Douglas," written by his friend John Home. He was acquitted, however, and writes thus on the subject in his "Memoirs": "Although the clergy in Edinburgh and its neighborhood had abstained from the theatre because it gave offense, yet the more remote clergymen, when occasionally in town, had almost universally attended the playhouse. It is remarkable that in the year 1784, when the great actress, Mrs. Siddons, first appeared in Edinburgh, during the sitting of the General Assembly, that court was obliged to fix all its important business for the alternate days when she did not act, as all the younger members, clerics as well as laity, took their stations in the theatre on those days by three in the afternoon."

Of the many stories about undue familiarity with intoxicants and reminiscences of well-known "five-bottle" men, this is given for its naïve reflection on business and social activities:

We can not imagine a better illustration of the general habits that prevailed in Scottish society in regard to drinking about the time we speak of than one which occurs in the recently published "Memoirs of a Banking-House," that of the late Sir William Forbes, Bart., of Pitsligo. The book comprises much that is interesting to the family, and to Scotchmen. It contains a pregnant hint as to the manners of polite society and business habits in those days. Of John Coutts, one of four brothers connected with the house, Sir William records how he was "more correct in his conduct than the others; so much so, that Sir William never but once saw him in the counting-house disguised with liquor and incapable of transacting business."

As has been said, there are hundreds of such anecdotes, and all are introduced and commented upon with serious good nature. The present edition is an especially handsome one, containing sixteen beautiful reproductions in colors of water-color drawings by H. W. Kerr. The paintings are thoroughly Scottish in subject, many of them serious character-portrait studies, and all excellent.

"Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," by Dean Ramsay. Published by A. C. McCI & Co., Chicago, and T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh; \$2.50.



## A QUEER TRANSACTION.

The Odd Bargain Driven by a Drummer in Mexico.

"Yes," said the drummer, dreamily, "I will take another beer," and as he said this he drummed upon the table and gazed out into the smoke-filled room with far-away eyes. "It was a curious story," said he. "The way I happened to be in Mexico was this: I was traveling for the house of Guggenheimer & Co., who were interested in California wines. Guggenheimer has gone under, I am sorry to say. He was forced to suspend payment when there came that crash in 1893. Well, Guggenheimer wanted to start a branch establishment in Nogales, right across the Arizona line. Our firm had told me to purchase a cheap building for an office anywhere in the town. I was young then, hadn't been traveling long, and my inexperience was enormous. There were a great many things I didn't know. When I arrived in the town, I was struck by the shabby shanties of which it was composed. A good wind looked as if it would blow the whole town down. However, as I was walking around the place, I saw near the harracks a little shanty with a roughly scrawled sign on it in Spanish which meant: 'This building to let or for sale.' The architecture of this edifice was extremely simple. In fact, it was nothing but four walls and a roof. I said to myself: 'This will do well enough for our temporary office,' and, approaching the building, I noticed that it had a barred window, behind which I saw a Head. The Head saw me as soon as I saw the Head, and it smiled a frank and kindly smile. Then the Head opened its mouth and cried: 'How are you? Better off than I am, I'll swear.'

"I was struck with the frank smile of the Head, and particularly as it afforded me an opportunity to talk business.

"As for that," said I, "it rests entirely with you to change our places."

"The Head looked at me without replying. 'I have just noticed,' said I, 'that this building is to let or for sale.'

"The Head burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well, sir," said I, somewhat nettled, "I don't see anything to laugh at. If this building suits me, I would like to buy it."

"You would like to buy it?"

"Yes. Is it possible for me to inspect it?"

"Oh, nothing is easier. All you have to do is to push back the bolt and come in."

"It seemed singular, but the door was fastened by a bolt on the outside. I pushed back the bolt and entered. Another thing struck me strangely—the building was remarkable for a complete absence of furniture, but inasmuch as all I intended to do with it was to use it for storing wine, of course I didn't need any furniture.

"The Head noticed my astonishment, and said again, with its open smile: 'The furniture is being upholstered.'

"Ah," I replied, "and let me ask whether you are willing to sell, and if so whether your price is high?"

"Oh, I think not. I would be willing to sell at a reasonable figure."

"Suppose I were to give you a hundred dollars, would you take it?"

"The Head again laughed. 'I should smile I would.' [*Creo que so!*]

"The deuce!" said I to myself, "perhaps there is something wrong with this building," and then aloud I added, "Will you guarantee that the building is solidly constructed?"

"Solid? My dear sir, if you had spent as much time in it as I have, you would never dream of trying to break out—I mean, to break it down."

"Very well, then, I will give you a hundred dollars for it."

"The Head regarded me with the same open smile.

"Are you in earnest?" said he.

"It was evident that he doubted my financial responsibility. So I took out my purse, and from it extracted five twenty-dollar pieces. 'There is your hundred dollars,' said I.

"He extended his hand, took the gold pieces, looked at me, and as he apparently hesitated, I said to him:

"I wish to enter into possession soon, so you must sign the usual documents."

"Very well," he said, "I'm sorry I can not offer you any refreshments, but my servant has just gone out and taken the keys of the cellar with her."

"I thanked him, assuring him that I was much obliged, but that I was not in the habit of drinking between meals. I took out of my pocket-hook a sheet of paper, and drew up a contract of sale, and when he had signed it, I made him farewell.

"A few days afterwards I appeared before my newly purchased building, with two big trucks filled with casks of wine. But what was my astonishment when I found eight men in my house. I ordered them to go away. But as they stared at me without replying, I informed them that I had bought the building some days before from a man who was in the house and to whom I had paid a hundred dollars.

"At those words the eight inmates laughed and laughed. At first I believed they were joking, at my foreign accent; but, as they would not leave my building, I at once went

and complained to a police officer, to whom I related my story.

"He looked at me scrutinizingly while I was talking, and by his looks I could have sworn that the man was laughing internally. When I had finished, he told me to wait for him, and he entered the barracks near my building. I thought he had gone for reinforcements, but he returned alone after some minutes.

"Sir," said he, "I'm sorry, but you have lost your hundred dollars. The man whom you negotiated with was one of this regiment, and had been placed under arrest for five days. When his time was up and he was released, he seemed to be unusually flush with money. No one knew how, and after treating his companions, he suddenly fled. He is now a deserter."

"But," said I, "what is this building which I bought—or, rather, which I thought I bought?"

"Oh, señor," said he, shrugging his shoulders, "ha comprado usted el cárcel. It is the calaboose—what you call—military prison."

"Great heavens! My friend, the deserter, before he had skipped, had sold me the jail!"

H.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Lovers.

They sit within a woodland place,  
Trellised with rustling light and shade;  
So like a spirit's is her face  
That he is half afraid  
To speak—lest she should fade.

Mysterious, beneath the boughs,  
Like two enchanted shapes, they are,  
Whom Love hath builded them a house  
Of little leaf and star,  
And the brown evening-jar.

So lovely and so strange a thing  
Each is to each to look upon,  
They dare not hearken a bird sing,  
Or from the other one  
Take eyes—lest they be gone.

So still—the watching woodland peers  
And pecks about them, butterflies  
Light on her hand—a flower; eve hears  
Two questions, two replies—  
O love that never dies!

—Richard Le Gallienne, in *Harper's Magazine*.

## Shakespeare's New Home.

Shakespeare's new home is this; here, on this stage,

Here shall he reign as first in London town;  
Here shall the passion of that high Renown,  
Embodied newly, know its ancient rage.  
Here shall the trembling heart of man regain  
Its heritage of laughter and quick tears,  
And find fresh courage to compel its fears,  
And learn in larger life a balm for pain.  
Nor shall the master's spirit quench the blaze  
Of spirits new that may new beauty wake,  
But fan these to bright flame that from new days  
New music, modes and majesties shall take.  
And if a New World Shakespeare loom erewhile  
How swift, from that great shade, the welcoming smile.  
—Richard Watson Gilder.

## Old Man Frost.

Old Man Frost is come again  
To flick and peck at the window-pane!  
When you hear a sound like a blade of wheat  
Snapped on the ground beneath your feet,  
Look up—and the hoary beard of grass  
That presses close to the wintry glass,  
That is a sign upon the pane  
That Old Man Frost is back again,  
With all the fancies you had lost—  
The rose of spring and the summer rain,  
The joy they brought and the pain they cost—  
Old Man Frost!

Old Man Frost, he hangs a mist  
As cold as the gold and amethyst;  
He hangs the mist of a hope forlorn  
On the golden moon and the purple thorn;  
But I never saw in his frozen mane  
A picture wrought of terror or pain—  
Only the stars, and castle towers,  
And fairy gardens of trees and flowers;  
And so your dream of love that is crossed  
With a dread that it may not bloom again,  
Is only a fancy, like the frost  
On the winter window-pane!  
—Aloysius Coll, in *Outing*.

## On Como.

A rainless darkness drew o'er the lake,  
As we lay in our boat with oars unshipped.  
It seemed neither cloud nor water awake;  
And forth of the low black curtain slipped  
Thunderless lightning. Scold no more  
At angels imagined in downward flight  
For the daughters of earth, as faded of yore:  
Here was beauty might well invite  
Dark heavens to gleam with the fire of a sun  
Resurgent; here the exchanged embrace,  
Worthy of heaven and earth made one.

And, witness it, ye of the privileged space,  
Said the flash; and the mountains, as from an abyss,

For quivering seconds leaped up to attest  
That given, received, renewed was the kiss;  
The lips to lips and the breast to breast;  
All in a glory of ecstasy, swift  
As an eagle at prey, and pure as the prayer  
Of an infant hidden joined hands uplift  
To be guarded through darkness by spirits of air,  
Ere setting the sails of sleep till day.

Slowly the low cloud swung, and far  
It panted along its mirrored way.  
Above loose threads one sanctioning star  
The wonder of what had been witnessed sealed.  
And with me still, as in crystal glassed,  
Are the depths alight, the heavens revealed,  
Where on to the Alps the Muteness passed.  
—George Meredith, in *Scribner's Monthly*.

## STATEMENT

Of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

## The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

A Corporation, and where said Assets are Situated, dated December 31, 1908.

## ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States (\$5,885,000.00), of the District of Columbia, guaranteed by the United States Government (\$475,000.00), of the State of California (\$250,000.00), and Municipalities thereof (\$1,598,800.00), the actual value of which is.....\$10,226,503.87

2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks..... 1,643,665.00

3—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is..... 6,322,960.00

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$475,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$108,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" (\$249,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$29,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$1,130,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company first Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$753,000.00), "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$185,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$5,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,500,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$484,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 33,894,892.12

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 227,529.00

The condition of the said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$172,202.41), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$27,383.29), Alameda (\$23,063.52), and San Mateo (\$2,251.57), in this State, the actual value of which is..... 224,900.79

(b) The land and building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is..... 958,108.05

The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Contingent Fund—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes.....\$148,014.68

Interest accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds..... 102,877.84

Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year, 1908-1909, chargeable to next year..... 45,054.81

295,947.33

Total Assets.....\$53,794,506.16

## LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....\$50,137,447.14

2—Accrued Interest—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes.....\$148,014.68

Interest accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds..... 102,877.84

250,892.52

3—Taxes—Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year, 1908-1909, chargeable to next year..... 45,054.81

4—Reserve Fund, Actual Value..... 3,361,111.69

Total Liabilities.....\$53,794,506.16

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

State of California, } ss.  
City and County of San Francisco, }

JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.  
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of January, 1909.

CHARLES T. STANLEY,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The centenary of Poe, which falls on January 19, will see us better equipped than ever before with facts in the life of the most interesting and the most pathetic figure in American literature. In the *Century Magazine* for January we have a revelation of Poe's relation with Mrs. Whitman, whom he earnestly desired to make his wife. He would, indeed, have done so but for Mrs. Whitman's realization of the misery to both of them that must result from such a union. By her marriage with Poe she would have been deprived of her own fortune, while the poet himself was wholly without means, and with no other prospect than the disaster that "followed fast and followed faster." Mrs. Whitman was six years older than Poe, and she lived for thirty years after his death, but without any fading of the sentiment that attracted her to America's greatest poet. Time will show if Poe has yet been fully rehabilitated in the eyes of his countrymen, but it is surely time that a pharisaical censoriousness should be hurried in the grave of disgraceful things.

*Race Questions, Provincialism, and Other American Problems*, by Josiah Royce. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

In these five striking essays Professor Royce endeavors to apply to some American problems the doctrine of life summarized in "The Philosophy of Loyalty." He means, of course, that highest form of patriotism, a loyalty to ideals, as distinguished from the unreflecting sentiments that have no more than a geographical significance.

His essays on "Race Questions and Prejudices" is perhaps the most suggestive and certainly the most useful at a time when national frontiers are losing some of their efficacy. He asks us to question the meaning of race differences and to challenge the assertions of inferiority and superiority which are among the irritations of racial contact. Laying prejudice upon one side, what gauge are we to adopt and how can we best avoid the folly first of giving high-sounding names to our antipathies and then worshipping those antipathies because they have high-sounding names? If the author does not entirely answer his own questions, he does at least sound a word of warning against a peculiarly dangerous trend of national prejudice.

Hardly less striking is the essay on "The Limitations of the Public." Defending Americans against a charge of lack of idealism, the author shows some of the many ways in which American life is saturated with ideals, the enthusiasm for education, the eagerness of the search for new thought, the readiness with which formulas are applied to the vast and complex problems of life. An over-indulgence in idealism is, in fact, becoming an enemy to effectiveness. There is an exaggeration of the tendency to trust in formulas, to "seek for the all-solving word." The domain of thought becomes too large and thought itself too diffuse. We are not sufficiently content to be experts within narrow bounds and to leave the rest of life to unreflective action, sitting willingly at the feet of those who are expert where we are inept, willing to be effective thinkers only within the small circle of capacity. And so we are invited to seek a unity in good effort, even as evil effort has its unity, and to "love not what is old or new, but what is eternal."

Other essays are "Provincialism," "The Pacific Coast," and "Some Relations of Physical Training to the Present Problems of Moral Education in America."

*Naval Administration and Warfare*, by Captain A. T. Mahan. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

These essays have been published separately during the last few years, but now that we have them in volume form it is easy to see the thread of continuing purpose that unites them. Captain Mahan's object is to bring the nation into more intelligent comprehension of the defensive forces of the country and into better recognition of the tasks that those forces have to perform. He shows us the place that America must occupy in the world, not so much through her own actions as through the great developments that are in progress around her, and he invites us to consider the part that the navy must play in the great balancing movements that make for the preservation of peace. The nation ought to take an interest in the navy that is not wholly an interest of sentiment. It ought to be able to follow intelligently the main ideas of national self-defense.

Captain Mahan's volume contains ten chapters. "The Principles of Naval Administration" and "The United States Navy Department" are thoughtful treatises that seem to be almost more pertinent now than at the time when they were written, some five years ago. The chapters on the Japanese war and on the recent Pacific cruise derive a peculiar interest from their lucid and unconventional style. "The Strength of Nelson" is a novel and striking appreciation of the great admiral, while other chapters on the United States

Naval War College and on the Monroe Doctrine are well executed pieces of constructive criticism. The author addresses himself not to the expert, but to the average intelligence of the country, and his hook can hardly fail to rationalize the popular interest in the navy and in the task that it has to perform.

*Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation*, edited by William T. Davis. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This important publication concerning the years 1606-1646 follows the text of the edition published by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1898. It is the most complete and the most authentic of the records of that day. It was begun by Governor Bradford about the year 1630 and coming down to 1648 it has a value impossible to exaggerate. The manuscript of the history remained in the Fulham Library until 1897, when the then governor of Massachusetts, through the mediation of Mr. Bayard, American ambassador to England, secured the delivery of the manuscript to the State of Massachusetts. It had, however, been already copied in 1855 and it was published by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1856. The manuscript is now in the State Library and easy of access by visitors. The present publication is admirably printed, the footnotes are brief and to the point, while the map and facsimile reproductions are of great interest. It is a matter for congratulation that a document of such importance should now be so readily available to the student of early days in New England.

*Fighting the Turk in the Balkans*, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.75.

The author is a young American who seems to have joined the Macedonian guerrillas for the mere fun of the thing. The recital of his adventures is one of the most valuable side lights upon the Eastern struggle that we have yet seen and more instructive in essentials than any number of consular reports or chronological records of events. He shows us the basis of action in the sentiments and passions of the people who have carried fire and sword against the Turk, and he helps us to realize to how small an extent these racial hatreds can be stilled by the cold-blooded calculations of statesmen who disregard the force of racial antipathy and the thirst for revenge.

The author has made no effort to write a political treatise, and that is why his hook has so much political value. He is simply a clear-headed and certainly a very brave young American who shared the burden and heat of the day with his wild comrades, and that he has been content to write down the things that he saw and to do it with marked literary ability gives special importance to his work. As a story of adventure his hook can hold its own, but as a contribution to an explosive European problem it is peculiarly useful and timely.

*Davie and Elisabeth*, by Muriel Campbell Dyar. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.

This is one of those delightfully simple sketches of country life that revive our trust in human nature and that belong to the really valuable literature of the day. We are captivated by Davie and Elisabeth from the first page. We fall in love with the vagrant pup that they adopt, and we feel with Elisabeth that Davie ought to have his "picture took again," although he labors under an anatomical defect that is pointed out by his faithful spouse:

"If it only wa'n't for your ears, pa."  
"What's the matter with my ears?" Davie demanded, pricking them up.  
"Ye aint gone through life," cried Elisabeth, "thout a-knowin' they air twice too hig."  
"I aint never noticed it," Davie rejoined, somewhat hurt.

We could not have forgiven the author had she failed to return Elisabeth to her home after the surgical operation in the neighboring city and after those pathetic letters to the old man, "Don't git lonesome for me. I aint missin' you a mite."

*Friendship Village*, by Zona Gale. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

We are not likely to forget Friendship Village, and although the author tells us that neither it nor its people are known to her, save in comradeship, it will be none the less marked in red upon the mental geography of her readers. Friendship Village has its aristocrats and its plebeians. Its social ambitions are just as real as anywhere upon earth, and if there are no actually poor people its charities and benevolences are all the more rarefied by their struggle for expression. In her pictures of village life Miss Gale reminds us of Ian Maclaren and of J. M. Barrie. With the same unerring touch she picks out the human jewels of eccentricity, of humor, of self-sacrifice, of kindness, and holds them where they can flash in the sun and so he remembered. She peoples Friendship Village with very ordinary human beings, but she performs the miracle of showing us what a wonderful and exquisite thing an ordinary human being is when we are allowed to look at it unobstructed by the veils of a more arti-

ficial life. If a somewhat mad world is ever to right itself, it will be by the moral force and the sense of duty still to be found in the Friendship Villages that we like to believe are scattered all over the country.

*The Philosophy of the Federal Constitution*, by Henry C. Hughes. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.50.

The author takes the Constitution article by article, analyzes its meaning and the social philosophy underlying it, and determines, on the basis of this analysis, the full and complete theory of American government. He is to be congratulated upon a certain straightforward lucidity that makes easy and interesting reading of his work.

## New Publications.

"Judy," by Temple Bailey, is a good story for girls of from ten to sixteen years of age. The illustrations are from drawings by J. W. Kennedy. The publishers are Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Many Kingdoms," by Elisabeth Jordan, is a collection of short stories, many of them containing an element of the weird that is ingeniously and skillfully used. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"The Lay of the Land," by Dallas Lore Sharp, is a hook of nature studies in pleasant narrative form written with much sympathy and enthusiasm. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Price, \$1.25.

"Wee Winkles at the Mountains" is a hook for small children, with horses, ponies, dogs, goats, and rabbits for subsidiary characters. The author is Gabrielle E. Jackson and the publishers are Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.25.

"The Boy Forty-Niners," by Everett McNeil, is a story of the overland trail to California, with its incidents of prairie dangers and fierce Indian fighting. A fine story for boys and historically accurate. It is published by the McClure Company, New York.

"The Princess Pourquoi," by Margaret Sherwood, is a collection of five fairy stories, gracefully written and setting forth a wise philosophy in which there is something of prediction. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price, \$1.50.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

At the Van Ness Theatre next Sunday evening, January 10, "Brewster's Millions" will begin a run of eight nights and one matinee. The comedy-melodrama is a dramatization of George Barr McCutcheon's lively story, in which the hero made valiant efforts to spend a million dollars in a year. It has been seen here before, but this is in its favor. The company appearing is known as the Cohan & Harris comedians, and it still has Robert Ober in the star part, and June Mathis plays Peggy. There are many laughs in the play, and with its numerous surprises, and frank excursions into the land of the impossible, it seldom fails to prove vastly entertaining.

Upton Sinclair, who has achieved fame as a sensational novelist, has written a fantastic and poetical play with the title "Prince Hagen," and this work will be seen for the first time on any stage at the Valencia Theatre next Monday evening. As the name may suggest, Mr. Sinclair has drawn upon the Niebelungen legends for some of his characters and motives, but has placed his opening scene in a Canadian forest, where elves, gnomes, and other mythical creatures might be more easily imagined. The hero, a poet and musician, falls in love with a New York heiress in the woods, then comes under the sway of some of Wagner's people of the caverns. Later scenes show him again on earth—in New York and Newport. Prince Hagen, with supernatural and malevolent powers, continues to accompany the poet, but is finally defeated.

Robert Warwick will have the picturesque name-part, and Thomas MacLarnie will be the poet. Blanche Stoddard has an attractive rôle as the heiress. There are twenty speaking parts all told, and the full strength of the company will be displayed in the piece.

Unusual scenic possibilities will be taken advantage of without regard to cost. The management has already established a reputation for handsome mounting of plays, and will add to its triumphs next week. Another feature of special interest is the original music for the play, incidental to its varying scenes, composed and arranged by Herr Heller, the musical director.

Kolb and Dill are now in the second week of their best offering, "The Politicians," which is proving most successful in winning popular favor. It is thoroughly entertaining and wholesomely amusing. There is fun when the comedians are on the stage, of course, but it does not die out when they disappear for brief periods. George Wright, Adele Rafter, Netta Vesta, Sidney de Grey, and Percy Bronson contribute materially to the spirit and music of the piece. Miss Rafter's song is an especially taking interlude. The chorus is well drilled and handsomely costumed, and just enough in evidence. "The Politicians" is announced to continue all next week, and is more than likely to make a record run.

The Orpheum announces some notable engagements for the bill which begins Sunday afternoon. The Three Yoscarys, comedy acrobats, are famous for originality and amusing athletic feats. Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hughes, who have been styled the Mr. and Mrs. Kendall of vaudeville, will offer a little comedy entitled "Suppressing the Press." It has made a hit in the East. Rogers and Deely, "The Singer and His Valet," who were seen for one week only here a short time ago, will return for another short visit. De Biere, the illusionist, the Rooney Sisters, the Parisian dancers, Les Salvaggis, Hibbert and Warren, and Wilfred Clarke and company in "What Will Happen Next?" will conclude their stay with next week's programme.

E. H. Sothern will play "Hamlet," "Richard Lovelace," and "Lord Dunderbary" during the first week of his coming engagement at the Van Ness Theatre, beginning January 18. Massive productions for all these plays will be brought here. Lillian Russell, Richard Carle, Marie Doro, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Billie Burke, and Maude Adams are stars that will follow in quick succession.

"Sherlock Holmes," the dramatization of some of the adventures of Conan Doyle's wonder-working detective, made famous by William Gillette, will be staged on an elaborate scale at the Valencia Theatre at the conclusion of the run of "Prince Hagen."

The final performance of "Ben Hur" will be given at the Van Ness Theatre Saturday night. The Klaw and Erlanger production has been making new records in point of attendance during the past two weeks.

The Mackenzie Gordon Concerts.

The popular tenor, Mackenzie Gordon, announces three concerts under the management of Will Grebaum. Gordon has seldom been heard in complete recital programmes, and as his repertoire is as extensive as any of the touring artists, three programmes of "gems of song" may be expected. Two of these will be at Christian Science Hall, the

dates being Tuesday night, February 9, and Sunday afternoon, February 14, and the third will be in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, February 12.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

John W. Luce & Co., the Boston publishers, have arranged a dinner to be held at the American House, January 19, 1909, in honor of the Poe centenary. A number of literary men will be present, and a suitable programme is being arranged.

Frank Danby's novel, "The Heart of a Child," is now in its tenth edition in America. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Among odd things noticed in a late London paper was the sale at an auction room in England some three or four years ago of an elegant paper-knife to which was affixed a silver plate stating that it had been in daily use by Charles Dickens and was presented after his death to a Mrs. Winter by one of Dickens's relatives. It appears that Mrs. Winter was no less than the original of the Flora Finch, who is beloved by all readers of "Little Dorrit."

In discussing the "best sellers" of the year the *Bookman* says: "In the lists for 1908 there were represented a greater number of books than in any other year since we began compiling these tables. There were thirty-six titles as against thirty in 1907, thirty in 1906, twenty-nine in 1905, thirty-one in 1904, thirty-two in 1903, twenty-eight in 1901, and twenty-nine in 1900. On account of two of the books being the result of collaboration the thirty-six titles represent thirty-eight authors. Of these twenty-two are men and sixteen women, a much more even division than in 1907, when the figures were twenty-five to seven. In comparing the American popularity of English and American books we are leaving out entirely Sir Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and Mrs. Williamson. Of the remaining thirty-five, twenty-eight are American and seven English." A large number of best sellers would seem to indicate a lack of dominating books. If in the course of a year thirty-six titles appear among the monthly six leaders, it would seem to show that two months is the average period of prosperity. The shortening of this period since 1900 is a striking feature of the tables, and probably if they were carried back twenty years or so the difference would be even more conspicuous.

The Gadski Concerts.

The first of the Gadski concerts will be given Sunday afternoon, January 10, at the Van Ness Theatre, when, with the assistance of that splendid pianist and composer, Mr. Frank La Forge, the artist will give a programme of old English and French songs, modern German works by Schubert, Franz, Strauss, and La Forge, and three of the gems of Richard Wagner—"The Angel," "Slumber Song," and "Ballad of Senta," from "The Flying Dutchman."

The complete programmes may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats will be open until Saturday evening. On Sunday the box office will be open at the theatre and phone orders will receive careful attention.

The second and last concert will be given the following Sunday afternoon, January 17, when a programme of works by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Grieg, Norman Smith, J. W. Metcalf, and Frank La Forge will be given, in addition to the great "Immolation Scene" from "Die Götterdämmerung."

On Thursday night Mme. Gadski will sing a special programme for the St. Francis Musical Art Society, and this will also be her offering at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, where she gives a special matinee on Wednesday, January 20, at half-past three. Seats for the Oakland concert will be ready at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Friday afternoon.

The British Academy's celebration of the tercentenary of Milton's birth ended with a performance of "Samson Agonistes" in Burlington Gardens, London. One critic says of it: "The action is not such as to carry the spectator along with anything like excitement, nor such as to offer him scenes, groupings, changes, which will interest or delight the eye. Everything, or nearly everything, depends, in fact, upon the language, that majestic Miltonic language. And in the last issue that means, of course, that everything depends upon the elocution of the actors. In that respect the audience was, on the whole, remarkably well served. The cast was as follows: Samson, Mr. Ian Maclaren; Manoa, Mr. Charles A. Doran; Dalila, Miss Evelyn Weeden; Harapha, Mr. Lionel Bramham."

"Mr. Crewe's Career," a dramatization in three acts of Winston Churchill's novel of that name, was recently produced in New Haven. The play is the work of Miss Marion Fairfax. In the theatre were many members of the Yale faculty. The cast includes William Lewis, formerly leading man for Maude Adams; Fritz Williams, and Miss Molly Pearson.

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Loans secured by first lien on real estate wholly within the State of California.....	\$13,259,776.21
Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of approved bonds and stocks .....	911,154.91
Bonds of the municipalities and school districts of the State of California, railroad bonds and bonds and stocks of local corporations, the value of which is.....	9,183,133.00
Bank premises .....	700,000.00
Other real estate in the State of California.....	724,524.70
Furniture and fixtures.....	500.00
Cash in vault and in bank.....	1,420,408.37
Total assets.....	\$26,199,497.19

LIABILITIES

Due depositors .....	\$23,991,448.07
Capital paid up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and contingent funds.....	1,205,846.26
General tax account, balance undistributed.....	2,202.86
Total liabilities.....	\$26,199,497.19

San Francisco, December 31, 1908.

(Signed)  
(Signed)

E. B. POND, President.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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City and County of San Francisco } ss.

We do solemnly swear that we have (and each of us has) a personal knowledge of the matters contained in the foregoing report, and that every allegation, statement, matter and thing therein contained is true, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

(Signed)  
(Signed)

E. B. POND.  
LOVELL WHITE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 31st day of December, 1908.  
(Seal) (Signed) FRANK L. OWEN,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

For the half-year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909.  
Money deposited during the first ten (10) days of January will receive interest from January 1st.





### "THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

If you go to see "The College Widow" with a citizen of Berkeley he will, while chucking unctuously over the exuberant youth and joyfulness of the piece, inform you that the good old days when no man's property rights in a college town were respected are over; that college boys do not steal barber poles or signs for the celebration of their annual football bonfire, that they do not paint the sleeping citizen's fence red or his house blue, that girls and boys do not rally in a joyously entangled group on the college campus and shriek loud nothings into each other's enamored ears, and, in fact, my Berkeley friend seemed to have a well-defined suspicion that college students go to college for the purpose of obtaining an education.

But that doesn't do away with the fact that George Ade has written a very good take-off on college life and the popular conception thereof. There is not the slightest doubt in the world that quantities of young men and maids go to college to have a good time; that to them the "grind" is an object of pity and scorn; that the "prof" and his lectures are necessary but unprofitable evils; that the world, to be sure, is their oyster waiting to be opened, but as the process of opening it is attended with some necessary labor, they will postpone the evil day as long as possible and go in for a joyous time in the joyous community life of college.

These, for some reason, are the types of students who figure most in college literature; probably because they are more interesting figures on the social landscape, in that they possess that spectacular quality called "the joy of living." These types are very much to the fore in "The College Widow," which, as all the world now knows, is particularly given over to a humorous exploitation of the preponderance that football and flirtation play in college life.

The Valencia Theatre company makes a very good showing in the play. I should say that Helen Lackaye, in the fat rôle of Flora Wiggins the waitress, carries off the honors. We had it forcibly brought to mind, when we saw with what completeness Miss Lackaye availed herself of the comic possibilities of the part, that she is a member of a talented family. Heretofore I have seen her only in stereotyped sentimental rôles, and did not realize that she was versatile enough to carry so richly humorous a characterization as that of the gum-chewing waitress to so brilliant a conclusion.

Blanche Stoddard looked her best as the "widow," but her style of acting is too heavy for the successful depiction of so typically American a girl as Jane Witherspoon. With her lightness, her prettiness, her daintiness, her flirtatiousness, Jane requires a daintier and more delicate touch than Miss Stoddard is capable of giving. Dorothy Tennant, whom we first saw in the rôle, was a perfect replica of a Gibson girl, was a charmingly pretty "widow," and was an ideal flirt.

Robert Warwick made a nice, likable, soft-hearted, soft-headed, straight-backed, broad-shouldered piece of stalwart young Americanism in the rôle of Billy Bolton the "half-back," and a host of minor characters received clever treatment at the hands of other members of the company. Notably, Darrell Standing as Peter Witherspoon, Robert Homans as Hiram Bolton, Charles Dow Clark as the guileless-eyed "Bub" Hicks, freshman, Thomas McLarnie as Jack Larrabee the football coach, and Gerald Harcourt as "Stub" Tallmadge.

A bevy of town girls who were supposed to be enslaving the susceptibilities of the students was represented by some young actresses who were distressingly unprovided with voices. But in "The College Widow" the student is the thing.

The excitement attending the annual football game was well represented, and even though we had already seen the piece performed by the very best talent attainable, we feel that the company at the Valencia has given a performance reaching to a higher degree of merit than we can reasonably expect in a house in which frequent changes of bill and consequent brief study of characters prevail.

\* \* \*

The standard of the Orpheum's banner bill did not last over into this week, the programme of which, while fully up to the average, is cast into the shade by its brilliant predecessor. If, however, the bill is not a banner bill, they give one banner number.

This is virtually a monologue by Mr. Edwin Latell, an actor who, unlike Mr. Wilfred Clarke, who played the leading comedy rôle in an agilely conducted playlet, is a comedian by instinct.

Mr. Latell gave us new, fresh stuff in an original manner. He made guileless comments on the performers that preceded him on the stage, and with an honest, guileless air of imparting superior information; told us that the woman who played the wife was *not* the wife, the property whisky that was so eagerly absorbed was not whisky. He gave away generally known stage secrets with a most delightful, rustic air of conveying deep, dark subtleties of the acted drama known only to the traveled few. Everything he did was deliciously funny, the god of comedy alone knows why. Why is it that one man can look you, or, with a few, almost dryly uttered sentences, talk you into yelping, gasping, side-aching hysterics, while another man with a good comedy vehicle, a grotesque makeup, and a cheerful disposition will have to work like a cart-horse for the harvest of laughter that he must reap to show he has "made good" to his auditors?

How dear, equally dear, to the heart of the social buffoon, the mountebank, or the professional comedian, is that sound of unrestrained laughter! It is to them the bugle-call to further action. They may feign to ignore it, to overlook it, not to prize it, but they are always keenly on the lookout, whether they perform in the parlor or on the stage. The more guileless social raconteur of funny sayings loves it so dearly that he has a habit of repeating the point of his story just for the joy of hearing a second risible outburst. The dry humorist, who feigns to be abstracted and indifferent when he reaches the nub of the joke, has a far-off twinkle of satisfaction in the deepest recesses of his cavernous, Abraham-Lincoln eyes, as he listens to the joyous whoops of appreciation.

I tried vainly to analyze Mr. Latell's gift, to discover why his artless smile, his casual comments, his manipulations of freak music, were so provocative of hysteria, but again, as on many former occasions, I came to the conclusion that the gift of real humor is unanalyzable.

It is not so with the imitation variety. For instance, I consider Mr. Wilfred Clarke's humor a matter of mere mechanics. There are funny things that take place in his not unamusing playlet, entitled "What Will Happen Next?" What happens next is generally something sudden, violent, athletic, agile, or noisy. People collide, or go under tables, or behind curtains, or fall full length into or out of all sorts of unexpected places. The characters all shriek in unison, except Mr. Clarke, who has the beginning of a lisp, and cultivates a manner that is a curious mingling of social calm and cyclonic excitement that is rather amusing.

So many grotesquely unexpected things take place in his piece that one has to laugh. But I notice that it is the happenings, and not the players, that the people laugh at.

The idea of putting a piece of chain covering over a seated figure for the purpose of concealing it, and the subsequent doings of the human chair worked out well, and really formed the climax of fun in the piece. But only the primitive type of laughter goes into hysterics over humor of this kind, and I noticed that the applauders, by the quality of

their acclaim, intuitively discriminated between the Latell and the Clarke humor.

Similar to Mr. Clarke's brand of humor both in regard to acting and playing was that of Eva Taylor and her players in "Chums." Shrieks and howls rent the air. People galloped in and out of exits and entrances. Ludicrous reproach and recrimination from two mutually tangled up pairs of lovers caused all sorts of noisy misunderstandings. But of real humor there was not a scrap, and it took noise, noise, noise, to drive the fun in. When the play was over, too, I questioned whether the voices of the players would last very long after the fearful misuse to which they were subjected.

A very good turn was given by De Biere "the illusionist," who gave dextrous sleight-of-hand tricks, mysterious cabinet appearances and disappearances, and various performances of the kind with rather more than the usual skill, and with a lot of costly appliances and gold-embroidered flunkeys to dazzle our eyes and thus add to the success of the act.

De Biere ripples off a lot of French, and when, on his surprised discovery that his audience does not as one man speak that graceful tongue, he relapses into English, which he speaks with a strong foreign accent. But I have a dark suspicion that the French, and the French accent, and the numerous "Pardons!" that spangle his discourse are thrown in merely as a stage effect, and that possibly the dapper little prestidigitator speaks English as well as you or I.

#### Greenbaum's Sunday "Pops."

The first of the Sunday "Pop" concerts inaugurated by Manager Greenbaum drew the largest audience that ever attended a chamber music concert by a local organization in this city. The second concert will be "An Afternoon with Dvorak," on Sunday, January 31, and Gyula Ormay, pianist, and Lawrence H. Strauss, tenor, will assist the string quartet in a programme of the masterpieces of the great Bohemian composer.

Pantomime after pantomime was produced in London the week ending Christmas Eve, with "Dick Whittington" at Drury Lane, until Londoners had no less than twenty-one to select from. At Drury Lane, two Americans, Truly Shattuck and Marie George, played the leading feminine rôles.

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Seats \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Sutter and Kearny. Box office Sunday at theatre.

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B. G. TOGNAZZI,  
Manager.

### VANITY FAIR.

It is not hard to find a connection between the disaster in Sicily and the world of pleasure to which this column is more particularly devoted. The south of Europe is the great pleasure ground of civilization, and although the tourist tide passes somewhat to the north, lingering on the French shores of the Mediterranean, and rarely spreading further south than Rome and Naples, yet the disaster is great enough to throw a shadow over the Riviera and over the larger centres of Italian hospitality. Mount Atna has never been considered the most dangerous of southern volcanoes, perhaps because her threats have never been so persistent as those of Vesuvius. But even Vesuvius has become one of the attractions rather than one of the terrors of the country. Naples would lose some of her fascination but for the grim and contrasting spectre of the mountain, eternally wreathed in smoke, and gazing unrepentant upon Herulanum and Pompeii and the ruin that she wrought in ages past. To ascend Vesuvius is one of the holiday delights of the tourist in Italy. We might almost suppose that the mountain had been tamed and duly labeled and classified for the pleasure of the wealthy. But what Atna has now done Vesuvius may do, and with just as little warning, and then what would happen to the tourist in Naples? What, indeed, might not happen to the tourists in Rome, and we can almost imagine the great mountain laughing in derision at the supposition that the Eternal City is out of its reach. Then, too, there is Stromboli, by no means to be despised. There is a kind of fraternity of evil between these mountains, the three dread sisters of southern Europe, and what they might do between them should they come to any mischievous understanding it is past the power of man to imagine. The event at Messina shows us that we must revise the very common, if unexpressed, opinion that whereas nature felt herself free to wreak appalling havoc upon uncivilized and unenriched humanity, she has taken on a more respectful moderation in the presence of culture and wealth. Evidently she cares nothing at all about these things and pursues her own stupendous plan, in which we do not at all believe, simply because we can not see enough of it to know that it is intelligent and symmetrical. But all the same it is likely to interfere with the pleasure of the tourist, a point that nature may have unaccountably overlooked.

And now we shall be treated to a flood of mournful sermons on the "unaccountable dispensations of Providence." There will be a touch of personal resentment that Providence should be so secretive toward its ministers and should put upon them the dilemma of explaining an act that to the thoughtless seems like one of wholesale cruelty. As a matter of fact there is, of course, no more cruelty in the instantaneous destruction of a hundred thousand people than in the more leisurely destruction of that same number of people by means of consumption, pneumonia, cancer, or paralysis. If we are inclined to ask why Providence should have killed such an enormous number of people collectively, we may get what satisfaction we can from the fact that Providence would certainly have killed them all in the long run, and most of them after more or less lingering illness. On the whole, therefore, it would seem that the balance of cruelty, if cruelty indeed there be, is to be found in nature's normal processes rather than in her abnormal.

Mrs. Howard Gould's frank disclosure of what she calls her necessary expenses has naturally aroused a good deal of attention. It will be remembered that this interesting lady claimed that the bare cost of living, outside traveling expenses and charity, amounted to over \$70,000 a year, and that she simply could not get through this vale of tears on any less.

The London correspondent of the New York World has taken some trouble to find out whether the demands of English society ladies are quite so high as this, and he has accordingly interviewed Lady Angela Forbes, who, it seems, belongs to a "very talented family," being half-sister to the Countess of Warwick and sister of the Duchess of Sutherland.

Lady Angela Forbes is not disposed to be severe on her sister-butterfly. There are certain items of expenditure that need not be incurred at all in England, while the differences in the cost of material give a distinct advantage to the English woman in many respects.

"The American method of entertaining," says Lady Angela, "does not appeal to society on this side of the water, when it takes the form of freak dinners, or dances given in bowers of rare and expensive flowers; although of recent years we have adopted the Continental custom of dispensing hospitality from restaurants rather than our own homes, which does not make for economy."

The personal expenditure of a society woman, continues the English beauty, has greatly increased during the past twenty years. Where formerly one dress did duty for a whole season, a dozen would not be considered extravagant now. Moreover, the

cost of every single article of clothing increases year by year:

Even this season, with Directoire frock of scanty material, dressmakers are charging quite as much, as the difficulties of making justify them in doing so. A simple day frock of this description made by one of the well-known London firms generally runs into £25 to £30, and this with very little in the way of trimming.

Mrs. Gould allows £200 a month for gowns and street dresses, reckoning the cheapest frock at £30. Over here it is quite possible to get a really smart tailor costume for sixteen or eighteen guineas, and a smart woman would have six or eight of these during a year.

It is a very ordinary thing for a tailor's bill alone to amount to £1000 a year, but this sum may include a fur motor coat at forty guineas or a traveling coat at twelve to fourteen guineas.

The cost of evening frocks must be put down at £20 to £35, and petticoats of very ordinary design can not be had for less than £3 to £5, while houses of lace and embroidery at five and seven guineas each is a very usual Bond-Street price.

With regard to millinery, Mrs. Gould's allowance of £25 a month is ample if one does not go in for an osprey hat, as the new models of this description can not be had under eighteen guineas, while the simplest hat will be priced at three or four guineas.

Shoes, slippers, and hosiery are expensive items, as the best hootmakers charge fifty shillings for simple slippers, and these not even made to order, while silk hosiery can cost anything from half a guinea upwards, according to design.

Lady Angela thinks that \$125 a month to cover books, stationery, and music is absurdly high, as is half that amount for fans, parasols, and opera glasses. "It is in these accessories that Mrs. Gould's list is extravagant, but this is perhaps because an American must have these things to enable her to make a show—a point of view that does not appeal to English women in society."

London also, it seems, is troubled by the few who gain by vulgarity the notoriety that is denied to them in more legitimate ways. Lady Angela says that there is a certain exclusive circle who do the same things year after year, spending the same amount on entertaining, dress, and traveling; while, again, there are others whose only chance of making themselves known is to entertain in a larger and ostentatious fashion, and pay exorbitant prices for frocks or hats for the sake of keeping their name in the columns of the illustrated society journals. It is these few

who make it difficult for the less wealthy members of society to keep in the swim and yet make both ends meet.

We don't seem to have heard much about the deadly hatpin lately. American men are notoriously gallant, and it may be that having once registered a mild protest they have resigned themselves to impalement, to the loss of an occasional eye, and to other disfigurements of a lesser nature. To a certain extent we have grown used to vivisection by hatpin, like the eels to skinning, and have almost persuaded ourselves that we like it. Moreover, what is the use of saying anything, unless it be those profane asides of which no one takes any notice.

But they are less patient in the effete monarchies of the old world, where they still hug the delusion that men have some rights. The Berlin newspapers have begun a public campaign, and they are doing it quite effectively by merely recording the daily casualties with weekly summaries of the killed and wounded. A few Sundays ago, for example, a lady lost one eye permanently while taking part in a rush at a bargain sale. It was a pity, of course, as the lady had only two eyes, but it is hard to suppress a smile of sardonic amusement when these lethal weapons are thus engaged in a kind of civil war instead of being turned against the common enemy, man. No doubt the victim herself was armed in a similar way to her opponent, and it was the mere chance of conflict that determined the issue. Two days later an elevator attendant was so badly injured that he had to be taken to a hospital. A young man in the street had his cheek completely perforated, while the agile efforts of the lady to recover her property from the wound resulted in ugly lacerations. It is an undoubted fact that men make an absurd fuss about such trifles as the loss of an eye, the excavation of a cheek, or the removal of a few inches of uninteresting scalp, but so long as men make the laws and control the police there is certain to be some peevish discontent at misadventures like these and even some attempt at an unchivalrous coercion toward the fair sex. One German newspaper suggests that women be compelled to wear foils or buttons on the ends of their hatpins, while another goes further still and advocates an action for damages and summary punishment.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The old man and the old woman were fellow passengers in a stage-coach in the Virginia mountains, and the old woman kept staring at him as if trying to remember. At last she said: "Stranger, 'pears to me I seen you somewhar." The old man eyed her reflectively and scratched his head. "Spec you have," said he. "Ah heen thar."

There was little doubt in the minds of those who were invited to a recent Missouri wedding as to the cordiality of the invitation. It was clearly printed, and read as follows: "You are invited to attend the marriage of Mr. Augustus Clay Johnson and Miss Chloe Matilda Baker at the house of the bride's mother. All who can not come may send."

Most children are good observers, and quick to use the knowledge acquired through keenness. Little Janet had evidently spent part of her day in the kitchen and had overheard remarks made by the cook. On this particular night she made her evening petition in these words: "God bless me, bless father and mother and everybody, make me a good girl, keep me pure—pure as Smith's haking powder. Amen."

He was a giant of a man and brought a meek-looking little woman before the magistrate and shamelessly charged her with cruelty. He described her in no measured language as being uncontrollable and incorrigible. The magistrate looked the big fellow all over and glanced at the meagre partner of his joys and finally asked: "What line of business do you follow?" "I am a lion tamer," he replied proudly.

In Basin, Wyoming, a few years ago, there was a plot hatched to hold up the Basin hank. In some way the story leaked out and the plan fell through, but one day, after it had been abandoned, the principal who had planned the hold-up stood outside with two of his friends looking wistfully through the window at the cashier. After a time he said mournfully to his pals: "It wouldn't have been no use nohow, hoys; he's got it all."

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all of the cogs on one of the wheels in the power-house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."

The life-long domicile of an old lady was situated several feet south of the dividing line of Virginia and North Carolina, and when that section of the country was resurveyed it was discovered that the line ran a few feet south of the property in question. They broke the news to the old lady that from then on she was to be a resident of Virginia. "That's good," she exclaimed; "I've always heard that North Carolina was an unhealthy State to live in."

Lucas Cleve, the novelist, tells of an old nurse who had a very pretty daughter. The girl met a millionaire broker at Broadstairs one week-end. The man proposed and they were married. An excellent match. Lucas Cleve saw the mother a short time after the wedding. "Molly has done well, hasn't she?" she said. "She has that, ma'am," said the old woman. "Her husband is very rich, isn't he?" "Rich! Save us, yes. Ye should see, ma'am, Moll's brougham, her coachman and footman, her motor-car and her diamonds and pearls. Oh, she lives high. Quite like the nobility and gentry, ma'am. Why, she strips for dinner!"

Herbert Gladstone says that a fellow-member of Parliament invented a plan whereby he kept his eight or nine year old son from repeating swear-words. Every time the little fellow did so the father gave him a penny on the promise not to use the word again. The M. P. had great faith in the power of this system until one day when he was chatting with half a dozen guests before dinner. His home adjoins a golf links, and little Gus, who had been out walking near them, burst into the drawing-room, his blue eyes dancing with enthusiasm. "Oh, papa, papa!" he cried, "I've just heard a new one that's worth a shilling."

The Hon. Edward Lauterbach's first law partner was the late Colonel Charles Spencer. The firm had successfully transacted some business for a prominent railroad, and the senior partner asked the junior what amount should be charged for their services. "Well, say two hundred and fifty dollars," was the answer. "You're not accustomed to dealing with corporations. Let me make out the bill," proposed Spencer. Some weeks later Spencer showed Lauterbach the railroad's check for \$1275. "What do you think of that?" he

queried. Lauterbach looked first at the check, then at his smiling partner, and gravely replied: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Once a Southern senator journeying through the South was very much annoyed at the delay in getting food served in a certain café. He had given his order, and waited impatiently an unreasonable length of time, when the waiter appeared and was evidently looking for some one who must have gone out without waiting for his meal. When asked by the senator whom he was looking for he replied: "A little hoy who gave his order." The senator replied: "I am that hoy."

There were some deficiencies in the early education of Mrs. Donahoe, but she never mentioned them or admitted their existence. "Will you sign your name here?" said the young lawyer whom Mrs. Donahoe had asked to draw up a deed transferring a parcel of land to her daughter. "You sign it yourself an' I'll make the marrk," said the old woman, quickly. "Since me eyes gave out, I'm not able to write a wurrd, young man." "How do you spell it?" he asked, pen poised above the proper space. "Spell it whatever way you plaze," said Mrs. Donahoe, recklessly. "Since I lost me teeth, there's not a wurrd in the wurrld I can spell."

Admiral Schley was going through the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington one day, showing a little girl relative of his the famous paintings. Standing before a painting of Daniel in the Lions' Den, the little girl noticed that on the face of Daniel there was a seraphic smile, and she wondered at it. The lions looked to be hungry, and there seemed nothing to prevent them from eating him up, so she turned to the admiral and asked this question: "Why in the world does he look so pleasant when he knows that the lions are going to eat him?" Having in mind some long-winded speeches he had listened to at banquets, the admiral replied, "He is looking pleasant, because he knows there will be no speeches after this dinner."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Nothing Like It.

Willie has a new snare drum,  
Johnny has a horn;  
They've been playing Sousa's band  
Since early Christmas morn.  
Mother flees from room to room  
As round the house they roam,  
Father is looking for a place  
That isn't just like home.  
—The Bellman.

Stage-Struck.

Stage-struck! The hutt of gods and men!  
(Pray, reader, do not scoff!)  
False friends they egg him on, and then,  
The gods they egg him off. —Life.

Tariff in Cactus Centre.

We've observed down here in Cactus all this tariff  
fixin' talk—  
How some fellers want it lowered on steel rails  
and hides and chalk;  
And we had the other evenin' a dee-hate hard to  
heat,  
Deuce Biddle havin' challenged the views of  
Standpat Pete.

They talked till well toward mornin' about the  
tariff rates—  
Of tacks and soap and frogs' legs, of pups and  
chicken crates,  
Of Swiss cheese, tin and leather, of canned goods,  
glass and furs,  
Of saddles, chaps and headgear, of horseshoe nails  
and spurs.

There wasn't harsh words spoken until the Stand-  
pat gent  
Remarked Deuce didn't savvy what "ad valorem"  
meant;  
And Deuce said "ad valorem" was the Injun name  
for horse,  
And Standpat gives a heehaw, and the shootin'  
starts, of course.

They shot holes in each other, and they won't be  
out for weeks;  
They wounded Bill, the harkeep, and his bar-  
room's full of leaks;  
And we feel right now in Cactus that the tariff's  
mostly right,  
But the rates on shootin' irons should be raised  
clean out of sight.  
—Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

A Pastoral.

The sun was rising in the west, and shed its  
beams on Cedarcrest, where pensive goat and  
sportive cow were perched upon the cedar hough.  
There Frank McLennan watched his flocks, and  
slugged the gentle sheep with rocks, and drove  
his hens to lakelet's hrim that they might dive and  
bathe and swim. The pigs were climbing elms and  
firs, the hired men gathered cocklehus; a doctor  
passed on horse's hack, and all the ducks called  
loudly "Quack!" The fruit tree agent asked to  
stay, all night; the horses whinnied "Neigh!"  
Peace hovered o'er the prairie wide; the cattle  
lowed, the horses highed; and sounded through  
the village smoke, the bark of watchdog, elm, and  
oak; and he who owned these rustic scenes had  
seeded down his farm to beans.—Walt Mason, in  
Emporia Gazette.

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20. Bell Stakes..... Added Money, 2,000
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The flurry of excitement of the holiday season is over, and the serious business of entertaining is being taken up again. In the two short months before the Lenten season begins much must be accomplished by those who are members of the social world. Social debts must be paid, déshutantes and visitors must be honored, and plans for the future must not be forgotten. In addition to the social affairs which all these will entail there will be divers and sundry other events given for no particular reason save a love of gaiety, so January and February are assured of full calendars.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mahel Bovee Toy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy, to Mr. Francis Wayland Lucas. Their wedding will be an event of the summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Beulah Brigham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brigham of Oakland, to Mr. Eugene Cooper Johnson of Los Angeles.

The wedding of Miss Marie Christine de Guigne, daughter of Mr. Christian de Guigne, to M. Helie de Dampierre of Paris will take place at noon on Thursday, January 14, at St. Matthew's Church, San Mateo, Archbishop Riordan officiating. A breakfast at the home of the bride will follow the ceremony. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present. M. de Dampierre and his bride will leave immediately for France.

The wedding of Miss Ida Price, daughter of Mr. Thomas Price, to the Rev. James Percival Turner took place on Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride on Broadway. The ceremony was celebrated at four o'clock by the Right Rev. William Ford Nichols, Bishop of California. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Anna Price, and there was no best man. Only the members of the two families were present. After a wedding journey of about four weeks' duration Mr. and Mrs. Turner will make their home in this city.

The wedding of Miss Anna Phinney of Montpelier, Vermont, to Lieutenant Robert Burns Farquarson, U. S. M. C., took place on Saturday afternoon last at the home of Mrs. Henry L. Dodge at 2015 Franklin Street. The ceremony was celebrated at four o'clock by the Rev. Edward Morgan of St. Luke's Church. The bride was unattended and Lieutenant Pinkston, U. S. N., was the best man. Lieutenant Farquarson and his bride left this week for his station in Honolulu.

The wedding of Miss Mercedes Huffman, daughter of Mrs. Charles Henry Huffman, to Lieutenant George Edgar Nelson, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday evening of last week at the home of the bride on Broadway. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Rader. Miss Genevieve Huffman, the sister of the bride, was the maid of honor and Lieutenant Richard Furnival, U. S. A., was the best man. Miss Florette Hodgeon of Sacramento and Lieutenant Carroll Neal, U. S. A., were the ribbon bearers. After a brief wedding journey, Lieutenant and Mrs. Nelson will live at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., will entertain at a dinner on Friday evening, January 29, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Harry Francis Davis will entertain at tea on Monday next at her home on Lake Street in honor of Miss Christine Pomeroy.

Miss Floride Hunt will be the hostess at a bridge party on Tuesday evening next at her home on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Natalie Hunt.

Mrs. Samuel Knight entertained at a luncheon at the St. Francis on Wednesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett. Those present were Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Robert G. Hooker, Mrs. James Athearn Folger, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing entertained at a luncheon at her apartment on Jones and Washington Streets on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Leslie Page entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Eliza McMullin.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Hooker entertained at a dinner at the St. Francis Hotel on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mrs. George C. Boardman was the hostess at a tea on Wednesday afternoon at her home on California Street in honor of her sister, Mrs. Minthorn M. Tompkins of San Anselmo. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. George C. Boardman, Jr., Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. J. Windham Carey, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. William R. Smedberg, Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Mrs. W. I. Kip, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. John W. Maillard, Mrs. James Folliis, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Sallie Maynard, and Miss Paul Tompkins.

Mrs. Orville Pratt entertained at a tea on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Florence Tompkins. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Gerald Rath-

bone, Miss Margaret Newhall, and Miss Mary Keeney.

Mrs. John W. Maillard and Miss Anita Maillard entertained at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon last in honor of Miss Maud Wilson.

Mr. Christian Miller was the host at a theatre party at the Princess on Saturday evening last.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett left on Saturday last for Europe and Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt spent the New Year and week-end at Burlingame as the guests of friends.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott has returned from Europe and is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Francis McComas.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone spent the New Year holidays at Burlingame.

Miss Margaret Newhall has been visiting at Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott.

Mr. John Gayle Anderson has been visiting at Burlingame as the guest of friends.

Miss Nina Pringle has been visiting Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt.

Mr. A. N. Drown and Miss Newell Drown will leave in March for six months' travel in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Welmore Stewart Burnett (formerly Miss Grace Hammond) have returned from Monterey, where they have had a cottage since their marriage last month.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle have returned to town, after spending the holidays at their country place at Menlo Park.

Miss Linda Cadwalader has been visiting Miss Mary Josselyn at Woodside.

Miss Christine Pomeroy will leave on Monday, January 18, for an Eastern trip.

Mr. Millen Griffith, who came to California for the holidays, has returned to Yale.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Draper spent the holidays in San Rafael as the guests of Mrs. Draper's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale of San Mateo spent the Christmas holidays in town as the guests of Mrs. Lansdale's parents, Bishop and Mrs. Nichols.

Mr. Wharton Thurston has returned from a brief trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze of San Mateo are spending the winter at the Hotel Monroe in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Nichols, Jr., have returned to their home in Helena, Montana, after a visit here of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. A. P. Scheld of Sacramento is in town from her home at Sacramento and has an apartment at the Hillcrest.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dodge and Miss Mahel Dodge have returned to their home in San Rafael, after a brief visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins of Pasadena have been visiting relatives here and in Berkeley for the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kittredge and Mrs. Edmund Baker are at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Humphrey of Portland have been spending the holidays at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has arrived from Munich and has registered at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Klingenberg have taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Among arrivals from the Northwest at the Fairmont are Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Watson, Mr. S. C. Paine, Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Merryweather, of Spokane; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Warren, Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Lombard, Mr. W. H. Raymond, of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Fisher, Mr. R. P. Tohy, of Seattle.

Miss Agness Tillmann, accompanied by her father, spent Christmas and New Year's with her grandmother in Bremen. She and her father are continuing their trip through Europe.

Mr. Fred W. Carpenter, private secretary to Mr. Taft, is at the Fairmont.

Visitors from Los Angeles at the Fairmont include Mr. and Mrs. George B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Collins and Miss Collins, Mr. Edward A. Dickson, Mr. E. B. Flack.

Mr. and Mrs. George Peltier, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gerber, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Gerber, of Sacramento, are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst of Watsonville is at the Fairmont.

## At Out-of-Town Hotels.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Howell, Mrs. Emory C. Brace, Mr. F. B. Brace, Mr. E. E. Simpson, Mr. C. E. Hart, Mr. Richard Johnston, Mr. R. G. Garretson, Miss Joan Baldwin, Mr. W. A. Ray, Miss Gladys A. Donahoe.

Among arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. D. S. Murray, Baron S. Takahashi, Mr. U. Oyama, Mr. Harold B. Cutler, Mrs. J. B. Maloney, Mr. Emilie George, Mr. and Mrs. Max Wassum, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hawkins and family, Mrs. J. S. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Grindley.

Among San Francisco residents registering

at Del Monte are: Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Postlethwaite and Miss Postlethwaite, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fisher, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. Harris E. Walker, Miss Marion Marshall and Mr. John Marshall, Jr., Mrs. Samuel Seller, Miss Amy B. Seller, Miss Alma Levinson, Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Hanlow, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mr. Gustav Sutro, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. Mortimer Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hart, Lindsay Scrutton, Mrs. T. Sutro, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip I. Manson, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Woyman, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McNear, Jr., and Miss Erminie McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce, Miss Corbet, Captain and Mrs. C. H. McKinstry, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNah, Dr. and Mrs. Hanlon, Judge William Lawlor, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Spring, Mrs. Daniel Frohman, Major J. S. Park and Miss Genevieve Park, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. Mortimer Smith.

## In a Dublin Cemetery.

A pathetic story of a child's heroism is told by a resident of Dublin to a writer on the *Telegraph* of that city. Recently he proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful Glasnevin Cemetery. Calling his son, a bright little boy some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father said: "Don't you want to go, Willie?"

The little lip quivered, but the child answered, "Yes, papa, if you wish."

The child was strangely silent during the drive, and when the carriage drove up to the entrance he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wistfulness.

The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree-shaded avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting-places of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour or so thus spent they returned to the carriage and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief and asked: "Why, am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are; why not?"

"I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that this child evinced in what had evidently been a summons to leave the world.

A round dozen engagements were announced as the grist of ten days of the "County Fair," recently held at Emanuel Temple, Chicago. The record was made through the aid of a model flat where a number of girls cooked dainty dishes that captured hachelor members of the congregation. The idea was conceived by the rahbi, Felix A. Levy, who was getting discouraged by the few marriages.

Hanna Astrup Larsen has a long letter in a recent issue of the *New York Evening Post*, describing Monterey and Santa Barbara as winter places of sojourning for Eastern and Western artists.

Ethel Barrymore has accepted an invitation to appear in "Elektra" at the University of California for one performance in June.

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1:45p	9:45a	1:40p	12:50p	1:40p	11:43a		
*4:45p	10:45a	2:40p	2:50p	4:14p	12:45p		
.....	11:45a	4:20p	4:05p	*8:10p	2:45p		
.....	1:45p	.....	5:15p	.....	4:00p		
.....	2:45p	.....	.....	.....	5:15p		

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Edward A. Godwin, U. S. A., retired, is placed upon the retired list of the army by the President, with the rank of brigadier-general, to date from November 15, 1908.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A., chief engineer officer of the Department of California, returned this week from the Department of Columbia, where he has been on a tour of inspection of the engineer work in that department.

Major Charles R. Krauthoff, commissary, U. S. A., purchasing commissary of the Department of California, has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain Edmund Underwood, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Colorado* and ordered to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

Surgeon C. H. T. Lowndes, U. S. N., has had his orders to proceed to the Navy Yard, Mare Island, revoked and will continue treatment at the Naval Medical School Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Captain Edwin G. Davis, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty as adjutant of the post at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Henry B. Clarke, quartermaster, U. S. A., has returned to Fort Ward, Washington, after a fortnight's stay here.

Captain Harry W. Newton, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has arrived from his station at Fort Worden, Washington, to act as counsel for Lieutenant Thomas Jones, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Baker, who is to be tried before a court-martial next week on the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Captain Thomas L. Rhoads, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended two months.

Captain William H. Tefft, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and ordered to proceed to Fort Baker.

Captain John H. Allen, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed upon the discontinuance of the Provisional Government in Cuba from Cuba to Fort Monroe, Virginia, and report in person to the commanding officer of the latter post for duty and by letter to the commanding general, Department of the East. Captain Allen is relieved from further station at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Captain James L. Bevans, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Fort H. G. Wright, Kentucky, has been ordered to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for duty.

Pay Director C. M. Ray, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, to await orders.

Paymaster E. W. Bonnafon, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, and ordered to duty as general storekeeper, Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Assistant Surgeon J. T. Duhigg, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to duty with the Pacific torpedo fleet.

Assistant Surgeon J. A. Biello, U. S. N., is detached from the Pacific torpedo boat fleet and ordered to duty at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Lieutenant Elvin H. Wagner, Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered upon the expiration of his sick leave to report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty pending the arrival of the Twenty-Eighth Infantry in San Francisco, when he will join that regiment.

Lieutenant Matthew A. Reasoner, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed from this city to Fort Caswell, North Carolina, and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty and by letter to the commanding general of the Department of the Gulf.

Lieutenant Omar W. Pinkston, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted seven days' leave of absence, to take effect upon his being relieved from duty on the *Crook*.

Castle Garden.

Old Castle Garden, New York, has had a long and eventful history. It was built as a fort in 1807, and named Castle Clinton, but changed to its present name in 1822. During the War of 1812 it was occupied by a State artillery company, when the city was expecting an attack by a British fleet. It was at that time situated about two hundred feet from the mainland, and connected by a bridge until 1840, when the sea wall was extended to its present line.

In 1837, on the Fourth of July, the crowd was so great that part of the bridge gave way and precipitated many of the celebrators into the shallow water, but without any serious result. The Garden was the most popular summer resort in the city, and was constantly occupied by exhibitions and performances. Fireworks were displayed almost nightly. Lafayette was received there in 1824, and in 1825 a French aeronaut made a balloon ascension, which was frequently repeated. Mesdames Malibran and Grisi sang there in Italian opera in 1847 and 1848. Dodworth's

famous band played there in 1852, being the first American military band to compete successfully with the English bands that yearly came to America to give concerts. Julianne delighted the lovers of music subsequently; then came Jenny Lind, who sang herself into the hearts of the people, followed by Stefanone and Benedetti, who lifted the audience on the waves of song. Refreshments, in delightful variety, were nicely served in cosy little boxes bordering the promenade.

Katharine Goodson a Great Pianist.

Katharine Goodson, a young Englishwoman whom Manager Will Greenbaum does not hesitate to claim as one of the greatest living pianists, will give three concerts here on her way from Australia en route to Boston, where for the third successive season she has been engaged as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a fact which amply demonstrates Mr. Greenbaum's claims for this artist.

Not only is Mme. Goodson a great virtuoso, but also a great musician, and no less an authority than Arthur Nikisch classes her with Ysaye, Paderewski, and D'Albert.

Mme. Goodson will give three exceptionally interesting programmes, including a number of novelties besides standard works not often played in public, and the complete programmes may be had at the leading music stores. The sale of seats will open next Friday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Kearny and Sutter Streets store.

The dates are Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Sunday afternoon, January 19, 21, and 24, at Christian Science Hall.

On Friday afternoon, January 22, Mme. Goodson will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, presenting a programme made up of the choicest numbers from her programmes in this city. On this occasion she will play both a Beethoven and a Grieg sonata.

Prices for Goodson seats will be \$1 and \$1.50.

Butterfly Jewels.

There is a new way of wearing jewels which affords delight to the young woman who likes to be an emodiment of glitter and scintillation. This method is called the butterfly coif. The basis is a structure of puffs and coils arranged in the manner becoming to the pretty face beneath it. Scattered over it is a swarm of jeweled butterflies. There are a hundred different ways of arranging gorgeous insects, almost any of them likely to be becoming. The aim is to secure as brilliant effect as possible. The general feeling in regard to this fashion seems to be that the larger the butterflies the better, but when they are made of very rare jewels their possessor is usually content to have them of moderate size.

The most exquisite of these ornaments are made of diamonds finely set in the butterfly's head, the markings upon the delicate wings being formed by brilliant rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. Now and then, however, there is a butterfly whose beauty is dependent upon less costly gems. A specimen whose counterpart may be seen any summer's day, poised on some delicate garden flower, is made of clear yellow topazes. Black pearls are set at intervals along the wings.

Grand Opera and Good Music.

The complaint is made in New York that the symphony orchestras are being injured by the opera, which draws off their best men, observes a writer in the *Springfield Republican*. The Metropolitan Opera House orchestra has been enlarged to 135 players, and with such star conductors as Mahler, Hertz, and Toscanini it has far outstripped the local concert orchestras in merit. The opera has, of course, the advantage of offering more engagements, and it is the policy of the present management to pay well, so that positions are taken gladly by the best men. Mr. Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra in particular has lost in this way. The Philharmonic Society also has rather gone down, the "star-conductor" tonic of a few years past having proved a poison instead of a medicine. The Russian Safonoff, of whose display the public is tired, is to leave in the spring, and then it will appear what is to be done to give this venerable organization new life. One scheme, supported by a clique of society women, is to reorganize it with Mahler as conductor and get rid of all the elderly and incompetent players. Meanwhile the Boston orchestra gives New York first-rate music.

In the old church of Los Pinas, near Manila, is a wonderful bamboo organ built by the Recoletos parish priest of that town, Father Diego Cera, in the year 1793. The upright bamboo pipes do not look unlike the metal pipes in a modern church organ, but a second set of pipes rests horizontally on a rack just above the keyboard. The organ is in use to this day and the bamboo is well preserved, Father Cera having a secret process of preserving the wood which he never divulged.

Gladys Unger, who left California in 1895 to study art in Paris, and who has succeeded notably as a painter, is now giving her attention to play-writing. "In an Arab Garden" is the title of a one-act piece by her, which was recently produced successfully in London.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Visitor (afraid of dog)*—Will he bite? *Bay*—I dunno, yit.—*Life*.

*Nini*—George says that my heauty intoxicates him. *Elsie*—I heard that he said you were enough to drive a man to drink.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

*The Lady*—Why do you men tramp about the country? *The Haba*—Gee! A guy can't lay down an' sleep all de time, can he?—*Cleveland Leader*.

"When you get to Washington, son, don't you be afraid to work for the public service." "No, dad. It's the Secret Service I'm afraid of."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam." "What does he say?" "He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—*The Bohemian*.

*Irene*—A girl shouldn't marry a man till she knows all about him. *Evelyn*—Good gracious! If she knew all about him she wouldn't marry him.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

*Leading Tragic Man*—Did you see how I paralyzed the audience in the death scene? They were crying all over the house! *Stage Manager*—Yes, they knew you weren't really dead.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Speaking of poetry, does the modern school make us think?" "Well, it makes us hustle for the dictionary, that is, those of us who have any curiosity at all."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'nautical' and 'marine'?" asked Mr. Malaprop. "Not much," replied Mrs. Malaprop. "One is a cinnamon of the other."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

*Taurist*—Why this extraordinary exodus of sportsmen to Africa? *Captain*—Oh, they're all in a blowsted 'urry. Want to get a shot at some big game before that blowsted fellah Roosevelt kills it all, y' know.—*Puck*.

*Husband*—Our little hoy is sick, doctor, so please come at once. *Physician*—I can't get over much under an hour. *Husband*—Oh, do, doctor. You see, my wife has a hook on "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get there!—*Harper's Weekly*.

*Parke*—I don't know what I am ever going to do with that hoy of mine. He is careless and absolutely reckless of consequences, and

doesn't seem to care for any one. *Laue*—Good! You can make a taxicah driver out of him.—*Life*.

*Pat*—Faith, an' phat is this foot 'n' mouth disease? *Mike*—Why, that's the thing that kilt the Dimmycratic party.—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Manager*—You say this is a play of the slums. Is it a clean play? *Author*—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a White Wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—*Baltimore American*.

*Vaudeville Dancer*—When do you go on? *Vaudeville Singer*—Right after the trained cats. *Vaudeville Dancer*—Goodness me! Why don't the manager try to vary the monotony of his acts?—*Cleveland Leader*.

*Wiggles*—I hear Bjenks has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet? *Waggles*—Well, he's convalescent; but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away.—*Life*.

*Medical Student*—What did you operate on that man for? *Eminent Surgeon*—Two hundred dollars. *Medical Student*—I mean, what did he have? *Eminent Surgeon*—Two hundred dollars.—*The Christian Register*.

*Mrs. Murphy*—Arrah! 'Tis Saterdah night an' th' facth'ry is closin' down, an' Timmy don't know whether he'll git his pay or not. *Mrs. Flaherty*—Here he comes home now. *Mrs. Murphy*—Wirra! Then he aint been paid!—*Cleveland Leader*.

*Kind Friend*—Henpeck, let me introduce you to Professor Glass, the great hypnotist, who can put any one to sleep within two minutes after starting. *Henpeck*—Glad to meet you, professor. Come, let me introduce you to my wife.—*The Bohemian*.

"You must do your best," said Mrs. Psmith to the new cook. "My husband is very particular about the way his food is prepared." "Yessum," said the new cook, sympathetically; "aint these men all alike? Now you take my husband; I never was able to cook anything to please him in all my life!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Over here," said the Arab guide, "we have another mummy. From the cooking utensils found near her, she is supposed to have been a cook. For 2000 years she has remained just where she was found." "Bosh!" scoffed the American tourist, "that's no cook." "Why not?" "Who ever heard of a cook remaining in one place that long?"—*Chicago Daily News*.



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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Justice for the Public Health Service—The President and Congress—The Archbishop and the Emperor—Racing and Liberty—Mr. Mitchell and the Boycott—The Direct Primary—Trouble in China—Music Licenses Again—Editorial Notes .....	33-35
CURRENT TOPICS .....	36
POLITICAL-PERSONAL .....	36
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	36
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World .....	37
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S NEW THEATRE: Actress-Manager Opens Her New York Playhouse with a Successful Play .....	37
OLD FAVORITES: "We Lay Us Down to Sleep," by Louise Chandler Moulton; "The Tapestry Weaver," by Zitella Cocke .....	37
THE PASSING OF THE POET. By Donald Kennicott.....	38
A NOVEL OF EVERY-DAY LIFE: William J. Locke Writes a Brilliant Story and Creates a Splendid Character.....	39
CURRENT VERSE: "The Toilers," by Stephen Chalmers; "Idle Chanson," by Eugene Lee-Hamilton; "New Mexico—Lincoln," by Edna Dean Proctor; "It's She Who Dwells at Haverford," by Archibald Crombie.....	40
JOSIAH ROYCE ON CALIFORNIA: A Chapter on the Pacific Coast Forms Part of a Book of Original Thought .....	40
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	41
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	42
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	42
DRAMA: Galski's Triumph. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	43
VANITY FAIR .....	44
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	45
RHYMES OF THE HUNTER.....	45
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	46-47
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	48

### Justice for the Public Health Service.

The country seems to be in danger of doing an injustice to a class of public officials whose services, while of the unspectacular variety, are of high and permanent value. Here in San Francisco we have some special knowledge of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service and of their activities in saving a community from a calamity worse than war. The whole service consists of one hundred and thirty commissioned officers, who were intended and are supposed to receive the same rate of pay as the regular medical corps of the army. But it seems that they have been left behind through a slip of the legislative cogs. The last session of Congress enacted laws increasing the pay of the officers of the medical corps of the army and navy and also of the United States Revenue Cutter Service, and while the same course should have been pursued with the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, as a matter of fact it received no such legislation, not so much from a lack of intention as from a lack of time. The Senate passed the

necessary bill unanimously, but in the House it failed to get out of committee. The total cost of the increase would not exceed seventy-five thousand dollars per annum, so that the plea of economy could hardly be a factor in the delay. Many of the medical and scientific associations of the country have placed themselves upon record as favoring this measure of justice, which would certainly commend itself to the good sense of the country.

It may not be so generally known that in addition to the special services with which we are familiar the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service has charge of all the marine hospitals, quarantine stations, and the medical examination of alien immigrants, it furnishes relief to the sailors of the merchant marine, life-saving service, United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, lighthouse establishment, engineer corps boats of the army, United States transport service, and United States revenue cutter service. Whenever an epidemic threatens interstate commerce the service undertakes its eradication, and among its notable successes are the New Orleans yellow fever epidemic of 1905 and the outbreak of plague in San Francisco. That the service demands a special quality of devotion from its officers is shown by the fact that nine of them have died of epidemic diseases, while others have been seriously attacked, including Dr. Rucker, who nearly lost his life from yellow fever. There should certainly be neither parsimony nor indifference in sustaining a service so important to the public health.

### The President and Congress.

The fray between President and Congress is not an edifying spectacle either for the nation or for the censorious foreign critic. That Congress should feel itself to be deeply affronted by an imputation that it belongs collectively to the criminally suspected classes is hardly surprising. Nor can we wonder that the national legislators should resent the presidential repartee that their restriction of the use of the Secret Service funds is to the advantage of the criminal and was actuated by nothing more respectable than a guilty conscience. Congress has a right to its resentment, and if it shows that resentment in undignified ways and by a procedure without parallel in the history of the United States, it only proves the contagion of bad manners and of an indifference to the dignity and repute of the nation in its own eyes and in the eyes of the world. It is a thoroughly bad business from beginning to end.

The idea that Congress in its collective capacity is a fit subject for secret service investigation is too preposterous to be entertained. To seek to defend it upon the ground that Congress contains a certain number of dishonest men or of men who use their high position for their own personal ends is simply an appeal to the lowest order of intelligence, and to political methods that begin and end with the throwing of mud. If there were no such men in Congress we might congratulate ourselves upon having called together a legislative body unique in the history of the world, unique, indeed, among assemblies of any kind, whether of legislators, scientists, or ministers of religion. We are still some way from the millenium, and therefore we may assume that there are undesirables in Congress, as there are everywhere else. Indeed, we know that this is the case, but we can find in this no justification for a humiliating affront to the whole body or for an intimation to Congress—to use a sadly familiar term—that it is "well known to the police."

It would be hard to imagine anything more pitifully or cheaply futile than the insinuation that to object to surveillance is a mark of guilt. Congressmen are told in so many words that if they had clear consciences they would have no objection to being dogged by detectives, to the knowledge that their private affairs are being probed by secret service men who, whatever placid illusions we may entertain about them,

would rather discover guilt than innocence, and to the suspicion that their private papers and desks are the objects of detective curiosity. It is the honest men rather than the dishonest who object to this sort of thing. No one would resent it more bitterly than the private citizen, and his feelings would certainly not be assuaged by the "explanation" that his neighbor down the street had been caught robbing a hen roost or that a fellow-member of his church had been detected in picking pockets. One of the great unspecified duties of Congress is to uphold the dignity of the nation. How can that duty be performed in the face of a public announcement from the head of the nation that Congress, as a body, is under surveillance for suspected criminality? What conclusion should we ourselves draw if a similar incident were reported from a foreign country?

The attack upon and threatened exposure of Senator Tillman has no bearing upon the general question, although no doubt the President regards it as a logical vindication of his attitude. It is, indeed, an aggravation of his original error. No one would be surprised if Senator Tillman should be proved to have misused his position; no one would be surprised at any possible extent of such misuse. But there are regular and well-established methods of dealing with such misconduct, and a personal and public intervention by the President of the United States is not one of them. Still less is there any precedent for a President of the United States openly engineering a vulgar scandal of this kind for the purpose of justifying a public pronouncement that Congress as a whole is under surveillance by the police. It is not the fault, but the misfortune, of the Senate that Tillman should be one of its members. It is not a part of the President's duty to pursue individuals or to be officially aware of the ordinary specific operations of the criminal law. His legitimate functions are of a higher nature than this, and the country would be better pleased by an abstention from activities that are suitable enough in a detective agency or a labor union, but that are painfully incongruous with the traditions of the White House.

### The Archbishop and the Emperor.

In a recent suppressed interview with the Kaiser it is alleged that he warned the American people against Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul. Most of those who read the statement of the German emperor no doubt supposed that his warning was actuated by the fact that the archbishop is a prominent Roman Catholic prelate, and that he was warning the country against the dangers of Jesuitism. But religion had nothing to do with William's anxiety to save the United States from a threatening peril; incidentally it may be mentioned that his majesty has not the least dread of Jesuitism himself, and is, in fact, especially friendly with the head of the order, who is a German. He thinks Ireland a menace to the country not because of his Romanism, but, curiously enough, because of his Americanism. Some twenty years ago a number of intensely rabid Germans, with the connivance of the German government, conceived an idea of persuading the Pope to direct that the Catholics in the United States should be divided into dioceses, not as they are now geographically, but racially. That is to say, that instead of having a Bishop of San Francisco, or New York, or Chicago, who was the head of all the Catholics in either of those localities, regardless of their nationality, there was to be a German bishop with jurisdiction over German Catholics regardless of whether they lived on the Pacific Coast or in Florida; a French bishop to rule the French Catholics in New Orleans, Baltimore, and New York, and a Polish bishop to rule his fellow-Poles in whatever part of the country they might reside. The idea, of course, was absurd, and utterly impracticable, but, strange to say, it received the sanction of some of the German Catholic clergy of the country, and was known as the Cahensly movement, and its



author, one Herr Cahensly, a resident and native of Prussia.

Though Archbishop Ireland at the time was under a German archbishop, the primate of Milwaukee, and was only a bishop himself, he fought the scheme with all his strength and eloquence, and was aided by Cardinal Gibbons. Ireland went to Rome and fought it there before the Pope, Leo XIII, who finally condemned the idea in very strong terms, declaring that the residents of a country should be loyal to it, and that the children should learn the language of the country where they were born and lived and should be active and energetic citizens of it. The Cahensly scheme proposed that each foreigner should be forced to attend a church where the pastor was of his nationality, should send his children to schools where the parents' home tongue was taught, and should be forced to bring up his children as aliens and not as Americans. Archbishop Ireland not only fought that idea successfully, had it condemned by the Pope, but even secured from the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, a gathering of all the Catholic bishops of the country, an order that the catechism should be taught in English, and that English should be the language of all the parochial schools.

The defeat of his plans to build up a German colony in this country has always rankled in the breast of the emperor, and he has never forgiven the archbishop for his Americanism and victory for American principles, hence his warning that the American people should beware of Ireland. It is William, not Ireland, in this case that is the greater menace.

### Racing and Liberty.

The race-track question may be said to be one of the burning issues before the legislature at Sacramento. It is to be hoped that in this instance the chaplain's daily prayer for legislative wisdom will receive some more obvious response than has been invariably the case.

The problem is an unusually prickly one and its solution will be found neither with those who are prepared to defend iniquity because it is profitable nor with those who would abolish everything that has produced evil results. We have to discriminate between practices that are in themselves of an essentially evil nature and those other practices that are not in themselves evil, but from which evil results have sprung.

Now, no one can maintain that there is anything essentially wrong in a horse race. It is not any worse to race horses than it is to race dogs or boys. The race meetings at Emeryville, stripped of their concomitants (and this is a large proviso), are not more reprehensible than a university foot race or than the Olympic games at Athens or London. They would attract no more adverse criticism but for the attendant evils of betting, fraud, and vice of every kind. Wholly to prohibit a thing that in itself is innocent because it is provocative of misconduct may seem an easy way of reform and tempting by its very simplicity, but it is not a way that finds favor with real statescraft until it has been proved that the thing itself and its concomitant evils are really and actually inseparable.

It can not be proved that there is any necessary connection between horse racing and excessive betting. It is quite easy to prove the contrary. Horse racing is carried on at Epsom in England and at Auteuil in France probably upon a much more extensive scale than has ever been attempted in California, and while there have been some evil results, as there must be to every human activity, those results have never amounted to a serious scandal. Horse racing is one of the amusements of the civilized world, but it is only here and there, or now and then, that its evils become unbearably gross or a menace to the public good. The right of horse-owners to race their respective horses seems to be of an elementary kind, and it is always dangerous to interfere with elementary rights. Let it be said that the right of the State to require that the races shall be conducted decently and without public contamination is also of an elementary kind and in no way to be questioned.

That is the task now before the legislature. They ought to protect human rights, but only so far as one right does not conflict with another equally valid. The horse-owner has a right to race his horse, but the parent, for example, has an equal right to ask for the coöperation of the State in the removal of an irresistible temptation to the boy or of contamination to the girl. The employer has a right to ask that his workmen be not exposed to overwhelming inducements to commit fraud. The community at large has a right to demand decency in public places and rela-

tive freedom from the spectacle of drunkenness, lewdness, and debauchery. It is a conflict of rights not to be settled by absolute prohibition or absolute toleration on one side or the other. It is a case for adjustment. The race track must rid itself of its obtrusive and corrupting evils. It could have done so from the beginning if it had tried. It ought now to be shown how to do this, and if it shall refuse to learn, it must go altogether.

The *Argonaut* does not believe in prohibiting anything, whether it be horse racing, beer drinking, tobacco smoking, or coffee drinking, until it can be shown that the resulting and inseparable evils are grievous and general and that they are an infringement upon the rights of others. The doctrine of *laissez faire* is not a popular one just now, when there is a perfect mania for law-making and for wrapping the nation in the swaddling clothes of prohibition. But we shall reach that point presently, and then our legislatures will usefully spend their time in repealing instead of enacting, as most European legislatures have been doing for some time past. Then we shall stand a chance to grow wise by experience and to learn discrimination by practice. Then we shall realize that when we make a new law we make also a new kind of law-breaker and new temptations to perjury, bribery, and general iniquity. The passing of a law ought to be among the momentous events of a nation's life.

It is not a part of legislation to protect men from the results of their own folly except within the most jealously scrutinized limits or unless they are certified idiots. It is no proper part of legislation to compel the citizen to do things merely because we think those things would be personally good for him. A free nation is better than a compulsorily sober nation or a compulsorily moral nation, because to freedom all other things are added, but where there is no freedom to choose between good and evil it is the evil that comes without choice.

### Mr. Mitchell and the Boycott.

Mr. Mitchell in his address to the National Women's Trade Union League takes pains to show that he is not upon the penitent's bench and that he has hardened his heart against the suggestions of a moderation that was once imputed to him. There was, indeed, some reason to hope that his bad manners were not so much spontaneous and natural as the result of evil communications, and that his position in the Civic Federation and his general sense of responsibility would cause him to recede from the extremism of his associates. It may be that the interesting nature of his audience stimulated the spirit of vainglory that he unquestionably displayed, for he wasted no time in unfurling the black flag and in nailing it to the mast. The right to boycott is the new palladium of labor-union policies, and Mr. Mitchell intimated that he would die in the last ditch for its support. Going to gaol is, of course, quite another matter.

It is possible that Mr. Mitchell was trying to talk down to the level of his audience and that he hoped to compensate for a lack of logic by an overplus of resounding platitude. Never before was a great and good man martyred by cruel despotism for so many different kinds of patriotic virtues. Who would have supposed that in this year of grace the sacred rights of free speech and a free press had fallen so low that only Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Gompers were left to their support? We might, indeed, draw that inference from the impassioned periods of the orator and so go away and thank God for John Mitchell. That, no doubt, was the sentiment of the ladies of the National Women's Trade Union League.

Mr. Mitchell is a man of marked intelligence and therefore he knew that he was talking nonsense. He knew that free speech has been threatened by no one and that it will be threatened by no one who does not covet immediate extinction. But free speech does not mean that any one may say what he pleases, when he pleases, and how he pleases without reference to its truth or falsity. The law of libel is not an infringement of freedom. In fact, it is one of the guarantees of freedom. Nor does a free press mean that any man may print what he pleases. He may not print counterfeit money, and the man who goes to gaol for so doing might just as well plead a free press as Mr. Mitchell when he intentionally confuses his direct disobedience of a court order with the ordinary axioms of liberty. Mr. Mitchell knows all this perfectly well, but he knows also the effective use of "highfalutin," and the kind of audience that it impresses.

Fortunately, the nation at large will not be deceived.

Mr. Mitchell is not a defender of free speech, of a free press, or of the Ten Commandments. The only freedom of which he knows anything is a freedom to be tyrannical, a freedom to crush the life from any person or persons daring to disagree with the small minority that he represents. He has not been sentenced because he wrote freely or because he spoke freely, but because he disobeyed a regular and normal order of the courts requiring him temporarily to abstain from a certain course of action until the rights and wrongs of the matter could be fairly ascertained. He was treated, in other words, exactly as any other citizen would be treated in this or in any other country where mob law is still held at arms' length.

### The Direct Primary.

The governor's message to the legislature is noteworthy not so much for what it said as for what it left unsaid. The most striking omission is that of all reference to the Direct Primary, a topic that must inevitably engage the attention of the legislature and that was equally certain to call forth all sorts of wild and impossible expedients. If the Direct Primary were merely one of the topics of the day which might or might not come up for final settlement, the governor's reticence could be understood. But it is more than that. The question has passed through the ordeal of a popular vote and the people have unquestionably signified their will that some kind of legislation be attempted along the lines of a loosely defined project. It is obviously a matter to which the governor should have addressed himself, and even though he personally disapprove of the plan—and his silence seems to carry this inference—there is all the more reason why he should be prompt with his advice against the specific mistakes that have been made elsewhere.

As has been said, the legislature is constrained to make an effort to carry out the will of the people and this has been expressed not in favor of some defined plan, but of a general principle. It can be done with a maximum or with a minimum of wisdom, but the task must be attempted whole-heartedly and with honest endeavor. Fortunately, the experiment to be made in California is not entirely a new one. It has been already made in other States, and their experience in untrodden political paths is available for our guidance whether as encouragement or as warning. The example of Oregon is perhaps the best known in California, and here at least we have an object lesson in what to avoid. Oregon is a Republican State and she now finds that by some unforeseen freak of an untried piece of political mechanism she is morally if not actually obliged to send a Democratic senator to Washington. Her political sympathies are avowedly and overwhelmingly with Mr. Taft, but she has none the less pledged herself inadvertently to send to the United States Senate a man who will consistently oppose Mr. Taft and do what he can to nullify Republican policies. It is evident that the Direct Primary in Oregon is not an aid, but a hindrance, to the expression of the popular will. It contains faults so evident that it should be easy to avoid their repetition in California, and these might have been indicated by the governor with some suggestions for their elimination.

The problem is, of course, a difficult one, but a frank recognition of main objects should go a long way to solve it. The legislature has received a popular mandate to devise some system under the ill-defined or undefined principle of the Direct Primary by which the will of the public in political affairs shall be more unmistakably expressed than it is now. The *Argonaut* believes that the old convention system can be made to answer every requirement; that whatever evils have arisen are due primarily to the voter and not to the delegate or to the system; that any plan devised by the wit of man must depend for its success upon the political intelligence of the voter, whether he be voting "direct" or for a convention delegate; and that reform must therefore in all cases depend upon the political education of the voter, the machinery of expression being at all times a subsidiary matter, Governor Hughes of New York, whom no one will accuse of lukewarmness in the cause of reform, addressing himself a few days ago to this very question, said:

When we inquire what remedy is available, it may be said that there is none which can be considered as complete, because human nature can not be changed by legislation and opportunities for political mischief will exist under any system.

Human nature certainly can not be changed by legislation, although it is one of the popular fallacies of the day that it can. So long as the voter can be beguiled



there will be no lack of those who will beguile him, through whatever mechanism may be in operation.

But the public wish to have a change of mechanism, and it is for the legislature to devise some plan that shall combine a minimum of harm with a maximum of good, and that shall enable the voter to give his "direct" vote while protecting him from the wiles of the unscrupulous organizer or the influence of unlimited wealth devoted to blatant self-advertisement. These are among the evils that can be easily unleashed by a lack of caution, and it is upon such points as these that the governor's advice and experience would have been valuable.

#### Trouble in China.

There is a decided touch of the burlesque in the terms of the edict dismissing Yuan Shi Kai from his office as grand councillor of China and commander-in-chief of the forces. It may be true that the disgraced viceroy has "rheumatism in his legs," for such is the reason advanced, but if this be so, it is hard to understand in what way "our clemency toward him is thus manifested," or why he should be ordered peremptorily to return at once to his home. Perhaps it is not Yuan Shi Kai's legs, but his head, that has got him into trouble with his hereditary rivals, the Manchus. He himself seems to have put his own shrewd interpretation upon the matter, since he has gone, not to his home as ordered, but to the British possession of Wei Hai Wei. Probably foreign soil will be much better for his peculiar malady than his native heath, all things considered, and he is to be warmly congratulated upon having used his rheumatic legs to such good purpose.

But there is nothing essentially humorous in this disquieting event. It is no small thing that the man who stood between the legations and the Boxer murderers a few years ago should now be summarily shouldered out of the way to make room for Na Tung, the very man who was plausibly charged with inciting those murderers. No wonder that the ambassadors should hold a meeting of protest, that a strengthening of the foreign lines of communication between Peking and Tientsin should be advocated, or that the withdrawal of the white soldiers should be postponed indefinitely. It is, of course, perfectly possible that the dismissal of the viceroy is nothing more than a piece of peevish Manchu spite against a Chinaman. It may be that Na Tung had nothing to do with the Boxers and will protect the foreigners as faithfully as his predecessor. But appearances are against both these suppositions, while it is perfectly evident that a man of exceptional strength and virtue has been displaced in favor of a man without experience, without proved character, and whose record is a dubious one.

Civilization has every reason to be grateful to Yuan Shai Kai. It was he who first ascertained that the besieged legations were safe and so justified the march of the allied forces to Peking. It is Yuan alone who is responsible for the modern Chinese army, and his was the only force able to extend effective protection to foreigners from the Boxer rebels. He it was who abolished the old whimsical absurdities from the army, the spearmen, the bowmen, the bearers of stinkpots, the makers of loud noises, and the displayers of terrifying pictures. It was his ambition to give China an army that could keep the peace within her frontiers while saving the European powers from the perils of temptation. He was the most powerful man in China, more powerful than Li Hung Chang, whose pupil he was. He had reformed education, abolished the practice of torture, and transformed Peking into a modern city. In fact, he represented everything that was enlightened and progressive, and if he can indeed be overthrown in this way it will be a portent of evil for the foreigners and a profound discouragement to Chinese reform. It is peculiarly significant that his downfall should occur so soon after the death of the empress and when dynastic rivalries and revolutionary agitation are necessarily at a critical point.

Yuan probably owes his trouble to his success in army reform. Mr. Putnam Weale, in his "Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia," which appeared last year, established his political acumen by a prediction startlingly confirmed by recent events. He says:

The Manchu party began to realize that if the new conscript army which was being slowly raised all over the empire became accustomed to the idea that the Tien-Tsin viceroy [Yuan] was the life and soul of the whole movement, and its real leader, it would only require some Peking palace disaster, such as the death of the Empress Dowager or of the emperor, to reduce the palace and the Manchus to a position of tutelage.

To be at the head of a well-drilled army is not a

position of security in China, and the unlucky Yuan will now have an opportunity to meditate on the disadvantages of excessive patriotism.

The attitude of Japan seems to be a little obscure and suggests some reflections. The Japanese ambassador held himself aloof from the meeting of the other representatives and it was freely said that the fall of Yuan Shi Kai was no news to him or to his government and that Japan was the only power forewarned of what was to happen. If that is so, Japan evidently did not object, for her objection would have been decisive. What has Japan to gain by the overthrow of a Chinese reformer and why is she so peculiarly in the confidence of the Chinese government? Whatever may happen in China, it is very certain that Japan will not be a pacifying influence. She has everything to gain from Chinese disorder, and it would be well within the lines of Asiatic policies to foment and foster it. There seems to be no one sanguine enough to believe that the present crisis can pass without serious happenings. There will be a decorous peace during the one hundred days of mourning, but after that is over there are likely to be lively times in China, when the unlucky foreigner may find himself between the devil and the deep sea.

#### Music Licenses Again.

Those who wish to understand the full inwardness of the monstrous proposal to license music teachers should read an article in the current issue of the *Pacific Coast Musical Review*. The *Argonaut* spoke with some diffidence of the technical aspects of the question, although it recognized the cloven hoof clearly enough. The *Musical Review* handles the matter from the professional aspect and makes clear the disgust with which the proposition is viewed by reputable and clear-sighted musicians. The questions that it puts are, of course, unanswerable, but this will be of no moment to those who are dazzled by the prospect of a new and more than usually tyrannical labor union with a golden vista of twenty dollars a day for the privilege of harrying their professional rivals, denying them the right to a livelihood, and fining or imprisoning them at discretion.

Suppose a teacher secures a certificate as instructor of the piano. May he teach also the violin, and, if so, why, and, if not, why not? If he wishes also to teach the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psalter, and dulcimer, must he have a license for each of them? Music teachers in schools and universities are exempt under this remarkable bill unless they should wish to give lessons apart from their regular duties, in which case they must register and pay. Are we to understand that a university teacher must give special proof of competency before being allowed to teach her scales to some little miss south of Market Street? Is there such agreement among music teachers as to procedure and methods that we can afford to give seven men the right to say who shall and who shall not teach? The mutual distrust among music teachers is, indeed, one of the most curious characteristics of the profession.

These are some of the questions suggested by the *Musical Review*, and they more than justify the *Argonaut's* reference to the scheme as an impudent proposal and a direct doorway to flagrant patronage, politics, and graft. Where, indeed, is this sort of thing to stop, and how shall we any of us escape being licensed and tagged like pet dogs or in default be placed in the pound if not in the lethal chamber? If the licensing of music teachers is essential to the good of the community, how about the licensing of cooks? Think of the profanity, the dyspepsia, the ruined homes, the blighted lives that come from bad cooking. Let us by all means have an examining board of seven cooks at \$20 a day with powers of fine and imprisonment. And how about barbers, and bootblacks, and manicures, and chiropodists, and waiters? Think of the hundred and one ministrants to the public convenience who are in a totally unlicensed condition and are thus able to inflict their incompetence upon a suffering public. And, worse still, think of the innumerable potential examining boards who would be willing to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of public duty for the trifling remuneration of \$20 a day.

#### Editorial Notes.

Senator Foraker's tirade against the President would have been far more effective had it come from some other source. Speaking ostensibly on the Brownsville affair, he made this his point of departure for a general assault with horse, foot, and artillery along the whole line. Brownsville, the Secret Service, the misdeeds

of federal detectives, his own misfortunes, were all passed in passionate review, but without any of that logical and connected argument that would have been his best line and that was indeed the only line that could be successful. He had abundance of good material, but he spoiled it by the obvious importation of a personal resentment that made him ineffective and almost incoherent. He allowed his own grievances to dwarf his cause, and Senator Lodge found no difficulty in wiping away whatever momentary impression had been produced. Senator Foraker is undoubtedly a very much puzzled man, and he is not the first to be surprised at the discovery that the world does indeed move and that the commonplaces of one day become the offenses of another. He is a victim of evolution, and we need not withhold a certain recognition of the pathos of his last remark when pleading for a vote: "In a few days my voice, so far as this chamber is concerned, will probably be stilled forever."

Dr. Burgess's ecstatic eulogy of the German emperor is one of those pronouncements that do not help us very much. Dr. Burgess was Roosevelt professor in the University of Berlin two years ago, and came into close personal contact with the emperor. He now says that "it has never been my fortune to come into contact with a man of keener intellect, wider information, warmer heart, larger ideals, sincerer courtesy, truer deference for the opinions of others, greater desire to be good and helpful in all directions," etc. Dr. Burgess summarizes the emperor as a "Christian and a gentleman in the highest sense of these words," and almost exhausts the vocabulary of panegyric in his description of a man whose imperial trade it is to be all things to all men, persuasive, ingratiating, and impressive. Almost exactly the same things have been said of the Czar of Russia, while even the Sultan of Turkey has found enthusiastic and intelligent defenders. Dr. Burgess would be more convincing if he were to address himself to facts rather than to impressions and to explain the unmistakable intention and the unerring aim with which the German emperor throws his bolts into the machinery of international politics and why his own people have found it necessary to repress him in the interests of the public peace. Dr. Burgess draws for us, of course, an honestly conceived picture, but an unsentimental world looks at actions rather than at conversational and platitudinous veneers.

The New York *World* prints the following unpleasant little paragraph:

Eight years in prison for stealing eight cents is the judgment of one San Francisco court upon an offender, while another court in the same city gave a man only a year and a half for wrecking a bank with a loss of \$9,000,000 to depositors. And the bank-wrecker is now out, accompanied by a deputy.

The *World* does not attempt to decide the balance of discredit between these two proceedings or to determine whether it is most reprehensible to wreck the life of a young boy for stealing eight cents or to inculcate the general lesson that stealing ceases to be stealing if only the plunder is big enough.

Nothing could be more shallow than to argue that the Balkan danger is at an end because Turkey is willing to accept a money payment from Austria in return for Bosnia and Herzegovina. Let it be remembered that the annexed provinces are nations rather than areas of territory, that they have views of their own as to their destiny, and that the bellicose attitude of Servia remains pretty much as it was. That a basis for negotiation has been reached is, of course, gratifying, but diplomatic assurances that "war is now impossible" are intended only for popular consumption and have no real significance.

The sense of humor at Sacramento seems to be a little warped if we may judge from the fact that "a wave of chortling glee" passed over the legislators when it became known that a prominent senator from the south had appointed his mother-in-law to be a porter at a pay of \$3 a day. A wave of shame and disgust would seem more in accord with the fitness of things, but then a sense of humor is not a universal possession and some of us have to be content to see others laugh and to believe that there is really a joke somewhere.

Robert Bacon, the Assistant Secretary of State, who has done much important work in that department, it is said will have the honor of being its head for a few weeks before Senator Knox takes the post under the new administration.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

If we may accept as unbiased the reports of Mr. Taft's reception in Georgia, we may suppose that the "solid South"—or, to be more precise, the solidity of the South—is in a fair way to become one of the phenomena of the past. It is, of course, always possible to work up "expressions of popular opinion" that are actually no more than the views of an inconsiderable minority. An English prime minister, censured for ignoring a formidable petition upon some public question, replied to the spokesman, "My dear sir, it would be quite easy to get up a petition of equal size to have you hanged." But there seems to be a measure of unmistakable reality about Mr. Taft's reception in Georgia. What are we to say when so representative a man as General Rufus N. Rhodes, the editor of the *Birmingham News*, and a Democrat, says in his address of welcome:

Judge Taft, if you knew the heart and the head of the men of the South, and particularly of Birmingham, you would know that they regard the result of the last election as a benediction from God Almighty himself to the people of the South over their own protest. I am a Democrat; most of these gentlemen are Democrats, but we all welcome your advent into the South, because you want the South once again to hold her place in the councils of the nation. You will find no more fertile field for the planting of your seeds of patriotism, independence of thought, independence of political action, than among the representative men of the city of Birmingham, Alabama.

We want you to help us to strike off our hands the shackles of an ignorant political system which does not do the most to develop our resources or to prosper and safeguard our happiness. We promise you real, genuine, tangible results for the greatness and the glory of this country.

Perhaps General Rhodes does not actually believe that Mr. Taft's success was due to the direct intervention of the Deity, but certainly no one can speak confidently to the contrary, and something must be allowed to Southern fervor, which may have unsuspected access to the workings of the Divine plan. At least we all know what the gallant general meant.

Mr. Taft was not to be outdone in sacred allusions, although it may be regretted that his terminology was not of that precise nature that could be wished. Probably he was unaware of the peculiar nature of the call that was to be made upon him and was therefore unprepared with those impromptus that are so impressive. He said that he had a sort of trembling fear that after four years of administration he might look in vain for such expressions of good will, and then, greatly daring, he added, "I think the Scripture says something about waiting to boast until you take the armor off rather than when you are putting it on."

Now this ought not to have been a matter of opinion with Mr. Taft, and if this gentle admission of uncertainty as to the precise wording and even the very existence of a well-known text had been made before election, instead of after it, the churches might have felt actually compelled to take some action in the matter. But perhaps Mr. Taft knows the text as well as any one else and was merely trying to avoid a pharisaical ostentation. At least his political references were beyond reproach. What, for instance, could be more tactful than the following:

I hope you will not think that I have misunderstood your coming; that I think it indicates a great revolution or a landslide of a partisan character. What I welcome is an agitation which means independence of action, and that is all. If it were to happen that the party of which I am the representative were to succeed in controlling two or three States in the South, it would by no means necessarily inure to the benefit of that party, for the reason that the solidity of the South has made a number of States in the North solid.

It is not working for a party purpose, therefore, to hope, either on your part or on my part, that the solid South shall be broken up. It only means the hope that there shall not be politically a South or a North, or an East, or a West, or any sectional political lines.

Senator Lodge, by the way, was in conference with Mr. Taft while in Georgia, and although the nature of the discussion was not divulged, Mr. Lodge said positively that he would not be in the Cabinet, adding, "My ambition is to remain in the Senate."

It is not always easy to measure the effect of presidential fulminations upon foreign opinion, but sometimes a newspaper reference shows us how fruitful in misconceptions such utterances may be where they are considered beyond the light of actual knowledge and experience. We need hardly take into account the good-humored comment of the *London Times* on the enviable amount of leisure that must be at the disposal of the average American who, of course, conscientiously reads the messages that exude so continuously from the White House. But now we have a criticism in a very different vein from the *London Saturday Review*, a newspaper that has indeed fallen from its once high estate of intelligence, but that still has a wide circle of readers. The *Saturday Review* says:

There was another subject on which Mr. Roosevelt touched which interested us the more because we have so often called attention to it—namely, the administration of justice in the United States. This was by far the best passage in the message, because Mr. Roosevelt says plainly that very many American judges are corrupt and many incompetent and many afraid to do their duty. That in many States of the Union it would be impossible to secure the conviction of criminals, that in most States commercial fraud should enjoy perfect immunity, that in all States the law of libel should be a dead letter, are serious blots upon American civilization.

The article concludes its comment with the following generalization:

The United States are entering upon the problem of the struggle between individualism and collectivism which has exercised the best minds ever since the day when the Sophists argued in the gardens of Athens. The problem perplexed Milton as it worried Burke, and we see no reason to expect that a vigorous, voluble, common-place politician like Mr. Roosevelt should solve it.

The *Saturday Review* is not particularly friendly to Taft but perhaps it can hardly be blamed for inferences

thus drawn from a document that should be of authority unimpeachable.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* quotes a member of the special committee which is considering the Secret Service presidential message as saying that the report of the committee will be drastic enough to suit the most aggrieved members of Congress.

In commenting on the statement that the report of the special committee will not pass over lightly the President's explanation, it was explained that members of the committee have sounded the House, and find that a majority of the members are anxious to have a report that will make it clear to the White House that the House is not satisfied with the President's answer.

Chairman Perkins said that the committee will be ready to make its report within a week.

Preceding the meeting of the full committee there was an informal conference of the Republican members in Mr. Perkins's room. Mr. Perkins was unwilling to admit that the committee will recommend "drastic action." "That isn't a good word," he said. "The committee will recommend that 'proper' action be taken."

In the opinion of men like Representatives Tawney of Minnesota, Smith of Iowa, and Sherley of Kentucky, "proper action" might consist of one of three things. The offensive part of the President's annual message and his reply to the resolution of the House might be laid on the table, expunged from the record, or returned to the White House.

Whatever the report of the committee may be, there is no present intention to force a vote on its adoption until there shall have been full discussion. Messrs. Tawney, Smith, and Sherley will ask to be heard, and it is expected Messrs. Bennett, Parsons, and other friends of the President will reply.

The Democratic members of the committee, says the *Evening Post*, are anxious that there shall be no mincing of words or tone of apology and meekness in the report that is being discussed. It is known that John Sharp Williams, former minority leader, thinks the President has added insult to injury in his message of explanation, and will not be satisfied unless the House asserts its wounded dignity and makes it clear to the country that it resents Mr. Roosevelt's charges.

Mr. Bonyne of Colorado added a touch of meriment to the Secret Service "row" when he appeared at the Capitol in an overcoat that was much too small for him. He explained that he was a White House visitor, and that his own overcoat had been taken from the Cabinet-room while he was talking with the President.

Bonyne is without redress, and not entitled to make any complaint, said a member of the special committee. "If he went to the President with his troubles, I suppose Mr. Roosevelt would say that he ought not to complain, in view of the fact that he was one of those congressmen who voted to limit the activities of the Secret Service operatives."

It developed that the taking of Mr. Bonyne's overcoat was due to a mistake, another White House visitor who preceded the Colorado congressman picking up the garment for his own as he hastened from the Cabinet-room.

It now seems, according to the *New York Sun*, that some \$20,000,000 have been expended by the Secret Service Department during the past year. This vast sum has been taken from the money placed at the service of the executive for contingent expenses, but where it went is a matter upon which some much-needed light ought to be thrown. Small wonder that the Senate committee should feel that it has a legitimate subject for investigation and that such immense expenditures should be supervised in a competent and authoritative way.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LONDON, ENGLAND, December 10, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I think I ought to trouble you with a correction of one of the pages in your excellent paper. The issue of November 21 quotes a poem to which the name of Coventry Patmore is signed. His readers and lovers should be told that it is not by him. I know his work through and through, and can answer for this. But the internal evidence is enough. It is a weak poem, such as he never wrote, and it contains a split infinitive, of which he was not capable.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Messina, next to Palermo the chief commercial town of Sicily, with upward of 90,000 inhabitants, is situated on the Strait of Messina and is overshadowed by a range of rugged, rocky peaks. It has experienced many vicissitudes. It was founded by Cumæan pirates and Chalcidians about B. C. 730. About 493, fugitives from Samos and Miletus took possession of the city and it was given the name of Messina. It was an important place in the time of the Romans and bore a part in the naval wars of Cæsar and Pompey. In A. D. 843 Messina was taken by the Saracens, who in turn were dispossessed by the Normans in 1062. Messina has been the scene of many battles and sieges and has been often devastated. There are no important relics of antiquity. During the eighteenth century Messina was overtaken by two overwhelming calamities—a fearful plague in 1740, from which 40,000 persons died, and an earthquake in 1783 which destroyed almost the entire town. Messina lies on the line of contact of the primary and secondary formations, on which boundary earthquakes between Etna and Vesuvius are always most violent. A severe bombardment in September, 1848, by the Neapolitan troops also caused great damage, and in 1854 the cholera carried off no fewer than 16,000 victims. The earthquake of November, 1894, also left many visible traces of its destructive force.

Census returns in India show some remarkably candid statements. In Allahabad thirty-five citizens described themselves as "men who rob with threats of violence." There were twenty-five "hereditary thieves." There were nine "professional false witnesses."

## POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is foremost among those who urge the retention in the Taft Cabinet of Postmaster-General Meyer. While no particular portfolio for Mr. Meyer is mentioned, it is understood that if he is retained it will be as Secretary of the Navy.

Improved methods of administration instituted by Secretary Garfield, having for their purpose the simplification of business without any loss in accuracy or responsibility, have proved of great value, says the head of the Department of the Interior in his recent annual report.

W. J. Bryan supports Gompers and Mitchell in their contention that they are denied the right of free speech. In an editorial in the *Commoner* he suggests in substance that the decision in the Bucks Stove case justifies the clamor against preliminary injunctions and emphasizes the demand for disabling legislation.

Governor-elect Lilley of Connecticut recently appointed Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., an aide-de-camp with the rank of major on his military staff, and the President's son accepted the appointment. Some politicians infer that President Roosevelt consented to his son's appointment because of his wish to indicate that he approved of Governor-elect Lilley both personally and politically. Many of the Taft leaders were active opponents of Lilley in the campaign. The charges against the governor-elect under the corrupt practices act were dismissed, the act being declared unconstitutional by two judges.

It was recently announced that the publication of the memoirs of United States Senator Thomas C. Platt would be begun in the March number of one of the popular magazines. Senator Platt, whose term ends on March 4 next, has been a commanding figure in New York State politics for so many years, during a large part of which he was practically the master of the Republican organization in that State, that politicians heard with interest, bordering in some cases upon solicitude, the statement that Senator Platt's recollections had been written with great freedom and frankness and dealt with political matters great and small, and politicians of varying degrees of fame, over a period of half a century.

The suggestion of the appointment of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard as the successor of White-law Reid as ambassador to Great Britain has been made frequently by editorial writers, their articles warmly indorsing the personal fitness and ample opportunity of Dr. Eliot to serve as his country's leading foreign representative. President Eliot is the second Massachusetts man to be proposed for the English ambassadorship within recent years, the late Senator Hoar's name having been frequently mentioned in connection with the office previous to Mr. Reid's appointment. The excessive demands of the position have made it practically impossible for any but a man of great wealth to consider its acceptance, since the salary of \$17,000 would scarcely pay the rent of the residence occupied by recent representatives of this government in London, Berlin, or St. Petersburg.

Beekman Winthrop, now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is to be First Assistant Secretary of State in the Taft administration. Mr. Winthrop has been officially associated with Mr. Taft for nearly all of the last eight years. Very soon after his graduation from the Harvard Law School, in 1900, he became private secretary to Mr. Taft, who was then governor of the Philippine Islands. He remained in the Philippines until May, 1904, serving most of the time as executive secretary of the Philippine Commission and judge of the Court of First Instance. Then he was appointed governor of Porto Rico. When the United States intervened in Cuba, in September, 1906, Mr. Winthrop was Mr. Taft's choice for provisional governor. The cruiser *Des Moines* was about to start from Guantanamo for him when the appointment of Governor Magoon was made by the President in Washington. About a year ago Mr. Winthrop came back from Porto Rico to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He is a close personal friend of Mr. Taft.

It is assumed that Governor Folk of Missouri has been eliminated as a factor in national politics by his defeat by Senator William J. Stone in the contest for a seat in the United States Senate. Folk went to Missouri from Tennessee as a young man. As a prosecutor of officials who had looted the municipal treasury of St. Louis he gained a following and was elected governor in 1904 by 30,000, though Roosevelt carried the State by 25,000. As governor he pressed many reforms, but began to be regarded as a one-sided radical. The Democratic machine was always against him. He used his power to put the lid on the saloons of Missouri and the great German element was added to the list of his opponents. He called on the militia to stop pool selling at the race tracks, and, like Hughes, he had the "sporting" elements against him. Senator Stone has been a member of the House, Governor of Missouri, and he was in the United States Senate already; and during a political career extending back a generation he, like his State, had been an uncompromising Democrat. It was his pride and his joy that he had never been anything but a bitter, aggressive Democrat; that he never had tolerated a Republican tail to his kite.



## MAXINE ELLIOTT'S NEW THEATRE.

Actress-Manager Opens Her New York Playhouse with a Successful Play.

Among the seventy-odd theatres of New York, and the three new ones opened this season, the latest accession is distinguished in many particulars. It is not merely one of the handsomest, coziest, and safest houses in town, it is the venture, the domain, the pride of a beautiful woman, who is an aspiring actress and an ambitious manager. Maxine Elliott had international fame before this, but her latest accomplishment places her in a position of theatrical rank and responsibility held by only one other woman—Lena Ashwell, manager of the Kingsway Theatre in London. Already Miss Elliott has shown that she possesses eminent talent for direction and energy tempered with good judgment. Other American actresses have owned and managed theatres—notably Laura Keane and Mrs. John Drew—but their enterprise made history forty years ago. Later attempts have been short-lived. While the Shuberts, with whom Miss Elliott has been associated in business, have aided in the construction of the new playhouse, it is acknowledged that the plans of construction and the decorations are largely the ideas of the actress, and the praise for its beauty and the comfort of its appointments should be given to her. J. J. Shubert has assisted her materially in superintending the details, but her wishes have been faithfully carried out.

West Thirty-Ninth Street, just off Broadway, is the convenient location of the theatre. The structure is not imposingly tall, but the façade of marble, with four columns and a cornice surmounted by a balustrade, is impressive. Carved in the cornice is the inscription, "Maxine Elliott Theatre." Electric light signs and even the omnipresent posters are pleasingly absent. From the foyer, marble stairways rise to the first balcony and a passage leads to the stage and to Miss Elliott's reception room. A velvet curtain separates the foyer from the auditorium, and as the spectator passes this the charm of the decorative scheme and the compact yet roomy design of the interior strike him most favorably. Old gold, ivory in brownish-yellow tints, and mouse-colored silks and velvets, form the harmony of hues that seems most appropriate to such an interior. Two marble columns support the proscenium arch, beneath which is hung a looped curtain of velvet. On the walls are panels of old gold silk. From the domed ivory ceiling hangs a golden chandelier. Twelve rows of seats fill the auditorium, for every chair is inches wider than those in ordinary use. There are two balconies, both without obstructing pillars, and the upper one even is as handsomely upholstered as the orchestra floor. Nine hundred auditors will fill every seat in the house. The orchestra is hidden in a pit under the projecting front of the stage, behind a screen of bay leaves. Throughout the theatre is as nearly fire-proof as possible, constructed of steel, cement, and marble, with no wood except the stage floor and bits of wainscoting here and there. It cost three-quarters of a million dollars, and has been completed in record-breaking time.

"The Chaperon," a comedy by Marion Fairfax (in private life Mrs. Tully Marshall), was chosen by Miss Elliott as her dedicatory dramatic offering. It had been produced in Boston three weeks before, and had been received with marked if not enthusiastic appreciation. However, the play was not the one important thing of the opening night. Miss Elliott's friends are sufficiently numerous to make apprehension futile on such an occasion. Every seat had been sold days before the event. The audience was more than kindly disposed, and when the yellow-silk curtain fell at the close of the first act, it applauded loudly and long and then bubbled joyously with anticipation of more intimate and personal attention. Miss Elliott was equal to the crowning felicity of acknowledging the congratulations of her audience, and this in spite of the long-continued strain of manifold activities. Indulgence might well have been solicited for her, when the demands upon her strength during the past month were considered, but the actress-manager required no apology.

Nevertheless, those who have the highest hope for Miss Elliott's achievements could hardly be delighted with "The Chaperon." It is an extravagant social comedy that somehow seems to lack a chorus and songs of the popular standard. With a few rollicking airs, accompanied by the swish of skirts and the nods, smiles, and turnings of a feminine phalanx, it would be improved. Not that Miss Elliott even suggests musical comedy. She does not. She is wholesomely alluring in the simply regal style. Her classic beauty is as unmistakable in a rain-soaked costume after a romantic misadventure by night on a shelterless island as in a reception costume. In fact, if she were but a bit lighter and more deft in touch, her comedy scenes would be more buoyant.

In the play Miss Elliott is the American wife of a foreign nobleman who is far from being noble. A divorce is her greatest desire; her next most important need is a reconciliation with the American lover she jilted when she accepted the count. She goes to visit friends in the Adirondacks, and is suddenly called to act as chaperon for the young people of the family. Next, the not-forgotten lover turns up, and with his appearance comes the news that the hated husband is close upon his heels. The lover and the heroine take a canoe sail by moonlight, wreck their canoe, and pass

the night on an island. They are discovered there by the husband, in a nasty temper, and he gets a manly punch in the eye for his display of a mean disposition. Of course, he quits then, and the happy conclusion is a mere matter of additional words. During this most important interlude the young folks have taken advantage of the absence of their chaperon and pair off rapturously.

As may be seen, there is nothing difficult in this, and Miss Elliott does not attempt to emphasize the wanting elements. She is her own lovely self, mentally capable and physically a prize worth winning. Her countess is not a dramatic figure that will make a page for itself in your memory. Julian L'Estrange plays the American lover with careful regard for the requirements of his situation. His chivalry, prowess, and passion contrast favorably with the negative qualities of the debt-burdened, money-hunting count. Grant Mitchell and Oza Waldrop are comedy assistants of undoubted ability whose efforts were appreciated. Theodore Morris, William Harrigan, Albert Meyer, Suzanne Perry, Rene Kelly, and Georgia O'Ramey, are also in the company.

The piece is assured of a prosperous run. Later, Miss Marlowe and Mme. Nazimova, other Shubert stars, will be seen at the auspiciously inaugurated playhouse.

NEW YORK, December 31, 1908.

FLANEUR.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

We lay us down to sleep,  
And leave to God the rest;  
Whether to wake and weep  
Or wake no more be best.

Why vex our souls with care?  
The grave is cool and low—  
Have we found life so fair  
That we should dread to go?

We've kissed love's sweet, red lips,  
And left them sweet and red;  
The rose the wild bee sips  
Blooms on when he is dead.

Some faithful friends we've found,  
But they who love us best,  
When we are under ground,  
Will laugh on with the rest.

No task have we begun  
But other hands can take;  
No work beneath the sun  
For which we need to wake.

Then hold us fast, sweet Death,  
If so it seemeth best  
To Him who gave us breath  
That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep;  
Our weary eyes we close;  
Whether to wake and weep  
Or wake no more, He knows.  
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

## The Tapestry Weaver.

Through many a sad and toilsome hour  
The patient weaver sits,  
While to his beck, obedient,  
The eager shuttle flits—  
A conscious, earnest life-like thing  
With will and purpose fraught,  
As on its measured round it speeds,  
To work the Master's thought.

And now a thread of somber gray,  
Enmixed with color bright,  
A tangled yarn of motley hue  
Offends the curious sight.  
"Thy labor is but fret and fray,  
With naught of plan," I cried.  
The patient weaver smiled and said:  
"Look on the other side!"

"But sure, some mark of fair design—  
Some show of beauty's trace—  
Some form, beneath thy cunning hand,  
The practiced eye may trace!"  
"Nay, nay! Thou dost each thread misread,"  
The weaver quick replied;  
"The rare design can only shine  
Upon the other side."

My longing gaze I turned, and lo!  
The ever shifting loom  
Unfolded with each stroke and stride  
A wealth of gorgeous bloom—  
Where mesh and web of warp and woof  
In radiance Tyrian-dyed,  
Shone forth in heauteous form complete—  
Upon the other side.

O weary soul! O fainting heart!  
How fares it with this dear employee?  
Dost thou behold nor grace, nor bloom  
As life's swift shuttle flies?  
Stay not thy hand, but weave thy stint,  
Though beauty seems denied;  
Sweet flower and fruit, thou yet shall see  
Upon the other side!

—Zitella Cocke.

Letters mailed in the United States for Germany, and dispatched direct, and not via England or France, are now two cents an ounce or fraction of an ounce. Persons who wish letters for Germany sent by England or France (the quickest route) must fully prepay postage thereon at the Universal Postal Union rate of five cents. The reduced rate applies only to letters mailed in the States and Territories of the United States, including Alaska, on the mainland of North America, and does not extend to letters mailed in Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines, or other possessions of the United States.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ernst Haeckel, the venerable scientist, who will be seventy-five on February 16, intends to resign at the close of the winter session the professorship of zoology in the University of Jena, which he has held for forty-six years, and give all his time to his phylogenetic museum.

Herr Bollhagen, the celebrated fresco painter of Berlin, has been commissioned by a German steamship company to procure in America accurate historical data and local color for a series of pictures dealing with the life and the times of the first President of the United States. The works are designed for the interior decoration of a new vessel for one of the transatlantic lines.

Eddie Loving, who has recently secured an appointment as messenger in the service of President-elect Taft, is a noted golfer, though only nineteen years old. He has always lived at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and started as a caddie there. On the Augusta, Georgia, links he made the round in 70, which is one stroke better than the best professional record. Mr. Taft's score on the same course was 102.

John V. Steger, president of one of the largest piano factories in the world, came from Germany to America when he was seventeen years old and without means, though he had already worked three years at his trade. Now he owns not only his manufacturing works, which employ 1600 men, but also a model town which he has built up, thirty-five miles from Chicago, and is many times a millionaire.

Brander Matthews, one of the best known of living American authors, was born in New Orleans in 1852, and studied at Columbia College, where he graduated in 1871. He was admitted to the New York bar, but he turned from law to literature, to which, for many years, he has devoted an indefatigable and versatile pen. In 1892, he was appointed professor of dramatic literature in Columbia University.

Francis E. Leupp, present United States Indian commissioner, will retire from office along with Mr. Roosevelt, according to his own announcement. Mr. Leupp has been in office about four years. After his retirement, he will make use of his large accumulation of knowledge concerning the American Indians, whom he began to study many years before he took office, by writing articles and books. Mr. Leupp was for a long time an active journalist.

Charles M. Bowman, a councilman of Wilkesbarre, has achieved fame by defending theatrical billboards. In a speech which turned the tide in the city council that seemed setting against these prominently pervasive objects, he said: "Where, I say, where can you get finer art than is on some of the billboards? These pictures excel in beauty the paintings of Benjamin West or the sculpture of Michael Angelo and are a delight to the naked eye." After this there need be little further discussion of the tariff on art.

Princess George of Greece by her marriage to Prince George raised the Bonaparte family once again to royal rank. The princess is the daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte (by Marie Blanc, the Monte Carlo millionaire's daughter), the grand-daughter of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, and the great-granddaughter of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who died in 1840, and was Napoleon's younger and most brilliant brother. Prince George is the second son of the King of Greece, and a nephew of Queen Alexandra. Princess George is now called the most beautiful woman of royal rank in Europe.

A. Radclyffe Dugmore is one of the most widely known and notable of outdoor photographers. He took up the art of photographing birds and animals in their native haunts and ten years ago attracted the attention of publishers. His work is now in demand for illustrative purposes, and it has established new standards. He has made in the last decade more than 10,000 photographs of live wild birds, animals, trees, flowers, and fish. He wishes to make a photographic record of big game before game is a thing of the past—which is not a matter of many years. In this respect his work will be similar to Curtis's photographs of Indians.

Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, U. S. N., retired, entered the navy as an assistant engineer, with the rank of midshipman, in 1861. After passing through all intermediate grades, he was made engineer-in-chief of the United States navy in 1887, with the rank of commodore, and was promoted to be rear-admiral in 1899. He has contributed largely to the building up of the new navy. Admiral Melville has made three voyages to the polar North and has had a great part in the history of the effort to reach the North Pole. In 1890, he was voted a gold medal and advanced fifteen numbers by special act of Congress, for bravery in the Arctic.

Henry W. Poor, who recently was forced to make an assignment, has been well known as the publisher of "Poor's Railroad Manual," as a wealthy broker and promoter, and as a collector of rare and costly books. He was considered to be worth some \$5,000,000, and the first hint that he was in financial difficulties came only a few weeks ago when his collection of books was advertised to be sold at auction. About half of the collection has already been sold, bringing in over \$70,000. Even then the assignment was a surprise to Wall Street. The cause of Mr. Poor's failure is said to have been heavy losses in connection with the promotion of industrial corporations.



## THE PASSING OF THE POET.

By Donald Kennicott.

Now the centipede crawls on the 'dobe walls  
Of the Zuñi pueblo ruin,  
And the spotted rattlesnake quits the cactus brake,  
The horned toad pursuin'.  
Now the coyote howls, now the little brown owls  
From the prairie-dog towns are speedin';  
The bogged steer dies, the water-hole dries—  
And the sun goes down on Eden.

The last recalcitrant rhyme had been safely corralled, the third and ultimate stanza of "A Day in Eden" had been brought to its triumphantly ironic conclusion, and the momentary peace that crowns the consummation of endeavor descended upon the restless soul of Julian Senour, poet, cowboy, and wanderer. Tucking a much-chewed nubbin of pencil beside the tobacco sack in his upper vest pocket, he carefully rolled up the yellow oilskin "slicker," on the smooth surface of whose ample skirt the precious verses had been inscribed, and shook himself free from the domination of the Muse.

His description had been fairly precise. At his feet was the all but dry water-hole; half submerged in the baked mud at its brink, lay the bogged steer, undeniably dead; and beyond, now quivering under the scourge of the noonday sun, stretched the rock-strewn levels of Palo-Verde Plain, gray, desolate, interminable. The poet's glance rested for an instant on the scum-covered puddle before him, and a last echo of his ironic mood found expression. "And a river went out of Eden," he muttered with a slow, sardonic grin, "to water the garden." Then, raising his head, he looked with wistful eyes out over the vast and empty plain.

"Lord," he mused aloud. "I wonder what it is I'm driftin' around the country after anyhow—and where'll I bring up next? I left home for no reason at all; left Idaho because it was cold and Texas because it was hot; left the Cochetopa because it was rough, and yesterday I had to go and quit my job here on Palo-Verde just because I'm sick of this damned flat country. And what has it all amounted to?"

His mood grew reminiscent as he tried to answer that question. In Idaho he had learned to wield a lariat and to back a broncho. During his residence in the Cochetopa Hills he had appraised the measure of joy contained in the wine-cup; and there he had written "Alkalied"—that jocund, immortal ditty whose original four stanzas merely recorded the horrible fates of one Alkali Ike, his wife, his child, and his little hound-dog, but which, passing from bard to bard, gathered from each an increment, and by a process of accretion had attained, early in 1907, the ponderous, epic proportions of sixty-seven verses. In Texas—his face clouded as he recalled what had come into his life there: yet there it was, too, that he had written "Pecos Nell"—that half-humorous, half-pathetic ballad whose haunting refrain is now so often heard in the lonely darkness where the night-herders ride, about the mesquite fires that light the shepherds' solitude, or in the lamp-lit halls that mock the night in little "cow-towns" along the border. Here on Palo-Verde Plain he had learned what solitude may mean, and out of the melancholy which that knowledge had engendered had proceeded the bitter, ironic mood which this day had found its voice.

"What is it," he muttered again, staring with troubled eyes at the shift and shimmer of a distant mirage, "what is it that I'm lookin' for, anyway? I wonder—I wonder—" He paused, and then started suddenly, for in that instant, as if in answer to his query, there came to his ears the sound of hoofs and of wheels, and, turning, he saw a heavy wagon rumbling rapidly toward him down the road from the mountains; seated alone in the vehicle was a young girl.

As the wagon drew nearer, the poet observed that the driver glanced back repeatedly, as if concerned for the safety of her load. She wore a wide felt sombrero pushed back from her forehead, a dress of some pale blue stuff, and heavy gloves so much too large for her that the finger tips were doubled over absurdly. When she reined in to let her team drink at the water-hole, he could see that her face was drawn and white; for some reason he was reminded of a pale blue flower he had once noticed, bruised and dust-stained by a desert wind-storm.

"Good evenin', ma'am," he heard himself saying, hat in hand.

"Evenin'," she returned, with a momentary glance at him from dark, frightened eyes. Then, slipping down from the seat, she knelt over something in the bottom of the wagon.

She raised her head again. "You-all know anything about doctorin'," she asked.

The poet hesitated. "Why, no'm," he answered. "What—"

"It's dad here," she explained. "He chopped his foot gettin' out logs up yonder."

Standing on a wheel-hub, the poet saw a pallid, gray-bearded man lying on a blanket in the bottom of the wagon, one foot bandaged, and pillowed on a little bundle of pine boughs. The eyes of the older man opened, regarded him fixedly for a moment, and then closed again. The girl wet a handkerchief in the water-keg which was slung to the side of the wagon, bathed his forehead, and turned again to the youth.

"You see," she said, forgetting her shyness in her anxiety, "I'm so afraid it isn't fixed right. It bled so, and I couldn't stop it for ever so long, and now he feels so weak. He went to chop a log in two, and he slipped on some moss, and— We were out our winter's firewood."

"And you got him into the wagon and everything all by yourself?"

She nodded. "Yes. There aint but just dad and me. That's the reason I went with him—he don't like to leave me all alone down at the ranch."

"Where was you aimin' to take him?"

"Home—tonight. Ours is the place just below Piedra Spring—about fifteen miles from here, I reckon. Tomorrow, I thought, maybe so I'd drive him in to town to a doctor. I can't leave him to fetch one."

The poet looked at the white face of the injured man and once again at the girl; and then without a word he ran off to where his hobbled horse was painfully picking at a little patch of sun-scorched gramma.

Returning, he tied the animal to the wagon, and with the saddle under his arm, clambered in.

"There," he said, carefully placing the saddle near the injured man. "You-all can sit on that and tend to him, while I drive. I know the way to Piedra; after that I reckon your place'll be in sight. Holler if I go too fast or jolt him." He took his place, whistled to the team, and with due regard to the roughness of the ground nursed them to a swift trot. And it was at least a full half-hour afterwards, when far down the road to Piedra Spring, that he remembered the yellow oilskin slicker, on the smooth surface of whose ample skirt he had inscribed the three precious stanzas of "A Day in Eden," and which he had left at the mercy of wind and sun and gnawing coyote beside the little water-hole back on Palo-Verde.

The following morning found Julian Senour sitting wearily on the vine-shadowed veranda of a little adobe ranche-house just below Piedra Spring, watching the dust of a departing buggy. Just at dusk the night before, he had driven up to the house with its injured owner, and, after seeing him safe in bed, under the care of his dark-eyed daughter, had ridden post-haste through the darkness to town. Accompanied by the one doctor of which that metropolis boasted, he had returned shortly after daylight; and when the physician had announced that his patient must stay quiet in bed for at least two weeks, the poet had consented to remain for that length of time, in order to look after the ranche. Now, as he watched the doctor's buggy roll out of sight, it was not without a certain humorous perplexity that he recalled his speculation of the day before as to whither he should next drift, and meditated on the curious caprice of fate which had placed him for a time as guardian of this little oasis on Palo-Verde.

Days passed—slowly, tranquilly, idly almost, for the poet's labors in field and corral were by no means heavy, and had he been so minded, ample leisure was vouchsafed to him wherein he might have continued his meditations on the significance of his wandering and the nature of their goal. Yet it was with far different matters that he found himself concerned, for one can not breakfast, dine, and sup tête-à-tête with so engaging a young person as Miss Helen Lovell proved to be and maintain a consistently introspective eye. Nor was it alone the accident of this delightful and semi-marital intimacy that commanded his attention. He had known other women, and sometimes, in one way or another, had been attracted by them. But this girl, it seemed to him, was a creature altogether new and different and puzzling. Why, for example, did it so please him to watch her do little things in themselves inconsequent—prepare the tray for the invalid in the next room, pour his own coffee, water the one small and struggling geranium that decorated the window-sill; and why did the precise gesture and movement she employed seem to him the one perfect and inevitable one? Why, when he looked at her face, did it sometimes seem to him that he had seen or known her before, in some long past and in other respects forgotten time? Why, for all that he knew her to be no more than a simple and rather pretty girl, did all things about her seem so curiously interesting and mysterious? Why—decidedly, here was new and most perplexing material for reflection.

Yet it was not permitted him to pursue these pleasant inquiries unmolested. For the Muse is a jealous lassie; and will descend to battle with an earthly rival for the favor of even the least of her lovers. She chose a cool morning some five or six days after the poet's arrival for her first assault; for her battleground, the little orchard that lay between the house and the alfalfa field. The poet had finished his maternal duties and sat smoking a cigarette under a gnarled old apple-tree, when quite unexpectedly he became conscious of an impulse which he had experienced perhaps a dozen times before in his life, always with a curious, exalted sense of wonder and of joy, sometimes almost of awe, as if he were possessed of a spirit other and higher than his own. The mood which at such times so insistently clamored for expression had been various—sometimes jocund, sometimes tender, sometimes, as that day beside the water-hole on Palo-Verde, ironic. This time it was something quite different, strange, obscure, and yet imperious. For a long time he sat there, watching the thin blue line of smoke mount upward from his cigarette. It should be a song, he decided at length—a song in praise of this young girl who had so unaccountably and so deeply interested him. He should call it—what indeed should he call it? And what were adequate praise? All day the mood and the impulse possessed him; all day he sat there under the apple tree or paced up and down the shady little grove. Yet when evening came, he had neither found the title nor written a single line. For life is greater than literature; fact is more insistent than its expression; and experience is an all-absorbing preoccupation.

The poet who lives his poem does not write it; and—many men are poets in their youth. That night the Muse retired, bruised and defeated from this her first battle for the soul of her lover.

Not thus easy, however, may so puissant a goddess be humbled. One defeat does not spell surrender, and though one may be worsted in open battle, there remain possibilities of guerrilla warfare, of Parthian retreat, and of retirement to places well fortified. Nor would the veriest squire of dames forsake his first love without regret, without hesitation, or without struggle. The poet passed a sleepless, troubled night, and rose early next morning, firm with resolve. Never before had he found the spirit of song thus silenced within him; never before had he been thus stricken dumb; nor had he once known failure. It was not to be endured. The disturbing influence was obvious; the remedy likewise patent. He would fulfill his promise, yes—would remain until the two weeks had elapsed. But at the end of that time he should leave immediately, and in the meantime he proposed to cease inquiry and experiment alike, and as far as possible to avoid the vicinity of the perturbing cause. Guerrilla warfare it should be, and then retreat.

Alas, nor he, nor the Muse, his commanding general, knew ought of the power of the foe—what guns were hers, what far-flung cavalry, what serried ranks of war. One may hurry through his breakfast in grim, discourteous silence, staring fixedly at the sugar-bowl, but what avail it when all the while he feels upon him the gentle, troubled glance of his dark-eyed hostess? One may seek to wear out the long, lonely day by quite unnecessary labors in obscure corners of the ranche, but what does it profit when even in the uttermost, hidden nook of outlying corral or distant ditch-head he sees continually tripping beside him the graceful figure of his fair enemy. One may even flee the pleasant evening conversation on the veranda, and hide one's self in the enshrouding shadows of the orchard, but how may one escape the perturbing accents of a low and gentle voice that so insistently echo in one's ears. Guerrilla warfare indeed! Daily a pitched battle, daily an utter rout, daily a weakened army. *Sauve qui peut!*

The determined fortnight came at last to an end. Limping, irascible, but clearly convalescent, the owner of the Piedra Springs ranche rose from his bed and hobbled about his possessions. And when he saw how well all had been cared for, how even in remote and obscure corners of the ranche sundry fences and ditches had been repaired, who more pleased than he? It will be long before he can resume his wonted activity; he will continue to need an assistant. He would be pleased indeed to have the poet continue in his employ. But no, the poet is under an imperative obligation elsewhere; he has already tarried over long; he must without fail depart early the next morning. No, Miss Lovell must not get up to prepare his breakfast; he will make his own coffee and will sleep in the bunk-house so as not to wake them. It is essential that he start very early, at dawn in fact.

The day wore slowly to evening. When the three sat down to supper, the poet, finding himself unable decently to maintain his taciturnity, assumed a gayety though he had it not, and embroidered gaudily lies wherewith to account for his imperative departure. And when the meal was over, taking a base advantage of the lady's temporary preoccupation with the dishes, he slipped out into the darkness.

Yet one can not go to bed immediately after supper, even if he is to start on a journey early the next morning—very early, before dawn in fact. And when one has an aching lump in his throat that will not down, the dusty solitude of the old bunk-house is no place for him. It were best to walk up and down the little apple orchard once more—one last time. There he may smoke and breathe the pleasant air of evening and coerce the aforesaid lump into subsidence.

It is cool in the old orchard. Now and then the wind stirs sleepily; overhead the leaves turn and murmur a drowsy response; there are borne to one rare, keen scents of ripening apples, of trodden grass, and of honey-burdened alfalfa. The moon is still asleep, but the desert stars are wide-eyed; under the trees there is a verdant glow; on the grass are faint, inconstant shadows, that dance and shift and play. Far out on Palo-Verde, a little brown owl calls softly to her mate.

The lump, however, stubbornly refuses to down. It has, in fact, grown much worse. He should not have come out to the orchard, for although he had grown fond of the whole ranche, this spot was particularly dear to him. It is clearly because he has taken such a liking to the ranche that his departure so grieves him, and as he feels a special predilection for the orchard, his sadness is very naturally here augmented. Never indeed has a certain place thus appealed to him; on leaving it, a lump is rising in his throat—a manifestation at once childish and ridiculous. And when he looks up toward the house and sees the light in the window there, it grows worse—intolerable.

He is not at all sleepy. The time must be passed somehow. He will compose a farewell to this—place, that has so enchanted him. He knows a very pretty little Mexican song that will supply an appropriate air. He will set the English words to it and so while away the time. Valiantly he struggles, but in vain. Words fail him utterly. For—he it noted—he who suffers a flesh-wound may cry out and may discuss his sensations in a ream of lilting lyrics; but he who is smitten to the heart is silent, very silent.

With a gesture of abandonment, he tosses far from him the much-chewed nubbin of pencil, and filling with tobacco the little thin cigarette paper on which he had



scribbled a weak, inadequate line or two, he rolls it up, places it between his lips, and scratches a match. And who knows what might have happened but for that tiny match-flame. For to one standing uncertainly by the open door of the empty bunk-house it is a flaming beacon.

A light footfall sounds on the grass, and through the darkness the poet hears a soft voice calling. He can but respond; at the edge of the orchard he finds the lady standing bareheaded, a little bundle under her arm.

"Is that you, Julian?" she asks as he draws near. "Here's something to eat I fixed for you to carry; I was afraid you wouldn't find it in the morning. And here's your coat; I've mended that tear in the sleeve so it doesn't show." She pauses, and though even in the darkness he can feel her eyes upon him, he can find no words to thank her. There is a little silence, and then she speaks again, low-voiced, hesitant, appealing—"You weren't—you weren't aimin' to go away without sayin' good-bye, were you, Julian?"

Ah, Muse, haul down your tattered banner, spike your silenced cannon, lay down your vanquished arms. For retreat is cut off, the gates are battered in, the enemy riots exultant within your most sacred citadels. For when, oh Muse, did ever you think to prepare your lover's luncheon? When did you ever mend his torn coat-sleeve? And when, when did you ever stand close beside him, actual, palpable, unutterably alluring? Your hour has come.

The hour passes. And at its close there are two who walk hand in hand up to the ranche-house, there pitilessly to arouse a barely convalescent invalid, and to communicate startling tidings. And in that hour has been death and birth—the death of Julian Senour, poet and wanderer, and the birth of a man.

### A NOVEL OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

William J. Locke Writes a Brilliant Story and Creates a Splendid Character.

"Septimus" is one of those rare stories that attract us first of all in our lighter moods and that then lay hold upon us with the force of a strong ideal. We may, indeed, almost believe that the author himself advanced into fresh recognition of his opportunities as he progressed. Zora Middlemist does not at first impress us very favorably. The abandon that follows the few bitter weeks of her married life is not attractive, and although we know that she will not remain a widow, we do not quite see why any one should fall in love with her. Her sister Emily is of the nondescript variety, pretty, good-natured, weak, and silly. We glance at her and forget her. Septimus himself, at a first introduction, appears almost a caricature with his inconsequence, his eccentricities, his absent-mindedness, and his genius for inventing artillery, while as for Clem Sypher, with his universal "Cure," he seems to be a type of the self-advertising nostrum maker redeemed from a hopeless vulgarity only by an unquestionable enthusiasm. We feel that we have got among a very funny crowd of people and we resign ourselves to a prospect of three hundred pages of clever burlesque. It says much for the author's power that he is able to lift us from the comic to the magnificent and from the domain of farce to the plane of a moral grandeur that leaves us almost breathless.

Zora, in the first flush of her newly-found liberty, has gone, unescorted, to Monte Carlo. There she makes the casual acquaintance of Septimus, who asks her to wager for him a twenty-franc piece at the gaming table and then wanders aimlessly away before he can receive his winnings. Clem Sypher appears in an equally casual way, and so the curious trio is formed of the man-hating Zora, Septimus, who lives perpetually in the dream clouds of inconsequence, and Clem, whose strenuous and boisterous commercialism dominates the situation. If only the beautiful Zora would go about Monte Carlo with an inscription, "Try Sypher's Cure," what an advertisement it would be. Clem would willingly have one done in diamonds, to the confusion and utter rout of his rivals:

First it was a salve for all external ills that flesh is heir to. It spared humanity its heritage of epidermatous suffering. It could not fail. He reeled off the string of hideous diseases with a lyrical lilt. It was his own discovery. An obscure chemist's assistant in Bury St. Edmund's, he had, by dint of experiments, hit on this world-upheaving remedy.

The remainder of Zora's tour through Europe is made not exactly in Septimus's company, for that, her maid assures her, would be highly improper, but Septimus is more or less in sight all the time. The charms of Zora have indeed reduced him to a state of helpless vassalage, and so when she finally returns to her home at Nunsmere the faithful Septimus finds quarters close at hand, and here we come once more into contact with Emmy. That somewhat flighty young lady takes occasion to faint when she reads the announcement of the marriage of a certain Mordaunt Prince, and we are speedily aware that a species of ugly although very common tragedy has entered into the narrative. A few hours later Septimus, oblivious of the distinction between day and night, has gone out for a stroll before sunrise and to his surprise he meets Emmy equipped for the road. Dimly divining the cause of her distress, having also seen the fatal announcement in the newspaper, he suspects that all is not right and confronts her:

"Who are you?"  
"It's I, Septimus," he answered, taking hold of his cap.  
"For God's sake, don't do it."

"I shall. Go away. How dare you spy on me?"  
She stood and faced him, and her features were just discernible in the dim starlight. Anger rang in her voice. She stamped her foot.

"How dare you?"  
"I haven't been spying on you," he explained. "I only recognized you a couple of minutes ago. I was walking about—taking a stroll before breakfast, you know."

"Oh," she said, stonily.  
"I'm dreadfully sorry to have intruded upon you," he continued, twirling his cap nervously in his fingers while the breeze played through his upstanding hair. "I didn't mean to—but I couldn't stand by and let you do it. I couldn't really."

"Do what?" she asked still angry. Septimus did not know that beneath the fur-lined jacket her heart was thumping madly.  
"Drown yourself," said Septimus.

"In the pond?" she laughed hysterically. "In three feet of water? How do you think I was going to manage it?"  
Septimus reflected. He had not thought of the pond's inadequate depth.

"You might have lain down at the bottom until it was all over," he remarked in perfect seriousness. "I once heard of a servant girl who drowned herself in a basin of water."

Emmy turned impatiently and, walking on, waved him away; but he accompanied her mechanically.

"Oh, don't follow me," she cried in a queer voice.

"Leave me alone, for God's sake. I'm not going to commit suicide. I wish to heaven I had the pluck."

The upshot is that Septimus accompanies Emmy to London and to her lodgings. She is pitifully afraid to be left until she gets the companionship of her maid, and although Septimus wholly unsuspects the real nature of her plight, his delicate chivalry places him wholly at her disposal:

She disappeared and Septimus knelt down before the grate and lit the paper. In a second or two the flame caught the wood, and, the blower being down, it flared fiercely. He spread his ice-cold hands out before it, incurious of the futile little room whose draperies and fripperies and inconsiderable flimsiness of furniture proclaimed its owner, intent only on the elemental need of warmth. He was disturbed by the tornadic entrance of Emmy.

"She's not here," she exclaimed, tragically. Her baby face was white and there were dark shadows under the eyes which stared at him with a touch of madness. "She's not here."

"Perhaps she has gone out for a walk," Septimus suggested, as if London serving-maids were in the habit of taking the air at eight o'clock on a foggy morning.  
But Emmy heard him not. The dismaying sense of utter loneliness smote her down. It was the last straw. Edith, on whom she had staked all her hopes of physical comfort, was not there. Overstrained in body, nerves and mind, she sank helplessly in the chair which Septimus set out for her before the fire, too exhausted to cry. She began to speak in a queer, toneless voice.

"I don't know what to do. Edith could have helped me. I want to get away and hide. I can't stay here. It's the first place Zora will come to. She mustn't find me. Edith has been through it herself. She would have taken me somewhere abroad or in the country where I could have stayed in hiding till it was all over. It was all so sudden—the news of his marriage. I was half crazy. I couldn't make plans. I thought Edith would help me. Now she has gone, goodness knows where. My God, what shall I do?"

She went on looking at him haggardly, a creature driven beyond the reticence of sex, telling her inmost secret to a man as if it were a commonplace of trouble. It did not occur to her distraught mind that he was a man. She spoke to herself, without thought, uttering the cry for help that had been pent within her all that awful night.

The puzzlement of Septimus grew unhearable in its intensity; then suddenly it burst like a skyrocket and a blinding rain of fire enveloped him. He stood paralyzed with pain and horror.

What was to be done? Zora would certainly follow her to London, and if there is one thing that poor Emmy dreads more than another it is the detection of her wretched plight by her magnificent sister. Septimus knows of an hotel. "Wiggleswick was telling me about one the other day." Wiggleswick is Septimus's servant, a disreputable and unsavory ex-burglar who has attached himself to his guileless master. "A friend of his burgled it and got six years. A man called Barkus." And so poor Emmy is preparing to depart to this dubious haven when Septimus gets his great flash of inspiration:

Suddenly came the flash of inspiration, swift, illuminating, such as happened sometimes when the idea of a world-upsetting invention hurst upon him with bewildering clearness; but this time more radiant, more intense than he had ever known before; it was almost an ecstasy. He passed both hands feverishly through his hair till it could stand no higher.

"I have it," he cried; and Archimedes could not have uttered his famous word with a greater thrill.

"Emmy, I have it."

He stood before her gibbering with inspiration. At his cry she raised a tear-stained face and regarded him amazedly.

"You have what?"

"The solution. It's so simple, so easy. Why shouldn't we have run away together?"

"We did," said Emmy.

"But really—to get married."

"Married?"

She started bolt upright on the sofa, the feminine ever on the defensive.

"Yes," said Septimus quickly. "Don't you see? If you will go through the form of marriage with me—oh, just the form, you know—and we both disappear abroad somewhere for a year—I in one place and you in another, if you like—then we can come back to Zora, nominally married, and—"

"And what?" asked Emmy, stonily.

"And then you can say that you can't live with me any longer. You couldn't stand me. I don't think any woman could. Only Wiggleswick could put up with my ways."

Emmy passed her hands across her eyes. She was somewhat dazed.

"You would give me your name—and shield me—just like that." Her voice quavered.

"It isn't much to give. It's so short," he remarked absently. "I've always thought it such a silly name."

"You would tie yourself for life to a girl who has disgraced herself, just for the sake of shielding her?"

"Why, it's done every day," said Septimus.

"Is it? Oh, God! You poor innocent," and she broke down again.

And so the splendid deed is done, and it never dawns upon simple Septimus that his action is other than the natural and obvious one. Sending the messages usual to eloping couples this strange pair lose themselves

in Paris, Emmy at one hotel and Septimus at another, awaiting the event from which the edge of evident disgrace had been removed. And slowly into Emmy's heart comes a passion of love for the man who believes that his eccentricities have placed him forever beyond the reach of woman's love, and Septimus does not know it, never suspects it, never imagines that he is other than a happy convenience to the woman he has saved. When the baby is born, when all fear of disgrace is over, then Emmy can have her liberty once more and his "ungovernable temper" can be blamed for a separation where there has never been a union.

But the truth will out. Clem Sypher learns it accidentally, and Emmy is persuaded to tell her sister everything:

Zora, with an immense longing for love, caught her sister in her arms, and the two women wept very happily together. It was thus that Septimus, returning for tea, as he was hidden, found them some while afterwards.

Zora rose, her lashes still wet, and whipped up her furs.

"But you're not going?"

"Yes. I'll leave you two together. I'll do what I can. Septimus—" She caught him by the arm and drew him a step or two toward the door. "Emmy has told me everything. Oh, you needn't look frightened, dear. I'm not going to thank you—" Her voice broke on the laugh. "I should only make a fool of myself. Some other time. I only want to say, don't you think you would be more—more cosy and comfortable if you let her take care of you altogether? She's breaking her heart for love of you, Septimus, and she would make you happy."

Emmy looked at Septimus with a great scare in her blue eyes. She said something about taking no notice of what Zora said.

"But is it true?" he asked.

She said with her hack against the wall:

"Do you think it very amazing that I should care for you?"

Septimus ran his hands vehemently up his hair till it reached the climax of Struwwel Peterdom. The most wonderful thing in his life had happened. A woman loved him. It upset all his preconceived notions of his place in the universe.

"Yes, I do," he answered. "It makes my head spin round." He found himself close to her. "Do you mean that you love me"—his voice grew tremulous—"as if I were an ordinary man?"

"No," she cried, with a half laugh. "Of course I don't. How could I love an ordinary man as I love you?"

Neither could tell afterwards how it happened. Emmy called the walls to witness that she did not throw herself into his arms, and Septimus's natural timidity precluded the possibility of his having seized her in his; but she stood for a long, throbbing time in his embrace, while he kissed her on the lips and gave all his heart into her keeping.

They sat down together on the fender seat.

"When a man does that," said Septimus, as if struck by a luminous idea, "I suppose he asks the girl to marry him."

"But we are married already," she cried, joyously.

"Dear me," said Septimus, "so we are. I forgot. It's very puzzling, isn't it? I think, if you don't mind, I'll kiss you again."

Meanwhile the guardian angel, entirely unconscious of apotheosis, sat in the little flat in Chelsea blissfully eating crumpets over which Emmy had spread the preposterous amount of butter which proceeds from an overflowing heart. She knelt on the hearth rug watching him adoringly, as if he were hierophant eating sacramental wafer. They talked of the future. He mentioned the nice houses he had seen in Berkeley Square.

"Berkeley Square would be very charming," said Emmy, "but it would mean carriages and motor-cars and powdered footmen and Ascot and halls and dinner parties and presentations at court. You would be just in your element, wouldn't you, dear?"

She laughed and laid her happy head on his knee.

"No, dear. If we want to have a fling together, you and I, in London, let us keep on this flat as a  *pied-a-terre* . But let us live at Nunsmere. The house is quite big enough, and if it isn't you can always add on a bit at the cost of a month's rent in Berkeley Square. Wouldn't you prefer to live at Nunsmere?"

"You and the boy and my workshop are all I want in the world," said he.

"And not Wiggleswick?"

One of his rare smiles passed across his face.

"I think Wiggleswick will be upset."

Emmy laughed again. "What a funny household it will be—Wiggleswick and Mme. Bolivard. It will be lovely."

Septimus reflected for an anxious moment. "Do you know, dear," he said diffidently, "I've dreamed of something all my life—I mean ever since I left home. It has always seemed, somehow beyond my reach. I wonder whether it can come true now. So many wonderful things have happened to me that perhaps this, too—"

"What is it, dear?" she asked very softly.

"I seem to be so marked off from other men; but I've dreamed all my life of having in my house a neat, proper, real parlor maid in a pretty white cap and apron. Do you think it can be managed?"

With her head on his knee she said in a queer voice:

"Yes, I think it can."

He touched her cheek and suddenly drew his hand away.

"Why, you're crying. What a selfish brute I am. Of course we won't have her if she would be in your way."

Emmy lifted her face to him.

"Oh, you dear, beautiful, silly Septimus," she said; "don't you understand? Isn't it just like you? You give every one else the earth, and in return you ask for a parlor maid."

"Well, you see," he said in a tone of distressed apology, "she would come in so handy. I could teach her to mind the guns."

"You dear," cried Emmy.

Mr. Locke has done an artistic piece of work inasmuch as he leaves his characters upon a higher moral plane than when he found them, if, indeed, any further advance in moral chivalry was possible to Septimus. Clem Sypher, under the joint influence of Zora and the commercial failure of the "Cure," manfully faces the fact that he has been an unconscious impostor and refuses to save the wreck of his business by amalgamation with his rival. Zora forgets her bitter marriage experience and becomes once more a lovable woman, while Emmy, under the guidance of a sublime devotion and loyalty, puts away the follies that were so nearly her ruin and becomes all that a wife should be. That romance, like all other forms of art, should point forward and not backwards, upwards and not downwards, is a sorely neglected principle nowadays, but one that Mr. Locke has combined with an unusual charm and delicacy of narrative.

"Septimus," by William J. Locke. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.



## JOSIAH ROYCE ON CALIFORNIA.

A Chapter on the Pacific Coast Forms Part of a Book of Original Thought.

Josiah Royce devotes a section of his latest book, "Race Questions and Other American Problems" (Macmillan), to the Pacific Coast. He asks in what way the physical aspects of California have been related to her life and civilization, to what extent the action and interaction between man and his environment have served to modify the minds and lives of the dwellers by the Pacific. Sketching the geographical contour of the region between the mountains and the sea, he shows the varieties of climate to be found in California, from the cold region of the coast to the hot interior of the Sacramento Valley, and from the snowy regions of the upper Sierras to the hot and dry areas of the extreme south. The climate is everywhere definite and predetermined, and these are characteristics that must necessarily leave their mark upon the habits, and therefore upon the dispositions, of the people exposed to them:

The general good effect upon the health of such a climate is modified in certain cases by the possibly overstimulating character of the Coast summer, which, as for instance at San Francisco, permits one to work without thought of holidays all the year round. In my own boyhood it used often to be said that there were busy men in San Francisco who had reached that place in 1849, and who had become prominent in mercantile or other city life, and who had never taken vacations and never left San Francisco even to cross the bay, from the hour of their coming until that moment. Of course, such men can be found in almost any busy community, but these men seemed rather characteristic of the early California days and suggested the way in which a favorable climate may on occasion be misused by an ambitious man to add to the strains otherwise incident to the life of a new country.

How far has Western civilization been affected by such conditions and by a climate that permits the outdoor life to be an almost perpetual possibility? The good must, of course, be mingled with its opposite, and so upon one side we have a hoodlumism that need not be further dwelt upon, while upon the other side there is a picture far more pleasing to contemplate. There is an "independence of judgment"; a carelessness of what a barbarian might think, so long as he came from beyond the border; a freedom among the Californians in choosing what manner of men they should be; a ready and confident speech:

The Californian, like the Westerner in general, is likely to be somewhat abrupt in speech, and his recent coming to the land has made him, on the whole, quite indifferent to family traditions. I myself, for instance, reached twenty years of age without ever becoming clearly conscious of what was meant by judging a man by his antecedents, a judgment that in an older and less isolated community is natural and inevitable, and that, I think, in most of our Western communities, flows up more rapidly than it has grown up in California, where the geographical isolation is added to in the absence of tradition. To my own mind, in childhood, every human being was, with few exceptions, whatever he happened to be.

The expectation of leisure, a certain definite and scheduled course of duties, have had their share in the formation of the California character. Nature keeps her engagements with the California farmer. She meets her promissory notes with a punctuality not usually associated with the agricultural life:

Especially in country life the individual Californian consequently tends toward a certain kind of independence, which I find in a strong and subtle contrast to the sort of independence that, for instance, the New England farmer cultivates. The New England farmer must fortify himself in his stronghold against the seasons. He must be ready to adapt himself to a year that permits him to prosper only upon decidedly hard terms. But the California country proprietor can have, during the drought, more leisure, unless, indeed, his ambition for wealth too much engrosses him. His horses are plenty and cheap. His fruit crops thrive easily. He is able to supply his table with fewer purchases, with less commercial dependence. His position is, therefore, less that of the knight in his castle and more that of the free dweller in the summer cottage, who is indeed not at leisure, but can easily determine how he shall be busy. It is of little importance to him who his next neighbor is. At pleasure he can ride or drive a good way to find his friends; can choose, like the Southern planter of former days, his own range of hospitality; can devote himself, if a man of cultivation, to reading during a good many hours at his own choice, or, if a man of sport, can find during a great part of the year easy opportunities for hunting or for camping, both for himself and for the young people of his family. In the dry season he knows beforehand what engagements can be made, without regard to the state of the weather, since the state of the weather is predetermined.

It was the development of agriculture, peculiarly advantaged by climate, that first gave to California a communal sentiment lamentably absent in the early days of immigration when a transitory population still felt itself to be morally rooted in the Eastern communities from which it had sprung:

This tendency retarded for a long time the development of California society, and made the pioneers careless as to the stability of their social structure; encouraged corrupt municipal administration in San Francisco; gave excuse for the lynching habit in the hastily organized mining communities. But a reaction quickly came.

Nevertheless, its results continued and have shown themselves sporadically from time to time. California conditions tended to produce strong and self-reliant men, and this, too, is a tendency still persisting. He may be a public benefactor, like Lick or Sutro, or a social reformer, like Henry George, or an ignorant demagogue like Dennis Kearney, or the chief of some vigilance committee, or a railway magnate, building a transcontinental line and dying just as he founds a university.

Unfortunately, a strong individualism such as was developed by early conditions in California is not necessarily an ethical one, and this leads us to a gen-

eralization of peculiar interest in Mr. Royce's essay. He says:

There is a symptom of this fact which I have frequently noticed, both while I was a continuous resident of California and from time to time since. Individualistic communities are almost universally, and, paradoxically enough, communities that are extremely cruel to individuals. It is so in a debating club, where individuality is encouraged, but where every speaker is subject to fierce criticism. Now, this is still so in California to an extent which surprises even one who is used to the public controversies of some of our Eastern cities. The individual who, by public action or utterance, rises above the general level in California, is subject to a kind of attack which strong men frequently enjoy, but which even the stranger finds on occasion peculiarly merciless. That absence of concern for a man's antecedents of which I before spoke contributes to this very mercilessness. A friend once remarked to me that in California Phillips Brooks, had he appeared there before reaching the height of his reputation, would have had small chance to win a hearing, so little reverence would have been felt for the mere form of the causes that he maintained. This remark was perhaps unfair, since a stranger preacher—Thomas Starr King—gained in early California days, at about the beginning of the war, a very great public reputation in a short time, received great sympathy, and had a mighty influence. But, on the other hand, it is perfectly certain that the public man who intends to maintain his ideals in California will have to do so under fire, and he will have to be strong enough to bear the fire. His family, or the clubs to which he belongs, the university that he represents, the church that supports him—none of these factors will in such a community easily determine his standing. He works in a community where the pioneer tradition still remains—the tradition of independence and of distrust toward enthusiasm. For one feels in California, very keenly, that enthusiasm may after all mean sham, until one is quite sure that it has been severely tested. And this same community, as far as its country population is concerned, is made up of persons who, whether pioneers or newcomers, live in the aforesaid agricultural freedom, in easy touch with nature, not afraid of the sentiments of the crowd, although of course disposed, like other human beings, to be affected by a popular cry in so far as it attacks men or declares new ideals insignificant. It is much more difficult to arouse the enthusiastic sympathy of such people than it is, in case one has the advantage of the proper social backing, to affect the public opinion of a more highly organized social order in a less isolated region.

And yet California has an idealism peculiarly its own, however skeptical it may be of the idealism of the individual. It is due to the memory of the romance associated with the unique marvels of the early days. It is the result of "that tension between individualism and loyalty, between shrewd conservatism and bold radicalism, which marks this community."

### Sicily and Theocritus.

Sicily was the home of Theocritus, the greatest poet of the Alexandrian era (says a writer in the *New York Evening Post*). He was born in Syracuse, on the island of Ortygia, off the east coast of Sicily, and his idylls—"little pictures," to translate the Greek word literally—are veracious and beautiful descriptions of pastoral life in the very spot visited by the earthquake.

Sicily was at one time Greek territory, and it is to this period that the poetry of Theocritus belongs. His verses are written for the most part in the Doric dialect of that island. They breathe the fresh, clear air of the Sicilian hillsides. Theocritus appealed to nature for his inspiration, and transmitted to his readers the feeling of the soft Sicilian breeze and the warm Sicilian sun. He let them share the life of the rustic shepherds, as in the famous first idyll, where Thyrsis sings the song of Daphnis's woes:

Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.  
The voice of Thyrsis, Aëta's Thyrsis, I.  
Where were ye, Nymphs, oh where, when Daphnis pined?

Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland song.  
"From thicket now and thorn let violets spring,  
Now let white lilies drape the juniper,  
And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong;  
For Daphnis dies. Let deer pursue the hounds,  
And mountain owls outstrip the nightingale."

Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland song.  
So spake he, and he never spake again.  
Fair Aphrodite would have raised his head;  
But all his thread was spun. So down the stream  
Went Daphnis; closed the waters o'er a head  
Dear to the Nine, of Nymphs not unbeloved.  
Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland strain.

President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor has written a letter in which he notifies the unions that, on account of the application of the Sherman anti-trust law to the unions in the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the *Loewe Hat* boycotting, case, and the imposition of a fine of three times the supposed damages, he has decided to discontinue, by advice of counsel, the "We Don't Patronize" list in future numbers of the *Federationist* until an effort can be made to get Congress to amend the Sherman law in such a way as would eliminate the labor unions from its anti-trust provision.

Passenger travel across the Atlantic in the year of 1908 shows a shrinkage of nearly one million persons, as compared with the preceding year, according to figures compiled by the transatlantic steamship companies. For the first time in many years, the eastbound figures are in excess of the westbound or incoming. The decrease is apparent in every class—first, second, and steerage—in the westbound, and in the first and second cabin business in the eastbound. The only class showing an increase over the year 1907 was the outward bound steerage.

The newspapers of Rome publish enthusiastic praise of the heroism of the Russian sailors who landed at Messina to rescue such survivors as they could, and recommend that the city of Rome confer medals on them.

## CURRENT VERSE.

### The Toilers.

Dreams—dreams—dreams!—  
Of the things that we yet may do,  
But the present pain seems an endless chain,  
Real and true.

And some of us dream of temples,  
While the roof sags overhead,  
And some of the gold that a witch foretold—  
While we fight for bread!

Dreams—vain dreams!—  
Of the things that we yet may be:  
Yet the worst and best have gone to rest,  
As so shall we.

And some of us dream of glory,  
While the sword hangs by a thread,  
Of a little fame, a remembered name,  
When we are—dead!

And none has returned to tell us  
If dreams may alter Fate;  
Yet we toil and try, bequeath and die.  
The rest—can wait!  
—Stephen Chalmers, in *New York Times*.

### Idle Charon.

The shores of Styx are lone for evermore,  
And not one shadowy form upon the steep  
Looms through the dusk, as far as eyes can sweep,  
To call the ferry over as of yore;

But tintless rushes, all about the shore,  
Have hemmed the old boat in, where, locked in sleep,  
Hoar-bearded Charon lies; while pale weeds creep  
With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.

For in the world of Life strange rumors run  
That now the Soul departs not with the breath,  
But that the Body and the Soul are one;

And in the loved one's mouth, now, after death,  
The widow puts no obol, nor the son,  
To pay the ferry in the world beneath.  
—Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

### New Mexico—Lincoln.

The new name urged by the author of "The Song of the Ancient People."

Land of romance and dream and mystery,  
Whose peaks rise proudly in the sunlit blue—  
Olympian heights fairer than Thessaly

Before the gods were lost to mortal view—  
Thine are the treasures of the field, the mine,  
The boundless regions of illumined air,  
And thine the streams that, brimmed with mountain wine,  
Beauty and life to burning lowlands bear.

Thy sculptured cliffs and caves were old, perchance,  
Ere sphinx was hewn or pyramids were piled,  
And man and maid met here in mystic dance  
Ere Miriam sung or David's harp beguiled.  
But not thy winds that wander where they will,  
Nor listening brooks that flash and fall so fast,  
Nor sun, nor stars, a-watch o'er plain and hill,  
One word may whisper of thy dateless past.

O magic Land! in this memorial year  
Give to thy cliffs and runes yet rarer fame,  
And make thy realm to all the world more dear,  
Crowning its glories with our Lincoln's name!  
Then will thy mountains prouder pierce the sky,  
Thy rivers grander roll to greet the sea,  
And larger manhood lift thy standard high  
For all the mighty ages yet to be!  
—Edna Dean Proctor, in *Springfield Republican*.

### It's She Who Dwells at Haverford.

It's she who dwells at Haverford, and I who bide at Ross;  
Between the placid waters pour a rippling road across;  
It's there are terraces and towers, and sunny banks of ferns  
and flowers;  
It's here the reek of coke smoke lowers, and when expire the  
weary hours they seem of little loss.

And yet I know, ah, yet I know, though here is gloom and  
there is glow,  
That Love can bridge an arching bow the whole wide way  
across,

'Twixt her who dwells at Haverford and me who bide at  
Ross!  
And so, oh, and still oh! let graybeard Care a trudging go,  
My heart's as light by day and night as thistledown or floss;  
There is a wind that whispers low (what'er the sister Fates  
bestow),

She'll dwell no more at Haverford—nor will I bide at Ross!  
—Archibald Crombie, in *New York Sun*.

The promotion of Frank A. Vanderlip to the presidency of the National City Bank of New York, said to be the largest fiduciary institution in the United States, adds another to the list of young men for whom Secretary Gage opened the way to successful careers in the world of finance. Mr. Vanderlip went to Washington in 1897 as Mr. Gage's private secretary. Having been a financial writer on one of the Chicago newspapers, Vanderlip had attracted Mr. Gage's attention in Chicago as an exceptionally brilliant young man. The Treasury Department is becoming in its various branches a great training school for men for the privately owned financial-establishments of the country.

The regents of the University of Minnesota have ordained that all contracts with members of the faculty shall expire when teachers reach their sixty-fifth birthday. Next June, it is said, half a dozen old gentlemen will call the class roll for the last time, unless they have before followed the example of their president, Dr. Northrop, and sent in their resignations.

Boxes for cigar and cigarette ends have been placed in Berlin cafés and public buildings by a charity organization, and enough money is expected from the sale of this class of refuse to feed and clothe 1728 children during the winter months. What becomes of the stumps is a secret fortunately kept from the smokers.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Tether*, by Ezra S. Brudnó, Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This impressive presentation of certain aspects of Jewish life is preceded by an apology "because the people who chiefly figure in this story are keenly sensitive to any portrayal of their life, character or manners falling short of exuberant flattery." We are introduced to the hero, David Sphardi, when, as a boy, he is carrying a peddler's basket in the streets of Boston. Miss Helen Truesdale, attracted by his eager and pathetic face, gives him his chance in life. He goes to school and gets his early lessons in racial discrimination. At college he learns the lesson more deeply and faces the alternative of seeking a career wholly among his own people or looking for an amalgamation with the outside world that can never be wholly conceded. The injustice of his position slowly saps the force of his own racial and religious sympathies, but the ineffaceable fact of race remains, and while he finds upon the one hand that this is an irreparable bar to social affiliation with Christians, his own poverty and obscurity no less effectually exclude him from the best circles among his own people. The Jew, he finds, is always regarded racially and never individually. The popular mind in no way associates the vice of the Gentile drunkard with his faith or his race, but one fault of the Jew is instantly connected with both faith and race. As the Talmud says, "All Israel are held responsible for one another."

The book is one of unusual and pathetic power. That racial discrimination exists to such an extent will be a revelation to many. Perhaps it will be doubted by many. If it does indeed exist, then indeed there can hardly be exaggeration of the humiliation and the ignominy that it causes to those whose honorable ambitions are sustained by intellect and integrity. But who is to blame? It is to be wished that the author had more clearly apportioned causes and indicated remedies. As it is we have an unrelieved tragedy.

*Adventures of a Nice Young Man*, by Aix. Published by Duffield & Co., New York.

The first few pages of this novel leave us in doubt whether the author has sedulously cultivated the style of a chastened Fielding or whether it is a case of a natural reversion to a fine and nearly extinct type. In the former case, the imitation is excellently done, but we are inclined to think that it is not a case of imitation at all, but an ingeniously and naturally told tale, a sort of worldly "Pilgrim's Progress" that owes its charm to its spontaneity and fidelity to experience.

The hero is a young man who, through the death of his father, is thrown upon the world and his own resources. He tells us that he left home "with only fifty dollars, but with two comedies nearly finished, a tragedy begun, and a novel well arranged in my mind, hastening to Albany, where I felt sure of some temporary assistance from a relative so rich as I knew my uncle to be." But the uncle is a pious and parsimonious hypocrite, and although in a brief interview he makes a permanent impression upon the heart of his charming daughter, he finds that his prospects and resources are just where they were before.

For the subsequent adventures of Charles Cameron the reader must refer to the book itself. There can be found the story of his infatuation for the beautiful actress Lillian and the grief it caused him, how he gets employment and loses it again, how he becomes unwittingly involved in scandal, how he travels in Europe, returns to America, and eventually finds himself in smooth waters. The narrative is one of delightful naïveté. It has all the intimacy of a diary not intended for publication and it discloses a character so entirely natural in its juvenile vanity, its search for pleasure, and its painfully acquired wisdom that we recognize not only its charm as a novel, but its value as a psychological study.

*The Book of Princes and Princesses*, by Mrs. Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Mr. Lang tells us that all these stories about princes and princesses are true stories and were written by Mrs. Lang out of old books of history. Conscious that the truth of a story and the reality of its figures are not a recommendation to a child, Mr. Lang hastens to explain that this is not among the books that children are obliged to read, but that it is optional with them, and is therefore somewhat in the category of fairy stories that every one knows to be true, but that are read only from inclination. Nor are these stories arranged in historical sequence, for this would be an unpalatable reminder of the school-room.

Fourteen stories in all are told. The first is of the childhood of Napoleon, and there are other stories of Marie Louise and Princess Henriette, and Mary, Queen of Scots, and of ever so many other characters that fill big places in history and whose childhood

contained incidents worth the telling. Mrs. Lang has done a praiseworthy work, and she has done it with a charm of style that can not fail to commend it to her readers, while the fifty colored and plain illustrations are works of art.

*Ned, Nigger an' Gent'man*, by Norman G. Kittrell. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.50.

The author writes with such sincerity that it is easy to overlook a certain lack of art in the presentation of his story. A Northerner visits the South soon after the war and is hospitably entertained by Colonel Hamilton Marshall, his wife, and his negro servants. A course of conversations with his hosts and principally with "Ned" discloses to him the true inwardness of Southern sentiment and what reconstruction has actually meant for white and black alike. We get a little tired of negro dialect, but not of the reasonableness and fair-mindedness with which Southern views are set forth, and when we reach the last page we feel that we have gained in comprehension of a perplexing problem. This probably was the intention of the author and he is to be congratulated upon an unassuming and successful piece of work.

*The Kiss of Helen*, by Charles Marriott. Published by John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

This story seems to ask us frankly if marriage and celibacy are the only alternatives for a woman, if she may not be "a noun as well as an adjective." The heroine is Miss Keverne, who on a vacation visit to the country captivates the heart of young Paul Treacrell, allows him to kiss her, and then mysteriously disappears. Subsequently he finds that she has been living as the wife

of a literary man whose own wife is in a lunatic asylum, but she leaves him also as soon as the death of the wife makes marriage possible. Paul's rigid virtue is shocked by these discoveries and he forgets all about Miss Keverne until his engagement to the conventional Irene compels him to face the restrictions and the domesticities of orthodox marriage. Then he meets Miss Keverne again.

The book faces a delicate problem with some courage and also, it may be suspected, with some evasions. Its literary merit is considerable and it is wholly free from grossness.

*The Shadow World*, by Hamlin Garland. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.35.

This extraordinary collection of records of psychic phenomena has of course no strictly scientific value, seeing that we do not know the real names of the participants, while the conditions were not of the kind usually known as test. The book is, however, a valuable one because it brings the question of psychic phenomena to the attention of a large class of readers who have neither the inclination nor the opportunity to study similar records obtained under rigid conditions and set forth under more technical and less popular forms. The author is relating his own experiences and they will be widely accepted as a sincere and conscientious effort to relate events.

*Leadership*, by the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

These six lectures—or rather sermons—were delivered at Harvard University in 1907. Their obvious sincerity hardly reconciles us to the complete absence of comprehensive survey of their subject and of illuminating

thought upon one of the most perplexing problems of human life. It is, moreover, a little surprising to find the assumption that the leaders of the world will be the university students of today. The leaders of the world have never yet been selected from that class, and there is no pressing reason to believe that they will be.

*Vaiti of the Islands*, by Beatrice Grimshaw. Published by A. Wessels Company, New York.

In bold originality of conception the character of Vaiti deserves to rank with that of Captain Kettle or Brigadier Gerard, with the one exception that Vaiti is not lovable. She is the daughter of Captain Saxon, a disgraced Englishman, and a South Pacific wife, and as Captain Saxon is usually drunk the management of the ship and the conduct of her trading expeditions fall upon the daughter. Vaiti is a termagant by disposition and an Amazon by training. If she were fifty years of age and hard visaged, instead of young and beautiful, we should view her with repugnance, but that reflection is hardly fair. We must take her as she is and admire her through the kindly perspective of distance. Her adventures are certainly extraordinary, and their recital convinces us that we have not only a vivid picture of abnormal femininity, but a valuable and accurate description of Pacific life that could have been drawn only from complete knowledge.

"The Queen's Gate Mystery," by Captain Henry Curties, is a detective story of some ingenuity and interest, but marred by needless improbabilities, such as a secret excavation in the heart of London for the recovery of James II's crown jewels. But it is not a story that will be left unfinished. It is published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

## "AIX"

Under this pseudonym there has suddenly appeared a writer, whose name is unknown to his publishers, whose style bears no resemblance to that of any living author, and who has instantly aroused the curiosity of the highest criticism by applying to modern business, politics, and social life in the incomparable

## "ADVENTURES OF A NICE YOUNG MAN"

a style of early Georgian purity. The story is one of present day social and business adventure, with brief comments on life, manners, business, and public questions. The humor and arrangement resemble Fielding, the sentences Goldsmith, and the didactic passages Bolingbroke; though in all the abuse that many of the author's opinions have received, he has never incurred the reproach of artificiality.

Preserved by style and humor, this novel is the one that seems destined to hand down to a later generation a faithful picture of contemporary manners. The author immediately challenges a place in American literature not below that of Washington Irving.

That this is not conventional publishers' praise is shown by the following comments from letters received to be forwarded to the author:

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., one of the most eminent critics in New England, says, addressing "Aix" through his publisher: "How did you manage to write about modern New York in the style of Goldsmith and Fielding? For it is the style of Goldsmith and Fielding even to the broad words, which some prudery will sniff at. You have caught it—the little twists and turns, the admirable self-restraint of touch. I enjoyed it exceedingly."

Professor Walter Morris Hart, of the University of California: "'Aix,' whoever he may be, is surely a lineal descendant of Fielding, for he has succeeded in reproducing that style in a degree that I did not think was possible."

Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, the biographer of Molière, says: "To me the story has a peculiar charm, caused, I should say, by your picaresque touch, your hero being a Lazarillo de Tormes or a Gil Blas, in modern dress."

Horatio S. Krans, the well-known New York critic, and the author of the critical biography of Goldsmith that introduces the Putnam edition of the works of Goldsmith, says: "It is an extraordinarily presentable work and most pleasantly reminiscent of the tone, temper, and manner of the eighteenth century novelist."

### FROM THE GENERAL PRESS WE CULL THE FOLLOWING:

"It has the picturesque quality which makes Gil Blas a joy forever. . . . His comments on life and manners with which the book abounds are a rare combination of seriousness and lightness."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"An unusually fine style, a delicate choice of words, that makes its reading a pleasure to be lingered over."—*Boston Globe*.

"A story written after the manner of Gil Blas . . . deserves to be widely popular."—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

"A reminder of Goldsmith, though not in the sense of imitation. . . . Comes close to being real literature. . . . May be picked up at any time and opened anywhere."—*Denver Republican*.

"Curious to read such language in the time of the electric light."—*The Sun*.

"The staid and simple phrasing of Addison's 'Essays' or Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield' . . . whimsical humor."—*The Bookman*.

"The literary manners of the eighteenth century brought up to date, and it is great fun, too."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"That homely style of narrative which is the essence of literary art. . . . The old time style combined with a modern setting."—*Evening Wisconsin*.

"The new author has literary gifts of no common kind."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

"An air of Roderick Random . . . directness, force, occasional irony."—*Hartford Courant*.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

E. H. Sothern is today, without doubt, the most able, the most versatile, and the best equipped actor on the American stage. By birth and training he came naturally into his kingdom, but not without long, arduous, and sincere effort. A restraint as noble as his ambition has marked his course. He has attempted nothing that was not meant to advance his art as well as his fortunes. In full accordance with the methods that were adhered to in earlier and more auspicious days, Mr. Sothern believes that eminence in his profession comes through long-continued study of principles and technique. He did not attempt to play Lord Dunderbary, the part created by his father, until in ripened knowledge and practice he felt competent, and then only with some apprehension. And this in spite of the fact that as a leading man for years, as a Shakespearean actor who had received high praise even in London, he had been tested in every requirement of romantic drama, comedy, and tragedy.

Mr. Sothern is not a stranger in San Francisco, but he has visited the city more rarely than a critical play-loving public has wished. He comes next week to the Van Ness Theatre to fill an engagement of two weeks, and that brief season may well be looked forward to as one of the greatest dramatic events of the year.

"Hamlet," "Richard Lovelace," and "Lord Dunderbary" are promised for the first week. "Hamlet" will be offered on Monday night and at the Saturday matinee. "Richard Lovelace" will be seen on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights, and "Lord Dunderbary" on Friday and Saturday nights.

The supporting company is strong in numbers and experience. Miss Gladys Hanson and Miss Virginia Hammond are the two leading women, and Rowland Buckstone and William Harris are prominent among the men.

At the Valencia Theatre this week Upton Sinclair's fantastic work, "Prince Hagen," has had a try-out. The thoroughly competent stock company did all they could for it—in fact they nearly succeeded in vitalizing some characters that had been thrown upon the world manifestly lacking in human faculties. But the composition is not a play; at least not for the general.

Next week comes "Sherlock Holmes," the drama made by William Gillette from A. Conan Doyle's stories of the detective. It is a good piece of work, as are nearly all of Gillette's plays, and it has always been successful. There is no reason to doubt its satisfactory presentation at the Valencia Theatre. The name-part will be taken by Robert Warwick, and it is well within his capabilities. Mr. Warwick has had some difficult rôles since he became the leading man at this playhouse, and he has brought intelligence, vigor, and well justified self-confidence to play in all of them. Blanche Stoddard will be Alice Faulkner, and Thomas MacLarnie, Charles Dow Clark, and others will have good parts. Darrell Standing will play Professor Moriarty, a rôle which he made a success in London in Mr. Gillette's company.

Kolh and Dill continue their merry round-up at the Princess Theatre in "The Politicians." Monday night, the opening of the third week of this piece, with a pouring rain more likely to discourage theatre-goers than to encourage them, the house was filled. Next week, however, is announced as positively the last of this really diverting farce. It has been improved in many details since the opening nights, and may be taken as a sample of Kolh and Dill's variety of comedy at their best. The supporting company is the best that the comedians have ever had.

The Orpheum will have for its new hill, opening Sunday afternoon, a sterling attraction in Julie Herne, daughter of James Herne, the actor and playwright. She will appear in a dramatic sketch entitled "A Mountain Cinderella," which gives a vivid picture of a peculiar aspect of Southern backwoods life. Jewell's Mankins, a triumph of mechanical ingenuity and skill, will be exhibited in a scene called "Toyland Vaudeville," in which the puppets move as impersonators of well-known characters. Bert Howard and Effie Lawrence will offer "The Stage Manager," a farce of theatrical life, which is said to be particularly funny. The Chadwick Trio, including Ida May Chadwick, a famous huck-and-wing dancer, will appear in a sketch constructed to display their ability, and entitled, "For Sale, Wiggins' Farm." The Josselin Trio are aerialists, and "premierers of the world," if their announcement is to be accepted. Edwin Latell, the monologue-comedian, returns for a week. The holdovers include the Three Yoscarys, and Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hughes in their comedy sketch.

Sothern will make his first appearance on any stage as Richelieu during the second week of his season at the Van Ness Theatre.

A handsome production of "Pretty Peggy," made of the story of Peg Woffington by David Garrick for Henrietta Crossman,

will be seen at the Valencia Theatre following "Sherlock Holmes."

"Bankers and Brokers," a former success, will be revived by Kolh and Dill at the end of the run of "The Politicians."

Anna Lichter, not so long ago the much admired prima-donna of the Tivoli Opera House, is singing at the Orpheum this week. Her voice is as pure and sweet as in the days when it was heard here in grand opera.

Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Girls," is soon to be seen at the Van Ness Theatre.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A letter from Bret Harte to Dion Boucicault, giving the dramatist permission to use the "name, incidents, and characters" of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" in a play, for a royalty of \$15 a week, and dated "16th May, 1890," was sold in an auction room in the East recently.

Elizabeth Jordan passed her early youth in a convent and went from its seclusion to the office of a New York newspaper, and this, together with eight voyages to Europe, with much wandering in out-of-the-way European places, as well as in the large cities, has furnished much interesting material for her stories. Her first book was "Tales of a City Room"—a hook of newspaper stories suggested by her own experiences. This was followed by "Tales of a Cloister," which was founded upon the memories of her own life in the Western convent where she was educated. "Many Kingdoms," her latest book, takes in a wider range and is made up of psychological studies and dramatic episodes of every-day life.

Another biography of Thackeray is being prepared by Lewis Melville, who published a life of the novelist about ten years ago. That book is now out of print. Fresh material is available today and Mr. Melville believes that he can improve upon his first attempt.

William J. Locke, author of "Septimus," "The Beloved Vagabond," "Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," etc., sailed the other day from New York for a visit to Algiers, where he will spend the winter at work upon a new book. Mr. Locke had not before visited this country and he is said to have asserted in public and private his appreciation of American people and American ways.

Lovers of William de Morgan's books will rejoice to know that a new hook by this author is ready for the printer. It will be brought out in the spring. The title of the new story is "Blind Jim."

That literary labor is not quite at the pauper level in Germany appears from the fact that a prize of 30,000 marks, or \$7500, has been awarded by a family paper for the best novel submitted in competition. For his latest novel, "Das Hohe Lied," Sudermann is said to have received 60,000 marks, or \$15,000. The German press argues on the basis of "such very large amounts" against the common belief that the drama pays better than fiction.

## New Publications.

"The Kidnaped Campers," by Flavia A. C. Canfield, is a capital story of fishing and camp life suitable for children of from five to twelve years. It is published by Harper & Bros., New York. Price \$1.25.

The Bohhs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, have published a second edition of "A History of the Philippines," by David P. Barrows. This work ought to be well known. It is clearly and concisely written, while the maps and illustrations are admirable.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have added "Story Book Friends," by Clara Murray, to "The Playtime Series" for children. Other volumes are "The Child at Play" and "Playtime," highly written and well illustrated. Price 50 cents each.

"The Brimbletoes," by Duffield & Co., New York, is an amusing hook of verse for children by Githa Somerby. The clever illustrations, plain and colored, are by Millicent Somerby. The publishers are Duffield & Co., New York, and the price is 75 cents.

"All in the Same Boat," by James Montgomery Flagg, is a humorous little volume dealing with the persons one meets on board shipboard in crossing the Atlantic. Every page is cleverly illustrated. Published by the Life Publishing Company, New York. Price 75 cents.

"Told in a Little Boy's Pocket," by Sara Beaumont Kennedy, describes the origin of the articles usually to be found in a boy's pocket. The hook has value as a general introduction to elementary science. It is published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. Price 75 cents.

Victims of insomnia should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest a little volume by the Rev. Lyman P. Powell entitled "The Art of Natural Sleep, With Definite Directions

for the Wholesome Cure of Sleeplessness." It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price 90 cents.

"The Pleasant Thought Year Book," by M. R. J. Du Bois, contains a selection of pleasant thoughts for every day in the year. One hundred and ten authors have been laid under contribution. Selection, arrangement, and presentation are alike admirable. It is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Two elegant vest-pocket volumes come from Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. The first is "A Little Book of Nature Thoughts" from Fiona Macleod, selected by Mrs. William Sharp and Roselle Lathrop Shields, and the second is Robert G. Ingersoll's "Toward Humanity," arranged by Anna Montgomery Traubel.

Mary Evelyn Moore Davis, the popular Southern author, died a few days ago at her home in the old French quarter of New Orleans. She was fifty-seven years old. She was not yet sixteen when she published her first volume of verses, "Minding the Gap, and Other Poems," and later a series of sketches called "In War Times at La Rose Blanche." It was soon after her marriage, in 1874, that she made her home in the old New Orleans mansion. Mrs. Davis had written many other poems, stories, and sketches, published in the leading magazines. Several of her best stories are collected in a volume entitled "An Elephant's Tracks, and Other Stories." Her first novel, "Under the Man-Fig," written in 1895, met with so favorable a reception that she followed it, in 1899, with "The Wire Cutters." Her latest work, "The Moons of Balhlanca," has just been published.

Annie Yeamans, loved by three generations of playgoers, is seventy-three years old; Agnes Booth sixty-six, Clara Morris sixty-three, Helen Modjeska sixty-five, and Christine Nielson sixty-six. Kyrle Bellew at sixty-four is still a matinee girl's idol. John Drew carries around his fifty-six years as jauntily as many a young fellow just casting his first vote. Beerholm Tree and Sir Charles Wyndham, the noted English actors, are sixty-eight each. William H. Crane is sixty-four, the same age as Ed. Harrigan, who recently returned to the stage after a long absence.

Of Shakespeare's works, "Hamlet" is the longest play (3930 lines), "Richard III" (3618 lines), "Troilus and Cressida" (3496), "Henry IV," Part 2 (3446), "Coriolanus" (3410), "Henry V" (3380), "Cymbeline" (3341), "Lear" (3336), "Othello" (3317), "Henry IV," Part 1 (3177), "Henry VI," Part 2 (3161), and "The Winter's Tale" (3074) following in order. The shortest play is "The Comedy of Errors" (1778) and "The Tempest" (2065). "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (2180) comes next.

Paderewski sails for America this month for a tour of a few weeks, in which time he will be the soloist at several concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and soloist with the Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul orchestras.

Ethel Barrymore has met with so much success in New York in "Lady Frederick" that her run there has been extended into February and her road season into July.

Word comes from Brussels that Ysaye, the violinist, has signed a contract to revisit the United States for a long tour through next autumn and winter.

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## GADSKI'S TRIUMPH.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

I do not believe that Gadski was really in the mood for singing on Sunday afternoon. That is not to say that she did not sing beautifully. Gadski's second best, indeed, is, like Katisha's elbow, worth going miles to see; or, rather, to hear. But an artist, above all people in the world, must have moods. Now Gadski is preëminently an artist, with the artist soul so fully developed that she can, when the mood is on her, make the music of the spheres. But she could not do so Sunday afternoon. Technically, her singing was, of course, up to the moment of a certain disastrous slip, irreproachable. She sang with charming expression; her voice, except in the highest notes, which showed that pressure of the will was usurping the place of buoyancy of mood, is, as ever, rich and beautiful. But, to me at least, and to others as well, the genuine thrill did not come until the first group of songs was sung, and she had plunged for an encore into "The Erl-King," which always inspires her, as indeed it does the majority of the *prima-donne*, who regard this superb and inspiring music-drama in miniature as a challenge, to which they respond with the highest artistry of which they are capable.

The next thrill came from "The Year's at the Spring," that lovely burst of lyric optimism which almost invariably rouses the most lymphatic audience out of its calm.

As fate would have it, disaster overtook the singer during the last number on the programme. It was Senta's ballad from "The Flying Dutchman," a most comforting bit of Wagnerian composition, for it was composed before the German music-magnate interdicted melody, and is full of sweet melodiousness. There came, just before the last, a break in the singer's voice. It meant nothing, being, I feel convinced, the natural result of urging the voice to great achievements, without the stimulus of the mood to sing. But people turned and gazed at each other in consternation.

The public is said to be cruel. But it is not so. Very naturally, it will not pay to see artists whose powers are utterly decayed. But it clings long and fondly to favorites who are on the wane, and is capable of great constancy. And besides, its generosity and chivalry, or, at least, those of an American audience, are aroused when a great singer makes a slip. Don't you remember that memorable night when Eames's voice broke in Aida? The event has since passed into musical history. When a singer's voice breaks, his or her heart breaks, for the time being. But that night the whole house entered into a chivalrous conspiracy to make the beautiful singer forget her misstep. It was, as it turned out, and as it will no doubt prove with Gadski, who is still in her glorious prime, but a temporary casualty.

A moment after, Gadski had finished her aria, and left the stage. "She carries a sore heart with her," I said to my companion. But in a moment she was back again, and in another had responded to the applause by granting an encore. Her selection was that long and taxing aria from Tannhauser, "Die Theure Halle." From that, she flashed into that ever exciting, wild, and wierd cry of the Valkyries. And, if you please, the plucky singer, on being frantically applauded, repeated it. So, after all, the calamity ended in an ovation. Gloriously did the singer redeem herself, and change what promised to be a humiliating memory into a triumph and a victory.

Mr. Frank La Forge is still Gadski's accompanist, and is still an æsthetic constituent of the little group—piano, singer, and accompanist—on the platform. Because why? Well, because the dear boy is good looking and he knows it. And because he has a pair of telling eyes and he knows it. And because he is a *poseur*, and I suppose he knows that, too. But he makes the mistake of thinking that we do not.

When Gadski was here last, Mr. La Forge, who always accompanies perfectly without his notes, practiced his little pose of gazing at the singer rapt in musical ecstasy very prettily and acceptably. But now the youth is losing his sense of value, and he piles it on too thick. Because, you know, dear child, when an accompanist has heard the accompanied, and not only that particular accompanied, but many others, sing even as exciting a composition as "The Erl-King" many, many times, he can not possibly keep up so soulful a re-

sponse as you yielded on Sunday last. You know you really drew it too strong when you wildly dilated your handsome eyes, put your head on one side, gazed at the singer with an expression of tense absorption and dramatized rapt excitement, forgetfulness of self, and all that sort of thing, you know. It's all very well for you to say, "It's no such thing, so there now. I have to keep my eyes on the singer in order to be in perfect rapport."

But really, my dear young man, when, at the conclusion of the number, you rose and stood for a moment, pale and spent, with arms hanging lax, and a gone-in look, it really seemed as if you would have to pull in, or go on the "stye."

Such little youthful vanities in a musician as carefully disarranging one's temple lock while behind the scenes, for the purpose of carelessly running one's hand through one's Hyperion tresses and replacing the displaced lock after one is seated on the piano stool, are perfectly allowable. They add to one's pleasure in life. We all like accompanists to be young, good-looking, endowed with a head of hair, and, beautiful as is perfect sincerity and genuineness, we are even willing, if he is young, to allow him to adopt a picture pose, always provided it be well enough done to somewhat baffle ordinary penetration. But I am almost sure that a girl of fifteen would have seen through that of Mr. La Forge, who is so complete and perfect a musician as to render one unwilling that he should lessen, even thus harmlessly, the dignity and sincerity that should attach to a true artist.

"Brewster's Millions" is the lightest of the light, but it appeals to the great American public, which, in this land of the working-man's paradise, loves to plan, or, at least, to imagine, the disbursement of large sums of money.

Everybody knows by this time that Brewster's one little ewe lamb of a million is to be spent in order to gain a big number of millions, but nobody knows the why and the wherefore of it, and it really doesn't matter in the least. The point is, that big money must go in shovelfuls, and the dramatist has made a very amusing farce-comedy out of the situation, with innumerable possibilities for comicities turning up incidental to Brewster's strenuous occupation of spending three thousand dollars a day. Doesn't that programme sound alluring?

I don't in the least doubt that we all thought we could improve on Brewster's methods. Why, for instance, should he throw so much money to soulless corporations, by buying stocks, and sending three-volume telegrams? Why couldn't he buy the parlor bric-a-brac, or the valueless real estate, or the humble stamp and post-card collections of deserving friends at prices beyond the dreams of avarice? Why couldn't he—but stop! This is a play, and a funny one.

We must not forget that the author must construct amusing situations; and relieving the poverty of one's poor friends and relations, however creditable to human nature, is not precisely laugh-inspiring. Now, the play of "Brewster's Millions" is.

And really, in looking over the ground, it seems to me that Robert Ober, as Monty Brewster, carried nearly the whole burden of comedianizing on his very capable shoulders. Although none rises head and shoulders above his fellows, the actors in the company are pretty good, and the actresses, as so often happens, are pretty bad.

But the absurdities inspire laughter, the dialogue is neatly humorous, and in the yacht scene they give us a spectacular exhibition of a storm at sea that is quite the best thing of its kind I have ever seen. There were vaporous masses of livid storm-clouds, drifting across a wild sky; there were phosphorescent waves racing by the vessel; there were the hills of some Mediterranean seaport, their heights crowned by clusters of lights, receding slowly from view as the biggest coal-consumer in the realm of yachts plunged madly, or seemed to, in the general stir and motion of the elements into the teeth of the storm.

It was rather sudden, this abrupt plunge into spectacle, but none the less enjoyable, and in spite of its being a one-actor affair, it seemed to me that the audience took to the play with great heartiness.

"Hoch der Kaiser," the verse recited by the late Admiral Coghlan on a memorable occasion, was written by a clever but erratic Scotsman, McGregor Rose, who went by the name of Gordon, and did journalistic work on the *Herald* and *Witness* in Montreal. He was a graduate of Aberdeen University. He died ten years ago and was buried in Montreal. The incident which provoked the Kaiser poem was the German emperor's attitude toward Great Britain in the what then seemed probable South African war.

Elizabeth Mallet established the first daily newspaper in the world. In London, March, 1702, she published and edited the *Daily Courant*, which took up the cudgels for women's rights and during its prosperous career carried out the expressed determination of its founders to "spare the public at least half the impertinences which the ordinary papers contain."

## THE NEW BARRIE PLAY.

Maude Adams Continues to Find Success in the Whimsical Author's Work.

In "What Every Woman Knows" J. M. Barrie surprises those who know him best (observes a New York correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*). The situation he deals with is absolutely conventional. The human material of which the play is made is as familiar as your own face in the glass, and as strange and startling as that face appears when you unexpectedly walk into a mirror.

There is a girl with a "romantic mind" but no charm—at least, none that is apparent to herself and her little world. She longs for "romance." She wants a man—and she gets him. And there is the man, limited, almost commonplace, but absolutely honest and sincere. He never loved his wife. He was more or less "roped in" in the beginning. And doubtless he is also, as a clever writer recently said, like many of his sex, still "defectively monogamous." He falls in love with another woman, or thinks he does. So there you have it—the old three-cornered tragedy, as old as civilization and as new as the morning paper.

The story of this new comedy is about John Shand, an aspiring railway porter, too poor to buy books for himself, who breaks nightly into the house of his neighbors, the brothers Wylie—rich quarrymen—in order to study the learned volumes, of which they have bought fifteen yards as ornaments, but are unable to read. The brothers catch him at work, and sympathizing with his desire for the education which they do not possess themselves, offer to supply him with money for college expenses if he will bind himself to marry their sister, Maggie—hitherto neglected of mankind—at the expiration of five years, should she then be willing. The bargain is struck, and, at the end of the allotted period, Shand, a man of great natural powers, has distinguished himself as a scholar and orator, and won a seat in Parliament. He feels that he might find a better match than Maggie, but is a man of his word, and keeps faith, although she offers to release him. It soon turns out that he has made a most excellent bargain, for Maggie has the precious gift of humor—in which he himself is completely deficient—and in typewriting his speeches for him splices them with her own wit and comical observation.

Soon he is recognized as one of the most entertaining and powerful debaters in the House of Commons, and is selected for a government post, all of which good fortune he attributes to his own abilities, being totally incapable of appreciating the value of his wife's assistance. Having no deep affection for her, he succumbs to an infatuation for the lovely but silly Lady Sybil Lazenby, who flatters him to the top of his bent, and thus perpetually ministers to his self-conceit. Presently he is surprised by Maggie at the feet of his enchantress, and with his wonted bluntness confesses that they love each other and intend to elope. Instead of making a scene, Maggie, although almost heart-broken, offers no opposition to their ultimate union, but contrives that they shall first pass a fortnight in each other's society in the house of Lady Sybil's aunt, who knows nothing of the entanglement.

Shand has an important speech to prepare, on which his future political position hangs, and expects that Lady Sybil's presence will inspire him, but soon discovers that she is rather a clog than a help—being, indeed, nothing but a pretty fool—and that his speech, lacking the usual snap, is likely to be a dead failure, as a ministerial friend frankly tells him. In the nick of time, Maggie herself appears with a new speech, which she has written from the original draft. She finds the lovers entirely disenchanted, and Lady Sybil heartily ashamed of herself. Thus, the way is open to a conjugal reconciliation, and after the minister has gone into raptures over the new speech, as doctored by Maggie, Shand begins to have some dim perception of the fact that his wife may be the better man of the two, and, finally—when she explains that the reason why she can be witty is because woman was made, not out of Adam's rib, but his funny-bone—he is able, for the first time in his life, to laugh with her, and, his own hard and egotistical nature, being thus softened by a new sense of humor, he is able to see himself and his faithful wife in something like true proportion, and the curtain falls upon them laughing in each other's arms.

Maude Adams has achieved another triumph in the part of Maggie, and seats are now selling eight weeks in advance at the Empire Theatre in New York, where the American production of the piece took place. It is admitted, however, that there are many poignant opportunities of which Miss Adams does not make full use.

New York ice skaters are to enjoy their sports 300 feet in the air when the latest rink is completed on the roof of an office building on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-Third Street. As the building will not be completed until May 1, the skaters will have to wait until next winter. Then they will be able to skate away up among the clouds. A proprietor of a similar place in Montreal is behind the project.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Conscious as we are of one another's infirmities, and with the pathetic desire to regulate other people's affairs that characterizes civilization, some worthy people in Paris have hestirred themselves as to the wisdom of marriage among actresses. The discussion was started by a comedy in which the heroine, an actress, is represented as marrying, and this seemed to be so incongruous that a debate upon the question at once ensued.

Two dramatists were invited to give their opinions, although why a man who writes plays should know more of such a question than any one else is not explained. The two dramatists were M. Alexandre Bisson and M. Thurner, and they were asked to answer the four following questions:

(1) Do you think an actress's marriage can be a happy one? (2) Is an actress right or wrong to marry? (3) Should she marry an actor, a theatrical man generally, or one unconnected with the stage? (4) Would it be a good thing for most actresses to marry?

M. Bisson's answers are as follows:

(1) Yes, on condition that she leaves the stage. (2) She is wrong, if she stays on the stage. (3) An actor, undoubtedly. They will have scenes with one another, but they may have successful reconciliations. (4) No, I should think not.

Like his colleague, M. Thurner's replies show that he takes the question of marriage of actresses far from seriously:

(1) Yes. It may even be a happy one for the husband. (2) She is always right, because she gets a good advertisement out of the wedding presents, the wedding itself, and also the divorce later on. (3) She may marry whom she likes as long as she is not in love with him. (4) No idea, as I have no statistics on the subject.

Both these gentlemen are a little cynical, but then it is surprisingly easy to be cynical, and especially about the virtue of others, although it is noteworthy that decent people never choose this subject for their wit. But it is hard to understand why actors and actresses should not marry if they feel so inclined, just as other people do, and without having their actions submitted to the criticism of the public. Nor is there any reason to suppose that domestic infelicity is peculiarly rife among stage folk. It is certainly not the case in America, where conjugal happiness is hardly or enjantage of any particular class, and is certainly not a characteristic of the theatrical profession.

The fact of the matter is that ordinary conventional people can not conceive of any kind of marriage except their kind. Matrimony as they imply so much more than it needs to be, is invariably associated with the domestic bedside, well warmed slippers, companionable evenings, and the delights of the home that are often so unreal and visionary. The modern man's conception of marriage is a ministrations to his physical needs. He knows nothing of the association with femininity which is the only abiding delight of marriage and which is in no way dependent upon the environment usually associated with it. Actors and actresses must be out all the evening and every evening; therefore they must not marry. Actors and actresses are engaged in the "illusions" of life; therefore they must have none of the realities. Actors and actresses, as we all know, are very loose, frivolous, and improper people, and for this reason they must be denied the seriously delightful responsibilities of life. If, undeterred by popular warnings, they persist in the unnatural and reprehensible practice of falling in love and marrying each other, there may eventually be a divorce suit, which would, of course, be a shock and a scandal to the modern community.

And, talking about divorce, what a lot of attention is being paid just now to this unsavory subject. Statistical science has helped us to understand how big a subject it is, and as a result we are nearly hurried under an avalanche of opinion and suggestion that is good for the ink and paper trades but that does not seem to help us in any other way. The American Sociological Society, for example, has just been meeting in New Jersey, and of course the divorce evil received its full share of attention. No one has yet been discovered without a clear and definite opinion as to causes and cures, and when the question is formally presented for debate every one present is fully prepared with a plan to save the nation. What a blessing it is, by the way, that we are not governed by learned societies. But then, perhaps we are.

Of course there was no agreement either as to cause or cure, but it was a fine debate. Some of the speakers believed that divorce in any form meant the destruction of the nation, while there were other daring spirits who held that divorce was a national safeguard and that it ought to be sustained, increased and encouraged, like football, vivisection, or the military spirit. There was a learned professor who tried to prove that divorce was due to living in flats, eating in restaurants, and the abolition of the domestic cooking range. Even the American Sociological Society can not command more than a few columns in the way of a report and so we do not know whether other learned professor or professor connected the evil with the change of

the moon, the procession of the equinoxes, or the iniquitous tariff. But one thing is fairly clear, we have to "pass a law" of some kind, either forbidding divorce or making it compulsory.

The report of the proceedings does not disclose the slightest indication of any real perception of the meaning of the divorce evil. It is all so very simple, but then the professional mind is not constructed to see simple or obvious things, and it would scorn the imputation of believing mere facts, or indeed of believing anything but the incredible. Divorces are on the increase because the sense of duty is on the decrease. There was a time when a solemn oath to observe certain obligations had weight with those who took it. Now it seems to have none. The ordinary temptations to divorce are just the same as they have always been. Women are not more trying than they used to be, nor is man more of a brute. But there was a time when the memory of a solemn and tender promise was a restraining force and when the breaking of that promise was almost an impossibility.

So that the question of why divorce is upon the increase resolves itself into that other and so simple question, Why do men and women break their promises, and why do they take pledges with the possible intention of breaking those pledges clearly in view? We might ask in the same way, Why do men graft? Why do they show an increasing disposition toward crimes of violence? Simply because the moral law has lost some of its force. The man who breaks his oath toward his wife presents no recondite problem of sociology. He breaks his oath because he has become an oath-breaker, just as the grafter grafts because he has become a criminal. Having solemnly sworn to do certain things, he lightly decides that he will do those things no longer, and the man who would break an oath of this kind to a woman without a compelling cause would certainly break any business obligation so long as he could do so with safety. The various ills from which we suffer are not shut up in water-tight compartments, each demanding its own special treatment and remedy. They all spring from pretty much the same thing and they are to be cured only in one way, and that is by a restored recognition that some things must not be done because they are wrong and that other things must be done because they are right.

*Scribner's Magazine* tells us some interesting things about English servants and the way they maintain their status by an inherent class consciousness and without agitation or organization. The passage is worth reproduction:

The monotonous and solemn "yes, sir," "thank you, sir," of the servants may lead you to suppose that, at any rate, this class of English man and woman is servile, is lacking in the national trait of confidence, is perhaps amenable to suggestions of a change. On the contrary, this class less even than others. The manner and speech are merely mechanical. The unblushing demands, either frankly open or awkwardly surreptitious, for tips are part of the day's work. They are servants, they know it, they have no objection to your knowing it, and most of them have little ambition to be anything else. They are not in that position in the meantime, but permanently; they are not serving while waiting for something else; service is their career. The American may "sling bash" at Coney Island or in a Western frontier town, until he can escape to become something else; but as a vocation he does not recognize it. At first, therefore, these people are puzzling; we shall see later that they are a factor in the civilization we are about to explore. They have their pride, their rules of precedence, their code; they are fixed, immovable, unconcerned about other careers, undisturbed by hazy ambitions, and insistent upon their privileges, as are all other Englishmen. They will not overstep the boundary lines of your personal position, and they jealously guard the boundaries of their own.

When we come to know them better we find that, although they are of all the laboring classes completely unorganized, without unions or societies, they are the one class who have kept up and increased the standard of wages. As a class they have made no claims, they have not appealed to the public, or to the politician; but they have, none the less, increased their demands and obtained their demands. This is rather a curious commentary upon organized labor. The servant class numbers something like one to forty of the total population. My only explanation is that, as they are the class coming most closely in contact with the ruling class, they have absorbed and used the methods of that class.

It is indeed a "curious commentary upon organized labor."

The democratic instincts of the King of Sweden attracted much attention during the recent royal visit to England. The *Manchester Chronicle* says he was the most democratic ruler who has ever visited Windsor Castle. It would almost seem as if in him there was a reversion to the original Bernadotte, who was the son of a Pau attorney. Marshal Bernadotte made a long stride when he passed from the ranks of the French marines to the Swedish throne, and if the present king keeps that fact steadily in his mind it is to his credit. At any rate he has the deepest objection to ceremony of any kind and took very little interest in the ceremonious reception arranged for him.

King Gustav, we are told, takes life very seriously and is quite evangelical in his relig-

ious views. One of his suite said he would not be surprised if one evening at dinner he turned to King Edward and asked him "Are you saved?" He cares nothing for soldiers or for sport which involves killing:

When I saw him shooting in the forest he intentionally let bird after bird pass him. His total bag was only 133 that day. The Prince of Wales did most of the shooting, the bag reaching more than 600 birds. There are practically only pheasants now at Windsor. A year or two ago disease set in among the ground game, and they had to be killed off. The birds are very tame and plentiful, and cost the king a pretty penny, for he gives every head away to friends and to institutions in which he or the queen is interested.

Queen Victoria of Sweden is much more of the monarchical type than her husband. She saw that the officers did not quite like the perfunctory way in which their men were inspected, and sent for General Sir Frederick Stopford and complimented him on the appearance of the troops. The Irish Guards are stationed in Windsor and have furnished the necessary duties for the visit. They are at present the finest battalion in the whole of the Brigade of Guards, and are well worth seeing. In their "drums" is one of the best flutists I ever heard, and one morning during the mounting of the sentries he played a solo which delighted King Edward and the Queen of Sweden, who listened throughout.

The King of Sweden's conception of his position is one of special duties and responsibilities rather than of honors, pleasures, and dignities. Under such guidance Sweden needs only opportunity to take something of her old place in the world.

The recipients of English titles do not exactly get something for nothing. The fees in some cases are considerable, and a haronety or a peerage might well prove an embarrassing honor to a poor man. But then a poor man has no right to be a peer or a haronet.

A recently issued statement of the civil contingencies fund shows a curious difference between knights and haronets in the matter of cost. Knighthood is, of course, a very inferior honor to that of a haronety, inasmuch as it is not hereditary. Perhaps for this reason it costs nothing to be made a knight so long as the recipient lives in London and walks to Buckingham Palace instead of taking a cab. If he lives away from England it is necessary to issue letters patent, and these for some reason are attended by expense which the government pays. The accounts of the civil contingencies fund for last year contain the entry, "Letters patent conferring knighthood on twenty-one persons resident abroad or unable for other reasons to attend investiture, £642:12:0." But in the case

of a haronet the honor is delivered C. O. D. and the cost is about \$1500, while a peerage implies fees amounting to about \$2000.

Other entries in the same report are not without interest. It seems that the recent visit of the King and Queen of Denmark cost the country about \$23,180, while the hospitalities to the German emperor and empress cost about \$38,755. These expenditures do not include the visits to the city nor the king's expenses in entertaining his royal guests, but only those general items that could not properly be charged to the royal purse.

Another item is a little perplexing to the uninitiated. It reads, "Warrant granting precedence of the widow of a knight hache-lor to Mrs. Lilla Billson, £0:10:0." The explanation is to be found in the fact that a knighthood was granted to Mr. Billson, no doubt for good and sufficient reasons, but the worthy man was so inconsiderate as to die before the formalities had been completed. It was just like a man to do a thing like this, and so to deprive his wife of the "ladyship" that seemed so close. Under the circumstances, therefore, the crown awarded the title to the widow and paid the necessary fees, amounting to \$2.50.

The talking postal card is the invention of a French engineer, and has become so popular in that country that the American rights have been secured and the device will be placed in the cities of the United States. The person wishing to send a talking postal card to a friend enters the booth and talks into a machine that records the words on the specially prepared postal card. When the recipient receives the card a hundred or a thousand miles away, he, or perhaps she, takes the card to the nearest postal booth and inserts it in a machine which talks the message it contains. The record on the postal card is indestructible and the exact voice of the sender is heard.

When Edwin Booth was in his prime John Drew played Tuhul to his Shylock—and played it with a red beard and red hair—a study after traditional descriptions of Judas. There is a letter of Booth's in the *Variator* praising "young John Drew for his studious performance." In his time Mr. Drew has acted with all the best figures of the American stage and with many visiting "foreign artists"—with Charlotte Cushman, Lawrence Barrett, and the elder Salvini. But he almost never refers to his past exploits—as if he shunned the very memory of them and of the span of years that might make gray hairs plausible.

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Said a witness who once appeared before  
Mr. Justice Maule in London: "You may  
believe me or not, but I have stated not a  
word that is false. I have been wedded to  
truth from my infancy." "Yes," replied the  
judge, "but how long have you been a  
widower?"Old Mr. Flaherty was a general favorite in  
the little town where he lived. The doctor  
was away all one summer, and did not hear of  
the old man's death. Soon after his return he  
met Miss Flaherty and inquired about the  
family, ending with: "And how is your father  
standing the heat?"The Navy Department recently received  
from the commander-in-chief of the fleet an  
official communication relative to certain  
changes recommended by him to be made in  
the uniform shirt of the enlisted men. In  
accordance with custom, this letter was for-  
warded to various officials for comment or  
expression of opinion, the remarks of each  
officer being appended on an endorsement slip.  
Each endorsement introduces the sub-  
ject-matter of the letter in a brief, and one  
of them thus tersely explained the contents:  
"Commander-in-chief desires to change shirt."Sydney Rosenfeld once wrote a comedy  
entitled "The Optimist," which achieved suc-  
cess after the production, but was a long time  
reaching the stage. Manager after manager  
refused the manuscript, and one day Mr.  
Rosenfeld, whose patience was exhausted,  
blurted out to his sole auditor: "Of course  
you don't appreciate the play! You don't  
even know the meaning of its name." "Yes, I  
do," protested the impresario. "Well," insisted  
Rosenfeld, "what's the difference between an  
optimist and a pessimist?" The manager  
barely hesitated. "An optimist is an eye doc-  
tor," he said; "a pessimist is a foot doctor."In Philadelphia they tell a story of a man  
whose wife had arranged an "authors' even-  
ing," and persuaded her reluctant husband to  
remain at home and help her receive the  
fifty guests who were asked to participate  
in this intellectual feast. The first author  
was dull enough, but the second was worse.  
Moreover, the rooms were intolerably warm.  
So, on pretense of letting in some cool air,  
the unfortunate host escaped to the hall,  
where he found a servant comfortably asleep  
on the settle. "Wake up," sternly commanded  
the Philadelphian in the man's ear. "Wake  
up, I say. You must have been listening at  
the keyhole."The officers of a Sikh regiment in India  
were much annoyed by some native hanging  
about their camp and "sniping" them with a  
rifle. The colonel sent for his orderly, a  
native soldier, and said he wanted a squad to  
go over the mountain that night and catch  
the miscreant who was annoying them. The  
orderly saluted and begged to be allowed to  
act alone, assuring his colonel that he would  
soon catch the culprit. The officer, admiring  
his pluck, agreed, and the next morning the  
soldier walked in with the head of the sniper.  
The officers were loud in their praise of the  
soldier's valor. "O sirs, I had no difficulty,"  
he said. "You see, I knew his ways. He was  
my father."Even the lowliest may be able to show you  
that your fund of information is sadly incom-  
plete. "I well remember," said H. K. Adair,  
the detective, "a walk I once took down  
Market Street. As I strode along, proud and  
happy, a rose in my buttonhole and a gold-  
headed cane in my hand, a drunken man bad  
the impudence to stop me. 'Ain't you Mr.  
Adair?' he said. 'Yes,' said I; 'what of it?'  
'Mr. Adair, the detective?' he hiccupped.  
'Yes, yes. Who are you?' I asked impatiently.  
'Mr. Adair,' said the untidy wretch, as he laid  
his hand on my shoulder to keep himself from  
falling, 'I'll tell you who I am, Mr. Adair.  
I'm—hic—the husband of your washerwoman.'  
'Well, what of that?' said I. My scorn brought  
a sneer to the man's lips, and he said: 'You  
see, you don't know everything, Mr. Adair.'  
'What don't I know?' I demanded. 'Well,  
'Mr. Adair,' said he, 'you don't know that  
hic—I'm wearin' one of your new white  
shirts.'"Monsieur Claude, chief of the Paris police,  
was ordered on one occasion to arrest an es-  
caped prisoner who had defrauded the gov-  
ernment. At the time Paris was wild over  
the songs of Pierre Jean de Beranger, which  
were heard everywhere, though the poet him-  
self was little known. In his hunt after the  
convict, Claude entered the famous Closerie  
des Lilas, where he found his man surrounded  
by a swarm of pretty girls, the bewitching  
danseuses of the Latin quarter. The escaped  
prisoner saw him and turned pale. Quick as  
lightning, however, he put his lips to the ear  
of the girl nearest to him and whispered, "It  
is Beranger." In a moment all the beauties  
surrounded Claude, hemming him in. They  
bowed to him and embraced him and threw  
bouquets of flowers over him. The musicstopped, the dancers joined the throng and  
with one voice cried, "Vive Beranger! Vive  
Beranger!" The delight at finding their  
song-writing hero in their midst intoxicated  
them, and poor Claude was powerless. He  
was so embarrassed by their embraces, and  
the flowers and compliments showered on  
him, that he could neither move nor speak,  
and the convict managed to escape before the  
clever trick was discovered.

## RHYMES OF THE HUNTER.

In Africa.

The beasts of Uganda were beating retreat,  
and the slower were trying to stay with the  
fleet, when a lion came flying aside from the  
rear, with his face mutilated and one shredded  
ear."We thought," said the beasts  
As they saw him arrive,  
"You stayed back to face him  
And eat him alive!"  
But the man-eater only  
Ran faster and whined,  
And now and then ventured  
A survey behind."Well," said the hippo, who ran as he could,  
"did you eat him alive, as you boasted you  
would?" But the lion limped onward, with  
never a word—at least, anything that the rest  
of them heard."I'll bet," said the rhino,  
"He bit off his head  
And left them to find him  
All bloody and dead!"  
Whereat they all laughed,  
And the great lion cried  
And licked at the gashes  
All over his hide."I see how it happened," the elephant said.  
"Our brother was up in a tree overhead,  
and when he pounced on him, a stranger to fear,  
the cruel thorns tore him and shredded his ear!"They all laughed again,  
And the lion, all red  
With blood, only shuddered  
And limped on ahead.  
"Oh, come," they exclaimed  
As they followed with haste,  
"We know that you ate him,  
But how did he taste?"The lion turned 'round at the top of a rise,  
and his whiskers were matted with tears from  
his eyes. "Don't taunt me," he begged, "and  
I'll tell you my woes." And blood trickled  
off of the end of his nose."We'll do it!" they answered;  
And, husky with grief  
And fear, he proceeded:  
"My story is brief.  
I did lay for Teddy,  
Intending my worst,  
And I jumped as I promised—  
But he bit me first!"  
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Panic-Stricken.

With uprooted trees 'round him crashing,  
With a thunderous, deafening sound;  
Destroying and rending and smashing,  
The maddened thing speeds o'er the ground.All behind it it leaves desolation,  
Does this four-footed fleeing cyclone,  
And continues the dread devastation,  
As tree after tree is o'erthrown.Like an avalanche in its destruction,  
Which nothing can hinder or stay,  
It kicks up a terrible ruction  
With all that may get in its way.As white as a ghost, in its panic,  
Overcome with a horrible fear,  
As though dreading that something satanic  
Was following fast in the rear.Oh, what is this terrified being  
Which nothing may stop or resist?  
'Tis the White Rhinoceros fleeing  
From the Faunal Naturalist.  
—New York Times.

## The White Rhinoceros.

The great rhinoceros, when he heard of Roosevelt  
on his trail,  
Forthwith was struck with such alarm he turned a  
deathly pale,  
Till pallid as of chalk was he from horny snout to  
tail.  
On came the hunter, his desire a rifle for to sight,  
Not at a mere rhinoceros, but one all snowy white;  
But ere he pressed the trigger, why, the rhino died  
of fright.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

## When He Markets for the Zoo.

Where the oryx roams the jungle,  
And the klee'n'loc runneth free;  
Where the kahau climbs the wungle,  
And the zikzak turns to flee,  
There is where the nimrod mighty  
With the Africa game will strive,  
While he checks their progress flighty  
And then catches 'em alive!He'll outrun the swiftest critter,  
He'll outjump the winkaroo;  
He will prove the zark a quitter,  
As he markets for the zoo.  
There'll be howling in the jungle  
As they duck and dodge and dive,  
But from oryx down to wungle  
He will catch 'em all alive!  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Dinners have become the favorite means of entertaining in San Francisco this winter, it would seem, and each week there are any number of them, both formal and informal, and especially before the halls. Each day brings fresh invitations now for one affair or another, and the social calendar is rapidly reaching a congested state.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eva Castle, daughter of Mrs. Frederick L. Castle, to Mr. A. P. S. Macquisten of Glasgow and Salt Lake City. Their marriage will be an event of next month.

The wedding of Miss Blanche Wertheimer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wertheimer, to Mr. David Present of New York City, took place quietly on Tuesday at the home of the bride's parents, 2236 Pacific Avenue. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rabbi Nieto in the presence of a few immediate relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin will entertain at a dinner on Friday evening, January 29, at the St. Francis Hotel in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins.

The Friday Night Dance took place last night (Friday) at Century Hall. The patronesses are Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, and Mrs. George F. Ashton.

Miss Helene Irwin was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins. Those present were Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Dolly Cushing, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Jeanne Galois, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Augusta Foute, and Miss Clara Allen.

Miss Flood was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week.

Miss Janet Coleman entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at her home on California Street in honor of Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald (formerly Miss Anita Davis).

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mrs. James Coffin was the hostess at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her daughters, Miss Natalie Coffin and Miss Sara Coffin, going afterwards to the Colonial hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the St. Francis Hotel in honor of Miss Alice Ogg.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander was the hostess at a dinner at the St. Francis on Friday evening of last week in honor of her daughter, Miss Harriett Alexander.

Miss Emily du Bois and Miss Helen du Bois entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at their apartment at the Hillcrest, they and their guests going later to the Colonial hall.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller was the hostess at a tea on Saturday afternoon last at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of the debut of her daughter, Miss Marian Miller. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Harry East Miller, Miss Eleanor Cushing, Miss Alhertine Dietrick, Miss Vera Havemeyer, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Laura Baldwin, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Marian Marvin, and Miss Constance Davis.

Mrs. Theresa Casserly and Miss Casserly entertained at a tea on Saturday last in honor of Miss Katharine Donohoe.

Mrs. Harry Francis Davis entertained at a tea on Monday afternoon at her home on Lake Street in honor of Miss Christine Pomeroy.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills arrived last week from New York and are at the Mills country place at Millbrae for a stay of some weeks.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle and Mr. Allen Kittle have left for New York and will sail almost immediately for Egypt, where they will spend the rest of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Eaton have returned from a Western trip of several months' duration.

Walter Hobart has gone to Colorado

Springs, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin for a month or two before going to New York for a sojourn of a few weeks.

Mr. Alfred Holman left early in the week for a visit to Washington, D. C. He will be absent for about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker are expected to return in the near future to their Burlingame home from New York.

Miss Edith Pillsbury has returned from a fortnight's stay in Southern California.

Miss Edith Berry and Miss Christine Pomeroy will leave tomorrow (Sunday) night for the East, where they will visit relatives and friends.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker have returned to their home in San Mateo, after spending several days in town.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Miss Helen Sidney Smith, and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith have returned, after some months' travel in Europe and the Eastern States.

Mrs. Dudley Knox (formerly Miss Lily McCalla) arrived this week from the Orient and will visit her parents, Admiral and Mrs. McCalla, at their Santa Barbara home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frances McComas have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. Walter Dillingham arrived here last week from the Eastern States, where he spent six weeks, and after a brief stay sailed for his home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop, who has been at the St. Xavier since her return from abroad, is again at her Washington-Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper are at Burlingame, where they have taken a cottage.

Mrs. Charles Palmer (formerly Miss Katrina Wright) arrived this week from Manila and is here for a brief visit before going to Washington to visit her parents, Secretary Luke M. Wright and Mrs. Wright.

Miss Margaret Thompson has returned from a visit to Colonel and Mrs. J. Walker Benet at Benicia Arsenal.

Mr. Robert M. Eyre has returned from a stay of a month in the East.

Mrs. Louis Parrott has taken an apartment at the Hotel Monroe on Sacramento Street.

Mr. Eyre Pinckard has returned from an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Miss Erna St. Goar, and Miss Edith Low left last week for a stay of two or three months in Honolulu.

Mr. Percy King has gone East for a stay of some weeks.

Mr. Henry E. Bothin has closed his Ross Valley home and is at the St. Francis for the winter.

M. and Mme. Adachi, of the Japanese embassy at Paris, France, have been guests at the Fairmont for the past week.

Among recent arrivals from the North at the Fairmont are: Mr. and Mrs. Arden I. Smith, Mrs. Alfred Anderson, Mr. W. F. Zwick, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McDermott, Seattle; Mr. A. Schulz, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Edw. Fischer, Bellingham; Mr. and Mrs. M. Z. Donnell, The Dalles, Ore.; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Blake, Coos Bay.

Mr. W. M. Graham of Santa Barbara has been a guest of the St. Francis for a few days.

The J. C. Todds of Tacoma, Washington, are guests of the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Walker of Denver are spending a part of their honeymoon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. and Mrs. William Hopkins are at the St. Francis, after an absence of two years in the East and Europe.

Dr. Rupert Blue has taken permanent apartments in the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Millard of Omaha, Nebraska, are guests of the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith have returned to their apartments at the Fairmont, after an extended trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Coos of Worcester, Massachusetts, are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Dickens, U. S. M. C., are at the Fairmont.

Among visitors from Los Angeles now at the Fairmont are Mr. H. E. Andress, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Ball, Miss M. Bradley, Mr. W. S. Collins, Mr. Robert D. Hunter, Mr. E. R. Baldwin, Mr. Frank S. Hicks, Mr. C. C. Desmond, Mr. M. Campan, Mr. D. M. Dorman, and Mr. Burton E. Green.

## At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado are: Mrs. E. W. Coughlan, Mr. G. T. Marsh, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. S. P. Tohey, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davis, Mrs. James D. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hannam, Mr. B. B. Carr, Mr. A. Christeson, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Luening. An unusually large number of visitors from Los Angeles and from all parts of the United States are now at the Hotel del Coronado.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais are: Mr. George R. Webster, Mr. R. F. MacLeod, Mr. C. P. Carruthers, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Levy, Miss Levy, Miss Steinherger, Miss Lilenthal, Mr. Sam Lilenthal, Mr. L. Strassberger, Mr. Frank Schmidt, Mr. M. A. Nicoll, Miss C. F. Bilb, Miss Anna B. Chance, Mr. A. L. Mann, Mrs. C. J. Smith, Mr. Willard H. Wayman, Mr. Guy F. Wayman, Mr. D. E. Hayes.

The following are among those registering at Del Monte during last week: Mr. and Mrs.

Charles S. Fee, Miss Fee, Rev. Dr. F. W. Clappett, San Francisco; Mrs. D. Green, Miss T. Trimmer, Mrs. Robert A. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brogan, Mrs. Bancroft Gherardi, Mrs. J. J. Carty, Mr. John R. Carty, New York; Dr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Crocker, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Coos, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Burt, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, Menlo Park; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Wilson, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kleiser, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McCargar, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper, Piedmont; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Parrish, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Raser, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mendell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Harold, Haywards.

## Crime in New York.

"The defense of society against criminals has broken down," said President Eliot of Harvard University, speaking in New York recently. This statement is proved by Victor Rousseau in an article published in the current issue of *Harper's Weekly*, in which he brings to a conclusion his series of presentations of the grave menace to public security which exists and propounds its causes and cure. "The trouble lies with the detective bureau," he quotes an ex-detective of repute as stating. "In the old days Tom Byrnes had forty detective sergeants under him, and he stamped crime out in New York—all except pocket-picking and petty larceny and misdemeanors of those kinds. Today McCafferty has almost three hundred men, and yet he can't cope with crime in the manner of Byrnes. . . . The old men have lain down, and the young patrolmen called detectives don't know their work. New York is swarming with crooks." The author backs up these statements with official statistics showing the proportion of discharges to arrests, which ranges from 92 per cent in cases of homicide to 72 per cent in cases of grand larceny; and clinches them with the confession of General Bingham, the police commissioner, as published in his annual report.

## Prolific Mr. Walter's Latest Play.

Mr. Walter's newest play, "The Easiest Way," was acted for the first time on any stage a few days ago at Hartford, with Miss Frances Starr in the chief part and after long rehearsal under Mr. Belasco. As the programme has it, the piece "concerns a peculiar phase of life in New York," and more particularly the life of the theatre. To make her way on the stage, Laura Murdock has given herself to Willard Brockton, who "finances" musical plays. In the West she encounters John Madison, who understands her position. They care sincerely for each other and are ready to marry. The woman returns to New York; Brockton cuts her off from all employment on the stage, reduces her to penury, and then, as "the easiest way," she returns to him. Madison, coming out of the West to make her his wife, finds her as she is and casts her off, to let a life against her better instincts be sufficient retribution. It is pronounced a strong and sordid play, filled with Mr. Walter's vivid observation and vigorous directness.

Miss Mary Mills Patrick, president of the American College for Girls at Constantinople, says that the American college is patronized extensively by Mohammedans, and she says they are apt and willing pupils. One Mohammedan girl, a daughter of an official in the palace, writes extensively in the papers since the recent freedom of the press, and has been asked to reorganize the schools for girls in Turkey. She is also a member of three Mohammedan clubs for women, and the president of one. Miss Patrick said this girl had recently translated "Julius Caesar" into Turkish and that the play would probably be the first English play to be given at the new theatre.

People desirous of speaking French and Spanish in shortest time should see Prof. De Filippe, 1356 Geary Street.



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## PERSONAL.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General John F. Weston, U. S. A., under orders to assume command of the Department of California, arrived this week on the transport *Sheridan* from Manila, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Captain Harry F. Rethers, U. S. A.

Major-General Jesse M. Lee, U. S. A., retired, arrived this week from his home in San Antonio, Texas, to meet his daughter, Mrs. Rethers, wife of Captain Rethers, U. S. A., who returned from the Philippines on the transport.

Colonel W. L. Finley, U. S. A., who was recently retired from duty as chief of staff, Department of the Lakes, has arrived from Chicago and assumed the duties of chief of staff, Department of California.

Colonel Charles G. Woodward, U. S. A., recently relieved from duty as inspector-general, Department of the Gulf, with station at Atlanta, Georgia, has arrived here and assumed the duties of inspector-general, Department of California, relieving Colonel George L. Anderson, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Colonel Albert D. Knicker, deputy commissary-general, U. S. A., has been ordered in addition to other duties to relieve Major Charles R. Krauthoff, commissary, U. S. A., as subsistence superintendent, Army Transport Service, San Francisco.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar A. Mearns, U. S. A., retired, is assigned to active duty with his consent and will report in person to the President of the United States for duty, with station at Washington, D. C. It is reported that Colonel Mearns will accompany President Roosevelt to Africa.

Major Daniel W. Ketcham, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has assumed the duties of adjutant of the Presidio post temporarily during the absence of Captain Edwin G. Davis, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Major Charles R. Krauthoff, commissary, U. S. A., has had the orders revoked granting him two months' leave of absence.

Captain W. R. Smedberg, Jr., Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., assisted by Veterinarian Henry W. Peter, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed to inspect public animals to be delivered at Likely, California, Ogden, Utah, Lima and Dillon, Montana, and Ontario, Baker City, and Union, Oregon.

Captain F. H. Pomroy, U. S. A., assistant to the purchasing commissary in New York City, will arrive here in time to sail for Manila on March 5.

Captain Charles D. Roberts, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., upon the expiration of his leave of absence, will report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty pending the arrival of the Seventh Infantry, when he will join that regiment and proceed to the Philippines.

Captain William L. Reed, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, to take effect upon his relief from duty on recruiting service.

Captain Arthur M. Shipp, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., to the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.

Captain Edward M. Lewis, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., to the Eighth Infantry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant David L. Roscoe, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has been assigned to temporary duty at department headquarters in this city, pending the departure of the transport scheduled to sail from this port on February 5, when he will proceed to Manila.

Lieutenant Truman D. Thorpe, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at San Francisco, at such time as he may designate for examination by that board.

Lieutenant E. H. Wagner, Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., having arrived here and reported to the commanding general, Department of California, in compliance with War Department orders, has been assigned to duty in command of the department rifle range at Rodeo, Marin County, relieving Lieutenant Schudt, U. S. A.

Lieutenant George H. Richardson, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., has been honorably discharged from the service of the United States, as his services are no longer required.

## The Second Gadski Concert.

The second and last Gadski concert will be given Sunday afternoon at the Van Ness Theatre, when the *prima-donna* will sing another beautiful programme of works by Schubert, Schumann, Grieg, Brahms, La Forge, etc., with a great Wagnerian selection, "The Immolation Scene" from "Die Götterdämmerung." Mr. Frank La Forge will again assist, both as soloist and pianist.

Seats may be secured after 10 a. m. at the theatre box-office, and phone orders will receive attention.

Next Wednesday afternoon Mme. Gadski sings in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, presenting an entirely different programme from those of her San Francisco concerts. Seats for this may be ordered at Ye Liberty Playhouse box-office.

## Poetry on the Stage.

Speaking of "The Goddess of Reason," the poetical drama by Mary Johnston, recently produced by Julia Marlowe, an Eastern writer says:

"Now, as a matter of fact, verse is not a mere ornament of the drama, but a means of expressing what can not be expressed in the language of real life; and, other things being equal, a poetic play is superior to a prose play because it tells us more essential things about men and women. In real life men do not express their deeper emotions with any precision or fullness; for the ordinary speech of men, developed for other purposes, will not permit them to do so. In the poetic drama a richer kind of speech has been developed for the purpose of expressing precisely and fully those deeper emotions that are the essence of character. Thus, there is this difference between the poetic drama and the prose drama to which we are accustomed; that the prose drama is best fitted only to express the external phenomena of life, things that we see and hear every day, whereas the poetic drama is best fitted to express what we do not see and hear in ordinary life, but what is not less real and far more important. The need for richer means of expression is often naively confessed in the modern drama, when slow music is employed to heighten an emotional scene. In the poetic drama the words themselves have music, music which is not a mere ornament, but an added means of expression."

## Katharine Goodson's Concerts.

Manager Greenbaum predicts a sensational success for Katharine Goodson, the English pianist, whose name in Europe is placed in the same category as D'Alhert and Paderewski. Of course, at her first concert he does not expect a great crowd, but he feels confident that before Sunday afternoon the music lovers of the city will all be talking of her.

This artist will present three exceptionally fine programmes at Christian Science Hall on next Tuesday and Thursday evenings, January 19 and 21, and Sunday afternoon, January 24.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Her opening programme will include two selections from Schumann, a Beethoven sonata, a Brahms intermezzo and rhapsodie, three studies and two waltzes by Chopin, and numbers by Rachmaninoff, Richard Strauss, Arthur Hinton, Tschalkowsky, and Liszt.

Next Friday afternoon a special programme will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

Miss Annie Peck, who climbs the most-high mountains, and who has just returned from her latest expedition, has reason to believe that she reached a height above that attained by any man; although she admits that of the twenty-four thousand quoted feet only twenty could be recorded, and the other four are dependent on the opinion of the guides. While preparing for *Harper's Magazine* her articles descriptive of the trip, Miss Peck was obliged to admit the hardships of her undertaking, as when one of the guides slipped on the descent, dragging the others to the verge. "One guide," wrote Miss Peck in a letter, "froze both hands and the toes of one foot so that he is liable to lose them and lies helpless." Miss Peck herself had one foot frosthitten both times, and the last time her left hand, because the guide lost one of her mittens. "If I had not had other mittens and a warm poncho I should have lost my left hand." As Miss Peck has never before admitted the perils and hardship of her adventuring, her expression of thankfulness "to get down alive" is significant.

Isadora Duncan has gone back to Paris thoroughly discouraged over ever getting her school for dancing on a financial footing. She says that she is now going to send the children who have been dancing in Europe with her back to their homes, as she can not raise the money to continue their support. She plans to return to this country next fall and dance with the New York Symphony Orchestra for five months. The engagement should prove profitable, for New York likes her style of dancing.

The Metropolitan Opera in New York asks seven dollars for a ticket to Puccini's earliest and worst opera. Whatever operatic competition has accomplished in New York, it has clearly not had the effect of cheapening opera to the public.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Tramp—Lady, I'm near perishing from exposure! Lady—Are you a congressman or a senator?—*Town Topics.*

"The first time he went out in his new auto he ran across a few friends, and—" "Did they leave families?"—*Baltimore American.*

"Was your father college bred?" "Yes, but we never mention it. The college he went to had a rotten football team."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Now, then, look pleasant, please." "Not at all; this is to send to my wife at the seashore. She would come home at once!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"You're lookin' fine, Weary? Aint you cold?" "Nope. I slep' in a garage las' night an' drank a gallon of anti-freeze mixture."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Milly—Kitty got the prize for a Christmas dinner at our cooking class. Tilly—How proud she must be! What is it? Milly—A most useful hook: "First Aid to the Injured."—*Illustrated Bits.*

Wife—Would it please you, dear, if I learned another language? Husband—Yes, it would delight me infinitely. Wife—Well, which one shall I study? Husband—The sign language.—*Smart Set.*

"John, Professor Metchnikoff says people could live to be 150 years of age." "Well?" "Well, wouldn't you like to live that long?" "I used to think I would before I was married."—*Houston Post.*

"Do you regard Bliggins as a man of great depth?" "No," answered Miss Cayenne; "his conversation is hard to follow. But his is one of the natures that avoid seeming shallow by being opaque."—*Washington Star.*

"What is the difference between valor and discretion?" "Well, to go through Europe without tipping would be valor." "I see." "And to come back by a different route would be discretion."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Bink—Stung again yesterday. Wink—You are always getting stung. What now? Bink—Answered an ad. that said for a dollar they would tell me how to save plumbers' hills. Wink—What was the answer? Bink—Just two plumbers' bills. "F— them."—*Chicago Daily News.*

Miss Sabbubs (engaging cook)—Have you any male friends? I can't have any men coming around the place. Mandy Snowball—

None, 'cept mah hushan', ma'am, an' he don't come aroun' 'cept on pay day.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Jahn—I've just lost a thousand dollars. Julia—Well, it is better that it should have happened to you than to some poor heggar on the street.—*The Club Fellow.*

"It takes a heap o' determination, son," said Uncle Eben, "to hav yoh own way in dis life, an' a heap o' brains to know what to do wif it after you gits it."—*Washington Star.*

Macdougall (to his new fourth wife)—The meenister doesna approve o' my marryin' again, an' sae young a wife, too. But, as I tell't him, I canna he aye huryin', huryin'."—*Punch.*

Harlemite—If you wrote yesterday mornin', I don't see why I only got your note this evening. Downtowner—I do. I affixed a special delivery stamp to the letter.—*New York Times.*

Fluffy Young Thing—I'd like to prepay the express on this package. Express Company's Agent—What's the value? Fluffy Young Thing—Nothing, sir. It's a bundle of letters. I'm sending them back to him.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I was only acting the part of peace-maker," explained the prisoner. "But you knocked the man senseless with a stick," the magistrate pointed out. "Sure I did," was the answer. "There was no other way to 'ave peace with 'im around."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Meanley—No, sir; I don't believe in paying fancy prices to have clothes made to order. Now, here's a suit I bought, ready made, for \$9. If I should tell you I paid \$25 for it, wouldn't you believe it? Knox—I might, if you told me over the telephone.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Stubb—What's the trouble with the writer's husband? He looks angry enough to chew tacks. Penn—And he is. She dedicated her latest hook to him. Stubb—Gracious! I should consider that a compliment. Penn—Not if you knew the title of the hook. It is "Wild Animals I Have Met."—*Chicago News.*

Young man (nervously)—There's something about—er—your daughter, I— Crusty Pa—Yes, there is. I had noticed it myself. It comes every night about 8 o'clock and doesn't get away until about 11. One of these nights I'm going to kick it into the street and see what it is made of.—*Boston Courier.*

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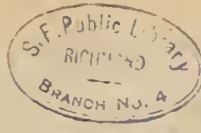
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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Solid South—The Culberson Incident—Japanese Legislation—Mr. Taft at Panama—A Sunday Law—The President's Salary—Poe's Centenary—Land Laws in England—Tillman and the Oregon Lands—Emma Goldman—Editorial Notes.....	49-52
CURRENT TOPICS .....	52
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	52
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World .....	53
GOSSIP FROM THE DRAGON COURT: The Enthronement of the New Emperor—Official Homage to the Dead Sovereigns .....	53
HIGH, LOW, AND THE GAME. By Harry Davids.....	54
OLD FAVORITES: "The Ruins of Ostia," by Julia Ward Howe; "Vesuvius," by John Edmund Reade.....	54
ENGLISH CHANNEL COAST SCENES: Clive Holland's Entertaining Description of a Region Rich in Romance..	55
VERDAVIN'S CANDIDACY: How the Representative of His Wife Was Elected. From the French of Pierre Veron..	56
CURRENT VERSE: "Ballade," by A. T. Schumann; "Winged Memories," from "The Cradle of the Rose"; "Evening," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.....	56
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	57
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	58
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	58
DRAMA: Sothern's Prince of Denmark. By Josephine Hart Phelps .....	59
VANITY FAIR .....	60
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	61
THE MERRY MUSE.....	61
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	62-63
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	64

### The Solid South.

Mr. Taft's desire to break up the "solid South" does not cause him to depart from the broad statesmanship that has already carried him so far. He will not allow himself to be betrayed into any act of injustice toward the negro, nor will he curry a momentary favor by truckling to race prejudice. Speaking at Augusta, Georgia, he declared himself as in favor of negro education, and he combined this declaration with a reproof of those whose desire for sensational utterances leads them into an opposition that must be insincere. The negro, he said, "deserves from those of us who are white all the aid, the assistance, and all the sympathy we can give him," and he added the expression of his belief that in so speaking he had the great body of intelligent white men upon his side.

Mr. Taft's reception in the South certainly justifies his hope that the day of collective political solidarity is drawing to a close. Perhaps some Southerners would say that while they like Mr. Taft personally, they are

seizing the occasion of his presence to emphasize their distrust of Mr. Bryan. Then again, Mr. Taft is a guest and the obligations of hospitality are sacred, but when all allowances are made, the warmth of his reception remains in the nature of a political presage. He will indeed have done something worth the doing if he can persuade intelligent men in the South to look at parties, measures, and men upon their own merits rather than to follow blindly a stereotyped label.

### The Culberson Incident.

In the many-headed quarrel between the President and Congress the charge brought by Senator Culberson is likely to figure with some prominence. It arose out of the merger between the United States Steel Corporation and the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. Now this transaction may have been legal or it may have been illegal. That is a point to be decided by competent authority, although there are some pertinent comments that will fall into their proper place. In the absence of a positive ruling as to the bearing of the anti-trust law upon the merger of the two concerns, Mr. Culberson was precipitate in saying: "I do not intend to be diverted from the proposition that President Roosevelt has permitted, by his positive and affirmative action, a violation of the law of Congress." He was therefore equally precipitate when he described the President's permission to amalgamate as "one more lawless act of the President, who is sworn to uphold the laws and punish those who violate them," and still again when he said that the President's act illustrates "his main dogma that he is absolutely absolved from any legal restraint whatever." All these are points to be determined, and we shall be guilty of no avoidable disrespect if we allow ourselves to keep an open mind even after the learned opinion of Mr. Bonaparte.

The legality or illegality of the merger is really not the main question, and Mr. Culberson would have made a stronger attack if he had chosen slightly different ground. The real gravity of the incident is to be found in the fact that those responsible for the merger, aware of the questionable legality of their contemplated act, went direct to the President and asked his permission to perform it and that the President assumed to himself the right to give it. To be strictly accurate, the President did not commit himself to a specific yes or no, but he did say that he would conceive it as no part of his duty "to interpose any objection." That is to say, he gave plenary indulgence to a transaction of doubtful propriety, and that it was doubtful propriety is proved by the fact that the question was put at all.

Now it seems to be no part of the President's duty to give indulgences of this kind. His reply should have been a refusal to express himself either for or against the project, and this might have been combined with a stern reproof to those who thus asked permission to do a questionable act and who should have decided the matter for themselves on the best legal advice obtainable, afterwards standing by the consequences. Surely this is the first time in history that a corporation has gone direct to the President of the United States to explain to him a commercial transaction which, to say the least of it, is perilously close to the wind, with the assurance that it should not be carried through if he thought that "it ought not to be done." Let us at least hope that it will be the last.

As has been pointed out, the actual question of legality is a secondary matter and one to be properly determined. The Attorney-General was of opinion that no law would be violated if the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company were absorbed by the Steel Corporation, and he so expressed himself in conversation with the President. But the fact remains that the merger in question seems precisely similar to the transaction for which the Tobacco Trust was prosecuted upon the advice of the same Attorney-General. The incident does not, however, turn upon a question of law, about which there may be some difference of

opinion. It is a matter of propriety and good taste upon which there must be a general agreement.

The ventilation of this matter in the Senate has produced some results as unpleasant as the original cause. To the request of the Senate for information as to the exact part played by the Attorney-General, the President replies that the Senate is *ultra vires* in issuing directions to Cabinet officers. That is a somewhat delicate point, but it is one upon which it would be very unwise to insist. Congress is a representative body, and whatever exception may be taken to the precise form of the demand there can be no doubt that Cabinet officers receive their salaries from Congress and there is a popular belief that those who pay the piper should have something to say as to the choice of the tune. Congress is intimately concerned with the laws passed by itself, and whatever technical quibbles may be interposed, there can be no moral doubt that it has a right to ascertain the opinion given by a Cabinet officer as to the possible infraction of those laws. It is at least unfortunate that it should receive a rebuff so direct as to make further action inevitable.

### Japanese Legislation.

The Argonaut is glad to see that some determined effort is being made to discourage the anti-Japanese legislation now upon the carpet at Sacramento. There is no need to recapitulate the intentions of these objectionable bills or to consider whether or not they are upon lines of abstract justice. They may contain some points worthy of future consideration in the light of national rather than local interests, but if there is any possibility that their passage would prove a source of embarrassment to the Federal government, they ought not to be allowed to pass beyond a first vote. That seems to be the view taken by the majority at Sacramento. It could hardly be otherwise, in view of the period of irritation through which we have passed and the practical abatement of the chief nuisance under complaint. Far be it from us to impute unworthy motives to those who have felt impelled to introduce anti-Japanese bills and those others who are contemplating similar action. No doubt their intentions are pure as the driven snow, but good intentions, unfortunately, do not imply broad vision, and it may be suggested that this is not so much a question of policy as of patriotism.

If the final onus of responsibility for legislation of this kind rested upon California, if the resulting diplomatic correspondence devolved upon the State, it would be a different thing. But as a matter of fact it is the Federal government alone that would be called upon to handle whatever diplomatic consequences might ensue, and it would be called upon to do this at a time of considerable delicacy when the interests of the nation will not be served by quarrels of any kind, either domestic or foreign. California may have a technical right to pass any laws that she pleases within the limits of the Constitution, but at the same time there is a distinct moral obligation upon her and upon all other States to refrain from initiating disputes with foreign countries that must from their very nature pass for settlement into the hands of the Federal government. The propriety of consulting the interests of the whole nation in such matters and the diplomatic convenience of the Federal government is evident enough.

The authorities at Washington have not shown themselves to be lax in the matter of Japanese immigration. The President, it is true, displayed at one time an unfortunate failure to grasp the meaning of the situation in its earlier stages, while his ready acceptance of Mr. Metcalf's lofty and inaccurate generalities was deeply resented upon the Pacific Coast. Probably the genesis of the bills now before the legislature is to be found to a certain extent in the dissatisfaction that was aroused by the President's message, and while that dissatisfaction is natural enough and right enough, it should not go to the point of reopening a wound that is healing healthily or involving the nation in needless



less or inopportune dispute. The fact remains that Japanese immigration has been largely curtailed if it has not been stopped altogether, and there is not the least reason to suspect an insincerity in the avowed wish of the Japanese government to keep her coolies at home. We have every reason to believe that the end of the annoyance is in sight and that Mr. Root's sagacity has achieved its end with a minimum of friction. The legislature at Sacramento was already prepared to adopt a wise and statesmanlike policy before the President's speech on the question of his message to the governor were made known. We may congratulate ourselves that the letter from the President is couched in moderate terms and free from the scolding note that was dominant in his last message on the Japanese immigration and school problems.

Sooner or later the whole question of State legislation, so far as it may concern foreign governments, must come up for revision. In the event of a complaint or a remonstrance from a foreign government it is obviously difficult for the Department of State to reply that it has no control over State legislation or responsibility for it. It is true that such a reply was given to Italy in the case of the Louisiana riots, but all the same the Federal government paid compensation to the families of the murdered men. The same course was followed when a number of Chinese were killed in Wyoming, so that while the Federal government had no rights of interference it was allowed the privilege of paying. The States are forbidden by the Constitution from entering into any "conference" with foreign powers. This must be done by the Federal government alone, and yet the Federal government has no responsibility for the acts that may make such conferences necessary. We have only to reverse the position to see its difficulty. Suppose America had some cause for complaint against Canada, and Great Britain were to disclaim all responsibility on the ground that Canada is a self-governing country. Such a disclaimer would, of course, be rejected, and rightly so, and in view of such possibilities Great Britain preserves a power of veto over such colonial legislation as might embroil her with foreign countries. The States, no doubt, would resist any infringement upon their law-making powers, and they would be justified in sustaining an important principle, but it is easy to see that this same principle may take the shape of a problem that must be settled and settled in some permanent way.

#### Mr. Taft at Panama.

We shall soon know exactly what Mr. Taft thinks of the engineering progress at the Panama Canal. Not that Mr. Taft is an engineer, but he will take a staff of engineers with him, and we can rely upon the impartiality of their opinions and the impartiality with which Mr. Taft will summarize those opinions and set them forth.

Not that the public is exciting itself very much about the matter. It is far more interested in the financial aspect of the undertaking on the general principle that army engineers are candid and trustworthy, while these are not exactly the terms that would be used to describe some financiers. Chairman Goethals deprecates the criticisms that have just been made by Mr. Bunau Varilla. He sees no reason why the great dam should not remain at Gatun in spite of the slip that was recently reported. Such slips, he seems to imply, are among the annoyances to be expected in so great a work, and they would be just as likely to occur elsewhere. Mr. Stevens, the former chief engineer, says pretty much the same thing. He adds that the long "toe" which was the scene of the slip was a concession to prejudice and so also was the additional twenty-five feet in the height of the dam. "It is certain," he says, "that had private enterprise been financing the work, a less massive structure would have been considered absolutely safe." Mr. Stevens expresses his confidence that the work is "in competent hands and is being completed with a rapidity that surprises even its friends. The thing to do is to extend to Colonel Goethals and his assistants all the encouragement and moral help possible which the importance of the work demands, and the engineering world will have every reason to be proud of the result when it is an accomplished fact."

Whatever Mr. Taft may say upon his return, it is too much to hope that the "viewers with alarm" will be altogether silenced. There are too many interests antagonistic to the canal, too many ready writers who find "exposures" and "revelations" are still profitable, too many who hope that the now familiar outbursts will be

altogether silenced. The public is quite disposed to believe that the final cost of the canal will be colossally greater than the original estimates and that the time will be far longer than was at first supposed. But the public does not believe in any lack of skill on the part of the engineering force, in any lack of rectitude, or in the existence of difficulties that may prove insuperable. This is the reason why the periodic efforts to make our flesh creep fail so signally.

#### A Sunday Law.

Efforts have been made from time to time to pass a Sunday law in California, and the same mischievous project is now once more before the legislature at Sacramento. It ought to receive short shrift as an attempt to interfere with elementary liberty, to introduce the plague of religious persecution, and incidentally to create a new crime with new opportunities for oppression and corruption. Unfortunately, such a measure is apt to enlist the aid of those who are anxious to acquire a sort of vicarious piety by restricting the freedom of others, and therefore it becomes dangerous.

A Sunday law may be urged either upon religious or social grounds, or both. If it be said that numbers of men are compelled to work unwillingly upon Sunday and that they have a right to legal protection against an abuse of power, it may be answered that they have no right to anything of the sort unless it has been proved that they can not help themselves. The law has no right to do anything for any man that he can do for himself, unless we are ready to take the paternal government of Russia as a model. Workmen can help themselves in this matter as they have proved their ability to do in a hundred ways. The establishment of the eight-hour day is the result of combination without the aid of the law, and if an eight-hour day can be established so also can a six-day week. The social and economic plea has not a leg to stand upon.

The religious argument is in even worse plight. It is either wrong to work on Sunday or it is right. If it is wrong to work on Sunday, then why does the contemplated bill exempt hotels, livery stables, and garages, conveniences that appeal mainly to the wealthy? Are we to assume that Sunday labor is religiously permissible only when it is in the service of the rich?

If a Sunday law is based upon religious grounds, if it has any relation whatever to the law of Moses—and it would certainly not have been heard of except for the law of Moses—we may as well recall what that law actually was. It is to be found in the twentieth chapter of Exodus and the tenth verse, and it reads as follows:

But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

It is true that bartenders, stable boys, and chauffeurs are not specifically mentioned, but the general prohibition seems clear enough. Now, if we are to enforce the Mosaic law, let us do it in its entirety and not whittle it away to suit our own pleasures and self-indulgences. And while we are about it, there are some other Mosaic laws that are more honored in the breach than in the observance and that might be commended to legislators who are a little over-prone to

Condone the sins they are inclined to  
By damning those they have no mind to.

Now there are various sections of the community that attach religious significance to some other day than Sunday, and these, it seems, are to be exempted from the operations of the act. That sounds very plausible, but let us see for a moment what it means. It means that the law—that is to say the average policeman—is to have the right to demand a confession of faith from any citizen who dares to follow his harmless inclinations upon Sunday; that the citizen may be compelled, under penalty of arrest and imprisonment, to state specifically if he is a Christian, and if so what kind of Christian—for he may be a Seventh Day Adventist—and if he is not a Christian, then to what other faith he may belong. If he belongs to no faith at all, then his Christianity is to be presumed and off he goes to jail. Are we prepared in California to endow our authorities with the right to make an inquisition into our personal religious opinions and to punish us for holding those opinions, for that is practically what it amounts to? Are we prepared to classify our citizens under the heads of their respective theological views, and to give to one of them authority to work upon Sunday while sending another to jail for the same thing? The idea is so preposterous that to state it is to condemn it.

The churches would do well to speak out loudly in protest against this measure. They can not afford to be identified with a law that would be used inevitably for petty persecution. The only invincible weapon that they have is that of persuasion. All others will react disastrously upon themselves. They must not

Try to make us orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks.

A free people can be led to church but they can not be driven. The churches will not profit by association with the bitter resentments and rancors with which such a law must sow the State. Sunday laws have been tried elsewhere and they have never been other than a curse and a scourge. They are the lingering remnants of Cotton Matherism and of a discreditable and hypocritical régime imported from mediæval Europe and wholly incongruous with the development of a free people. Let us see that they are not allowed to revive as religious persecution under another name.

#### The President's Salary.

The proposal to increase the salary of the President should be viewed upon its own merits and without reference to other proposals to increase other salaries such as those of the Vice-President and the Speaker. The salary of the President is now the same as it was thirty-five years ago, when the social functions of the White House were in a state of primitive simplicity compared with their present scale and cost. Then, too, the expense of living has increased inordinately, as we all of us know, and is likely to go higher yet, as we all of us shall know in due time. It is true that by a recent arrangement the President receives \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses, and this is practically an addition to his salary, seeing that free transportation for the head of the state has become the order of the day. If the official salary were raised from \$50,000 to \$100,000 without any extra allowance for traveling, the increase would be only \$25,000 a year, and this seems hardly worth the trouble of debate.

But the Vice-President and the Speaker stand upon different ground. The duties of the Vice-President are pretty much the same as they have always been. He certainly has no more to do than the average senator, while his present salary of \$12,000 is more than that of the senator. The increased cost of living affects him, of course, as it does every one else, but his social obligations are not heavy nor are they likely to increase, certainly not to the extent of the additional \$8000 that it is proposed to give him. Pretty much the same remarks apply to the Speaker, for whom a similar increase is recommended. The power of the Speaker has become a matter for serious consideration, and there can be little doubt that it will be curtailed. There would be some incongruity in decreasing his functions while increasing his pay except by way of solatium.

#### Poe's Centenary.

The centenary of Poe suggests the reflection that the poet's character has at last triumphed over his reputation, two very different things, by the way, inasmuch as many a man of good reputation ought to be in jail, while there are many men of good character who ought to be released from jail. In our estimates of Poe we have been sadly over-led by what New England facetiously called its conscience, that mysterious censor which usually took pharasaical note of the evil that a man did to himself, while being placidly tolerant, even to the point of applause, of the evil that a man did to others. There is no record that Poe ever did an evil to another or thought an evil of another. His self-indulgence never led him to write one line that should not be read anywhere or by any one. He never hinted at a grossness or an impropriety.

That, of course, is no argument either for or against his genius, but inasmuch as no two of us can agree upon a definition of genius, the point need not be argued at all. It is sufficient to note that Poe was acclaimed as a genius by the whole civilized world long before his name was mentionable in the country in which he happened to have been born and where his memory was loaded with every opprobrium that self-righteousness could suggest. America was the only country that could not recognize the bright and particular star in her own firmament. Poe was not only recognized abroad as a genius, but until the last few years with their fuller knowledge his name represented to Europe the whole of American literature. Literary America was Edgar Allan Poe, and Edgar Allan Poe was literary America.

The reverence paid to the American poet was not



due to a mere transient fancy. Mere weavers of rhymes and jugglers of rhythms can not burn their influence into the literatures of other nations as did Poe. George Brandes said ten years ago that the influence of Poe was paramount in French literature and James Huneker said something of the same kind but recently. Poe's influence in Germany, while not so conspicuous, is broadly and vividly marked, while his works are as well known in England as those of any writer in the English language, with the very doubtful exception of Shakespeare himself. Europe may therefore be pardoned if she smiles somewhat amusedly at Poe's gradual emergence into respectability and at the strange morality that has banned a great poet and a great story writer for physical indulgences incidental to his temperament and that injured no human being but himself.

#### Land Laws in England.

There are signs that the Liberal government in England will make a strong effort to stem the tide of unpopularity that threatens to submerge them at the next general election. Their record so far has been one of continuous failure, and this is not due entirely, or primarily, to the action of the House of Lords, but rather to the absence from the Liberal programme of measures comprehensive enough and radical enough to impress the popular imagination and so to create a compelling if not even a threatening force of public opinion. In spite of a certain stupid immobility, the House of Lords rarely thwarts a declared national will. It has a certain skill in recognizing the limits of discretion, and there is nothing to show that its recent obstructions have aroused against it a more than usually dangerous resentment. The government has made the mistake of allowing itself to be led by the faddists within its ranks and by the men of one idea, the men who believe that the kingdom of heaven is to be won by the compulsory abatement of some personal iniquity in the lives of the people. A long series of defeats at by-elections and an unmistakable public indifference to the flouts of the peers have at last aroused it to the necessity for formulating some scheme that shall strike at the root of caste injustice and that shall arouse the sympathetic interest of the people. Perhaps it is not too late, but the tide has gone out a long way.

Mr. Asquith's speech announcing a plan for the taxation of land values shows that he has resolved at the eleventh hour to follow a course that he should have taken long ago. The taxation of land values means simply that those who profit by public improvements must be called upon to pay a substantial part of the cost of those improvements. The landowner whose wealth is enormously increased without effort upon his part and by the activities of his neighbors must make some corresponding contribution to the public funds. In other words, the community is entitled to a substantial part of the wealth created by its own presence and its own activities. The wealth potentially existing in population must belong to the population as a whole and must no longer pertain exclusively to those who are the fortuitous owners of land that would be relatively worthless but for that population. For example, the man whose land becomes more valuable through the opening of a park or the improvement of the streets must pay to the public funds a proportionate amount of the accruing wealth that he did not earn and did nothing to create.

The government promises also a reform of the rating system. At the present time a tenant is rated according to the rent that he pays. That is to say, he himself creates the value of his holding by his presence and his activity; as the value, thus created by himself, increases year by year, so also does his rent increase; and his taxes similarly increase, inasmuch as they are based upon his rent. So far from being allowed any share in the values of his own production, they are promptly filched from him by the landlord on the one hand and the government on the other. That is to say, the luckless tenant is first robbed by his landlord, and then, by way of adding insult to injury, he is required to make a declaration of the amount thus stolen from him as a basis for the exaction of the government. The system would be almost laughable if it were of modern invention, but antiquity gives to it all the solemnity of a vested right.

Mr. Asquith's belated declaration of war upon a fundamental iniquity of the English land system has produced a flutter in the dovescotes. The anti-government newspapers are filled with feverish appeals to all classes to "stand pat" in support of the landed proprie-

tors very much as a flock of sheep might be urged to the defense of the wolves. The small merchants are entreated to remember that if the income of the landlords is reduced so also will be their spending power, and as an illogical variation they are threatened with an increase of rent in order that the landlords may be reimbursed for the additional tax. The two pleas are hardly consistent, but then a recognition of consistency, logic, and common sense is not usually in the equipment of the average voter or we should see the world moving at a very different gait from the present. Mr. Asquith, with a commendably keen eye to the exchequer, says that there are immense reservoirs of taxation that have not yet been touched and that land values is among them. Old-age pensions and new navies are luxuries that cost much money, and the reservoirs must be tapped if revenue is to keep pace with expenditure. It would be more to the point if he had based his proposals upon the demands of simple and obvious justice, but perhaps a glance at the national ledger is still a more potent argument than the Ten Commandments.

The landed proprietors do well to be alarmed. They have good cause because in this instance Mr. Asquith can do just what he wishes, subject only to the support of his own party, which is nearly certain. The House of Lords, which is also a House of Landlords, can do little or nothing in defense of their order. A reform of taxation can be accomplished by the House of Commons alone by means of the annual budget, and with money bills the House of Lords has nothing to do, nor can it interfere with any measure relating to money. The chancellor of the exchequer, on the occasion of his annual presentation of the national finances, is expected to make propositions for the disposal of a surplus by a relief of taxation or for meeting a deficit by means of increased taxation. His recommendations are embodied in a budget bill, with which the House of Commons alone has power to deal. The government majority in the House of Commons is very large and is certain to support the premier in any measure so entirely consonant with Liberal tradition. There is, therefore, good reason to regard a taxation of land values as well nigh assured, but whether it will come in time to save the popularity of the party is another matter. It should have been done long ago.

#### Tillman and the Oregon Lands.

It does not seem that Mr. Tillman committed any offense against statutory law in the matter of the Oregon lands, and he may be excused for breaking a law of propriety and good taste of which he never heard. He wrote to the land grant company in Oregon that whatever action he might take in the Senate would be upon public grounds and that his own project of land purchases would not weigh with him at all. That, of course, was absurd, although it was not a crime. No man can influence legislation by which he himself will immediately profit and at the same time disassociate his mind from his personal advantage. Senator Tillman wanted to buy lands in Oregon under certain conditions as to price imposed by law, and he found himself unable to do so without invoking the Senate. Undoubtedly there were many other persons who wished to buy these lands if the facilities intended by the law had been available, and there is therefore some narrow standing-room for a plea of public policy. But a man of finer mind would have chosen some other way. He would have put himself beyond the reach of personal advantage and he would not have denounced the land agents as swindlers for using his name as that of one who wished to buy their lands. As a matter of fact, he did wish to buy the lands, and when he assured the Senate that he had not "undertaken" to do so his formal requisition for several quarter sections was an accomplished fact. He now says that by "undertaken" he meant "contracted," but he must have known that his denial would be taken to cover the whole ground of personal interest. He used it to strengthen his plea of public policy, and it was so accepted. But all this is not criminal. It is only Tillmanese.

#### Emma Goldman.

No one will suspect the *Argonaut* of any sympathy with the views of Emma Goldman or her tatterdemalion followers, and it is because we hold them in such profound contempt that we regret the needless advertisement that has been given to them. There is nothing that these people like so much as being arrested, nothing that so much feeds their vanity as being the centre of criminal proceedings. They know that notoriety of any kind attracts the attention of the sort of human

material from which they draw their recruits, the material that is usually a combination of malignant laziness and irresponsible hysteria. Now to accuse Emma Goldman of "inciting to riot" while she was quietly walking along the street on her way to a meeting is a sheer absurdity. Practically no one even knew that she was in the city. If she had been let alone and allowed to hold her miserable little meeting it would never have been heard of outside the tiny circle of the demented. As a result of the arrest Emma Goldman has received an aggregate of some columns of free advertisement in the newspapers, her supporters have been brought prominently to the front and their portraits reproduced in newspapers, funds for bail and for defense have been forthcoming, and a large number of giddy or bad people have become interested in her doctrines and anxious to know more about them. Emma Goldman, her associates, and her opinions have become one of the little sensations of the day, and all through the behavior of a silly district attorney, who must surely find time hanging heavily upon his hands if he can afford to waste it in this way. In other words, "the cause" is much stronger than it was before, thanks to an officiousness that has elaborately defeated its own ends. We seem to be still a long way from learning that the only weapon really dreaded by such people as Emma Goldman is neglect. They are eager for any excuse to call themselves martyrs, and it should be the peculiar duty of society to see that they shall have no such excuse, that they shall have no grounds to delude themselves into the belief that society is afraid of them and that no aid shall be given to them in advertising their mischief. The people that were responsible for this silly arrest have given Emma Goldman the most substantial aid within their power.

#### Editorial Notes.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson has a plan for the extirpation of consumption in New York by the creation of a vast isolation camp, to which all sufferers are to be removed. Dr. Woods Hutchinson is an eminent physician and his hygienic advice is usually of the most helpful and lucid order, but in this instance he gives us a fine illustration of what the expert—and especially the medical expert—would do if we were foolish enough to give him the power. Imagine the pathetic suffering that would result from such a wholesale and forcible separation of families, of husbands from wives and of children from parents, and the crop of nervous maladies that must necessarily result from such long-continued grief and anxiety. Dr. Hutchinson is usually so sane that his deviation into nonsense is the more surprising. No one knows better than he that no possible good could come from such a measure. Of what value would it be to cure or kill the great army of consumptives in New York so long as the causes of consumption remain unchecked and terribly capable of replacing that army? And if the causes are removed then the disease also will be removed within a generation or so. The doctor needs a good deal of watching nowadays, and especially the doctor with executive powers.

Governor Hughes of New York makes no effort to keep himself in the public eye, and doubtless for this reason the public eye is turned steadily in his direction. Novelty is always attractive. The latest exploit of the governor of New York is to name ex-Senator Hooker to the new highway commission in apparent forgetfulness of the fact that Mr. Hooker was a sturdy opponent of many of the governor's favorite measures. Naturally the old guard are aghast, while the governor has nothing better to say for himself than that Mr. Hooker is peculiarly fitted by experience for the position assigned to him. No wonder the *Troy Budget* should say that "this sort of politics in selecting the best available man for a position, whether he is with you or not, has the flavor of novelty." Let us hope that the novelty will wear off in time.

The managers of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York have decided that henceforth no encores shall be allowed. The justice of their decision is unimpeachable. Encores not only disarrange the time-table of a performance, but they impose a tax upon the artistes that is not in their contract and for which they receive no pay. Ostensibly a compliment to the performer, they are actually nothing more than a demand on the part of the audience for twice as much as their admission ticket calls for. In other words, they are a rank extortion and ought to be suppressed everywhere. What should we think of a man who bought a pot of tea, insisted upon having two pounds for the pot of



one on the ground that the tea was excellent, enforced his demand by preventing the storekeeper from going on with his business until it was satisfied, and all this on the pretense of paying a compliment to the tea merchant?

England's difficulties in dealing with the crisis in the Balkans are well illustrated by a report that an understanding has been reached between the British and Turkish governments whereby the Sultan will use the influence of the Mohammedan priesthood in India for the support of British rule. In return he will receive active British diplomatic aid in his disputes with Austria and other European powers. Perhaps the agreement is not a very moral one, although Turkey has undoubtedly a valid grievance against Austria, while the new order of things at Constantinople is a guarantee of moderation and restraint.

That France finds it necessary publicly to decapitate five criminals, after allowing capital punishment to fall into desuetude, is evidence not so much of the aggressiveness of the criminal as of the incapacity of the law. The hand of French civilization has fallen back about a century by the bloody scene at Bethune. To cut off a man's head seems about the worst use to which that much misapplied object can be put, while to summon men, women, and children to witness the awful spectacle is not to discourage crime, but to stimulate it.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

The President's accusations against Senator Tillman are contained in a letter from the White House dated January 5, 1909. The letter relates in general to the Secret Service, and as justifying the use of the Secret Service the President cites the case of Senator Tillman and the information privately obtained as to the supposed abuse of his senatorial position for purposes of private gain.

It seems that on February 19, 1908, Senator Tillman complained to the Senate of a circular issued by a syndicate firm for the sale of lands in Oregon which had been granted to corporations by the government, the circular stating that the company in possession of the lands was bound to sell them for \$2.50 an acre under penalty of prosecution by the government and that "among those who have spoken for a part of this land is Senator Tillman of South Carolina, the leader of the Democratic party in the Senate, a man who usually gets what he goes after." Senator Tillman, in complaining of this circular, denied the statements relating to himself and demanded a postoffice investigation.

The investigation was granted, and it seems to have reacted disastrously upon the senator himself. In his speech before the Senate he said: "I have not bought any lands anywhere in the West nor undertaken to buy any. I have made some inquiries, as one naturally would, in roaming through the West. I simply want the people of this country to be put on notice that this swindler at Portland has no warrant whatever for endeavoring to inveigle others into his game." But the following letter from Senator Tillman, unearthed by the Secret Service, seems to put a different complexion upon the matter. It is addressed to Reeder & Watkins, Marshfield, Oregon, and dated October 20, 1907:

I wired you from Wausau, Wisconsin, as follows, and write to confirm it: "William E. Lee, my agent, will see you about land. I want nine quarters reserved. Will forward signed applications and money at once. Members of my family are entymen. Letter follows. (Signed): B. R. T." I write now to say I wired Mr. Lee, who resides at Moscow, Idaho, to go at once to Marshfield and see about the land, to locate quarters for the seven members of my family who are of age and one for my private secretary, J. D. Knight, whom I desire to let into the deal, and of course he wants a quarter for himself.

Now comes a letter from the William E. Lee referred to above. It is addressed to Reeder & Watkins and explains that he had written fully to Mr. Tillman as to the status of the land matter, advising him that it was a "good gamble." The letter continues:

In case Senator Tillman gets in on this deal with some good land in the eight quarters we want, I am satisfied that he can be of great help in getting matters started from Washington and cause the government to get busy and do something along the line you desire. He will set up such a howl that it will be impossible to do otherwise. This will be very important for your whole scheme to have a man of his influence here to aid you at this end of the line. By all means save a lot of good land for us, as we intend to be of more value than any one of the others in this matter.

The next move in the game is a resolution introduced into the Senate by Senator Tillman on January 31, 1908, to the effect that certain land-holding corporations had failed to comply with the "equitable and salutary conditions" imposed upon them by Congress for the disposal of such lands and that the Department of Justice be moved to take action in the matter and to bring the suits necessary to enforce a compliance with the law.

Six weeks later we have another letter from Senator Tillman to Reeder & Watkins in which he says that what he has done in stirring up the question of the Oregon land grants was entirely apart from any personal interest he has in the matter, and adds:

Although I never would have had my attention called to it but for the investigation as set on foot in connection with the proposed purchase by me of some of the timber land in question. Of course, if I decided to make the tender and go into the lawsuit, I will bear your proposition in mind, but I would have you understand that nothing I do here in the matter will be done because of any personal purchase of any

of the land. If I can succeed in causing the government to institute suit for the recovery of the land and make it easier for others as well as myself (the italics are mine) to obtain some of it, I shall do it without any regard to the dealings of your firm. I still want to get some of the timber land, if it is possible, and as it is probable that Mr. Lee or some other representative of mine will be in your country in the next two months, we will leave the matter of payment for the initiatory steps and subsequent proceedings in abeyance for the present. Any contract we might make will be entirely apart from, and independent of, my work here in the Senate. I will be glad for you to hold in reserve eight of the best quarter sections of which you have definite information, and I will in the meantime press the investigation and other work here which will facilitate the final purchase, and in effect obviate the necessity of your making any case in the courts at all.

This letter, it will be noted, was written just four days before Senator Tillman's statement to the Senate that he had not undertaken to buy any land in the West. It is further pointed out by the Senate that the letters thus written by Mr. Tillman were "franked" and that a letter written by Mr. Lee was upon Senate stationery and enclosed in a Senate envelope, although postage was paid thereon.

The Providence Journal, referring to the President's admission that he had instructed the Attorney-General not to reply to that portion of the Culberson resolution which calls for Mr. Bonaparte's reasons for failing to prosecute the Steel Trust, recalls the words of a member of the New York bar shortly after the election of 1904: "My ideal of the President coincides with the ideal of the people—a majestic, constitutional figure, uncontrolled by Congress, unrestrained by the courts, vested with plenary constitutional power and absolute constitutional discretion—a sovereign over eighty million people and the servant of eighty million sovereigns." This, says the Providence Journal, is perhaps an extreme view. Yet Professor Henry Thurston Peck of Columbia University, in his "Twenty Years of the Republic," says:

One may reasonably hold that in the twenty years intervening between 1895 and 1905 the President of the United States did become in essence a sovereign upon whose acts there existed no effectual restraint save that which lay in the right of Congress to impeach him and depose him.

If this be accepted as a fair statement of the case, it may be added that practically there was no restraint upon the chief magistrate during the period mentioned, for the impeachment incident, though occasionally threatened, has already come to be regarded as too cumbersome and uncertain for actual use.

All doubts as to Mr. Hitchcock's future position have been set at rest by Mr. Taft himself. Mr. Hitchcock has accepted the postoffice portfolio, but he will give up the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Hitchcock will appoint his own successor to the committee and will no doubt duly initiate him into the mysteries of the filing system. It is supposed that the position will be given to Mr. William Hayward, who is the present secretary and who was brought by Mr. Hitchcock from Nebraska, where he was Republican State chairman, to the Chicago office of the national committee to succeed Elmer Dover in the last campaign. There will not, of course, be much for him to do during the next three years, but it will be convenient to have a loyal man always on hand.

If the special correspondent of the New York Sun may be credited, we are not likely to hear of any more Cabinet appointments until after inauguration. Mr. Taft has declared openly that he reserves the right to deny any and every statement that may be made regarding his Cabinet, for whatever he may say will be in absolute confidence. The Sun correspondent concludes:

The announcement of the Hitchcock appointment has led to the impression here that George von L. Meyer, the present Postmaster-General, has been provided with a Cabinet post. It has been said that Mr. Taft wanted to decide what he would do with Mr. Meyer before naming his successor as Postmaster-General. Mr. Meyer has been mentioned for the navy portfolio, and his appointment has been urged recently by Senator Lodge. One of the results of Senator Knox's visit to Augusta was to kill Colonel Robert M. Thompson's chances for this post.

A staff correspondent of the New York World tries to remove the impression that Mr. Charles P. Taft withdrew from the senatorial race in deference to his brother's wish. Writing from Augusta, Georgia, the World correspondent says:

The President-elect has read in several newspapers statements that either he or Chairman Hitchcock induced Charles P. Taft to withdraw from the senatorial race in Ohio. He is positive in the statement that he neither had anything to do with the beginning of its candidacy nor its ending. He sent no word at all to C. P. Taft, but the latter sent word here that he had decided to retire for the good of the party in Ohio, and that he might not in any way embarrass W. H. Taft. Mr. Taft always speaks of his brother with deep affection, but made it clear that C. P. Taft's retirement from the race was his own act.

In the same connection the Chicago Post takes up the cudgels for Mr. Charles P. Taft and asks that his word in the matter be accepted as final. The Post says:

It seems to us that current journalistic comment has dealt unfairly with Mr. Charles P. Taft of Ohio.

Much has been said for some months past as to the embarrassment which his candidacy for the Senate, or even his election, would cause William H. Taft. And his withdrawal from the race has been credited merely to "pressure" brought by the President-elect through Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock and Mr. Wade H. Ellis.

It is strange that there has been so general an impulse to accept this explanation. The elder Taft held a delicate and a difficult position all through his brother's campaign for the presidential nomination and election. Yet he did not make a step which could excite fair criticism. He played his rôle with the utmost good humor and good taste, neither presuming upon his relationship to the Republican nominee nor belittling it. Now he has withdrawn from the senatorial race with the plain statement that he did so for the sake of party harmony in Ohio.

Why should not this statement be accepted? It is thoroughly consistent with the public life of the man who made it; there is nothing to give color to any other explanation. In simple justice Charles P. Taft should be given credit for an

act of disinterested unselfishness, and we believe that the people will come to this view of the matter before his brother's term in the White House is up.

The vote on the Culberson resolution was not without its elements of surprise. The precise terms of the resolution were as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Committee on Judiciary be and is hereby directed to report to the Senate as early as may be practicable whether, in the opinion of the committee, the President was authorized to permit the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation, as is shown by the message of the President in response to Senate Resolution No. 240, this session.

When the resolution was submitted Senator Hopkins moved that it be laid on the table as not pertinent, the President having declared in his message that the consolidation did not come within the range of his public duty. He thought it unfair to censure a mere expression of opinion. Mr. Culberson demanded a vote and Senator Aldrich and other Republicans supported the demand. The motion to lay on the table was defeated by 47 to 14, and the resolution itself was adopted without a division. The twenty-two Democrats present voted unanimously against tabling; twenty-five Republicans coöperated with the Democrats; fourteen Republicans stood by the President.

The fourteen Republicans who stood by the President were: Platt, McCumber, Richardson, Dixon, Kean, Du Pont, Hopkins, Warner, Penrose, Carter, Depew, Burkett, Cummins, and Curtis.

The twenty-five Republicans who voted with the Democrats were: Aldrich, Borah, Bulkeley, Burnham, Burrows, Clapp, Dick, Dillingham, Foraker, Frye, Fulton, Gamble, Hale, Kittredge, Lodge, Long, Nelson, Piles, Stephenson, Sutherland, Wetmore, Clark of Wyoming, Scott, Warren, and Perkins.

Some surprise was expressed at the vote of Mr. Lodge, who is the personal friend and mouthpiece of the President, and also the vote of Mr. Warren, an administration senator. Some friends of the President profess to believe that the Judiciary Committee will make no report, and they also profess to believe that many senators voted the way they did as the easiest course to follow in face of a troublesome situation. The expectation that the committee will make no report will be seen to be delusive when it is remembered that Senators Foraker, Culberson, Bacon, and Rayner are members. Nor is it likely that Senator Clarke of Arkansas or Senators Overman, Nelson, Kittredge, and Fulton will acquiesce in such an act of oblivion.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BERKELEY, January 15, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Not as secretary of the Anti-Race Track League, but as an old reader of the Argonaut, I would like to call attention to some thoughts suggested by your excellent editorial entitled "Racing and Liberty."

There is, in my opinion, no more dangerous form of legislation than what is known as sumptuary laws that restrict our liberty as individuals in order that some poor swimmer may learn to swim.

Just, for instance, let us suppose that a few of our friends desired to enjoy together a little poker game. I do not believe that it would be the part of good government to decide for us that this is immoral, and prohibit it by laws. However, should we rent a hall or some public place and open up a public gambling game with a "rake-off" in favor of the house (and all such public gambling games are operated with a percentage, seen or unseen), then would we be engaged in a practice opposed to public morals.

Our Supreme Court has, in an able opinion, said that "any practice that tends to weaken or destroy public morals should be discouraged by law."

As to race-track gambling, it is a publicly conducted gambling game, operated in the betting ring by some thirty bookmakers who pay a very large rake-off to the track owners, and of necessity must so manipulate the odds against the several horses that they will be able to pay this rake-off and secure their profit.

The proposed legislation which is endorsed by our league seeks not to put an end to horse races or even to limit the time during which racing may be conducted. We only ask for a law to prevent the operations of the bookmaker at the track and the pool-seller at other places.

The name of this league, "California Anti-Race Track League," is rather an unfortunate selection. Some of us would like to have the opportunity to enjoy good horse racing and would like to see the horse-breeders prosper in their most excellent occupation. There should be some way devised whereby legitimate racing would take the place of the bookmakers' game that has been driven out of almost every State in the Union. When horse racing has truly become "the sport of kings" it will be welcomed by all good citizens.

Your editorial might create the impression that the movement now on foot seeks to annihilate the business—the good as well as the evil thereof, which I assure you is not the case.

M. SPENCER,  
Secretary California Anti-Race Track League.

The \$29,000,000 fine case of the Standard Oil Company will not be reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States. The case came to the court on a petition filed by the government, asking the court, in a petition for a writ of certiorari, to order up the record in the case for a review of the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit, by which Judge Landis's original decision imposing a fine of \$29,000,000 against the Standard Oil Company for accepting rebates from the railroad companies was reversed. The case will now go back to Judge Landis's court for a new trial, in accordance with the decision of the Court of Appeals, but it is understood that Judge Landis will decline to retry the case, passing on the duty to some other court.

The Pekin-Hankow railroad in China has at last passed completely under the ownership and control of the Chinese government, the last payment of \$30,000,000 to the Belgian syndicate in redemption of the franchise and invested capital having been paid. The government will retain only the consulting engineer of the foreign staff of the road, substituting natives for all other employees.



## GOSSIP FROM THE DRAGON COURT.

## The Enthronement of the New Emperor—Official Homage to the Dead Sovereigns.

On Wednesday, the second of December, all the flags in Peking were run gaily up to the top of the flag-staffs in honor of the enthronement of the baby emperor, Pu-I. They were half-masted again on Thursday because of the national mourning, so the city enjoyed just twelve hours of *mi-carême*, as it were, during which people might wear their holiday clothes.

My friend, the Progressive Official, who for his own sake must be nameless, brought me some curious details about the gorgeous ceremony in the palace. The child sovereign was carried to the Throne Hall in a sedan chair of yellow satin, thatched with beautiful peacock's feathers and lined with sables. Eight of the best bearers in the government employ—men who are trained to walk as fast as a horse can trot and with such regular steps that they might hold buckets full of water in their hands and yet not spill a drop—bore him swiftly along. He was attended as far as the Hall of Accession by a crowd of eunuchs, all richly dressed in scarlet and green and carrying ceremonial umbrellas of scarlet and gold—a brilliant "chorus" which shed an operatic air over the procession. The fat old chief eunuch, Chang, "puffed like a grampus" as he struggled to keep beside his emperor, and looked exactly as if he had just stepped out of a Chinese version of "Aida."

Directly behind the ornamental bodyguard came the prince regent, Chun, in an apricot yellow satin sedan chair. At the foot of the steps of the Accession Hall, he took his little son in his arms, carried him to the great carved black wood throne so many sizes too big and so many shades too sombre for a child, and supported him there during the ceremony of the kow tow, which in China takes the place of the European crowning. Nothing in the nature of a crown has ever been used in China; the emperor wears a hat on his enthronement, and so do all the officials who come to do him homage—knocking their foreheads upon the pavement nine times. First the imperial princes, then the grand councillors, finally all those officials who have the right of *entrée* come to acquiesce, so to speak, in the new order of things; theoretically any one might refuse to acknowledge the new sovereign, for the government of China is a curious mixture of democracy and autocracy; but practically this right of veto is never exercised except in time of rebellion.

The baby sovereign appears to have behaved in an exemplary manner during the long and trying ceremony, hoping perhaps to retrieve the unfortunate *faux pas* when he burst into most unceremonious howls on being taken into the palace. Most people would have forgiven him for doing it again, I imagine, for the strange faces, the queer old court dresses with their stiff and grim satin shoulder capes and their odd hats like candle shades, vivid red, with heavily fringed edges and high pointed or gold ornaments, were enough to terrify any child.

Moreover, Pu-I has been suddenly thrown entirely among strangers. Adopted by the Empress Dowager, widow of the last Emperor Kwang Hsu, he is henceforth her son. His own parents have nothing to say as to his bringing up. They will live in a separate palace outside the inner walls of the Imperial City and only see the child at imperial audiences. Twenty-five *amahs* (nurses) will care for him, but his own mother will never be able to give him those dear attentions which no paid attendants in the world can give. I wonder if in her heart of hearts she finds the honor and glory of her position, the \$20,000 a year salary of her husband, and the envy of her princely relations worth the companionship of her son?

On all the twenty-seven days of mourning (excepting only the Enthronement Day) the palace has been full of officials come to make their bows to the coffins of the Emperor Kwang Hsu and the Empress Dowager. The ceremonies connected with the traveling of these two august spirits to the Chinese heaven have really been a terrible tax and a menace to public business, for some of the higher officers of state—who should be putting through much important and pressing work—have been obliged to attend at court three times in one day.

Some amusing and curious sights are to be seen in the palace, so the progressive official who was in last week tells me, and some queer gossip is told of the officials who are bidden. Half of them, for instance, are so economical that they hire their clothes for the occasion. Lambskin coats are the fashionable wear and may be had for fifty cents a day, while white cotton gowns for servants come as cheap as five cents apiece. The result is a slouchy and disreputable appearance in both master and man—but nobody minds that nowadays, as the more careless, uncombed, and unwashed a person is, the more loyal subject he is supposed to be—since in a time of grief like this who could think of trifles like cleaning his nails and brushing his hair?

The unshaven foreheads and the sprouting beards and moustaches give the whole nation a horrid appearance, but on this point etiquette and the police are inexorable. No shaving may be done for a hundred days. The barbers in the outer city were even obliged to surrender their razors officially, and one man who secreted his and was caught shaving a customer behind closed doors was immediately fined five dollars, while the customer had his face blackened, his head put in a

big wooden collar, and himself chained to a bench outside the barber shop.

Consequently it is an untidy, unkempt stream of officials and their retinues which pours in through the big red palace gates studded with those splendid gilded knobs which reflect the sun like so many mirrors, and it is a still more unkempt and dirty mob which fills the imperial courtyards. Not style or cleanliness—not what the English call "smartness"—is valued in China. Splendor means numbers alone—and from all accounts at least five thousand people must be in constant attendance in the palace enclosure. About a third of these are chair coolies to carry the small sedans which certain officials have the privilege of using within the gates. A third more are grooms for the hundred ponies ready harnessed and saddled for those other officials who may ride in the sacred precincts, while the rest are bearers of old-fashioned ceremonial fans, pikes, halberds, twisted spears, and the ceremonial umbrellas without which no wedding or funeral in China is complete. These men stand in long lines, very straight, very respectful, almost reverent, so that they still manage to create an impression of solemnity despite their ragged gala clothes. It is astonishing how all are free from rowdiness, roughness, and vulgarity, since most of them are only beggars and vagrants brought in from highways and byways—poor unemployed who thus enjoy a little charity.

The Progressive Official tells me that small people, clerks in government offices for instance, see very little of the real ceremony, as they are told to make their nine bows to the coffins at the extreme end of a magnificent marble paved courtyard which is so long that the hall of death is almost out of sight. Bigger men bow in the middle of the courtyard and really important officials get into the halls themselves. First they kow tow to the Empress Dowager's coffin and afterwards to the emperor's, lately removed to a place apart. The most curious thing to be seen is a courtyard on the way to the latter full of animals. Fifty camels, a hundred ponies, and a dozen mules stand waiting to convey his majesty and servants to the Buddhist heaven. The horses and mules are gaily caparisoned in yellow, yellow fringes on their foreheads, yellow saddle cloths on their backs. The majestic camels, who all scream in concert either from grief or hunger, have whole sable skins hanging round their throats like bells.

The emperor's coffin is enormous and made of solid teak planks, which are covered with the most superb yellow embroideries. On one side stands the regent as chief mourner, on the other Yuan Shih Kai in his capacity of grand councillor. The air is heavy with incense and musical with the low drone of priests chanting the Buddhist prayers for the dead. A lucrative employment this, and much jealousy was aroused when the contract was given to the Lama priests. Probably it was done to conciliate the Dalai Lama, who is still in Peking, and who, they say, was much disturbed by the popular gossip that his spells had caused the double imperial tragedy as a revenge for the mysterious death of the last Dalai Lama when he came to the Chinese capital two hundred years ago.

From the picturesque point of view the Lama priests were the best possible choice. Their golden yellow robes and their high yellow felt hats shaped like a cockatoo's crest are very decorative. But they are ignorant, dirty, and careless, and while mumbling their sutras the other day one sleepy fellow let his candle set alight the embroidered hangings of the catafalque. Luckily, the fire was discovered promptly; nothing serious happened—except that Yuan Shih Kai's temper flared up on hearing of the unlucky occurrence. In a few well-chosen words he explained to the priests that cremation was not popular in China, and the next time a fire occurred he would turn every Lama out of the palace—even if their majesties had to go prayerless to heaven.

Every one concerned will certainly be relieved when the twenty-seven days' mourning end on the 13th of December, for the expense of keeping up all this barbaric show is tremendous, and China needs schools, railways, and battleships quite as much as the late emperor needs horses and camels to carry him to heaven and prayer to unbar the gates. CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, December 12, 1908.

Under the present laws a state of chaos would result should a President-elect die before March 4. There is no law under which the vacancy could be filled. It is held by some good lawyers that the Vice-President-elect would not be eligible to the presidency should the President-elect die before inauguration. There is now proposed an amendment to the Constitution providing that Congress be authorized to devise a means of filling the presidential chair in the emergency referred to.

Great Britain finds that her scheme of old-age pensions will cost nearer forty million dollars a year than the thirty million of the estimate. The total number of pensioners will pass the 600,000 mark, though it was thought that 500,000 was a liberal calculation. Should the age limit be reduced from seventy years to sixty the increase of these figures would be tremendous.

Even as late as the earlier years of the eighteenth century mince pie as an adjunct of the Christmas feast was forbidden to the English clergyman.

In Leipzig there are street kiosks where for a penny the city directory can be inspected.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Daniel B. Banks, a member of the Baltimore Yacht Club, has had in use for eleven years a yacht constructed of concrete reinforced with steel rods. The craft is a slow sailer, but rides a heavy sea easily. Several years ago the yacht was driven on the rocks in a storm, but was not injured.

Pastor Wagner, who became famous through the praise of his book, "The Simple Life," in this country, is no longer the head of a village church, but has a larger congregation in Paris. The call of the city has caused a change of residence with the preacher and may bring about a change in his philosophy.

Professor W. H. Pickering of Harvard University has completed calculations which not only prove the existence of an unknown planet in the solar system, but describe its orbit, beyond Neptune. The discovery is much like that made by Leverrier in 1842, when Neptune was discovered through calculations of the eccentric motions of Uranus.

Emperor William, at the New Year's Day reception, departed from usual practice and refrained from offering his hand to Count von Stolberg-Wernigerode, the president of the Reichstag. The incident is regarded as an intentional snub expressive of the emperor's resentment against the Reichstag for that body's frank criticisms of his course in the matter of the interview with him printed in the London *Daily Telegraph* last October.

The Jam of Nawanagar (Prince Ranjitsinji) is about to be married to a well-known Indian princess. The Jam recently celebrated his thirty-sixth birthday. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, made his first appearance for the Sussex County Cricket Club in 1895, and in the following year, as also in 1900, he became the champion batsman for all England. The prince was born in the province of Kathiawar, and not long since succeeded to the title and estates.

Lloyd C. Griscom, who recently resigned his position as American ambassador to Italy, is only thirty-six years old, and began his diplomatic career as secretary to Mr. Bayard, the first American ambassador to Great Britain, in 1893-4. He was afterward secretary of the American legation at Constantinople, and was appointed minister to Persia in 1901, minister to Japan in 1902, ambassador to Brazil in 1906, and ambassador to Italy in March of last year. Mr. Griscom is a son of Clement A. Griscom, the millionaire shipping magnate of Philadelphia.

Fraulein Eva Wagner, daughter of the celebrated composer and living with her mother at Wahnfried, is soon to be married to Houston Stewart Chamberlain, an Englishman who has resided since his boyhood in Germany and Austria. Eva Wagner is nearly fifty years old and has not inherited the musical genius of the father nor the striking beauty of her mother, a daughter of the famous Abbe Liszt. But she is extremely well versed in the literature of her father's art, and is spoken of as being kind and gracious. Mr. Chamberlain is fifty-three. He has written largely on Wagner and his operas.

F. S. Converse, the American composer, will have his romantic grand opera, "The Pipe of Desire," produced this season by the Metropolitan Opera Company, almost contemporaneously with the presentation of his "Job" by the Cæcilia Verein of Hamburg. The rarity of such a work as an American grand opera is seen in the fact that preceding Converse's romance there actually have been only four American essays in grand operatic composition. N. H. Fry's "Leonora," dating back to 1858; George F. Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle"; Walter Damrosch's "The Scarlet Letter," and "Zenobia," by Silas Pratt, make up the list.

Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian, has had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters by Columbia University. In the speech of presentation Professor W. M. Sloane said: "His renown as a historian has already run throughout all civilized lands, young as he is and recent as are his achievements. This fact is due not alone to the discovery by him of new sources for Roman history, though he has opened many that have not hitherto contributed to the central stream; nor altogether to the use of enormous material, new and old, for a novel and stimulating interpretation of a well-worn tale, a tale so told and retold by historians before him as seemingly to challenge repetition. His vital forces are still welling forth, his courage is undaunted, he is sure to go far and to wear this honor, like others, with the highest distinction."

M. Ernest Lavisse, the French historian, declares that the German Kaiser, far from being the omnipotent sovereign the world considers him, is the incumbent of an office whose prerogatives are very imperfectly defined in the imperial constitution. His power must be pieced together, from a hint here and a phrase there. One German scholar, after attempting to discriminate between the *Monarch am Reich*, when the Kaiser is considered as president of the German confederation, the *Monarch des Reichs*, in his foreign relations, and *Monarch im Reich* for some other reason, ends by deploring the difficulty of finding a good designation for the holder of the imperial crown. Constitutional lawyers have plainly declared that the *Kaiserthum* is an ill-constructed and incomplete institution, *unfertig* in the original language.



## HIGH, LOW, AND THE GAME.

By Harry Davids.

Greater than the curse of good liquor and more seductive than the love of woman is the sense of moral irresponsibility; because, possessing that, one is apt to drink and love without discretion—and such in the end means a biting conscience and the more alarming pinch of hunger. Man needs some kind of ballast to make him do those things he ought to do and leave undone the fascinating fripperies.

Barwald, lounging around the quays at Port Said, lacked the ballast, the little anchor which keeps a man from going down hill. Also, he needed finances, and, as he jingled two English sovereigns and a plugged eight anna bit in his pocket, this fact was borne upon him with a sorrowful shock. He did not yet realize that he needed the ballast. He was a trifle too young.

A few years before he had possessed it in the shape of a girl. In those days he lived in a happy family town somewhere in Iowa and, because of her, walked the paths of conventionality, doing those things which it is meet and proper every young man should do. On summer nights they canoed up the Big Sioux River, paddling along the shadows of eventide, watching with youthful happiness the benign moon lift itself above the clump of trees beyond the railroad bridge. And the river gurgled its own little song, and the katydids hummed and—and—the whole world belonged to them. On other nights she would play and sing to him and he would cuddle down beside her, and as her hand dropped from the piano to her side he would reverently kiss the tips of her fingers. One song there was which belonged to them alone. It was a dreamy, waltz thing, old as love and, to them, as beautiful. She sang it to him alone, and when by chance they heard it elsewhere when separated from each other their thoughts flew to each other; because, you see, that was their song and attached to it were the thousand and one dear memories which illuminated the boy and girl love affair. The opening lines ran something like this:

How can I leave thee,  
How can I from thee part?

It was so very old and so very simple that modernism brushed it aside; and the two were rather thankful that it did. The whole affair, the canoeing, the summer nights, the song and their great happiness, was very pretty, very nice, and Barwald ought not to have deserted it. He ought to have won for himself his own hearthstone in his own home town and in time become a prominent citizen with conservative political views. But he did not. Often, when the moon smiled and the katydids hummed and the wondrous night softened the harsh, crude things of life, there would creep into his soul a longing which was not of love, a tugging of the heart strings which made him forget the girl, the moon, and the night and drive him to unrest. That was the call of the other side, the lure of the Long Trail. The same call had sent his pioneer father into the dangers of the great American desert from the comfort of a Connecticut home, and the gypsy strain had been handed down to the son.

Therefore, in the midst of his happiness Barwald departed to seek the glamor of the wide world, and, finding it, was loth to return. After the first plunge he began to drift. All up and down the world he traveled, taking life as he found it, moulding for himself the philosophy of the long trail—which is primarily selfish. He was now rich, now poor, now high, now low, but in the main happy. The home ties dropped from him and the things which he ought to have done he forgot to do. There was nobody to whom he had to answer, nobody for whom he cared. By degrees he picked up the moral teaching of the ends of the earth, which is that might is right and convention is wrong.

He found himself at Port Said with two pounds English and the plugged eight anna bit, the depleted finances being the result of a gorgeous month at Shepheard's Hotel at Cairo, together with a vain desire to add to his hoard at the gaming tables of M'sieu, the big Frenchman who conducted a place not far from the boat landings. Despite the splendor of his career at Cairo, Barwald had arrived at Port Said with a most respectable bank account, and because of his money he was singled out from among the riff-raff who foregathered there and given a seat of honor at the poker table presided over by no less a personage than M'sieu himself. M'sieu's helpmeet, known from Naples to Shanghai as the Queen, attended to their liquors and glasses with her own fair hands and had lightened the serious intent of the game with her light chatter. She even reproved, in a joking way let it be said, Barwald for playing. She had passed around the players, chatting with great good humor, filling their glasses, and between times sat down at a piano and tinkled away. At the conclusion of four nights Barwald has risen with a laugh.

"C'est fini," said he laboriously and with a bow to the Queen. "Tomorrow night I will return for revenge." Then he had drifted out to the quays to discover that he had but two pounds English and the plugged eight anna bit. He knew that this amount was not sufficient for the company of those who sat at M'sieu's table; but he had wicked the American game of bluff too often to be worried about a trifle like that.

"I trust to luck to win on my opening hands," said he, as he walked up and down aimlessly all day, but the harbor-lights began to twinkle made his way through the streets to M'sieu's place. He paid little

heed to the music from the cafés or to the night-loving crowds which were beginning to gather at the little round tables placed in the open air, to drink absinthe. A woman at one of the tables smiled at him, but he answered with a frown. There was yet two pounds English to be played and until that was gone nothing else mattered.

"A-ha," said the Queen as he pushed his way into the inner room of the gambling house. "You are back again and—and—you are so young."

"Can I help it—when you are here," said Barwald. The Queen shook a reproving finger at him and laughingly directed him to the table where sat M'sieu and two others. One was the captain of an English boat and the other a tea planter from Assam way. There were few preliminaries. Social amenities have little place where reigns the lust of gold.

The mate, playing cautiously, dropped two half sovereigns on the table. M'sieu, with the slightest look of disgust, tossed him his chips. The tea planter shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. Barwald, with a meaning glance at M'sieu and an almost imperceptible nod at the sailor, threw down a sovereign. It was merely a by-play to strengthen his position.

"Thou art polite not to shame him," whispered the Queen in French as she bent over him to fill his glass. Barwald grinned back. The cards had been dealt and the Queen was walking around, laughing and talking, and then, as was her custom, sat down to the piano and began to play. M'sieu tossed his cards aside, but the captain, Barwald, and the tea planter played the hand, and its conclusion saw Barwald several pounds richer. The game continued. The cards were running against M'sieu and he held himself back. Among them moved the woman, whispering a word to this one, offering a cigarette to another, constantly filling the glasses—and tinkling on her piano. The game dragged on till midnight with Barwald winning steadily; but M'sieu played little. The crucial moment came, as it had to come, and the very atmosphere of the play changed. The desultory playing ceased. The air became electric. There was a little pause as the men arranged their cards in their hands, and the Queen took advantage of it to serve fresh drinks.

"If thou winnest, cherie," she told her husband, "thou wilt buy me a pair of earrings."

"And the world wonders why I am poor," quoth M'sieu. The men laughed, and the Queen, pouting, turned to her piano. The tea planter bet heavily. The mate followed his example, and M'sieu, for the first time since the opening hands, did likewise. It was Barwald's turn to bet; but at the sounds from the piano he had drawn back, flushing, tense. He was unconscious of the surprised looks from the other players, but fixed his eyes on the Queen, whose fingers were moving over the keyboards. The others looked at the pianist, but finding there nothing unusual turned to him again. For a few seconds he remained thus and then pushed his chair back.

"You play?" queried M'sieu.

"Er—no—no, not this hand." The three turned to one another and left Barwald to himself and his excitement. He passed his hand across his forehead—and loathed himself. For the tune which the Queen was playing was none other than the one the girl had sang to him in the long ago. It seemed out of place in the gambling hell. From the outer rooms came the language of the seven seas, where the men of all nations gave tongue. The reeking air swept across his face. The fumes of liquor entered his nostrils. But through this he saw the girl as he had seen her last, singing with a sob in her voice the old words: "How can I leave thee, how can I from thee part." For a few blissful moments he reveled in the poignant memories and then shook himself free from their anguish. His blurred eyes sought the cards, and as he gazed at them he silently cursed himself for his sentimental folly—for the cards he held were good ones, the best of the evening. "I am a damn fool," he muttered, savagely. The other three played on, betting wildly. Barwald watched the game with interest. The dream face was wiped out in the excitement of the moment. Finally the cards were thrown down—and the steamboat captain and the tea planter jumped to their feet with oaths. M'sieu coolly raked in the chips toward his end of the table. Barwald, looking at the Frenchman's hand, gave a slight start, following it with a sigh of relief. M'sieu's hand was better than his, good as it was.

The tea planter and captain left the game at this juncture; but Barwald settled himself in his seat for further play. The gods of chance were with him. It had been his intention to bet heavily on his hand when the old song stayed him.

The game continued. The Queen with dainty fingers bent over Barwald and held out a lighted match for his cigarette. M'sieu frowned as he looked at his hand. Barwald placidly smoked. The Queen at her piano gave out a series of trills to a quick galloping air. M'sieu bet very little and Barwald won. Then once more began the cautious game until again there came the crucial moment. Barwald drew a good hand. The Queen, who had been standing beside him languidly, moved with easy steps to the piano, and as Barwald's fingers moved to his chips to place a big bet there broke through the garish gambling hell the old song.

"Damn it," said Barwald. He threw down his cards with a petulant gesture—and was sorry for his anger the moment after. He conquered himself and started to bet heavily, but the old melody and the Other Girl held him back. When M'sieu threw down his hand,

Barwald half rose from his seat in surprise, for again did the Frenchman hold a better hand and again had the younger man been saved. A thousand thoughts darted through Barwald's head. The superstition of a gambler drove him to queer theories, but he had seen too much of the rough edges of the world to be influenced by them. His eyes narrowed and he shot a glance at the Queen, just in time to intercept a meaning look between her and her husband. His brain, keenly alive, worked with lightning rapidity and he played his game, watching every movement. Suddenly he laughed and threw the cards to the floor.

"It is very clever," said he quietly, and even as he spoke he drew a revolver from his pocket. The woman rose to her feet from the piano stool. M'sieu gazed at the revolver. "It is very clever," continued Barwald, "but, madame, your music—your music spoke with too much feeling. Eh? When I held good cards the music was quick—one might say spirited; when otherwise, when it was time for M'sieu to bet heavily, you played something slow, perhaps a waltz such as you have twice played tonight. M'sieu"—Barwald's voice rang out sternly—"M'sieu, I have lost five hundred pounds English in your house. Kindly return in gold."

M'sieu paid the money, though the Queen objected. The reputation of his house demanded silence. Barwald swept the money in his pocket, together with his winnings of the night, and staggered to the open air.

"Five years, dearest," said he, uncovering his head. "I'm coming back after five years of hell, of high, low—high—low—and"—he added with a grin—"and the game."

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1909.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Ruins of Ostia.

Say they, a famous seaport town?  
One look abroad I hid thee cast,  
Then tell me if thou canst descry  
A dwelling here, or there a mast.

Of all its old magnificence  
Stands one poor skeleton of brick,  
With grass are sown the hidden streets,  
The palace ploughed in furrows thick.

And this, the temple of a god,  
The body of a mighty thought!  
Here vowed the heart, elate with hope  
When priests the struggling victim brought—

Hearts like these hearts of ours; that drink  
Existence, as an endless cup,  
And smile to hear of an abyss  
Where life and strength are swallowed up.

These men our brothers were, hut huilt  
Of sturdier frame and mind than we;  
Tamed by their will, the unruly flood  
Led their proud galleys to the sea.

—Julia Ward Howe.

## Vesuvius.

O thou Vesuvius! that risest there  
Image of drear eternity, alone  
Seated in thy own silent fields of air;  
Titan! whose chainless struggles have been shown,  
The annihilating powers are still thine own,  
Parent of lightnings, and the tempest's shroud,  
Crowning, or round thy giant shoulders thrown  
In majesty of shadow, ere the cloud  
Break on the nether world in fulminant wrath avowed.

Grave of dead cities thou! thy heart is fire,  
Thy pulse is earthquake, from thy breast are rolled  
The flames in which shall penal earth expire:  
Thy robes are of the lava's burning fold,  
Thine armed hand the thunderbolt doth hold,  
Thy voice is as the trumpet that calls to doom;  
Creator and destroyer! who hath told  
What world of life lies buried in thy womb,  
What mightiest wrecks are sunk in thy absorbing tomb?

Hark! as we onward pass, the sullen ground  
Reverberates beneath the hollow tread,  
Where Herculaneum sleeps in trance profound;  
A city rises o'er her ashes' bed,  
All life, all joy, the living on the dead!  
The tear unbidden dims the eye and swells  
The heart with its quick throbbings fuller sped;  
Deeper than thought a feeling in us tells  
Our kindred with the world beneath our feet that dwells.

Spirit of desolation! here thou art  
A Presence palpably hodied on the eye:  
Thy sternness to the mind thou dost impart,  
Awe'd while inspired by thy sublimity,  
Thou that stand'st here aloof, and draw'st a high  
And thrilling grandeur from the sense impressed  
Thou giv'st, that thou dost make a mockery  
Of death and ruin: Destiny confessed  
Art thou, thy throne yon mountain's thunder-spliten breast!  
—John Edmund Reade.

Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., no longer considers it impossible in the light of the development of the principle of arbitration and the growing respect of the nations for The Hague tribunal to be a mediator: "Assuming merely for the purpose of argument, and not in the least as representing the true state of affairs, that a fleet of twenty battleships in the Atlantic and another of twenty battleships in the Pacific would preserve the peace of the world on the seas, why would it not be well for the principal powers to contribute to the maintenance of these two fleets a sum proportionate to their concern, turning their surplus ships over to the common policemen and reducing their naval budget to an amount merely necessary to maintain a proper coast guard service? Supposing, on the other hand, there was at the disposition of The Hague tribunal a thoroughly prepared and highly trained force of say 250,000 men ready to move at a moment's notice, why should the great powers maintain huge standing armies? Imagine the weight of the decision of The Hague tribunal backed by an army of a quarter of a million of troops!"



## ENGLISH CHANNEL COAST SCENES.

Clive Holland's Entertaining Description of a Region Rich in Romance.

It is not surprising that Clive Holland, the novelist and playwright, turns aside from his usual line of labor now and then to write descriptions of the delightful south coast of England, a region that has been his home for the greater part of the forty-odd years of his life. There is certainly no part of Great Britain that holds more inspiration for the artist, the student of history, or the author. Mr. Holland knows the country well, but he is not content merely to praise its attractions. In his latest volume, "From the North Foreland to Penzance," he journeys leisurely from east to west along the northern shore of the English Channel and sets down historical incidents, legends, stories of gallant sailors, bold pirates, and cunning smugglers, as well as brief descriptions of impressive features of the landscape that are far removed from guide-book laconics. It is a volume that will interest the most casual reader, and that will delight all who know the scenes pictured or who care to know of them.

Among the earliest of his historical allusions are paragraphs devoted to the famous Cinque Ports, once so important:

Ramsgate of late years has in a measure come to the front as a holiday resort, but to most seafarers along the coast it will always be the past of the town rather than the present that will possess abiding interest. Until comparatively recent years it continued to bear its share of the burdens attaching to the Cinque Ports; and even nowadays is in a measure under the control of Sandwich, its ancient head, and as a "vill" of the latter submits to the jurisdiction of its recorder. It is one of the ancient non-corporate members of the Cinque Ports.

In coming down channel to Dover one passes several historic towns connected with the ancient Confederacy, consisting originally of Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings, to which were afterwards added Rye and Winchelsea (making seven, notwithstanding which the old French and original name has always been retained), but none of these can nowadays be looked upon in the light of harbors. We may, perhaps, as well here as anywhere else, while passing the old-time port of Sandwich, with its "limbs," Deal, Walmer, Kingsdown, and Ringsdown, spare a little space for a brief sketch of the Cinque Ports as a whole. The Confederacy, which came to be known under that designation, can not fail to be of interest to all Britons as being the undoubted germ of the royal navy, in those far-off times when the Channel was a frequent battleground, and the ancient ports loomed large in history. Originally brought into existence by Saxon monarchs, they were afterwards constituted by William I and succeeding kings, who required them to supply ships for the defense of the coasts. The charter dated 1278 of Edward I is the real basis upon which their liberties are founded.

In the figures he gives here is shown the comparatively modest beginnings of the navy:

Henry III by an ordinance dated about 1229 stated in clear terms what he required of the Confederacy. It was ordered that the latter should supply—what for those times must be considered the large number of—fifty-seven ships; each having for crew twenty-one men and a boy. And these were to serve the king for not less than fifteen days in every year at their own costs and charges, and so long after the said period of fifteen days as contingencies might require. But in the event of an extended term of service payment was to be made. One gathers what is probably not a very inaccurate idea of the relative size and importance of the different towns at that period from the number of ships each supplied. We find Dover sent twenty-one, Winchelsea ten, Hastings six, and Hythe, Sandwich, Rye, and Romney five each.

But to supply ships for the defense of the realm against the king's enemies was not a burden without compensations. Many special privileges were granted to the towns from time to time; among them were those of self-government, the privilege for the freemen to carry the title of "barons," and the freedom to trade without paying any toll with every corporate town in the kingdom. The inhabitants, too, were exempt from military duties or service.

One of the spectacular features of the Cinque Ports still remains:

Various legislative measures of modern times have taken away from the Cinque Ports many of their ancient privileges, but they still retain the one of being quite independent of county jurisdiction in many important particulars. The office of lord warden is an honorary one and has been at various times held by many of the most distinguished statesmen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Among those who have held the post may be mentioned William Pitt, Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Granville, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lord Curzon.

From Dover is the shortest passage to France, and the port is well known to travelers, though it is only one of several that have lines of steamers crossing the channel:

On rounding the towering and magnificent South Foreland one gets one's first glimpse of Dover when coming from the eastward. It is not very satisfying until one has actually entered the bay, which is one of the finest artificial havens in the world. It has been the custom in the past of those who simply pass through Dover on their way to or from the continent to decry it. We could produce more uncompromising remarks concerning the "ugliness," "poverty," "dullness," etc., of Dover (perhaps written by those to whom a Channel swell had been less than kind) than of almost any other place of which we have personal knowledge. But to those who approach "the ancient town of Dover with its many memories, its commanding castle, its impressive pharos" leisurely from the sea on a fine day, we can conceive of no feelings being aroused than those of interest and admiration. There is something eternal in the appearance of this sole true survivor of the famous Cinque Ports which makes it possible for one to realize that much of what one sees, at all events at a first glance, is what has been looked upon by countless generations from the time when Caesar's eagle eyes rested upon Shakespeare's Cliff, and traveled up the valley which lies snug in the shelter of and runs inland between the two overtopping cliffs. But while we may linger amid historic memories, Caesar passed on to an easier landing a little further up the coast.

Here is a sympathetic presentation of the case for the somewhat ill-favored but masterful men of that region

in the early days. It is not an apology for lawlessness, but an explanation that may well be borne in mind when judgment on other times and other manners is sought:

The Cinque Ports folk of that age learned in a rough school, and it is perhaps little to be wondered at that occasionally, when truces of a temporary character had been entered into between this country and France or Spain, they failed to observe them with any degree of promptness or completeness, but went on "plundering and harrying their natural enemies the French," until the king had on several occasions to interfere and call them to book.

It is, doubtless, to these acts, and to others brought about by general orders issued by different sovereigns in succeeding reigns, that the charges of piracy which have been leveled in the past and by some present-day writers against the men of the Cinque Ports are traceable. Matthew Paris, among other historians, charges them distinctly not only with piracy on the French, but with robbing and murdering their own fellow countrymen. A careful examination of the circumstances and facts leading up to this charge leads one to think that they were possibly guilty. But it must be remembered in extenuation that the age in which Paris lived was a lawless and disturbed one. The orders received by the men of the Cinque Ports were frequently of a general character to carry fire and sword along the enemy's coasts, and it is little to be wondered at if the hardy seamen who frequently fought at long odds were not the most scrupulous of victors, and sometimes failed to discriminate to a nicety between legal and illegal predatory warfare. The very freedom of the privileges they enjoyed as citizens of the Ports made them less accountable than they doubtless otherwise would have been to the king's properly constituted authority. Certain it is that on several occasions in the Middle Ages the men of the Ports were not backward in entering into a little war of their own, to their immediate and great advantage. They were pirates in just the same way as were the men and adventurers of the Devon and Cornish ports, and the French hailing from Morlaix, St. Malo, and other Norman and Breton ports in those times.

Dover Castle has played an important part in English history:

One of the most shameful events in connection with the story of the castle is that of King John's submission there to Pandolph, the Pope's legate. Three years after this event, in the spring of 1216, Louis VIII of France, who had come over convoyed and supported by a powerful fleet under the command of Eustace the Monk, was before Dover Castle to besiege it after having landed at Stonor and captured Hastings and Rye. He also burned Sandwich, which refused to yield to him. Some of his force joined with that of the revolting barons, and not only overran Kent but even penetrated to London, of which they took possession. The garrison of Dover, we are told, was to the last degree inefficient, feeble, and ill-provisioned. But the commander poor harried King John had placed in it, with jurisdiction over the Cinque Ports generally, was one of the most able and strongest men of his age, Hubert de Burgh by name. To his courage, resource, and endurance must be placed the credit of the successful defense of the last hope of England against the establishment of a French sovereignty. At length Louis, finding himself unable to reduce the castle or persuade De Burgh to yield, raised the siege. He had failed; and his father's remark was justified: "By the arm of St. James, my son then has not obtained one foot of land in England."

Strategy once accomplished what gallant assault could not, but the name of the strategist has been confused by an unfriendly posterity:

At the outbreak of the Civil War between Charles and his Parliament it was garrisoned by Royalists. The story of its capture reads more like a piece of pure romance than actual fact. But here is the tale. It occurred to an enterprising handful of Roundheads, led by a citizen of Dover named Dawkes or Drake, to attempt the taking of the fortress. Their plan, simple in the extreme, was to climb up the steep cliff on the sea side, which it was not thought necessary to guard, and thus surprise the garrison. Accompanied by a score or so of fellow Roundheads, Dawkes succeeded in scaling the cliff face and surprising the Royalists, who hastened to surrender under the impression that the attack was supported by a strong force. Never, perhaps, fell so strong a place so easily, save when treachery had something to do with the matter, and in this case it was lack of courage and information, not the work of traitors, which led to the garrison's undoing. Thus fell Dover Castle to a handful of enterprising Puritans; and although the king made repeated attempts to recover possession of so commanding a fortress, he did not succeed, "the strongest Royalist force being easily repulsed by those that were within." At the Restoration, however, Charles II found Dover citizens among the most loyal and enthusiastic to bid him welcome back to his own again.

Fear of invasion, strange to say, once made this coast town a fashionable resort:

A century later, when Napoleon was gathering his legions and his transports at Boulogne for the invasion of England, Dover was still a busy place. "There was a constant stir in the town," we are told, "made chiefly by the coming and going of couriers between it and the metropolis, and the activity of those engaged upon the works of defense, and the presence in our midst of many thousands of volunteers." Not that all was business, for with the military and the additional civilian element came the ladies, all, however, prepared to take instant flight on the rumored, let alone actual, approach of that great bugaboo, Napoleon, and when they came there was sure to be junketing and gayety, even in the midst of the stern preparation for *la guerre à l'outrance*. Post chaises, mail coaches, and private carriages, as well as transport wagons and carriers' carts, made the road from Dover to London busy night and day; and along the seafront, as well as in the narrow streets of the town itself, were to be seen fashionable ladies and their beaux "gossiping, and often shivering in simulated horror at the mention of the terrible name which just then filled all minds," so that Dover was almost at times like Hyde Park.

Many reminiscences and anecdotes of smuggling days are preserved in Mr. Holland's work, and in most instances the place, time, and actors are named explicitly. There are suggestions for unnumbered stories of adventure in the chronicles of that hazardous vocation:

In the latter years of the eighteenth and the first four decades of the nineteenth centuries, however, smuggling was with many of the fisher-folk a much more popular means of obtaining a livelihood than fishing. The whole of the outer portion of the town was honeycombed with cellars, secret passages, and "tub holes," in which the contraband goods were stored until they could be finally and profitably disposed of. The nearness of Folkestone to the French coast made frequent trips across possible, and the smugglers were doubtless favored by the laxity which was said to prevail among the coastguards on the Kentish and Sussex coast at the period when smuggling was at its height. For some years previous to 1831 a blockade of the coast had been instituted,

and for some time smuggling was "under a cloud"; but on the removal of the blockade in 1830 there was a great revival, in the Deal, Walmer, and Folkestone districts especially. Many flagrant cases of connivance occurred in the two years immediately following the removal of the blockade, and numbers of men were dismissed from the preventive service. That the bribes given by the smugglers and their agents were substantial was, of course, natural, seeing that the rewards for seizures were so high. We are told in several records that as much as £1000 was not infrequently shared among the officers and men of a coastguard station after the capture of a big cargo, the lowest share, that of the boatmen, being some £85 to £90. Little wonder need be experienced then when it is stated that "many a sentry on night duty could reckon on seeing £40 by keeping his eyes shut"—a way of expressing the case of a truly Hibernian character. Women confederates of the smugglers were frequently employed to corrupt the men of the preventive service, and so common a practice had this become that a special order was issued along the Sussex and Kent coasts which is substantially as follows: "Having reason to believe and fear that an attempt will be made to corrupt our men through the medium of females, it is ordered that patrols hold no communication when on duty with any person, either male or female."

What more romantic figure could be chosen for the hero of a sea-story than Sir Robert Holmes, Irishman and adventurer, knight and admiral, who served with distinction under Prince Rupert and Charles I, and whose monument now stands in the church of Yarmouth? His name is closely associated with American history, and his exploits would fill volumes:

There seems to have been no end to Holmes's naval activity, for in the following year he captured New Amsterdam from the Dutch, giving it the name by which it has ever since been known, New York, out of compliment to the then Lord High Admiral of the British fleet, James, Duke of York. Some of his after exploits have "a strange though admirable flavor of piracy about them." Notably his expedition on the coast of Holland, when he burned a number of villages, destroyed two men-of-war, and captured upwards of a hundred and twenty merchantmen.

One of the most romantic episodes of his life was when he acted as second to the Duke of Buckingham in the famous duel in which he killed his opponent, the Duke of Shrewsbury. The story goes that the Countess of Shrewsbury came disguised as a page to witness the encounter, in which she had a double interest, one of the combatants being her husband, the other her lover.

English poets and novelists from Chaucer to Swinburne and from Defoe to Besant have written on places and events without number that are mentioned by Mr. Holland. He quotes from many of them, and includes many bits of literary history in his record. This tells of curious circumstances in the career of the author of "Hypatia":

Torquay has especial interest for admirers of Charles Kingsley, as it was here that he came in 1855 to live in a cottage at Livermead, overlooking the bay. As the author of "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" he appears to have become anathema to the orthodox inhabitants of the then rising watering-place, an attitude which was fostered and encouraged by the then Bishop of Exeter, who seems to have regarded Kingsley as a particularly dangerous and outrageous heretic. The local clergy followed the bishop's lead, with the result that not only were all the churches of the neighborhood closed to Kingsley so far as his preaching or officiating in them was concerned, but he was completely boycotted.

His biographer states that it was the magnificent view of Torbay, which was spread out before him from his cottage windows, that led him to meditate upon the historic scenes which had been enacted on the face of those ever-changing waters, and ultimately gave him the germ idea for his famous romance "Westward Ho!"

But one fault of consequence may be pointed out in Mr. Holland's book—it should have had a complete index, to make it more convenient for reference. It is handsomely printed, and the illustrations, some thirty delicately beautiful reproductions of water-color drawings by Maurice Randall, are a most attractive and valuable feature. The author has dedicated his work to the Marquis of Ormonde, K. P., P. C., commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and it is evidently issued under the happiest auspices.

"From the North Foreland to Penzance," by Clive Holland. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; Chatto & Windus, London; \$3.

Secretary Garfield is preparing for a double experiment in the San Carlos Indian reservation in Arizona. There is found on that reservation a peculiar stone which is called "tufa" or "white ash," which is peculiar to the reservation. When first removed from the quarry it can be cut with an ordinary knife, but it hardens when it is exposed to the atmosphere. It is as light as wood, and there is a growing demand for it in the vicinity of the reservation for building purposes. The Secretary has asked Congress to set aside three sections, or almost 2000 acres, of land within the reservation, in which this stone is to be found, for the use of the Indians. He thus expects to experiment with the stone itself, and at the same time ascertain whether it is possible to get the Indians to work in developing it and demonstrating its usefulness.

The Montreal Board of Trade recently passed this resolution: "The council is unanimously opposed to the proposition to hold a winter carnival in this city, believing that such carnivals are inimical to the interest of Canada; that the holding of winter carnivals emphasizes unduly our winter climate, creating the impression in other countries that ice and snow are normal conditions here, an impression tending to discourage immigration which is so necessary for the development of this dominion."

The long war with Yaqui Indians in Mexico, in which scores have been killed at different times, including many Americans, has been terminated by a treaty of peace agreed upon by three Indian chiefs and 166 of their followers and the governor of the state of Sonora, Mexico.



## VERDAVIN'S CANDIDACY.

## How the Representative of His Wife Was Elected.

Should you ever happen to visit the Department of Trois-Etoiles, and mention the name of Monsieur Verdavin, it is safe betting that your interlocutor, no matter who he may be, will exclaim:

"Verdavin! Well, of all the ambitious, intriguing men I ever met, Verdavin was the worst!"

However, now that the *vox populi* has pronounced upon my old friend, permit me to have the honor of introducing to you the real Verdavin, that you may compare him with Verdavin the legendary.

Born of honest, but not poor, parents, Amédée—such was his name—had, from his childhood up, one single care—to live quietly and cozily on the thirty thousand francs a year bequeathed to him by his pa and ma. He had a cheery little town residence, a love of a country house. In spring he made a little trip to Paris; in summer, he fished; in autumn he shot; in winter there was the club. Nothing could have been pleasanter.

Nevertheless, Amédée perceived that something still was lacking in his life. He wanted some one to keep his accounts and oversee his expenditures. How was he to get rid of this business which threatened his idleness and placidity? He made up his mind to take a wife.

She whom he had chosen was a young girl of candid brow, but full of resolution—a fact which had guided Verdavin in his selection. He had said to himself: "She will have will enough to see after all my business affairs, and I shall be saved any trouble in such matters."

\* \* \* \* \*

Yon moon that shone above—round as the crown of his hat—had not yet filled her horn six times after their marriage, when, one fine morning, my lady summoned her husband, who hastened to her apartments, bearing in his hand a package of books, to which he was attaching new lengths of line and gut.

"What is it, my darling?"

"Amédée, be so good as to listen to me. During the six months of our married life I have been studying your character and scrutinizing your aptitudes, for you know well that a man of your age and position can not rust in inglorious idleness."

"Why, bless me, Emmie, I thought my time was sufficiently occupied. For instance, just at this very moment, I was setting off for the brook, where I expected to get you a mess of fish for dinner that—"

"Amédée, be serious, I beg of you, if you can. I have been canvassing the whole subject thoroughly in my mind, and have found the one pursuit—"

"But, my dear, when I say that—"

"That one pursuit in which, nowadays, a man can rise to power and honor, is politics."

"Politics!! Heaven be praised, I never have gone in for politics; and, heaven helping me, madame, I never will."

"In three weeks there will be an election in this department. I will, that is to say, you will, come forward as a candidate."

"But, dearest, you have not thought—"

"Yes, dear, I have thought it over in its every aspect. Indeed, I have prepared your address to the electors."

"The deuce you have!"

"Don't swear, Amédée; swearing offends the scrupulous voters. Do you think it is very agreeable for a woman to spend all her life-time shut up in this poky old hole, absolutely unknown? The provinces do not make reputations, but they elect deputies. What would I not give to hear people say, as I passed: 'You see that pretty little woman in brown? She's the wife of our representative.'"

"Emmie, you are only jesting!"

"This, then, is the address you are to issue to the electors," and she read as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: At a time when the well-being—nay, the very existence—demands the harmonious union of all patriotic men, I feel it my duty to desire an opportunity of combating on the parliamentary field of battle for the regeneration of our beloved country. What I desire—what you must all desire—is order in liberty with liberty in order.

There were nearly three columns of this.

The next morning there began for the unhappy Verdavin a life the horrors of which it would be difficult to retrace. He, the friend of repose, the enemy of emotion!

For instance, one day madame said: "Amédée, I have drawn up a list of the leading residents of each parish in the constituency. We will call on the most prominent; you will write to the others."

"Seventeen hundred letters—I never could."

"You can easily hire secretaries. In half an hour we will set off on this indispensable journey."

For fifteen days the only man one seemed to meet on the roads, the steamboats, the cars, was the unhappy Verdavin, the candidate in spite of himself. In the pelting rain, in the broiling sun, everywhere went he. Every morning his wife drew up the programme for his day's journey; every night he had to bring home to her good and sufficient evidence that he had been at each place he claimed to have visited.

And come—the bronchitis, three mild suns—m m m incurable rheumatism, and a confirmed gas—se, contracted through drinking prosperity to with three hundred and forty-six electors daily.

En fin, he at last gasped, like one about to faint, "I feel at my strength—"

"Tomorrow," she said, relentlessly, "you will canvass the forty-seven parishes on this list."

And on all sides nothing was heard but exclamations of "What an ambitious chap that Verdavin is! Who ever saw any one like him?"

"Amédée," she said, next day, "your address has not been circulated widely enough. I have had a hundred thousand extra copies struck off and distributed."

"But, dear, printing comes ruinously expensive. This morning only I have paid one bill of sixteen thousand—"

"You must also manage to have your name mentioned in connection with generous deeds. I have ordered six organs for as many churches in as many close parishes."

"S-i-x o-r-g-a-n-s!!"

"Yes, and twelve fire-engines for villages that are unprotected from the ravages of the destroying element, and where there is a large floating vote. Imagine how gratified the poor people will be."

"But, Emmie, I can not make ducks and drakes—I mean church-organs and parish fire-engines—of my fortune."

"And do you count it for nothing, then, the glory of being a statesman? Besides, once in politics, you are sure of getting your money back an hundred-fold."

"What a devil of a fellow that Verdavin is!" said the outside world in awestruck amazement and admiration; "he'll spend every franc he has before he'll let himself be beaten!"

\* \* \* \* \*

One pleasant morning—it was just a week before the election—madame aroused at early dawn Monsieur Verdavin, who was still sleeping soundly, not having indeed returned from an exhausting journey to the back districts until 2 a. m.

"Amédée," she cried, "rouse yourself; the honor of our name has been vilely thrust under foot and trodden in the dust, and you must avenge it." And she handed the unhappy man a newspaper in which he read the following:

It is about time to have done with the brazen impudence of the charlatan who is trapesing round our streets and highways. This Verdavin, a fellow of the baser sort, seeks—but seeks in vain—to conceal his demagogic instincts. He demands "Liberty." We all know what that word means with him; behind it he prepares an ambushcade for property, the family, religion. This Verdavin, dealer in votes and haunter of low taverns, is nothing more nor less than a scallawag who has not even the courage of his incendiary opinions.

"But this is not all," said his wife, and handed him another journal, in which he read:

Let the mask be torn off! Our intelligent voters will not let themselves be imposed upon by a Tartuffe of the gutters. Verdavin, a double-ender politician and a perfect nullity, pretends to array himself on the side of the cause of order. It is under such a guise that the friends of despotism usually do their hellish work. This odious being, whom we will not further pollute our type by naming, has evidently been hired to complicate the situation by his candidacy. Let the electors rise in their might and sweep from the field this vain idiot.

Next morning Verdavin received a sword-thrust in the left arm from the Legitimist editor, and the day afterward one to match in the right arm from the Radical editor.

At last the day of the election arrived. Verdavin had conducted his canvass with unsparing energy; his complicated disorders had given him a corpse-like appearance; he had spent three-quarters of his fortune; he carried both of his arms in slings.

But at night the prefect made the official declaration: "Elected—Verdavin, 23,672 votes."

It was a week later when he entered the Chamber of Deputies. His wife, radiant and rejoicing, was in one of the galleries. He had chosen a seat in the centre—Order in Liberty, as it were. He arrived in the middle of a debate. Precisely at that instant a vote had been taken, and as he reached the centre of the hall he heard the president declaring that, inasmuch as it was literally honeycombed with fraudulent practices, the assembly thereby invalidated the election of Monsieur Verdavin. Monsieur Verdavin fainted.

\* \* \* \* \*

Madame Verdavin has brought an action for separation and the management of her own estate. The bill alleges that the aforesaid Amédée Verdavin is hopelessly possessed with the mania of political ambition.

And the public say of his wife: "Poor little woman, it is a wonder she didn't bring her action sooner. That confounded idiot must have spent three-quarters of her fortune with his senseless ideas of ambition."—From the French of Pierre Veron.

The principal source of the world's clove supply is Zanzibar and the neighboring island of Pemba, East Africa. A ten-year-old plantation should produce twenty pounds of cloves to the tree. Trees of twenty years frequently produce upward of 100 pounds each. Besides the buds, the stems are gathered, and form an article of commerce, commanding one-fifth the price of cloves and having about the same percentage of strength. To this is due the fact that ground cloves can be bought at a lower price than the whole cloves.

Costa Rica can claim the double honor of being one of the first discovered and least revolutionary portions of the American continent. Visited by Columbus during his third voyage, it was peopled by Spanish adventurers early in the sixteenth century, and until 1821 formed part of the kingdom of Guatemala. The great battle in its history took place at the Laguna de Ocho-mogo, and decided whether Costa Rica was to become an independent republic or a part of Mexico.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Ballade.

O quaint Ballade, I wonder why  
Such toil it is to fashion thee!  
By dainty twist and turn I try  
To make the sense and sound agree;  
But rhymes are birds, and often flee  
When most we think them in the snare:—  
Return, O winged words to me,  
And sweetly sing and fleetly fare!

I watch the stars that walk the sky,  
They tell of bright eternity;  
The eerie shadows brush me by,  
I marvel what their trend may be;  
A brief hreeze startles yonder tree,  
Of lisp of leaf I am aware:—  
Come, cadence crisp and silvery,  
And sweetly sing and fleetly fare!

I wander where the waves are nigh,  
And list the voices of the sea;  
The vivid plunging billows ply  
The shining shores in foamy glee;  
To win a sudden simile.  
I note the white gull cleave the air:—  
O flitting thoughts, he fond and free,  
And sweetly sing and fleetly fare!

## L'ENVOI.

I woo the past, the weird, the wee;  
More, dear Ballade, I may not dare:—  
My farewell take for final fee,  
And sweetly sing and fleetly fare!  
—A. T. Schumann, in *The Dial*.

## Winged Memories.

I love you, dwellings of the long ago,  
Whence my youth issued to unclouded skies;  
Beneath your eaves my heart her nest doth know,  
And with the wren and martlet homeward flies.

Fair-walled ye stand, unworn by time or change,  
Yet your deep-lit windows seem to he  
Like to an old man's faded eyes and strange,  
Musing upon a near eternity.

Round ye a glamor of old sunlight shines,  
Drowsed by the lulling call of dove to dove,  
(Ah, winged memories) and your woven vines  
Flower and breathe sweetly from the dust of Love.

Shades of the generations darkly drawn  
Lengthen themselves athwart your thresholds gray;  
Cradled have ye the dreams of many a dawn,  
And covered o'er the fires of many a day.  
—La Chanson de la Bretagne, from "The Cradle of the Rose."

## Evening.

When the white iris folds the drowsing bee,  
When the first cricket waxes

The fairy hosts of his enchanted hrakes,  
When the dark moth has sought the lilac tree  
And the young stars, like jasmine of the skies,  
Are opening on the silence, Lord, there lies  
Dew on Thy rose and dream upon mine eyes.

Lovely the day, when life is robed in splendor,  
Walking the ways of God and strong with wine,  
But the pale eve is wonderful and tender  
And night is more divine.  
Fold my faint olives from their shimmering plain,  
O shadow of sweet darkness fringed with rain,  
Give me to night again.

Give me to day no more. I have hethought me  
Silence is more than laughter, sleep than tears.  
Sleep like a lover faithfully hath sought me  
Down the enduring years.  
Where stray the first white fatlings of the fold,  
Where the Lent lily droops her earlier gold,  
Sleep waits me as of old.

Grant me sweet sleep, for light is unavailing  
When patient eyes grow weary of the day.  
Young lambs creep close and tender wings are failing,  
And I grow tired as they.  
Light as the long wave leaves the lonely shore  
Our houghs have lost the bloom that morning wore.  
Give me to day no more.  
—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, in the *University Magazine*.

The method of raising money for charities by such means as the conferring of decorative coat labels on "tag day," is not altogether original. From times immemorial in China a donation of 20,000 taels to charity has secured for the donor the much-prized peacock's feather, while for half that sum a title of nobility is conferred on one's ancestors to the third generation. The late Emperor of Brazil followed the same method when erecting a hospital in Rio de Janeiro. Having found a difficulty in obtaining the necessary funds, he announced that the title of "baron" was to be conferred on every subscriber of 100,000 milreis, and that of "count" on subscribers of 250,000 milreis. This announcement produced the desired effect, and the hospital was soon completed. The opening ceremony was performed by the emperor, and attended by a large number of the newly ennobled, who did not altogether relish the words inscribed in letters of gold on the gable of the new building, "Human Vanity to Human Misery."

This year will go down to posterity in Normandy as the Apple Year (according to the *London Daily Express*). Never until this year has a Normandy farmer been known to express satisfaction with his crop. His usual answer about it is that "for a year where there are no apples there are apples, but for a year where there are apples there are no apples to speak of." This vagueness is a Norman peculiarity. You can not get a "yes" or "no" in answer to a question from a Norman peasant. "Well, perhaps yes," or, "After all, perhaps not," is the nearest he will ever go to a positive assertion. But this year he admits to a good apple-crop. During the past month fifty thousand railway truck loads of apples have been sent along the Western line as against six thousand trucks last year.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Cradle of the Rose*, by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

A reputation already assured receives additional lustre by this splendid novel. Here we have a story of modern life in which money and ambition have no share, a story of today in which great deeds and great ideals play their part as in the old world of sentiment and romance. And yet it is hard to believe that the author is guilty of no exaggeration, perhaps under the stress of great sympathy. "The Cradle of the Rose" is a story of a Brittany lady, the wife of an English ambassador, who visits her native land and finds the peasant and fishing population seething with indignation against a modernity of politics and religion foreign to their ideals and hateful to their traditions. Those who know Brittany and its aloofness from French sentiment will understand its passion of resentment, not so much against the democratic government of the republic as against the vulgarity of rancor which hates religion itself as well as religious organization, and visits its persecuting scorn upon whatever is ancient and of honorable repute. But can we believe that a revolt of Brittany against France is a possibility or that even so wonderful a lady as Rouanez could organize a royalist rising and so nearly bring it to a successful head? Indeed, we could believe almost anything if the author of this surprising book would only tell us a story about it. Certainly the author knows Brittany and France with an intricate and perfect knowledge. The picture of Rouanez, or Lady Clanvove, jumps from the page. So do the pictures of the Breton nobles, of the peasantry and the government spies. If this novel, replete with dramatic incident and saturated with beautiful energy, does indeed represent Breton sentiment, then indeed is France in a bad way and ill-equipped for the enemies before her. To read "The Cradle of the Rose" is an education in some modern French conditions that could perhaps be gained so well in no other way. It is a dignified and impressive piece of work.

*The French Influence in English Literature*, by Alfred Horatio Upham, Ph. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.

The period selected by the author is from the accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration. From the beginning of Elizabeth's reign England was brought into close relations with France, relations often based upon religious antagonism, but none the less fruitful in mutual interest and in exchanged ideas. Such men as Buchanan, Barclay, Crichton, Sydney, Sir Thomas Smith, Ben Jonson, Paulet, the Earl of Essex, and Bacon himself were familiar with French life through personal visits, while upon the other side the Frenchmen who visited England included such men as Ronsard, Du Bartas, Grévin, Brantôme, Boisrobert, Voiture, and Saint-Evremond. Correspondence between the two countries became a scholarly pastime, and while we have yet to know the effect of these relations upon French literature, their influence upon English writing is among its valued possessions.

How great was that influence the author makes clear in his carefully written essay. He treats of the Arcopagus group, the Elizabethan Sonnet, Du Bartas, Rabelais, Montaigne, the Précieuses and Platonists, Romance, Drama, and the Heroic Poem. Not more important than much else, but possibly more interesting, is his sketch of Montaigne's influence not only upon Cornwallis but upon Bacon. Montaigne and Bacon were as far as the poles apart, but there is no lack of the "thought resemblances" between them. The Précieuses and the Platonists would perhaps have been better apart, but this in no way detracts from the merits of a careful and scholarly piece of work.

*When the Tide Turns*, by Filson Young. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

This might be described as a study in degeneracy, a study carried out with marked literary skill, but leaving us none the less with a bad taste in the mouth. When we first meet Rupert Savage among his boats and sketch-books in Ireland we are inclined to like him, although we suspect that he is selfish and although we are repelled by his weird and unwholesome drawings. When he is emancipated from country isolation and enters into public recognition of his genius he has his opportunity to ascend or descend morally. He descends. Preserving and intensifying his veneer of culture and refinement, he seems to bid farewell to whatever moral sense he ever possessed. He forgets Lady Fastnet, who is the one good woman of the book, and enters on a vulgar liaison with Mildred Lane, described, by the way, with unnecessary frankness. Leaving Mildred upon her marriage, he lays siege to the heart of Mrs. Graeme, or she lays siege to his, and we leave the precious couple together in a

state of ecstatic bliss at the prospect of marriage by way of the divorce court. We do not quite understand Rupert's indignation at finding that his sketches have been used to illustrate a book of indecent verse. He has swallowed so many camels that he should hardly strain at such a gnat. Rupert is perhaps the least unbearable of a group of odious artists, poets, and publishers, but it is hard to see why he should be made the hero of a novel or why we should be expected to admire the artistic temperament which finds expression in caricatures of nature and in selfish personal vice.

*The Land of the Living*, by Maude Radford Warren. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This story, although without marked literary qualities, deserves attention as a careful and accurate study of modern municipal conditions and close character analysis of some of the men who make them. There is John Callahan, Irish ward boss, domineering and corrupt, but with a heart overflowing with love for his native land and kindness to the weak. When Little Hugh MacDermott is turned into the street it is Big John who finds and adopts him, lavishing all the wealth of his affection upon the wretched and staunchly protecting him even when the boy recoils from the methods that their enemies call corruption and that their friends call compromise. John Callahan is easily the highest character in the book, unless we except the inimitable Mayme, who so yearns to overcome her vulgarity but has no one to show her the way. Mayme deserved a good husband, and we hope that she found one somewhere after the last page. Then, too, there is Furlong, the reformer, who begins his political career in the light of high ideals and good intentions, but who descends the broad road leading to destruction with some celerity. Rather a contemptible figure is Furlong, obviously weak and selfish from the beginning, but yet able unaccountably to capture the heart of Moira, whom we first meet in her ancestral home in County Wexford, and then in Chicago. Moira is evidently the heroine, but she is a singularly colorless young lady who makes no demands upon our interest. We forget her at once with her distinctions and her refinements, but Mayme, her gaudily colored rival, clings to the memory as something warm, generous, and irresistible. "The Land of the Living" is a photograph of modern city conditions, accurate and detailed and with the transient value of a photograph.

*A Physician to the Soul*, by Horatio W. Dresser. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Dr. Dresser writes so sanely and so cautiously as almost to persuade his readers of the legitimacy of some sort of school of psychological therapeutics, although we are loth to see so fertile a field thrown open to the charlatan and the quack. Physicians have no cause to quarrel with a theory to which they themselves assent whenever they enlist against disease the forces of good cheer and hopefulness, while certainly religion can have nothing but sympathy for teachings that are intended to call forth the virtues of self-mastery and adjustment to conditions. The author shows the extent to which the Emmanuel movement has found a meeting place for science and religion in the relief of functional and nervous, but not of organic, disease, and while it is to be hoped that the popular objection to anything in the nature of hypnotic suggestion will not be lessened, the experiment is full of interest and of reasonable expectation.

Dr. Dresser's criticism of Christian Science is kindly but crushing. He will have no truce with a school that by the denial of evil denies fact, and this is, after all, a different thing from the assertion of a mental supremacy over disordered conditions and of a power of interior adjustment that must react upon bodily conditions as well as environment. Indeed, the severest criticism that can be passed upon Dr. Dresser's theories is that we have recognized them as true from the beginning of the world, although we have sadly lacked the energy to apply them.

*The Harvest Moon*, by J. S. Fletcher. Published by the John McBride Company, New York.

The story opens in novelette style, but it improves on further acquaintance, and then lets us drop with rather a thud at the end. We like Adrian Darrell very much and highly approve of his taste when he falls in love with Linda Van de Linde. When he receives a telegram calling him away at a moment's notice we acquiesce in an apparent necessity and are still confident of a full explanation even when it is evident that poor, constant Linda has substantial cause to remember her lover. Fourteen years pass away and we find the ever faithful Linda in Belgium with her boy. Then she meets Adrian again, but he is now the Marquis of Albaccina and married. The wife dies, the couple come together, and we naturally expect an explanation of Adrian's amazing conduct, but the only explanation that he has to offer is that he was always "an absent-minded beggar" and really it was too much trouble, don't you know. And Linda accepts this and the

curtain falls to the sound of marriage bells. Woman's constancy is a fine theme, but it can be overworked. It is overworked here.

*Health and Happiness*, by the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL. D. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

This latest addition to the literature of the Emmanuel Movement is a clear and simple exposition of religious therapeutics so reasonably stated and so coherent as to be impressive. Mental healing as set forth by Bishop Fallows has now passed through the stages of denial and ridicule to that final stage where we recognize it as one of those simple things that we have known all along. Certainly the learned author has done no more than restate a teaching as old as humanity, the teaching that bodily health is the result of mental conditions and that by changing or reversing our mental polarity veritable "miracles of healing" may become the commonplaces of life. The physician who instills hope and courage into his patient, who knows that hope and courage are curative forces, has already conceded the whole main position of mental healing. If Bishop Fallows can popularize this knowledge, if he can make us realize what now we only believe theoretically, he will render a vast service to humanity. That he writes so admirably a book is proof that he is equal to the task.

*The Experience of Miss Du Cane*, by S. Macnaughtan. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of an English house party in which hosts and guests seem to unconsciously vie with one another in bad manners. If the company at Hesketh is at all typical, it would seem the correct thing at such gatherings for visitors to speak contemptuously of their host, for the host to join his guests in speaking ill-naturedly of whoever does not happen to be in the room, and for host and guests alike to ignore the ordinary dictates of good manners. The hero of the story falls in love with a good and beautiful girl, only to desert her heartlessly when he finds that their combined income would not support him in lazy luxury, and this also belongs to the accepted order of things. The imagined wedding journey of the poor girl is an exquisitely pathetic piece of writing, and the story is undeniably interesting and well conceived, although irritating.

*The Age of Mental Virility*, by W. A. Newman Dorland. Published by the Century Co., New York; \$1.

Dr. William Osler's assertion as to the life period of human creative activity received far more attention than it deserved. It was one of those silly sayings that amused a silly public and perhaps was hardly worth the thoughtful refutation of Dr. Dorland, who now gives us in tabulated form the records of four hundred famous men whose achievements supply whatever evidence may be needed in contradiction of Dr. Osler's theory. So far from putting our faith in men who are under forty, we should probably do better to exclude from public life all who are under sixty.

*A Week in the White House with President Roosevelt*, by William Bayard Hale. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

A book of this kind may be interesting and yet unimportant. Dr. Hale does not give us a record of his week's visit, but rather a series of flashlight pictures that are so well arranged as to present an appearance of unity. We admire his skill, but we remain in doubt whether we have seen below the surface and whether we know more about Mr. Roosevelt than we did before. While the hero-worship is a little too evident, the book is valuable as a picture of official routine at the White House.

*Roy and Ray in Canada*, by Mary Wright Plummer. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.75.

Those who read "Roy and Ray in Mexico" by the same author will welcome even more heartily this extension of a valuable idea. Certainly this interesting family leave no unexplored territory behind them. They travel thoroughly and absorb a vast amount of information upon every department of national life and activity. "Roy and Ray in Canada" would serve admirably as a guide book, while those who read it at home, and especially the young, will have all the pleasure of fiction and all the advantages of fact.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Vaudeville gets some valuable recruits from the legitimate stage nowadays, and it is a good thing. The old-time comedians could play farce as well as comedy, but their successors have allowed such ability to decline. The farce, except in four acts or in musical-comedy form, has practically gone out of fashion. Perhaps because farce writers of the John Madison Morton style are exceedingly rare. But they are coming back. Vaudeville has created the demand, and sterling comedians, some of the old school, are finding profit and pleasurable employment in furnishing what was needed. Character actors, who are really comedians under another title, are making successful appearances nowadays in one-act plays, sandwiched with the singing and dancing and acrobatic turns of the vaudeville stage. New farce writers, too, are being discovered. For a time Will Cressy and George Cohan wrote most of the so-called sketches, and some of their work was admirably adapted to its purposes. In the progress of events both the legitimate drama and the actors on the legitimate stage will profit by this revival. One-act pieces have other reasons for existence than the needs of vaudeville. There have been a number of "curtain-raisers" introduced to the public in recent years—notably some of serious interest, like "Carrots," which displays Ethel Barrymore's distinctive gifts at their best. But there should be more bright, clean, lively farces. One-part actors will have to learn the technic of their art if they please in these minor yet involved specimens of the playwright's genius.

As a pendant to the above it may be noted that Harrison Hunter, a character actor of ability and experience, comes to the Orpheum next week in a little play. Mr. Hunter was seen here no longer ago than last summer in the company supporting Katherine Grey, and his part in "The Truth" remains a pleasing memory. He will appear on the Orpheum stage in what the press agent styles a tragic-comedy, entitled "The Van Dyck," which is an adaptation by Cosmo Gordon Lennox from the French. He will be well supported. Other new names on the bill which will be presented for the first time Sunday afternoon include the Harvey Family of three women and two men, who are all daring artists on the high wire. The Sisters Murray, Marion and Victoria, formerly in Fritz Scheff's company, are fascinating singers. Next week will be the last of the Chadwick Trio, of which Ida May Chadwick and her buck and wing dancing are the chief feature. Also of Howard and Lawrence, Jewell's Manikins, the Josselin Trio, and Julie Herne and her company in "A Mountain Cinderella."

As was to have been expected, E. H. Sothern and his excellent company are receiving enthusiastic support and praise at the Van Ness Theatre. It is unnecessary to give more than the announcement of the plays and the nights—the public will do the rest without urging. And this, perhaps, without knowledge of the fact that Mr. Sothern may not come to San Francisco again for a long time. Contracts and dates in the theatrical world now reach a long way into the future, and the eminent actor's time is fully accounted for several seasons ahead and in cities of the East exclusively.

"Hamlet" will be given at the Saturday matinee this week, and "Lord Dundreary" Saturday evening.

Next week "Lord Dundreary" will be presented Monday and Tuesday nights; "Hamlet" on Wednesday night; "Richard Lovelace" Thursday night; and "Richelieu" with Mr. Sothern's first appearance in the part, on Friday evening, Saturday afternoon and night.

At the Valencia Theatre "Sherlock Holmes" is in the midst of a prosperous run, but it will be seen for the last times on Sunday afternoon and evening, and Monday night comes the presentation of Paul Kester's play, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," made from Charles Major's novel. It is a stirring drama of romantic situations and action, with the best of opportunities for the members of the capable company. Robert Warwick will be the Charles Brandon, of course, who wins the princess, Mary Tudor of England, to be played by Blanche Stoddard. Costumes, stage settings, and music will be not merely appropriate, but of the distinguished quality which marks all productions at this house.

Kolb and Dill might continue "The Politicians" profitably at the Princess Theatre for another month, but they have decided to bring out "Bankers and Brokers" next Monday evening. This piece, like its predecessors, is by Aaron Hoffman and J. A. Raynes, and is said to be as funny and even more fantastic. The two dialect comedians will be seen as Pluckus and Pickus, two German merchants who are induced to invest in a fake brokerage office. The scenes shift from the metropolis to Florida, and there are, as might be expected, many complications. Adele Rafter, and A. Wright, Sidney de Grey, and other members of the company will have

and John Drew was leading man of Au-

gustin Daly's stock company Miss Rose Coghlan was Lester Wallack's leading woman. Now they are playing together in "Jack Straw." Mr. Drew is still the young leading man, but Miss Coghlan, when the final curtain falls, is going to be his mother-in-law. An ungallant New York newspaper man has instanced this in support of his contention that actresses grow old while actors always stay young.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

L. E. Chittenden, whose old-time signature as Register of the Treasury, at the bottom of government notes, is better known than his literary work, has written the story of "Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel," which will be brought out by Harper & Brothers.

With the authorization of the Fabian Society of London, the Ball Publishing Company has just published a library edition of the "Fabian Essays in Socialism," as edited by G. Bernard Shaw. Nearly 50,000 copies of this book have been sold in England. The same firm is also issuing two other books on this subject by H. G. Wells—"This Misery of Boots" and "Socialism and the Family."

Sir Charles Wyndham is preparing an autobiography, based, of course, on notes he has kept during his many years of management. Sir Charles is the doyen of English managers, and no one knows more about the "inner" life of footlight favorites of the day, because so many of them originally appeared in small parts under his management at the various theatres he has controlled.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are shortly to bring out a volume of college stories by Owen Johnson, which will bear the alluring title, "The Prodigious Hickey."

Charles Wellington Furlong, artist, explorer, and writer of many articles on the results of his explorations, has been made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. It will be remembered that it was Mr. Furlong who discovered in Tripoli Harbor, in 1904, the wreck of the United States frigate *Philadelphia*, which was sunk by Decatur in 1804. The original fame of Mr. Furlong, however, was not gained as a writer or as a traveler, but as an artist. He was a pupil of Bouguereau during his study abroad, where his work won several prizes.

Professor L. B. Horning has translated George Witkowski's important work, "The German Drama of the Nineteenth Century," and Henry Holt & Co. will publish it this spring.

Pretentious reprints of well-known literary works are often slyly put on the market at absurdly high prices. In subscription books, cases like this are not uncommon. Maspero wrote several large and learned volumes, in French, on Egypt and Chaldea. They were translated and published in three or four volumes in England, costing libraries in this country about \$5 each. An American publisher reprints them in twelve small volumes with a few additional colored cuts, on heavier paper and in larger type, and offers them through agents for \$84—and libraries buy them!

Mr. Faversham's play, "The Barber of New Orleans," is based on Mr. Carpenter's novel, "The Code of Victor Jallot."

M. Charles Mousset, in his "Curiosités Littéraires," speaks of a rhymed version of the whole French Code, and versifiers have often chosen the law and its products for their subjects. Sir Frederick Pollock's "Leading Cases Done into English" is a collection of sixteen important law cases, set forth, with explanatory notes, in a series of clever parodies of Chaucer, Browning, Clough, Rossetti, and Swinburne. The volume is dedicated to the last-named poet, as a conclusive proof, the author says, that "parody does not imply any want of respect for the original."

A new novel by Lord Iddesleigh, one of the few English peers who have taken to fiction, will soon be published in London by John Murray. Its title is "Lone Challenger," and it is a romance of the Young Pretender's invasion of England. Lord Iddesleigh is the eldest son of Sir Stafford Northcote, who

was elevated to the peerage in reward for his services after he had been leader of the House of Commons under Lord Beaconsfield.

Signor Ferrero's concluding volume of the "Greatness and Decline of Rome" will soon appear through the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons. The first volume of this work appeared in 1902, and to the preparation of the succeeding volumes the Italian historian has devoted most of his time.

There was a great shaking of heads when the three-volume novel came to an end some seventeen years ago (observes the encyclopaedic casual of the *London Chronicle*). We were told that the greatness of the English novel depended on the "three-volume"—that a comparatively small edition, at a guinea and a half a copy, enabled stories of high literary quality to be published which otherwise could not have been published except at a commercial loss. Would anybody say that the quality of the average English novel—such as that quality may be—has gone back during the reign of the six-shilling novel? Surely not. In craftsmanship it is better than ever it was—stuff well written, often marked by talent, but hardly ever showing the touch of genius which illumines.

## New Publications.

"Garden Fairies," by Samuel Savil Paquin, is an attractive effort to teach elementary science by means of fairy tales. The colored illustrations by Emily Hall Chamberlin are good. It is published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

Those in search of children's books should look at "The Millers and Their New Home," by Clara Dillingham Pierson, already well known as a writer of simple domestic stories. The book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Special praise is due to a two-volume edition of Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility," published by Duffield & Co., New York. The typography is admirable, while the colored illustrations in their quaint accuracy are beyond praise. The price is \$2.50.

In "Westward 'Round the World," the author, E. S. Wright, tells the story of his journeyings. He tells it interestingly, too, and in simple language, but he mars it frequently by dogmatic phariseism and flippancy and sometimes he revels in misinformation. The book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The familiar style of Charles Battell Loomis permeates his book, "A Holiday Touch." There are fifteen short stories of "undaunted Americans," most of them humorous, some of them pathetic, and some of them farcical, but all of them—or nearly all of them—worth reading. Henry Holt & Co., New York, are the publishers, and the price is \$1.25.

Emerson Hough has written a good story of two boys who go to Kadiak Island, Alaska, for a vacation and have a great time with a reasonable amount of danger and adventure. The picture of Alaska is interesting, while the incidents are never overdrawn. The title of the book is "The Young Alaskans"; it is published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and the price is \$1.25.

Now that one hears so much of Wagner's operas, it is odd that one does not hear the name of Schopenhauer mentioned in connection with them (observes an English writer). Sufficient stress has never yet been laid on the fact that the whole pith and kernel of the "Ring of the Nieblungs" is, according to Wagner's own statement, an illustration of Schopenhauer's theory of the Denial of the Will-to-live. Without an understanding of Schopenhauer, it is as absurd to think a man can understand Wagner's operas as to suppose there would have been a St. Paul if there had been no Christ, or a Plato if there had been no Socrates!

Mme. Melba sang the music of Gilda in "Rigoletto" for her last appearance at the Manhattan Opera House a few days ago. She has gone to England and thence will sail for Australia. Her expectation is to return through the United States next autumn, making a long concert tour from the West eastward.

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## SOTHERN'S PRINCE OF DENMARK.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

It is strange in Elsinore  
Since the day King Hamlet died.

"Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" His death was coincident with that of Edwin Booth, and great was the mourning thereof. Many have thought to resurrect the melancholy Dane. For a long, long time none succeeded.

Yet, methinks we do indeed gaze, once more, upon the slender grace, the pallid brow, and the tragic eyes clouded with the woe garnered from ages of sad philosophy, of the Danish prince, who has, this week, been revisiting betwixt the glimpses of the moon.

It is a strange, a rare sensation, to hear and see the Shakespearean drama beautifully rendered. We have endured much in the way of Shakespearean revivals, which are, of course, creditable and desirable, and of great importance to the rising generation of theatre-goers, who desire and need to be educated in these marvelous blendings of poetry and drama. But since the art of reciting poetry is passing away, and since this is the age of prose, and haste, and unintelligible gabble, it has come to pass that the ordinary performance of a Shakespearean play is an affliction instead of a pleasure.

But Sothern does not do things that way. The last and least of his company, no matter how brief the spoken speech may be, has been moulded by the presiding intelligence into some kind of shape.

Mr. Sothern has with him an actress who gave us an exquisite Ophelia; the queen was excellent, Horatio, Laertes, and Polonius almost up to the standard of the most notable productions, and Roland Buckstone was the grave-digger.

The setting of each scene is a poem in itself. The dim arches, the winding corridors, and the battlemented towers of Elsinore stretch away in time-mellowed perspective, and through the stately halls of the Danish kings we hear ever the melancholy music of the profoundest, the most universal philosophy ever conceived, spoken by the lips of the most immortal, because the most human, character in its mingling of simplicity and complexity ever created by the brain of a genius.

Mr. Sothern's conception of the character of Hamlet has the dignity of intellectuality, the beauty of poetry, the loftiness of tragedy, the exaltation of spirituality, and the grace and charm of perfect comprehensibility. The player seems to illuminate with a clear light every disputed point, every doubtful motive or situation over which contention has ever raged. His Hamlet is absolutely sane, but a man whose extreme sensibility, aside from the deception he practices regarding his sanity, forces him into sudden excesses of desperate emotion.

At all times, the actor, in the matter of outward aspect, fits perfectly into the atmosphere of poetic tragedy. His voice is most beautiful, his delivery of the immortal eloquence of Hamlet at once simple, natural, and deeply impressive. There is no stilted pose, none of the artificiality of manner and inflection with which the actor *sans* imagination meets the demand made upon him by the alien atmosphere of poetry. There was, to my mind, but one solitary point in Mr. Sothern's acting upon which one could hang a criticism, and that was a tendency to exaggerate slightly, to place an over-stress, upon gesture and change of attitude when a phase of sudden and violent feeling was indicated. One noticeable feature of Mr. Sothern's acting is the discretion, good taste, and perfect balance which he exhibits in modernizing his acting of this rôle so heavy with tradition. And modernized though it was, not a breath of poetry was sacrificed.

For so young an actress Miss Virginia Hammond showed a most intelligent appreciation of the need for delicacy and beauty of characterization, required in rendering the pathetic rôle of Ophelia. This fair young girl, with her Scandinavian type of face, her blonde coloring, her delicate features, large, woeful eyes, and sweet, tremulous accents, fitted with peculiar felicity into this most touching of rôles. Draped in the vaporous, pale green, fluttering folds of the noble Danish maiden, with her rounded slenderness but dimly defined, there was about her a peculiar suggestion of lovely, Undine-like insubstantiality. Great charm and mobility of expression both in voice and feature, a delicate, natural grace of gesture and attitude, a mas-

tery of the rare art of simultaneously giving a perfect reading of poetry and acting out its meaning with flexibility and emotional abandon, all united to indicate that this most attractive young artist is ideally placed in the Shakespearean drama.

Miss Gladys Hanson, as the queen, was exceedingly well-spoken, and, in the always impressive scene in the queen's closet, rose to a considerable height of merit, while rendering her shame and anguish. Mr. John Taylor's Polonius, Mr. Frederick Lewis's Horatio, Mr. Sydney Mather's Laertes, and, last, but not least, Mr. Roland Buckstone's rich and juicy impersonation of the grave-digger, were all important factors in the artistic merit of a most dignified, worthy, and absorbingly interesting performance.

\* \* \*

The principal trouble with Upton Sinclair's "Prince Hagen" is a general vagueness of purpose, which, since it is evident that it contains some underlying symbolism, is rather disturbing. If the author is endeavoring to get at some socialistic idea, and not trying merely to tell a fantastic story, we want to grasp his meaning. I confess I did not. Indeed, I am not sure what class in our money-chasing republic Prince Hagen represents.

Beginning as the prince of the Nibelungs, he becomes, after his desired transit to the earth-plane, a Bowery saloon-keeper, passes, by means of heritage, to the position of owner of limitless millions, and controller of the money market, and at the end is transported back to his underground kingdom.

The very best, although the most revolutionary, lines in the play are those in which the Nibelungen prince gives utterance to his savage and bottomless contempt for the hypocrisies by which the humans who are on top rule the toiling millions underneath. Hypocrisy, the soulless visitant from the nether regions of the earth terms "a wonderful invention; absolutely the sublimest and most daring conception that ever flashed across the mind of man." The postulate that "virtue is its own reward" arouses his enthusiasm. "I tell you," he says, "the man that got that up is absolutely a world-genius. Get a man who believes in it and you can do anything you please with him—skin him alive and he doesn't care."

It seems to me that when one recalls how consistently the sinners of this earth prey on the saints—when they find them unprotected by worldly-wise relations—that Upton Sinclair got in a few whacks there that count as points.

The story of "Prince Hagen" has some possibilities, but it is not as yet cast into sufficiently interesting shape. The dialogue is rather wordy, and somewhat dull; the situations are purposely touched with fantasy, but usage now decrees that dramatic fantasies must be airy and exquisitely humorous. That, however, is a point of delicacy to which Mr. Sinclair has not yet attained. He still has a belief that audiences are very dull, and need to be enlightened. Also he has several delusions which need to be uprooted. It is difficult enough at all times to follow perfectly the dialogue of a play, and when the characters are expected to project their conversation across and above the shoutings of a mob, and the harmonic thunder of a gorgeous Wagnerian composition, it simply means that they are inaudible.

However, with some rewriting, some elimination, and some curtailment of unduly long speeches, the play may possibly be evolved into something fairly interesting, although it shows no promise of being a record-breaker.

The Valencia Theatre management gave the piece a handsome dress. The cave of the Nibelungs formed a most effective scene, and when Prince Hagen blew in a cool million on a ball, the color scheme of the room in which we saw his guests commingle was a rich and radiant gold.

The women rose to the occasion, and dressed in keeping, Miss Stoddard being gorgeous to behold in a cloth of gold costume that toned in handsomely with the general gilt and glow of the scene-setting.

Miss Stoddard acted very artificially, particularly in the love-scenes, and in her invocation of Mimi in the last act. Robert Warwick suggested Dr. Nicholas in "The Devil." He summoned back all the playful satiricities of expression, the savage cynicism, the soulless insensibility to simple goodness, which characterized the hero of Molnar's striking play.

Mr. Sinclair, during many situations in the play, has relied considerably upon superb Wagnerian numbers selected for their dramatic expressiveness to assist in the desired atmosphere of poetry and fairy fantasy. Sometimes the success was doubtful, but the music was always beautiful, very creditably played, and a very important factor in the pleasure of the performance.

Eugene Walter's play, "The Wolf," which was produced in New York after he had won success with "Paid in Full," comes to the Van Ness Theatre following the Sothern engagement.

Robert Warwick is soon to close his long and successful engagement as leading man at the Valencia Theatre. He will be seen in only two more productions there.

## Second "Pop" Concert.

Sunday afternoon, January 31, the second of Will Greenbaum's "Pop" concerts at Lyric Hall will be given, when an interesting programme will be offered. It will be "An Afternoon with Dvorak," and the compositions will all be by that Bohemian master. Of the modern composers none have written with more charming and characteristic style than he, and his chamber music is of a distinctive character.

The programme will consist of his string quartet, Op. 96, called the "American Quartet" because he wrote it while living in this country, the quintet for strings and piano, Op. 81, and three charming songs which will be sung by Lawrence H. Strauss, the tenor. The assisting pianist will be Mr. Gyula Ormay. Seats will be ready next Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Kearny and Sutter Streets, the prices being 50 cents and \$1.

The third "Pop" will be given Sunday, February 28.

## The Katharine Goodson Farewell Concert.

The last concert of the pianiste, Katharine Goodson, will be given Sunday afternoon, January 24, at Christian Science Hall. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, until 5:30 Saturday, and on Sunday, after 10 a. m., at the hall, where phone orders will also be received. Seats are \$1.50 and \$1.

The programme is a fine one and no lover of music should miss this offering: Sonata, E minor, Op. 7, *Grieg* (Allegro moderato, Andante molto, Alla Menuetto ma poco piu lento; Finale, molto allegro). Pastorale, E minor, *Scarlatti*. Three Gavottes, *Rameau*. *Corelli*. *Exaudet*. Rigaudon, Op. 204, *Raff*. Faschingsschwank, Op. 26, *Schumann* (Allegro, Romanze, Scherzino, Intermezzo, Finale). Lied, F major, No. 22, *Mendelssohn*. Arabesque, Op. 45, No. 1, *Leschetitzky*. Etude "Espanlah," *Emil Sauer*. Rhapsodie, No. 12, *Liszt*.

Alan Johnstone is said by a Washington paper to have originated the famous club sandwich, and the story runs that on going to the club one night between midnight and daybreak he found the café closed, the cooks gone, and, being nearly famished, he invaded the larder, toasted himself some thick slices of bread, sliced them through, buttered them while hot and laid thereon everything he found in the refrigerator, cold chicken, ham, and lettuce, with a spoonful of mayonnaise. The result was such an epicurean discovery as is not often made, but the story was too good to keep; he confided the recipe to his cronies and it straightway became one of the popular dishes of the club menu, and so the father of the club sandwich, so deservedly popular, is the present British minister to Copenhagen.

Mrs. William B. Leeds of New York purchased pearls in Paris three years ago for \$340,000, with the understanding that they were to be delivered to her in this country by Bernard Citroen, the jeweler, who agreed to pay the duty on the importation. Before leaving for home she handed the new purchase, which she had worn as a necklace, back to Citroen, and he, after taking it apart, shipped the pearls to this country as individual gems. The customs officials levied a duty of \$132,000 on the pearls, but the jeweler fought their decision, and after one judgment against him in a lower court the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in New York has declared that the duty was excessive and that \$110,000 must be returned to him.

The famous Constabulary Band of Manila is to be sent to this country to participate in the inauguration ceremonies of President-elect Taft. As they will have a few days to spare, the government officials have asked Manager Will Greenbaum to arrange for two or three concerts by the organization and he has accepted. They promise some fine characteristic musical offerings.

Lena Ashwell, manager of the Kingsway Theatre in London, has made an innovation by replacing the usual short play or "curtain-raiser" with a brief concert on the stage by a string quartet of selected instrumentalists.

## Katharine Goodson

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## VANITY FAIR.

Sir Hubert Herkomer, whose fame as an artist needs no advertisement, seems to think that the price of pictures is too high and that this is due not to artistic recognition, but to a mere idiotic desire to buy something costly. Americans, he says, bid against one another for the mere lust of possession and without any regard to the value of the picture. That A wants to buy a certain work is sufficient reason for B to determine that he shall not have it, and so the insane duel goes on so that real picture lovers are debarred altogether except at prohibitive prices.

Take, says Sir Hubert, the case of Millet's "Angelus." The artist sold it for £40. It was then sold for £72, then for £480, then for £1320, then for £6400, while the latest "American duelist" acquired it for £32,000. Yet its artistic value had not increased to the extent of a cent. "It is monstrous," concluded Sir Hubert, "that art should be utilized for the purposes of speculation in the sale room. This gambling has become a disease."

Gambling is of course wrong, but it is not clear that any gambling is involved in this instance. Pictures that contain any vitality at all tend to increase in value, and the value of a picture is not a matter of calculation of cost and profits, but simply of what it will fetch in the market. When Millet's "Angelus" was sold for £40 that was its value and no more, if that was the highest price obtainable. If it has been eventually sold for £32,000, then £32,000 is its value. There is no way to ascertain the value of a picture except to offer it for sale. Whatever is bid for it is its value. Millet's "Angelus" is admittedly unique. It is admittedly a picture that any man might wish to possess, but as it can be possessed by one person only, it is not unnatural that there should be keen competition and that the longest purse should carry it away.

So far from there being any boom in art, Sir Hubert Herkomer says that things are quite the other way, in spite of fabulous prices paid by a few rich men. And, worse still, the bad times are not the result of a money scarcity, but of a failing interest in art. Illustrators, wood-engravers, and painters in England are all more or less out of work. The illustrator has been superseded by the camera, the engraver by the mechanical process, and the water colorist by the sketcher. The public is willing enough to accept the change and to buy photographs where once it bought paintings.

The New York Times tells the story of an Englishman who has found reason to be enthusiastic about the hospitality of Virginia:

"I was going through the capitol at Richmond," says the Englishman, "and got into conversation with a very pleasant woman. I told her I was an Englishman traveling around on the lookout for historical places and happened to mention that I was going to run out to Petersburg."

"I'll give you a letter of introduction," she exclaimed. "There's a gentleman there who will be delighted to show you everything."

"I was a little taken back, you know. I didn't know the lady's name, and she didn't know mine. She sat down to write the introduction and then it turned out she didn't even know the gentleman's name. It was awkward, you know, and by sheer inadvertency she gave me a letter to her friend's deceased brother."

"It didn't matter much, however. I didn't find the gentleman, but came across his nephew. Of course, he couldn't read the letter, as it wasn't addressed to him, but as soon as I told him I wanted to see the Crater, he dropped his business at once and took me out to the battlefield. He'd been in the scrimmage himself and explained the whole affair to me."

"I felt it was awfully decent, you know, to put himself out for an entire stranger, but I was quite overwhelmed, as any fellow would be, when he said he was sorry that he hadn't known I was coming, so that he could have driven me to his country place. And he only found out my name and I his as we said good-bye. That's what I call true hospitality."

The Vicomtesse de Varinay is anxious to be beautiful, but she is not quite so anxious to pay for her beauty. She has, indeed, allowed herself to be summoned before the Paris courts for delinquency in settling the account of the beauty specialist who massaged the lines from her face and modeled her features into classic lines.

The bill does not seem to be excessive from the point of view of the lady who is looking for beauty. It was only \$1350 at the rate of \$10 a treatment. As to the nature of the treatment there was some difference of opinion. The lady herself said that it consisted of nothing more than the anointing of her face with cold cream and rolling it with wooden cylinders. A professor of medicine of high rank would have charged only \$500 for a visit and a beauty specialist should have charged more.

The beauty specialist herself had a different idea. She said not use wooden cylinders,

but her own fair fingers, and she radiated health and beauty to such an extent that at the end of an hour's work she was so exhausted that she had to rest for a long time. Moreover, she did not use cold cream, but certain subtle and costly unguents compounded from secret prescriptions. One of the ingredients, for example, was essence of bitter almonds, worth \$150 an ounce, although a heartless and unfeeling chemist who was present testified that essence of bitter almonds cost about 80 cents an ounce.

As a result of the hearing, the bill was reduced from \$1350 to \$240, but we are left in doubt as to the most vital point of all. Did the Vicomtesse de Varinay obtain the beauty of which she was in search? If the goods were not delivered, then we can understand her reluctance to pay the bill, although it must be admitted with regret that women are usually reluctant to pay bills, however justly they may be due. Probably the vicomtesse was not satisfied with the results and felt that a great measure of good looks ought to have been hers.

Some little time ago it was reported from London that the chaperon had become a thing of the past and that the emancipation of the young girl had reached a point marked by the latch key rather than by an elder companion. In fact, to be accompanied by a chaperon was to write one's self down as hopelessly out of date. But it seems that the pendulum of time has now swung back again to its old position and the chaperon is once more a power in the land.

But her wings have been clipped. She no longer takes herself as seriously as once she did. Speaking of the reversion, the London Queen says:

Her former idea that the girl in her charge should return to her after every or nearly every dance has been corrected. No longer does she need to take up her position in some corner easily accessible to partners and readily discernible by the chaperoned. By the new order of things her mere presence in the house is all that is required. She arranges where she may he found should the girl need her, settles with the latter the hour of going home, and then dismisses her charge from her mind for the evening.

One of the principal duties of the Victorian chaperon was to encourage eligible partners and to discourage detriments. This would be regarded as unwarrantable interference by the emancipated girl of the present moment. What would be her indignation if the lady should venture to look for her in the various nooks for sitting out without which no hostess would dream of giving a dance?

Yet such things as these were done by the stern duenna of Victorian days. She now has learned her place and has taken to heart Talleyrand's immortal saying, "Surtout, pas trop de zèle!"

The reasons for the change are not far to seek. In the first place, the hostesses discovered that an undue amount of responsibility descended upon their shoulders. With no chaperon present, they themselves were more or less *in loco parentis*, and the burden was not a light one under modern conditions. Then the girls themselves found that the shafts of scandal flew with a more unerring aim when there was no chaperon to avert them, and although the twentieth century girl goes a long way, she has no taste for a scandal that is not only disagreeable in itself, but is a serious detriment in the marriage market. Moreover, the young men had a voice in the matter. As a rule a young man has no particular use for a chaperon, but he finds that the entire absence of an older companion has its drawbacks, for how can he get rid of a girl unless there is a chaperon to whom she may be gracefully conducted. The dance being over and the charm perhaps less than was anticipated, some convenient point of return becomes almost a necessity. So that, all parties being agreed, the chaperon has been invited to return, but with the invitation not to take herself too seriously and to be in evidence only when desired and not at other times.

A little while ago it was Queen Victoria of Spain who was in trouble with the people. Now the king himself receives an admonition to comport himself with more dignity and to remember the duties of his position and not only its pleasures. The *Mundo*, one of the most important papers in the kingdom, thus takes him to task:

"No one more sincerely esteems our young monarch than we do," says the *Mundo*. "He has many admirable qualities, and it grieves us to see his majesty portrayed every day in the illustrated papers in all kinds of strange costumes and postures, many of them exceedingly unkingly and undignified—this everlasting monomania for sport—tennis, golf, polo, yachting, shooting, automobiling, and what not. Has the king no duties; no thought for anything but sport? In a country like England, where nearly every problem has been solved, such frivolities in a sovereign would not seem so bad. But in our poor, unfortunate, unenlightened, suffering country, badly needing a guiding hand, such spectacles are not worthy of the king."

"We are informed that at Granada, the other day, Don Alfonso killed 800 birds with 800 shots. According to the statements of the courtiers he did not miss a single shot. What futile and silly adulation! Recently Emperor William, on the termination of a day's shoot, went to see the game and beheld laid out before him sixty deer. 'All have fallen to your majesty's gun,' said the courtiers."

"It is possible," replied the emperor, 'but, strangely enough, I only fired thirty-five times.'"

"What, we wonder, does Don Alfonso think when he is told that he has killed 800 head of game? It is sad. Our young sovereign is intelligent, noble, highly intellectual and brave, with all the qualities that go to make an excellent king. Let him be guided in the future more by thought for the welfare of his country and his people than by this mania for sport."

Paris correspondents tell us that the beauty spot has returned. It was, of course, inevitable with the reappearance of white hair and white complexions, and certainly nothing can be more quaint and captivating than the tiny black disks that enhance the beauty of the whole while accentuating the special charms of a part. The New York *World* explains the special significance of these spots, for, like postage stamps, they have a language to themselves:

The spot nearest the eye feels of the danger that lurks within the beautiful glance of the wearer and is called killing. The mischief maker lies in the crease at the corner of a smiling mouth, while the woman who flatters herself on her superior intelligence can place a large velvet spot upon her brow, signifying that treasures are hurried behind it. Coquetry, gossip, the question—all these spots have their special places upon the map of the face, and when a black dot is placed upon the right cheek its significance is utterly different from that of the same spot upon the left cheek. Though it's just as well to know the language of these dots, when wearing them it is as well not to be guided by it, but to place the spot on that part of the face where it will most accentuate the wearer's natural charms.

If you have good eyes, for instance, but don't care for your mouth, put the beauty spot near the eyes. If you have an oval face and perhaps a dimpled chin, place the beauty spot low on the face, to call attention to your superiority in the matter of chins. The girl with a tiny, straight nose, like Alexandra Carlisle's, can afford to put her spot near her nose, but your average nondescript nose should not be called attention to with such a "display advertisement." The distance between the feature to be accentuated and the spot must also be calculated. If you put your beauty spot too near the eyes it will make your face look small; put it too far away and you seem to lose the connection between the spot and the point of interest. All these things have to be studied, ex-

cept by the girl with a perfect face, and she may put her beauty spot wherever she likes without detracting from her good looks.

Henri Rochefort, that strange Parisian journalist who is always readable except when he writes of red revolution and the midnight torch, issues a word of warning against the European art dealer. He says that there is not an honest one among them and that if by chance one of them should stray into rectitude it would simply be a mark of his incompetence. He says: "Why should they know anything about art? They are stable boys today, art experts tomorrow. One of the most successful art experts in Paris was a bill-poster a few years ago. Any one may be an art expert who chooses to put up a sign. There are no qualifications, no diploma. A man simply calls himself an art expert and that settles it. And these are the fellows you rich Americans deal with." The expeditors of the impostor are, of course, well known, the cunning varnishes, the stains, the flyspecks, the shotholes, but they continue to deceive as of yore. It is not only the private collector that is the victim. The art galleries themselves with their staff of experts show an unexpected gullibility. Rembrandt's portrait of Sobieski in the Louvre is said to be a copy, the original being in Russia, while experts shake their heads mournfully over many a treasured picture of the European galleries.

But, after all, what does it matter? An imitation that is so good as to set the best experts by the ears is surely good enough for the private collector. Why deprive the poor man of the keen delight of possessing a Rembrandt or a Titian if what he does possess is just about as good? Most of the joys of life come from the imagination, so let us save our maledictions and hail the art dealer, the adept of the spurious, as one of the benefactors of the race.

Friend—That new gardener seems to be a very hard worker. Suburbanite—Yes, that's his specialty. Friend—What? Working? Suburbanite—No, seeming to.—Town Topics.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There is a story told of a famous singer, Gabrielli, who demanded a fee of 1000 ducats for singing before the Empress Catherine II of Russia. "Far too much," said the empress, amazed. "Why, it is more than I pay my field marshals!" "Then let your field marshals sing for you," replied Gabrielli.

The host was one of the newly rich of the vainglorious kind, and he was explaining to his dinner guests the cost of the dessert. "This pineapple, frinstance, cost me twelve dollars and—er—Mr. Jones, can I offer you a slice?" "Yes, sir, you may," rejoined Jones. "I will take about thirty-five cents' worth."

The white car tore very smoothly along the straight road, between the frozen fields. "And they say"—her red lips curled in a disdainful smile—"they say that the jar of automobile is injurious to the nerves!" "Pooh," he sneered, "it is only foot-passengers who say that!" And he steered with splendid skill straight at a fat old man with a sack of grain on his back.

The teacher was giving a geography lesson, and the class, having traveled from London to Lahador, and from Thessaly to Timbuctoo, was thoroughly worn out. "And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by the Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?" "Please m," yawned Tommy Jones, "a stream o' hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth!"

Richardson, the painter, used to speak of an honest, open, country gentleman who one day asked him to come to his house, adding, "I wish very much to see you, for I have just purchased a picture by Ruhens. It is a rare good one. Brown saw it and says it is a copy. Copy! If any man living dares to say it is a copy, I will break every bone in his skin! Pray, call on me and give me your opinion."

The rich hachelor sighed and look at the beautiful girl fixedly. "Things are at sixes and sevens with me. I feel the great need of a woman in my home, one who could straighten out my tangled affairs and make life worth living again." Her glance spoke an interest which approximated expectation. "Yes?" she queried softly. He blurted out: "Do you know of any good, able-bodied woman whom I could get to clean house?"

A good old deacon in Connecticut was very pious and very fond of clams. When once upon a time he attended a Rhode Island clam-hake, he overtaxed his capacity and was sorely distressed. But his faith in prayer was unshaken. Leaving the party and going down on his knees behind a tree, he was heard to supplicate: "Forgive me, O Lord, this great sin of gluttony. Restore my health, and I will never eat any more clams." Then, after a judicious pause: "Very few, if any. Amen."

While holding a term of court at Augusta once, Judge Walton sentenced a man to seven years in prison for a grave crime. The respondent's counsel asked for a mitigation of the sentence on the ground that the prisoner's health was very poor. "Your honor," said he, "I am satisfied that my client can not live out half that term, and I beg of you to change the sentence." "Well, under those circumstances," said the judge, "I will change the sentence. I will make it for life instead of seven years." It is almost needless to add that the respondent chose to abide by the original sentence, which the judge permitted him to elect.

Mr. Taft's striking personal appearance will save any visitor such an experience as fell to the lot of General Jason L. Brown, of Missouri, who once went to the White House to give the newly elected executive some pointers about his Cabinet. While he was waiting in the ante-room he accosted a man who had just come into the room and was glancing over a paper. "I suppose that you are here on the same errand that I am," he remarked. "I don't know," replied the stranger, pleasantly; "what errand are you on?" "I'm going to tell that old chump in there how to fix his Cabinet." "No, I can't say that I am on that errand." "Maybe you ain't a politician?" "No," returned the stranger, politely; "I'm the old chump." General Brown was not in the new Cabinet.

It is well known that Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, not only enlisted as a common soldier in the ranks of the Seventeenth Connecticut Regiment, carried a musket, and did full military duty during the war, but at a certain juncture, when national finances were at a low ebb, he paid soldiers of the regiment their wages for three months out of his own pocket. Relative to this incident, P. T. Barnum used to tell this story: "While Mr. Howe was counting out the money referred to, a stranger, who was a

clergyman, entered the tent and said he had heard of Mr. Howe's liberality, and had called to ask him to contribute toward building a church for his congregation. 'Church, church,' said Mr. Howe without looking up from the hills he was counting; 'building churches in war times, when so much is needed to save our country! What church is it?' 'St. Peter's Church,' replied the clergyman. 'Oh, St. Peter's,' said Mr. Howe; 'well, St. Peter was the only fighting apostle—he cut a man's ear off. I'll go five hundred dollars on St. Peter, but I am spending most of my money on saltpetre now.'

Mark Twain had a friend who was constantly receiving letters from a man asking for the loan of some money. One day Mark's friend was surprised to receive a letter from the impecunious one which ran as follows: "This time I have decided to reverse the usual order of things, and, instead of borrowing from you, I inclose herewith five pounds, which I am going to ask you to lay aside for me for a rainy day." But the recipient of the letter couldn't find any cheque. Thinking that he might have dropped it, he searched for it under the table and all over the floor, but to no purpose. Then quite accidentally he turned over the sheet of newspaper on which the letter was written, and discovered this postscript: "I've just looked out of the window, and find that it is raining like the very dickens."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Get Busy.

If you have a task to do,  
Do it now.  
If you have a girl to woo,  
Do it now.  
If you have a fish to bob;  
If you'd give the world a throb;  
If you have a bank to rob,  
Do it now. —Life.

## Blew In.

Flagg was his name. A job he sought.  
The ed. began to laugh.  
A funny thought had struck him and  
He put Flagg on the staff.  
—Boston Transcript.

## Deceived.

"Your feet are small," the shoe clerk said,  
As he her instep pressed;  
The lady sighed and bowed her head,  
And gladness filled her breast.

But little time with her he spent,  
A busy clerk was he;  
He sold her sixes ere she went—  
But they were numbered three.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Everyday Types.

There's the man that's always humming  
And who never gets the air;  
He's the type of man you're meeting  
Everyday and everywhere.  
There's the man who carries clippings  
Of his work and tries to read  
Stuff that doesn't interest you—  
But I guess you know that breed.

There's the man that owns the bulldog  
In the flat that's next to yours,  
But who claims that you disturb him  
With the gentlest of your snores.  
They are fierce, you must confess it,  
But the type you hate like sin,  
Is that man that sells you chances  
On a thing you never win!  
—New York Globe.

## The Ballad of Prue Perkins.

Miss Prue Priscilla Perkins was a prim New England maid,  
And she never had a suitor since her hair came out of braid,  
Though she looked like Dresden china, when in Sunday best arrayed.

But Prue went West one summer and she proudly wrote her name  
On a stake upon the prairie, where the wild sunflowers flame,  
And she built a painless dwelling on a treeless, manless claim.

It wasn't long, it happens, ere the news was spread broadcast,  
And the cowboys came to view her—and they came a-riding fast—  
And Miss Prue, who'd had no suitors, said: "The tide has turned at last!"

Now ponies cluster Sundays round the Perkins ranch house small,  
And the Perkins parlor bursteth with admirers short and tall,  
And a ticket to New England wouldn't please Miss Prue at all!  
—Denver Republican.

There is a certain Wilmington business man, of a rather waggish disposition, who contends that his wife has no imagination. At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean and he had never been seen again. "Was he drowned?" asked his wife. "Of course not," answered the irrepressible hubby; "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."

## A. Hirschman

For fine jewelry and silverware. 1641-1643 Van Ness Avenue.

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HAS GAINED PUBLIC FAVOR BECAUSE IT IS A PERFECTLY PURE RYE WHISKEY, RICH, RARE AND MELLOW

HENRY CAMPE & Co., Inc.  
Distributors for California and Nevada,  
San Francisco, Cal.



## BANKING



FOR THE TERM ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1908, THE BERKELEY BANK OF SAVINGS AND TRUST COMPANY HAS DECLARED A DIVIDEND OF FOUR PER CENT. TO DEPOSITORS. DURING THE PAST YEAR THE AMOUNT OF INTEREST PAID OVER TO DEPOSITORS OUT OF THE EARNINGS WAS \$74,642.63.  
A. W. NAYLOR, Pres. F. M. WILSON, Vice-Pres.  
F. L. NAYLOR F. C. MORTIMER W. S. WOOD  
Cashier Asst. Cashier Trust Officer

ASSOCIATED WITH THE

**First National Bank**  
Berkeley, Cal.

## The German Savings and Loan Society

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)  
526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital .....\$ 1,200,000.00  
Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds... 1,479,043.00  
Deposits December 31, 1908.... 35,079,498.53  
Total Assets ..... 37,661,836.70

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.  
BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22d Streets. For receipt and payment of deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Mgr.

## French Savings Bank

108 Sutter Street, near Montgomery

Paid-up Capital .....\$ 600,000  
Total Assets ..... 4,270,800  
Strictly a Savings Bank. Open Saturday Evening from 7 to 8:30

OFFICERS—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, 1st Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, 2d Vice-President; A. Bousquet, Secretary; P. A. Bergerot, Attorney.

DIRECTORS—N. C. Babin, J. A. Bergerot, Charles Carpy, Arthur Legallet, G. Beleney, H. de St. Sein, J. M. Dupas, Leon Bocqueraz, J. E. Artigues, J. S. Godeau, John Ginty.

## SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

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## LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

N. W. cor. Sutter and Sansome Sts.

CAPITAL .....\$2,500,000

SURPLUS ..... 700,000

Sig Greenebaum, president; H. Fleischhacker, vice-president and manager; Alden Anderson, vice-president; R. Altschul, cashier; C. F. Hunt, assistant cashier; A. Hochstein, assistant cashier.

## John F. Forbes

Certified Public Accountant

601 KOHL BUILDING

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Roy C. Ward Jas. W. Dean  
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## GEO. E. BILLINGS CO.

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INVESTMENT  
SECURITIES

## SUTRO &amp; CO.

412 Montgomery St. : San Francisco

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

Established 1850 OF HARTFORD  
Capital Stock .....\$1,000,000  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,462,739  
Total Cash Assets..... 6,365,877

BENJAMIN J. SMITH

Manager Pacific Department

ALASKA-COMMERCIAL BUILDING  
San Francisco

## WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

TORONTO

U. S. Assets .....\$2,493,154

Surplus ..... 483,989

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1004 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE  
SAN FRANCISCO

J. J. KENNY, W. L. W. MILLER,  
Manager Assistant Manager

## H. J. COOPER

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Classes in Instrumental and Vocal Music and in Drawing and Painting are formed and facilities are given for Horseshack Riding, Lawn Tennis, Basket Ball, etc. For particulars, address

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Conducted on the lines of the most noted European and Eastern schools.

Full prospectus on application.

Director, ADOLF GREGO



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The past fortnight has been of almost unprecedented gaiety in San Francisco, and many beautiful and elaborate entertainments have taken place. There is no indication of a possible cessation until the beginning of Lent, and several weddings will take place during March, it is said.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bertha Eldredge Sidney Smith, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Mason Smith, to Captain George B. Pillsbury, Engineer Corps, U. S. A. Their wedding will be an event of June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gladys Courvoisier, daughter of Mrs. Desire Courvoisier, to Ensign Wilson E. Madden, U. S. N. The wedding will probably take place in March.

The wedding of Miss Ellen Page, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, to Dr. James Fowler Pressley will take place at the Nightingale home on Haight Street on Thursday evening, January 28. Mrs. Godfrey Broderick, the bride's cousin, will be the matron of honor and Mr. Philip Paschel will be the best man. Only relatives and intimate friends have been invited.

The wedding of Miss Marie Christine de Guigne, daughter of Christian de Guigne, to M. Helie de Dampierre took place on Thursday of last week at St. Matthew's Catholic Church, San Mateo. The ceremony was celebrated at noon by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by the Rev. Father Callaghan. There were no attendants of either bride or bridegroom. After the ceremony a reception followed at the De Guigne home. M. and Mme. de Dampierre left for Santa Barbara for a brief stay and will then go to Paris.

The officers and ladies of Fort McDowell, Angel Island, entertained at a reception on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Colonel Charles W. Mason, commander of the port.

The Assembly Dance, which will take place on February 19 at the Fairmont under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, will be a fancy dress affair.

The Gaiety Club, of which Miss Mary Keeney is president, will entertain at a dance on Wednesday evening, February 10, at Century Club Hall.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle will entertain at a luncheon on Tuesday next in honor of Miss Katharine Donohoe.

Mrs. J. Le Roy Nickel will entertain at a luncheon and bridge party on Friday, January 29.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith will entertain at a luncheon on Thursday next in honor of Miss Anna Peters of Stockton. Miss Anna Weller, and Miss Eliza McMullin.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Weller will entertain at a dinner on Friday evening, January 29, in honor of their daughter, Miss Anna Weller.

Miss Maud Wilson will entertain at an informal bridge party at her home on Pacific Avenue on Tuesday next.

Miss Marian Marvin will entertain at a tea on Thursday next.

Mrs. Charles Eells entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Sara Coffin.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week in honor of Miss Virginia Newhall and Miss Frances Newhall.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton was the hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Jeanne Gallois entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at their home on Washington Street. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. Edward W. Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at the St. Francis, taking their guests afterwards to the Galski concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week, going afterwards to the concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy was the hostess at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at her home on Clay Street in honor of Miss Natalie Coffin.

Mr. and Mr. Percy T. Morgan entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at the Fairmont. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Lagg, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller,

Mr. and Mrs. Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Dunham, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Metcalf.

Miss Caroline Griffith was the hostess at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at her home on Webster Street in honor of Miss Sara Coffin.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight entertained at a dinner and bridge party on Monday evening of last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week, taking her guests afterwards to the concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, M. and Mme. de Cazotte, Mr. and Mrs. William Tuhhs, and Mr. John Lawson.

Mrs. Edgar Preston was the hostess at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the Fairmont Hotel, at which she entertained twenty-four guests.

Mrs. Grant Selfridge entertained at luncheon in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel on January 18 in honor of Mme. Galski. Those present were Mme. Galski, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Frank B. Anderson, Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. Seward McNear, Miss Charlotte Sancher, Mrs. Samuel Blair, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week in honor of their niece, Miss Marian Miller.

Miss Natalie Coffin and Miss Sara Coffin entertained at a tea on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of Mrs. Richard Girvin (formerly Miss Pauline Duncan). They were assisted in receiving by Miss Coppee, Mrs. Shepard Eells, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, and Miss Claire Nichols.

Mrs. John H. Polhemus was the hostess at an informal egg nog party on Sunday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street in honor of her sister, Miss Doris Wilshire.

Mrs. Thomas Eastland entertained at an informal tea on Wednesday afternoon of last week at her home on Clay Street.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William S. Tevis arrived last week from her Bakersfield country place and is at her apartment at the Lafayette on Sacramento Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle have returned from a stay of a few weeks in New York.

Miss Mary Eyre will leave in the near future for Colorado Springs for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin.

Miss Helen Cheschrough has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Foote at their home in Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome B. Landfield have arrived from Europe and are guests at the Carlton Hotel in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin arrived in Paris before Christmas.

Miss Gertrude Craven has returned to Santa Barbara, after visiting her aunt, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard left last week for New Orleans and will go later to Europe.

Miss Genevieve Harvey has been staying in town as the guest of Miss Edith Cheschrough.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby left last week for New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. John Kittle is the guest of Mrs. James Coffin at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud of Monterey came up last week for a stay at the St. Francis.

Miss Helen Woolworth, who has been in Paris for some time, has gone to Nice for a visit.

Mrs. John A. Darling, accompanied by Miss Ella Hastings, arrived at the Hotel Stewart, San Francisco, on the 19th instant, where she will remain for two months.

Among Los Angeles visitors at the Fairmont are Mr. A. Dickson, Mr. George B. Anderson, Mr. M. J. Connell, Colonel J. B. Lankershim, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Fleischman.

Miss Agnes Tillmann, when last heard from, was in Munich, Germany, where she and her father are visiting the art galleries.

Mr. H. E. Law has taken permanent apartments in the Hotel St. Francis.

Among visitors from the North now at the Fairmont are: Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Murphy, Mr. J. H. DeLone, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lourman, Mr. R. H. Miller, Seattle; Mr. B. C. Mitchell, Miss Estelle C. White, Mr. and Mrs. Norman K. Long, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cowles and family, Miss Odell, Spokane.

Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. George Willson, and Mrs. A. W. Tovey are at the Fairmont.

Baroness von Schroeder and the Misses von Schroeder are up from their country home in San Luis Obispo and are stopping at the St. Francis.

Mr. Frank Miller and Miss Miller of Riverside are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. J. B. Schroeder has taken a house in San Francisco for the winter at 1960 Baker Street, and will be at home to her friends on

Thursdays in January and February. Her daughter, Mrs. Crahtree, is visiting her mother.

Mrs. E. Timon will be at home at the St. Francis the first and last Monday.

Among arrivals by the *Manchuria* who took up their quarters at the Fairmont are: Mr. and Mrs. H. Holmes, Honolulu; Mr. J. K. Roosevelt, New York; Dr. Nord, Mr. Arthur W. T. Bottomly, Honolulu; Mr. Z. S. Spalding, Kanai; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Pierce Allen, Tientsin, China; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. James, Mr. Frank James and Miss Mollie James, Urbana, Kentucky.

## At Out-of-Town Hotels.

A few of the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mrs. E. J. Smith, Mrs. M. F. Bagley, Mr. W. D. Conover, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Murphy, San Francisco; Mr. R. E. Haas, Russia; Mr. H. Haas, Switzerland.

Among arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel Del Coronado for the week ending January 17 were: Mrs. F. Y. Bennett, Mrs. H. S. Meyers, Mrs. P. K. Gordon, Mr. Gus Seyfried, Mr. Fred W. Gregory, Mr. W. W. Erskine, Mr. and Mrs. M. Abraham, Mr. A. H. Castle.

Among those registering at Del Monte during the week were: Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. Duane Hopkins, San Mateo; Dr. and Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, Los Angeles; Mrs. Edwin Fuller, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Vaughn, Providence, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McCullagh, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sayre, Tacoma; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Staley, Indianapolis; Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mr. Gottardo F. Piazoni, Mr. Will Sparks, Mr. J. K. Steel, San Francisco.

## A Paris Snow Storm.

The worst weather known for years was experienced in Paris as the old year closed. Snow fell unceasingly throughout the day. Early in the afternoon the streets were covered to a depth of several inches, and vehicular traffic became impossible. The municipal council, taken by surprise, had made no arrangements for clearing away the snow drift, and in consequence the citizens had to act as their own scavengers. The various lines of trams were snow-bound, for the tracks were covered. Trams from the Bois de Boulogne and Auteuil on the inward journey traveled as far as the Etoile, and there they had to remain. The horse-buses and cabs suffered severely. Owing to the dislocation of traffic, storm-tossed pedestrians rushed in a great number to the metro stations, for the tube trains were working. The crush of passengers, eager to escape the cold and the snow, become so dense at some of the stations—notably at that of the Place de l'Opéra, opposite the *Daily Chronicle* office—that the tube authorities, fearing a disaster would result from the overcrowding, invoked the aid of the police in order to regulate the rush.

The arrival the other day of the first postal automobile at Bagdad has filled the minds of the natives with wonder and awe. The car carried the mails, hitherto borne on camels' backs, from Aleppo, a distance of 625 miles, in sixty hours. This can hardly be called a speed record, but when it is remembered that the roads are rough camel tracks leading through the deep sands of the Syrian desert and the stony plains of Mesopotamia the journey at the rate of little more than ten miles an hour appears quite a creditable performance. Nothing is more remarkable than the spreading of the spirit of Turkish modern progress. The Moslems of these regions, hitherto steeped in the fiercest fanaticism, now gladly entrust parcels and missives to this new ship of the desert.

The French Council of State has at last issued a decree limiting the name "champagne" to wines grown and manufactured in certain districts. These districts are practically all the Department of Marne and the south half of the Department of Aisne. As the departments immediately south of Marne, Aube and Yonne also formed part of the old province called Champagne, the wine-growers there are naturally aggrieved at not being able to call their product champagne and are hoping to have the decree amended to include them.

Oliver—She's a blamed pretty woman. Olivia—Most pretty women are.—Puck.



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My grandmother used Pears' Soap; perhaps yours did, too. We owe them gratitude for that.

Use Pears' for the children; they soon acquire the habit.

Established in 1789.

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New 700-foot ocean pier, for fishing. Boating and Bathing are the very best. Send for booklet to

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WEEK DAY	SUN. DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN. DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN. DAY
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1:45p	9:45a	1:40p	12:50p	1:40p	11:43a
*4:45p	10:45a	@2:40p	2:50p	4:14p	12:45p
.....	11:45a	4:20p	4:05p	*8:10p	2:45p
.....	1:45p	.....	5:15p	.....	4:00p
.....	2:45p	.....	.....	.....	5:15p

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### PERSONAL.

#### Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General John F. Weston, U. S. A., assumed command of the Department of California on Wednesday of last week.

Colonel George H. Torney, Medical Department, U. S. A., assumed the duties of surgeon-general of the army on January 14, succeeding General Robert M. O'Reilly, U. S. A., retired.

Lieutenant-Colonel David L. Brainard, deputy commissary-general, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed on the transport to sail from this port on March 5 to Manila, P. I., and to report to the commanding general, Philippine Division, for duty as chief commissary of that division, relieving Colonel Edward E. Dravo, assistant commissary-general, U. S. A. Upon being thus relieved Colonel Dravo will proceed to Vancouver Barracks and assume the duty of purchasing commissary of Vancouver Barracks, and in addition to that duty will report to the commanding general, Department of Columbia, for duty as chief commissary.

Major George W. McIver, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty as commandant of the School of Musketry, Presidio of Monterey.

Major Charles R. Krauthoff, commissary, U. S. A., upon being relieved from duty as purchasing commissary in San Francisco by Lieutenant-Colonel Albert D. Kuiken, U. S. A., will report to the latter for duty as his assistant until his departure for the Philippines in the summer.

Major Arthur M. Edwards, commissary, U. S. A., upon being relieved from duty as purchasing commissary at New Orleans, Louisiana, will proceed to San Francisco and report in person to the purchasing commissary in San Francisco for duty as an assistant in his office.

Major Robert S. Woodson, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippines and will take transport from Manila about March 15 for San Francisco, and on arrival will report to the adjutant-general for duty.

Chaplain Edward H. Fitz-Gerald, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in person to Colonel Robert H. R. Loughborough, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, at such time as may be designated by the board.

Captain Jesse McI. Carter, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from temporary duty in the office of the chief of staff and to return to his proper station, Fort Walla Walla, Washington.

Captain John H. Parker, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from his duties at the Presidio of Monterey and upon the expiration of the three months' leave of absence granted him will proceed to join his regiment.

Captain William H. Waldron, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., attached to the Signal Corps, upon relief from his treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, will report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty as assistant to the chief signal officer, with station at San Francisco.

Captain Henry S. Kiersted, Medical Department, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended fifty days.

Assistant Paymaster E. H. Douglass, U. S. N., is ordered detached from the *Buffalo* on February 10 and to temporary duty at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, as assistant to the general storekeeper.

Assistant Paymaster J. F. Helms, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Puget Sound, and ordered to the *Buffalo* on February 10.

Lieutenant Aubrey Lippincott, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month and fifteen days, to take effect upon his promotion to the grade of captain.

Lieutenant Rowland B. Ellis, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is detailed for general recruiting service and will proceed to Columbus Barracks, Ohio, and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty at the recruiting depot.

Lieutenant Henry H. Scott, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Washington Barracks, D. C., and will proceed to Fort Monroe, Virginia, and report to the president of a board for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant Thomas W. Brown, Twenty-Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Presidio of Monterey, for duty at the School of Musketry.

Lieutenant Samuel W. Noyes, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Nichols, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., president of an examining board, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

A balcony for ladies only is one of the recent innovations at the Boston Theatre, and it is usually filled.

### Classic Melodies in Comic Songs.

Herman Finck, musical director of the Palace Theatre, London, is a humorist with a keen edge of satire on his humor. He has strung together more than eighty old and new melodies, sentimental and comic, and labeled them waggishly, "A Collection by the Orchestra."

The most remarkable result of his ironic composition is that the listener hears probably for the first time that the latest comic songs are for the most part classical melodies set to jog-trot time. For instance, who would dream of associating Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" with "Put Me Among the Girls"? Yet, hum the opening bars of each to yourself, and the similarity is obvious. So, too, does one find that "Oh! Oh! Antonio!" is uncommonly like Strauss's waltz, "Kuenstler Lehen."

"The fact is that comic songs of the old times were far more original than those of today," said Mr. Finck. "The aim of popular song writers then was to produce some entirely new form of musical phrase. Today, as soon as one song makes a hit, we are inundated with dozens repeating the figure, like all the followers of 'Bedelia,' 'Hiawatha,' and the 'Girls' songs."

Mr. Finck's pot-pourri begins with "The Vagabond," and continues with "All in a Row" and "Up I Came with My Little Lot." A dozen other "popular" airs are introduced. The finale is composed of "Love Me and the World Is Mine," "Good-bye, Sweetheart," and "Tannhäuser."

Perhaps Mr. Finck's most striking juxtaposition is that of "Three Blind Mice" and "The Merry Widow Waltz"—the former played in waltz rhythm runs quite naturally into and seems a part of the famous comic-opera waltz.

### A Bronze Yacht.

The Carnegie Institution, Washington, D. C., has awarded the contract for the construction of a vessel to be known as the magnetic survey yacht *Carnegie*. It is to be constructed without the use of iron or steel or any other magnetic metal. The purpose of the institution is to make with this ship an accurate magnetic study of the ocean. The vessel will be primarily a sailing vessel, but will be equipped with auxiliary power to give a speed of six miles an hour. This power will be supplied by gas engines. The propelling engines, machinery, and other metal parts of the craft will be chiefly bronze. Manganese metal and gun metal will also be employed. Every bolt, nail, har, and brace in the vessel will be of these materials. There is some doubt as to whether the crank shaft in the engine can be constructed of this metal. If it should turn out that this piece must be of steel, it will be the only specimen of this metal employed on the entire vessel. The first voyage of the *Carnegie* will be to the north, visiting Hudson Bay and Greenland.

From forty to fifty thousand people a day have been visiting the first exhibition of flying machines yet held. It is part of the Automobile Salon in Paris. There may be scoffers who think the idea of an exhibition of flying machines is premature, but when the first motor-cars appeared not so many years ago other scoffers called them interesting but not important. The Wright aeroplane is the great attraction of the show. "Where is the Vrichte?" is one of the first questions asked, that being as near as a Frenchman can get to pronouncing Wright. Four policemen were needed on Christmas eve to keep the crowd moving before the stand. Under the cupola is a tiny aeroplane built by Santos-Dumont and called the *Demoiselle*. It is so small that it looks like a toy. The stretch of its wings is but six and a quarter yards, and its total surface is not ten yards square. The total weight in working order is only 440 pounds, allowing 110 pounds for the pilot. Santos-Dumont does not exceed that weight.

Animal actors are by no means new to the stage. There are on record instances where a four-legged performer has made the greatest success in a play, drawing hundreds of people night after night by the magnetism of his inarticulate art. In 1814 "The Dog of Montargis" was produced at Covent Garden Theatre. It was written around a true incident in which a man was murdered in the Forest of Bondy and the murderer tracked by means of his dog. One day this dog suddenly sprang at the throat of a man and almost killed him, whereupon the wretch, terror-struck, confessed that he was the murderer. This dramatic incident formed the basis of the play, and everything depended upon the cleverness of the dog. He was called Dragon, and his acting was so marvelous that the play achieved a remarkable success, running for thirty-nine performances.

The Veteran Fireman's Association will give a theatre party at the Valencia Theatre next Tuesday evening, January 26. In addition to the regular bill of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," a number of special features will be introduced.

Ryer—Why don't you buy an auto, Dyer? Dyer—Well, it's cheaper to walk and just as dangerous.—Puck.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Fifty miles an hour! Are you brave?" *She (swallowing another pint of dust)*—Yes, dear. I'm full of grit.—*Chicago News.*

*Miss Rinkels*—Father always gives me a book on my birthday. *Miss Tartley*—What a fine library you must have!—*Town Topics.*

"Your husband seems so gloomy, Mrs. Smith. Is he a misanthrope?" "No, indeed; he's a Bryan Democrat."—*Baltimore American.*

*Doctor*—You have some sort of poison in your system. *Patient*—Shouldn't wonder. What was that stuff you gave me?—*New York Sun.*

*She*—Mother never leaves the house. She simply hates visiting. *He (with sudden decision)*—Will you be mine, darling?—*Boston Transcript.*

"I shall insist on making some speeches on the tariff," said Senator Sorghum. "Then you are deeply interested." "No. But I would rather talk than listen."—*Washington Star.*

*He*—And you won't go with me? *She*—No, I don't like your style. *He*—Pooh! You're as full of airs as a street piano. *She*—Maybe, but I don't go with a crank.—*Cleveland Leader.*

"What sort of an after-dinner speaker is Bliggins?" "One of the kind who start in by saying they didn't expect to be called on, and then proceed to demonstrate that they can't be called off."—*Washington Star.*

*James*—I get a penny every time I take my cod-liver oil. *Thomas*—What do you do with them? *James*—Mother puts 'em in a money box till there's enough, and then buys another bottle of cod-liver oil.—*The Sketch.*

"Do you ever lose that umbrella of yours?" asked the maiden. "No, I don't," replied the man, sternly; "the person who takes that umbrella will have to take me." "Do I understand that to be a proposal of marriage or a threat?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

*She*—What do you want? *He*—A pennorth o' pudden. *She*—Plain or plum? *He*—Plain. *She*—Hot or cold? *He*—Hot. *She*—Have it 'ere, or tike it wiv yer? *He*—'Ere. *She*—Fork or fingers? *He (wearily)*—O hlow yer pudden! Gimme 'am!—*The Bystander.*

*Practical Father*—Has that young man who wants to marry you got any money? *Roman-*

*tic Miss*—Money! He gave me a cluster diamond ring studded with pearls. *Practical Father*—Yes, I know. But has he any money left?—*Stray Stories.*

"You're looking for new quarters, I hear," said Kidder, at the breakfast table. "Yes," replied the talkative boarder, "Why?" "Here's an ad in the paper that should interest you particularly: 'To let—nice room for gent with gas.'"—*The Tailor.*

*Slimson*—What do you mean by giving that little hoy in the next block such a terrible whipping? *Willie*—He didn't even know it, papa. You see, he's a Christian Scientist. All the boys practice on him, and he doesn't even dare to tell his father and mother.—*Life.*

"It was as much as I could do to keep from laughing when Miss Gusher remarked that her fiancé was 'so versatile.'" "Meaning Dumley? Well, he is rather versatile." "Nonsense! he's a regular idiot." "Yes, but he's so many kinds of an idiot."—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

"Whah yuh heen?" inquired Rastus Peebles of Uncle Zeh Johnsing, as the latter came cantering down the main street on his favorite charger. "Up to Slahtown, to de 'lection," was the answer shouted back. "De 'lection? W'at dey votin' fer now?" asked Rastus. "Dey was payin' high as two dollahs dis mawnin'," called out Uncle Zeh; "but when Ah left dey was payin' only a dollah an' six hits."—*Washington Post.*

"Rastus," said the solicitous employer, "how many times have I told you that there are no such things as ghosts?" "You's told me dat a heap o' times." "And yet you go on being frightened!" "Well, suh, I helieves you when you say dar ain' none. But my min' keeps tellin' me dat one o' deseyer dahk nights I's gwiner see sumpin' dat looks so much like a ghos' dat I can't tell de diffunce without stoppin' to ahgufy. An', hoss, I aint got no presence o' mind what-ever!"—*Washington Star.*

*Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)*—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come. *Manager of Company*—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home.—*Stray Stories.*



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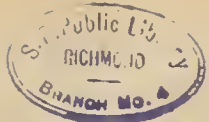
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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: School Fraternities—Brownsville Detectives—A Libeled Government—The New Planet—The "Unwritten Law"—Again—Tax the Bachelor—Crime in the School—The Balkan Quarrel—Editorial Notes.....	65-67
CURRENT TOPICS .....	68
POLITICO-PERSONAL .....	68
THE FORTUNE-TELLER AND THE LADIES: The Sudden Disappearance of Cheiro the Palmist Leads to Interesting Revelations .....	69
CURRENT VERSE: "A Weaver"; "What Have I Brought?" by Walter Prichard Eaton; "We Will Keep Our Dreams," by James B. Kenyon.....	69
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World .....	69
BROTHERS IN DEATH. By Edwin H. Clough.....	70
THE STORY OF THE FIRST AMERICAN: James Morgan's Dramatic Pictures of Lincoln's Struggles, Trials, and Achievements .....	71
A BOHEMIAN BONANZA. From the French of Henri Murger .....	72
INTAGLIOS: "A Rose," by Ario Bates; "Sweet Day"; "Lie Still," by Mrs. S. M. B. Platt; "Love," by G. E. Montgomery .....	72
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	73
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	74
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	74
DRAMA: Lovelace and Dundreary. By Josephine Hart Phelps .....	75
VANITY FAIR .....	76
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	77
THE MERRY MUSE.....	77
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	78-79
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	80

### School Fraternities.

Among the proposed legislation now before the assembly at Sacramento, and that may be fairly classed as silly, is a bill making it illegal for any pupil of an elementary or secondary school of the State to join or become a member of any secret fraternity, sorority, or club, or to take part in any such organization. Unfortunately, there are many such bills of a like paternal nature demanding the waste of a certain amount of costly time and energy before they can be disposed of. It is still more unfortunate that some of them will pass and so encumber the statute book with verbiage, creating new offenses, and complicating a legal machinery that is already a matter of public derision.

The Argonaut yields to no one in its contempt for the school fraternity which overrides discipline and creates a horde of childish prigs and snobs. But surely we do not need legislation to correct this evil. Surely the legislature has something better to do than to play dry nurse to a crowd of disorderly boys and girls. Are

there no head masters and head mistresses to the preparatory schools and do they actually need a new law to enable them to regulate matters of ordinary propriety and discipline? If they are in general agreement among themselves that these ridiculous fraternities are harmful to discipline and destructive to good behavior and the amenities of school life, then let them say so, giving it clearly to be understood that disobedience in the matter will be followed by the usual penalties—spanking, suspension, expulsion, or whatever they may be. There seems to be something supremely ridiculous in the idea that the pranks of a lot of children should need special legislation. The next thing will be a bill regulating the bedtime for infants.

There is something radically wrong with school discipline while it is possible to have such a quarrel as that now in progress in San Rafael. Superintendent Cox, who once suppressed the fraternities at Santa Rosa, now says he will do the same thing at San Rafael. He is reported as having made a "fiery speech," while the fraternity leaders avow their intention to complete their plans "even though they are expelled." We have come to a pretty pass if school-masters and children must settle their disputes through the public press and by means of "fiery speeches" and newspaper interviews. Those who remember the old days would think that five minutes "on the carpet" would be enough to dispose of the most troublesome boy that ever lived, but that was before masters and pupils changed places. If the school authorities have actually abdicated, perhaps there is some justification, after all, for legislative action, and if that should fail perhaps an appeal to The Hague tribunal might do something.

### Brownsville Detectives.

For the past two years the Brownsville shooting affray has been more or less in the public mind. When the incident occurred and it was known that the President had taken summary action by disbanding the colored regiment concerned there was a general feeling of commendation for a measure apparently demanded by the requirements of discipline and the general good. It is true that some element of doubt was entertained when it was known that Mr. Taft, then at the war office, had counseled deliberation and caution, but on the whole the consensus of public opinion upheld the executive action. From that time until now the question has not been allowed to sleep. The soldiers themselves, if they had no genuine sense of injustice, at least made a fair pretense of it, while their good fortune in enlisting the championship of Mr. Foraker served effectively to keep their grievances before the public. It may be said in justice to Mr. Foraker that he has been undeviatingly consistent in his advocacy of a cause that may have been adopted from not wholly disinterested motives and that may have been used for devious ends. That, however, does not affect facts, nor has Mr. Foraker's recent downfall any bearing whatever upon the matter. Mr. Foraker's personal politics may be grievously discredited, but this in no way reflects upon occurrences ascertained by him and advanced by him in the Brownsville discussion. It may be said incidentally and regretfully that those occurrences would meet with a scantier public attention but for their bearing upon the secret service now in the limelight. We do not particularly want to hear about Brownsville, but we do want to know all that we can of the vast army of detectives moving secretly about the country upon a work that appears to be often nefarious and by methods always hateful.

Brownsville affords us an object lesson sufficiently hard to reconcile with democracy or free institutions. Let it be remembered that the persistent efforts of Mr. Foraker to rehabilitate the negro soldiers have been met by equally persistent efforts on the part of the executive to fasten upon them the original burden of

criminality. Almost unnoticed by the public, there has been an unwearying search for evidence, and heaven and earth has been moved to secure something that would promise finality to an irritating situation. We have to thank the unflagging industry of Senator Foraker for a momentary glimpse behind the scenes at unclean events that otherwise might never have been known.

The chief figure gibbeted for our edification is a Federal detective called Browne. It is Browne who has furnished the evidence triumphantly brandished in the face of the Senate as "conclusive." From Browne comes the "irrefutable proof" and the "final and absolute testimony" of which we have heard so much and so often. It was Browne who placed the pinnacle upon the giddy eminence of investigation by the "confession" of the negro Conyers, the only confession by the way that the Federal detectives have been able to extract in the course of two years, by an expenditure of \$15,000 and under the persuasive blandishments of unlimited beer and promises of reinstatement. The mountain has been in travail all this time and Conyers's "confession" is the one pitiful mouse that it has produced. Detective Browne said that Conyers confessed first of all to an illiterate negro detective named Lawson and then to himself. Conyers denied having made any confession at all, and Browne and Conyers then appealed to the sheriff of Walton County as having been present at the interview and as being in a position to confirm or to deny the confession. Sheriff Arnold, by the way, is a white man and a Southerner, holding the negro in no particular esteem and firmly believing, moreover, in the guilt of the Brownsville soldiers. Perhaps Detective Browne assumed that these sentiments would be synonymous with a tendency to perjury and that the confirmation of his testimony would be assured. However that may be, he had appealed unto Caesar and unto Cæsar he must go. This is what Sheriff Arnold has to say as to the interview between Browne and Conyers and the effort made by the detective to wring a confession from the soldier:

Conyers still denied knowing anything, or who did the shooting. I desire to state further that I have carefully read the several letters written by Boyd Conyers to Senator Foraker, in regard to what took place between him and Mr. Browne, published in the *Congressional Record* of December 14, and the whole thing took place just as he has outlined it in these letters, only he omitted to state the part taken by me in the matter. The details as set out by him in these letters are stated with remarkable accuracy.

So the sheriff says that the colored soldier is telling the truth and that the white detective is lying. In spite of the fact that his "confession" had been trumpeted to the world, this unlucky victim of the secret service had the temerity to deny it. He was only a negro soldier. He had no command of publicity such as was enjoyed to an overwhelming extent by his enemies. He could do no more than write a letter to about the only man willing to receive such a letter from him. Really there is something pathetic about it. A negro soldier against the whole executive power of the government and the negro soldier wins! It helps us to believe in God.

But Sheriff Arnold has a good deal more to say: I desire to state further that the report of Mr. Herbert J. Browne in this matter, as published in the *Congressional Record* of December 14, in so far as the same relates to these conversations with Boyd Conyers, is not true. To the contrary, and I say it under my solemn oath, it is the most absolutely false, the most willful misrepresentation of the truth, and the most shameful perversion of what really did take place between them that I have ever seen over the signature of any person. Surely Mr. Browne must have thought that this report would never be seen or read by me, or he would not have made it. I was both shocked and horrified when I read it. When we had utterly failed to get a confession or any information out of Conyers as to who did the shooting, then Mr. Browne asked him to give the names of some of the baseball players and also the names of some of the most reckless and turbulent members of his company; this Conyers did, giving several names, and these same names so given by Conyers in my presence, Mr. Browne, in his report, says were furnished him by Conyers as the ones participating in the



shooting. I point this out as a fair example as to how Mr. Browne has perverted the truth and the real facts in the case in his report.

Sheriff Arnold was "shocked and horrified." He had good reason. Perhaps his consternation received an added poignancy from the recollection that this foul story had been given all the currency possible to the vast machinery of the government and that he himself was an innocent participant. Nothing more revolting or humiliating has been made known for years.

How many detective Brownes are there scattered over the country relentlessly determined to secure evidence by any and every means and whose infamous reports are received by the executive as gospel undelivered? Has Russia any such secret service as this, or anything quite so ruthless or so costly? Has there been anything like it in history and will there be anything like it again in America?

#### A Libeled Government.

It seems almost incredible that the President should institute proceedings against the New York *World* for its recent utterances on the Panama purchase transaction. Unfortunately, there is no room for doubt, although the subpoenas already served do not specify the grounds for action. The *World's* charges are so recent that their scope will be clearly remembered. They were to the effect that a large part of the amount involved in the purchase of the canal property was not paid to the original and bona fide holders of the French shares, but found its way into the pockets of certain American citizens who had acquired the property as a bankrupt affair and at bankrupt prices and then sold it at inflated values to the American government. It will be remembered also that among those mentioned as having benefited from this deal were Mr. Charles P. Taft and Mr. Douglas Robinson, and it is hard to resist the conviction that the presidential wrath would not have been stirred so deeply but for the fact that his brother-in-law was involved in the accusation. Let it be said in passing that Mr. Charles P. Taft was prompt in his denial of all complicity in the affair and that his disclaimer was accepted as conclusive and final.

Now, if there is actually some ground for governmental action of a legal kind in this affair, then indeed we may begin to talk about the liberty of the press. The *World* attorneys seem positive in their contention that the government can not bring an action for libel, but it is still possible that the old sedition law of 1798 may be revived. If that should indeed be on the programme it will be met by a protest of a serious nature and by a formidable resistance.

If any one is aggrieved by the utterances of the *World*, it is certainly not the government, but rather those individuals who were concerned with the direct management of the Panama purchase and who are charged with profiting thereby. If the reputation of Mr. Douglas Robinson, for example, has been assailed, then let Mr. Douglas Robinson defend it. His reputation is his own property, and not that of the government, but so far as we have seen he has not taken the trouble even to deny his participation in the transaction outlined by the *World*. Perhaps a mere newspaper is beneath the contempt of Mr. Robinson or Mr. Cromwell in that serene and lofty atmosphere of higher finance in which they dwell and which is understood to be free from the vulgar restraint of the Ten Commandments. But it was not beneath the contempt of Mr. Charles P. Taft.

The action of the President, if it should indeed justify its present appearances, is a curious illustration of the extraordinary personal sensitiveness of those who are least heedful of the feelings and reputations of others. The accusations of the President against corporations and against individuals have proceeded in an almost uninterrupted stream for these years past. We have heard of "malefactors of great wealth," sometimes by name and sometimes by suggestion, while many millions of dollars have been expended in odious ways for the detection of misdeeds. It is true that no particular misdeeds have been detected. No one in particular is in prison or likely to go there as a result of executive fulminations or executive activity. But the fact remains that if the *World* wished to find a precedent for its recent expressions of suspicion as to the Panama matter, it could make a selection from a very large lumber furnished by the highest source.

It is to be hoped that this preposterous action will not come to a hearing. It would provoke a bitter sentiment throughout the press of the country and it

would stir up an intolerable quantity of muddy scandal. It would be a struggle in which there would be no quarter, no reticences, and no compunctions. It would be a scandal of the first magnitude.

#### The New Planet.

The announcement that Professor Pickering of Harvard Observatory has discovered a new planet is probably premature. The learned astronomer has satisfied himself that a new planet exists and has doubtless determined its whereabouts with accuracy, but there is nothing to indicate that he has actually seen it.

Uranus is now the outermost planet of our solar system, and the existence of Uranus was discovered by similar phenomena to those that sent Professor Pickering upon the search that is now said to be successful. That is to say, certain perturbations were observed in the course of Neptune, and these could be accounted for only upon the supposition that some vast and unknown body was exercising an attractive force upon the planet and causing it to deviate from its regular path. This remarkable discovery was made by Leverrier, a French astronomer, and he seems to have made it by calculation alone. While he was not absolutely accurate, he was yet able to indicate where the new planet should be looked for on the photographic star map then in course of preparation, and his triumph was complete when Uranus was actually found close to the point described.

Professor Pickering seems to have followed the same line of research. Just as the perturbations of the planet Neptune suggested the disturbing influence of Uranus, so now the perturbations of Uranus prove the existence of some other planet still further afield whose influence is enough to draw Uranus slightly away from his regular course at certain points of his orbit. Presumably, Professor Pickering has so far calculated the force and its direction as to be able to say with some certainty not only that the new planet is actually there, but also its precise position.

The existence of the new planet has been suggested for years. The English astronomer Forbes found that certain comets experienced a perturbation presumably due to a planetary body one hundred times further away from the sun than is our earth and with a year equal to about one thousand of our years, but his theory of the new planet was vague and it remained unverified. Professor Pickering's announcement indicates, therefore, a brilliant achievement, and when full particulars are known it will be probably recognized as one of the greatest scientific events of the day.

The year 1909 will be peculiarly interesting from the astronomical point of view. There is not only the new planet to be searched for, but Halley's famous comet may be found photographically at any moment. The comet should now be somewhere near the orbit of Jupiter and if it has kept faithfully to its schedule and preserved its usual speed of about 500 miles a minute it ought to be visible in October.

#### The "Unwritten Law" Again.

The community that was capable of acquitting Thaw upon a pretense of insanity had only to live up to its reputation to acquit T. Jenkins Hains, and accordingly this has been done. But the Hains jury has improved the record. Thaw was acquitted on the ground of his own insanity, whereas Hains has been discharged because of the supposed insanity of his brother. It sounds like "Alice in Wonderland," but it actually happened in New York a few days ago.

On August 15 Captain Hains and his brother, T. Jenkins Hains, went in search of an acquaintance named Annis with the presumed intention of killing him. Captain Hains did actually kill Annis, while his brother helped him by holding the crowd at bay with his revolver. The quarrel was, of course, caused by a woman, but that phase of the story is irrelevant. The fact remains that Annis was murdered cruelly, wantonly, and deliberately, and that T. Jenkins Hains, accused of aiding and abetting as aforesaid, has been acquitted not because the facts were in any way disputed, but because the actual murderer, who has not yet been tried, was said to be insane. Trial by jury is still one of the delusions comfortably hugged by civilization as being in some mysterious way a protection to innocence, but many of such cases as have recently disgraced the New York courts would cause misgivings even to the most complacent.

The insanity of Captain Hains was, of course, a subterfuge for the "unwritten law," rightly so called because the savages and cannibals among whom it

originated did not know how to write. In modern garb it usually means that in some mysterious way a woman can retrieve her "honor" by adding murder to adultery or by causing it to be added. For what in the name of common sense could the supposed insanity of the actual murderer have to do with the almost equally criminal act of the man who helped him? If Captain Hains was really insane when he killed Annis, then his brother was additionally culpable for aiding an insane man to commit a murder. But to argue with a New York criminal jury is evidently a waste of time. The poor idiots had been congenitally fuddled by a mysterious Providence and were further reduced to a state of imbecility by the wrangling of counsel, by "expert" theories of insanity, and by 7000-word questions on hypothetical points. Perhaps the sodden, maudlin creatures did their best under a heavy mental handicap from nature.

The result of this egregious trial is, of course, that the actual murderer must go free. If Captain Hains's brother is acquitted because Captain Hains was insane, how is it possible to convict Captain Hains as a sane man? It can not be done, and so we see the "unwritten law" of violent and barbarous revenge raised aloft above the law of the land.

The case is peculiarly aggravated. The man who has just been acquitted has been in trouble before and for the same offense. In 1891 he was accused of murdering his friend Hannegan, and in spite of the evidence of Admiral Evans, who witnessed the whole thing at a distance, he was discharged. In a triumphant statement issued by him immediately after his latest acquittal he says that the verdict "has placed the 'unwritten law' high above the written law of the State of New York." That is true, more shame to the State of New York. He then goes on to say that he will devote his literary abilities to a defense and an exaltation of the right of private vengeance, and as his literary abilities are considerable he is sure to find a responsive audience among the sections of the community whose natural inclinations are toward the *lex talionis*. It is a grim prospect and one that does not raise the metropolis in the scale of civilization.

#### Tax the Bachelor.

A proposal to tax bachelors is now before certain States, and although the suggestion is usually classed among the freak legislation so common today, it is worthy of the serious consideration that precedes adoption. There is nothing new in the idea. There was a time when unmarried men were excluded from the upper legislative chamber in France, and although the exclusion was not exactly a tax it was a punitive mark of incompetence and of public disapproval. Bachelors were taxed in England in the reign of William III, and although the impost was raised soon afterwards it was adopted again by Pitt in 1785, when it was enacted that the servants of bachelors must pay a special tax. Pitt "got after" the bachelor in another way, inasmuch as his graduated income tax was especially lenient upon married men. And quite right, too.

The ancients were wiser than we are in this respect. In Sparta it was a disgrace to be unmarried, while both Athens and Rome passed laws intended to bring a consciousness of sin to the bachelor and to persuade him to penitence and reform. In Sparta only the married men were allowed to witness the athletic sports in which women participated, presumably on the ground of defective education. It is hardly possible at the present day to punish a man for his bachelorhood without running upon the rocks of class legislation. But it is possible to tax him, to make him pay a license for his liberty, and it ought to be done. It would be done, too, if women had their rights.

The more we look at this matter, the more we see the injustice of the existing arrangement. At present we actually penalize men for being married by asking from them twice as much in the way of taxes as we do from the bachelor. But, on the contrary, the community ought to show its sense of the courage and self-devotion of the married man by refusing to place an additional tax upon the burden that he has voluntarily assumed. If the married man continues upon his wild career to the point of having children, his taxes increase again in proportion to their consuming power. He is, in fact, penalized for doing his duty to the state at the cost of his own comfort and peace of mind, while the pusillanimous bachelor flaunts on his way unfettered by either wife or the taxes adjacent thereto. And yet we lament the prevalence of bachelorhood and deplore what we call race suicide. What else can we



expect while our taxes are arranged upon a basis so hopelessly bad?

We should, of course, have to move with circumspection. There may be certain men so ill-favored by nature or of a disposition so "ornery" that they have been unable to persuade any woman to take the command. When we look around upon some of our married neighbors we shall, it is true, find it hard to believe that any case can be absolutely hopeless, but at the same time we must guard against injustice. A committee of women might usefully decide upon such cases.

The tax, once determined upon, ought to be heavy. It ought to be all that the traffic will bear. We need not be afraid of discontent or resistance. The bachelor who feels himself aggrieved has a ready way of escape. He has only to get married. As a matter of fact the revenue would be a large one and there would be no opposition. It is not likely that the married man would object to a tax from which he is exempt, while the bachelor would pay it cheerfully as for value received and cheap at the price. This fruitful source of revenue ought not to escape the attention of our legislature. It would be practically non-contentious, it would cover its originator with glory, and it would be a substantial measure of justice to married men, who have a right to expect that their courage and devotion shall not go unrecognized by a grateful country.

#### Crime in the School.

The discovery that certain boys and probably certain girls, pupils at the Berkeley High School, have been systematically stealing is one of the most distressing pieces of news that has come to hand for a long time. Three boys have been expelled and are in danger of police proceedings, while there seems little doubt that the evil is widespread and that many others will be implicated whose names are not now known. There is no suggestion of sudden or irresistible temptation. The thefts have been going on for a long time, they were of a calculated nature, seeing that skeleton keys were used, while the boys concerned were of well-to-do families and far above the stress of actual want. That the forgery of excuses is also one of the features of the scandal seems to show that we have here a somewhat extensive case of juvenile depravity.

It is, of course, very easy to send these boys and girls to prison and so piously consign them to a life of crime. That is one of society's pleasant little ways of answering its responsibilities, but it will hardly satisfy those who look a little way below the surface of things and who would rather search for causes than be content with hustling the results out of sight and hearing. The superintendent of schools at Berkeley says that "the moral tone of the school must be raised and the students brought back to the fundamentals of honesty and truthfulness." The phrase has a good sound about it, but how is it to be done? Assuredly not by sending for the police.

The superintendent is not to blame for using words that have no particular meaning. No one knows better than he that honesty and truthfulness in children can not be inculcated by prosecution and imprisonment, and if these are all he has to rely upon then there is not much hope for the children. To imprison a child may help him to discriminate between punishment and immunity, but it will not help him to discriminate between right and wrong.

Can any one suppose for a moment that these children would have gone so terribly astray had their home life been what it should be? They are no more than the product of their age, and until we gather figs from thistles we may expect that criminality must surely follow the unchecked self-indulgence and the cruel license of the nursery and the home. Principal James of Berkeley says that these boys fell as a result of their craving for luxuries. How came this craving for luxuries except from a home life and an early training into which no thought of self-restraint as the supreme lesson of life was ever intruded? Could there have been any discipline in these homes, any attempt to show that conscience must govern appetite, or that a sense of right and wrong must control action? The questions answer themselves. We shall have to look a long way before we can find a bad son of a good mother, but the good mother is one in whom love and discipline go hand in hand, and who knows how to recognize the dual nature of good and evil in her child.

Frankly, we think that this is not a case for the police until we develop enough good sense to make the

parents responsible for the misdeeds of the children. Without wishing to add one iota to the shame that has fallen upon four families and that may fall upon many more, we can but regret that we do not yet see our way to follow the example of Judge Lindsey of Colorado, who in all such cases deals with the parents as the actually responsible parties. So far from being surprised at the spread of juvenile criminality, we can only wonder that there are not more child malefactors than there are when we see the number of homes that are little more than nurseries of crime in their entire absence of unswerving discipline and lessons of self-control. The child who has been taught or allowed to minister to his appetites at any and every opportunity, to be greedy, clamorous, insistent, insolent, can hardly be expected to keep the right side of the law, for this is, after all, a mere matter of adult cunning. But it is upon the parent that the hand of the law should fall. The law holds the parent responsible for the child's debt; why not for his crime?

And the schools, too, must bear their share of responsibility. Discipline is little more than a name in the school and college of today. When we find masters and pupils engaged in acrimonious and public warfare as to whether the latter shall or shall not obey orders in matters affecting the well-being of the school, when we find pupils arrayed against masters as equal and opposite parties, when we find pupils appealing to the public in defense of what they call their "right" to combine in fraternities, to drink, and to riot, it is small wonder that there is no room left for the simple duties of decency and obedience. The child who has never been taught in the home to obey conscience will never obey anything else. Criminality awaits him, although it may be the criminality that knows how to avoid the law.

#### The Balkan Quarrel.

Nothing has happened to modify our fear that trouble will begin in eastern Europe as soon as the roads are hard enough to make fighting possible. The willingness of Turkey to accept a money compensation for Bosnia and Herzegovina is, of course, good in its way, but to look upon it as a settlement of the trouble is merely childish. The whole district is seething with bitter discontent that was first of all aroused by the piratical act of Austria, but that has now passed far beyond the confines of the original dispute. After the first shock caused by the aggression of Austria no one stayed to ask what Bosnia and Herzegovina themselves might have to say to this arbitrary change of ownership. The provinces are now answering the question for themselves, and there could be no greater mistake than to look upon them as mere helpless chattels who must perforce acquiesce in the decision of their lords and masters. Bosnia and Herzegovina want their autonomy. They do not so much care who their nominal owners may be, so long as actual self-government falls within their grasp, and naturally they take this opportunity to claim it. Austria can hardly grant a demand that would so nullify the anticipated advantages of her action, and so the quarrel shifts from one point to another without any real advance toward a settlement.

A money payment is not the only compensation exacted from Austria by Turkey. No sooner did Austria concede an obligation of some kind toward the neighbor she had despoiled than a whole stream of lesser demands poured upon her, and she has been forced to grant them one by one. Austria, in common with other European powers, maintained her own post-offices in Turkey as a guarantee against the vagaries of Turkish officials who could never understand the sanctity with which civilization invests a private letter. Turkey has demanded that the Austrian post-offices be abolished, and Austria has agreed. Presumably, Turkey will now make similar requests to other European powers and they will refuse it. Then, again, Austria has always posed as the protector of Turkish Catholics, but under the pressure caused by her own theft of Turkish provinces she has agreed to abandon her rights in this respect. Turkey will assuredly ask for similar acts of renunciation from the other powers and this again they will certainly refuse. Most of them keep a foot on the Turkish threshold under the pretense of watching over religious liberty and they are jealous of their position.

Even though there were no *casus belli* within sight—and there are about half a dozen—the disturbing fact would still remain that Austria has broken away from the concert of Powers which was the only weapon capable of dealing with the Turk. She has taken

definite action toward the Porte without consulting the other powers and she has made definite concessions destructive to European unity. The European concert was a miserable and even a rascally affair at the best. It meant little more than a fair start when the psychological moment for the partition of Turkey should come. It was born in sin and reared in iniquity, but it did at least interpose some kind of a barrier to the wily diplomacy of the Sultan, the only real statesman in the present ruck of European politics. Austria has now inaugurated a new policy of every man for himself, after adroitly securing a big start. As a result Russia is once more gazing feverishly at the dazzling prospect of a southern outlet to the sea, and her expression of discontent at the supposed "settlement" by cash payments may be taken as an intimation that no settlement will be made if she can help it. England must necessarily support Turkey so long as the aid of the Sultan is given to her in the suppression of disaffection in India. Italy's ardor may have been somewhat cooled in the fires at Messina, but as a result of Messina the Queen of Italy is now more idolized by the people than before, and the Queen of Italy is a Montenegrin. The Balkan question has divided Europe into two hostile camps, and we may find at any moment that events have become uncontrollable.

#### Editorial Notes.

The death of the Russian Admiral Rojesvinsky recalls the tragedy of a brave and able man who failed in a hopeless undertaking. No commander who ever lived could have made better use of the material given him. His conduct of the Russian fleet up to the moment of engagement in the Sea of Japan deserves to rank as one of the great naval feats of his day and that he was eventually overwhelmed by better ships and by better men is a reproach to his government and not to himself. Every great war means the destruction of military reputations, sometimes undeservedly, as in the case of Rojesvinsky. Among the great figures upon the Russian side of the struggle Kouroupatkin alone remains, and probably we shall never know whether the conclusion of peace saved his reputation or prevented its enlargement. But Kouroupatkin is still comparatively young and he has hopes.

The proposal now before the legislature to give a pension to families containing twelve or more children seems to be based upon the theory that procreancy is a virtue. If so, it is a virtue that finds its fullest expression in the lowest ranges of the animal kingdom and that grows steadily rarer as we ascend in evolution. But in spite of President Roosevelt some of us are by no means satisfied that the parents of large families have rendered a service to the State. The father of one child who does his whole duty to that child is a far better patriot than the man who has many children and who neglects their moral training. The size of a family is unimportant compared with the kind of a family, and what we need as a nation is not more children, but better ones.

Loyalty to the protective principle is quite compatible with a sturdy objection to a duty upon coffee for the benefit of the planters of Porto Rico. The proposed tax is only five cents a pound, but if we know anything of the machinery of markets we may be sure that the increased price to the consumer would be a good deal more than five cents a pound, while the vision of the free breakfast table, a sound and orthodox Republican ideal, would melt still further into the dim and distant future. The Porto Ricans ought to do very well with their sugar and tobacco without making new claims upon the tariff. The cost of living is increasing quite rapidly enough and without any corresponding increase of wages, and much as we love the Porto Rican, we feel that we must draw the line somewhere.

The earliest date which any university puts forth is that which Cambridge makes that it was founded about 635; its continuous history dates, however, from 1109. Paris was founded in 792 and renovated in 1200., Oxford dates back to an academy mentioned as ancient in 802; the schools were founded by King Alfred about 879 and King Henry III granted the charter in 1248. Bologna dates from 1116. Salamanca was founded in 1239.

Charles J. Hughes, Jr., of Denver, has been elected United States senator to succeed Henry M. Teller. He received the full Democratic party vote.

Colonel John Jacob Astor is the owner of the largest collection in the world of automobiles for private use.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

On December 15 Mr. Roosevelt sent a message to Congress in which he bitterly attacked Mr. Pulitzer of the *World* and certain other newspaper men. The cause of the attack was the publication of certain statements impugning the good faith of the Panama Canal transaction, intimating that prominent American citizens had personally profited by that transaction and that the proceedings in general had been tainted by corruption. The President in his message expressed the opinion that a libel action should be brought by the government against the offending newspapers and that the Attorney-General would consider the form that such action should take.

In pursuance of this intention subpoenas have been served upon Washington correspondents of New York newspapers and also on William B. McLaughlin of the *World* and J. Angus Shaw, secretary of the Press Publishing Company (the *World*), to appear before the Federal grand jury of New York. The case is that of the United States against the Press Publishing Company, but there is nothing to show the ground of the action nor the nature of the testimony demanded except that it is "all and everything you may know generally on the part of the United States."

The immediate answer of the *World* was to go before United States Circuit Judge Henry G. Ward and obtain an order to show why the subpoenas should not be quashed. The order was made returnable for the following day.

After a conference of attorneys the following statement was issued for publication:

Subpoenas were served today on William P. McLaughlin, the editor of sports and athletics of the Press Publishing Company, and J. Angus Shaw, the secretary of the company, requiring them to attend on the 18th day of January, 1909, at 10:30 of the forenoon, before the United States grand jury to testify "all and everything you may know generally on the part of the United States." Subpoenas in this form seem unprecedented in the history of criminal law.

It being thus apparent upon the face of these subjects that a general investigation is sought in any and all subjects of which the witnesses have any information without requiring that such investigation be given in a proceeding which is under investigation by the grand jury, as is required by law, and it being thus clearly a mere fishing excursion on the part of the government, orders to show cause have been obtained, returnable on Monday morning at 9:30 o'clock, why such subpoenas should not be quashed.

This was the only formal statement issued, but one of the *World* counsel added the following comment:

So far as lawyers know, there is absolutely no way in which the United States government may bring proceedings for libel against a newspaper. There is no indication whatever, thus far, as to how the government intends to bring the case entitled "The United States against the Press Publishing Company" before the courts. There has been no hint as to what section of the Federal laws has been fixed on as offering a base for such action.

Since 1801, when the sedition act was repealed, an act which was a short-sighted expression of federalism, it has not been possible for such prosecution to be brought. A proceeding against the editor of the *World* would be an attempt, without the sanction of explicit law, to repeat the mistake embodied in the ancient sedition act. It is possible for individuals who feel themselves injured to bring actions of the character mentioned, but it is not possible for the government to do so. That will shortly be demonstrated.

A report from Washington says that at informal conferences of Republican leaders of the Senate on the subject of assignment of senators to committees, it has been agreed that when Secretary Root comes to the Senate as the successor of Senator Platt of New York he will be given places on the Foreign Relations and Military Affairs Committees, made vacant in both cases by the retirement of Senator Foraker. It is unusual that a new senator is given places on such important committees during his first session. The distinction will be made in the case of Mr. Root because he has served at the head of the Departments of State and War. Owing to the fact that Mr. Root is recognized as one of the ablest lawyers in the country, some senators were disposed to give him one of the vacancies which will occur on the Judiciary Committee, but these places are aspired to by senators of long service and their claims will be granted.

The responsible press of the country shows some marked differences of opinion regarding Senator Tillman and the moral obliquity of his transactions. The *New York Times*, Independent Democratic, thinks that candid men will acquit the senator of both charges, that of using his senatorial office to promote personal gain and that of an untruthful statement in debate. At the same time the *Times* reads Mr. Tillman a lesson:

The second moral we hope the senator, with a chastened spirit and in all humility, will take home to himself. He has judged and condemned others who may have been as innocent of the act and intent of wrongdoing as he now insists that he himself is, and as we believe him to be. He has been a stern castigatress of the transgressions of the rich, of the corporations, of the interests, and of the conduct of his political opponents. Now that he has come himself to be judged on evidence which he declares to be distorted, misunderstood, and totally inadequate, we hope that in future, whenever he is tempted to launch his pitchfork against men in private business or in public life, he will decently pause and examine the grounds of his action, being admonished by his own painful position of human liability to err in judging others. If he will profit by his experience he will be a better man, a more influential senator.

The *New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser*, Republican, takes very much the same view, but the senator is begged not to do it again:

Tillman is to be acquitted on the charge that he consciously or intentionally used his public position to promote his private fortunes. This much may be freely conceded, although it is equally clear that national legislators more than other men are limited in their investments, and may not without grave impropriety invest in property whose status may be directly affected by congressional action.

The *New York World* does not greatly admire "the fire-eating senator from South Carolina," but it does not doubt his ability:

Then the senator asserts that "I have attempted to deceive

no body; I have not told any falsehoods; I have not broken any law; I have not been guilty of any immoral conduct; I had a right to buy the land if I could," he is stating nothing that the President did not already know.

The *Lowell Courier-Citizen* asks for fair play for an unpopular senator. He has been "vituperative" as well as "a defender of certain doctrines which the country at large votes to be outlawed by forty years of disuse." Nevertheless, he is entitled to a hearing. The *New York Tribune*, Republican, says that Mr. Tillman did not commit a crime, but he did commit a blunder, and one of the sort which he would have been the first to denounce if it had been committed by a fellow-legislator. "A savage critic of the faults of the others, he should have avoided even the appearance of official impropriety. He should have realized that it is never safe to let the purity of one's motives hinge on the accidents and mishaps of textual interpretation." The *Springfield Republican*, Independent, believes that Mr. Tillman is "an honest man" and "of personal integrity":

The American people, it is probable, will not judge Mr. Tillman in this matter nearly so harshly as his enemy, Mr. Roosevelt, desires, yet they will doubtless feel that he has been guilty of an indiscretion that was inconsistent with the highest standard of legislative conduct.

The *Portland Press*, Republican, says "there is no escape from the conclusion that he undertook to deceive the Senate." The *Providence Bulletin* expresses no opinion of the culpability of Mr. Tillman, but deplores the use of public office and public machinery for the gratification of private judges. The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* says that "this spectacular performance . . . has all the appearance of a mere 'diversion' or 'demonstration in another quarter' for the deliberate purpose of diverting the attention of the country from the main question. The *New York Evening Post* says:

The most favorable view of his case, therefore, is that he does not emerge without blame; though he certainly is not open to the severe condemnation which the President implied. That the latter should have sought irreparably to damage a public man by publishing charges without waiting to give him a chance to reply, can not but make his judicious friends grieve.

If Mr. Hitchcock had his choice between the positions of Postmaster-General and chairman of the Republican National Committee, which one would he select? That is a question that is being asked a good deal in the East, and the general impression seems to be that Mr. Hitchcock has been "kicked up stairs," and that he would much rather devote himself to his favorite filing systems than to the postal affairs of the nation.

The Georgia correspondent of the *New York World* denies the statement that William Hayward will take Mr. Hitchcock's place on the national committee. The same correspondent says also that the statement that "the rules and practice of the national committee provide that the chairman shall name his successor" was given out by Mr. Hitchcock himself and is not distinguished by that entire accuracy that we might reasonably expect. As a matter of fact, the chairman of the committee is in theory elected by the committee, but in fact he is appointed by the head of the party. Mr. Hitchcock was appointed by Mr. Taft and has been deposed by him. His successor will be named by Mr. Taft, and he will not be a Hitchcock man. Charles F. Brooker is said to be the most likely chairman, but if he is not appointed, the chairman will be a man of Mr. Brooker's characteristics—capable, executive, true to Mr. Taft, and one who will not be swayed by politicians who wish to run the committee for him.

Whalemen still live in Provincetown, Massachusetts, though they are few in number and lead a life of retirement seldom stirred by events connected with their aforesaid avocation. A few days ago, however, memories of other days were revived. The life-saving station reported a whale floundering in the fish weirs of the cove. Captain Joshua Stickney Nickerson loaded up his bomb lance, and with his son rowed a boat to the scene. The harbor was lined with spectators who shouted encouragement. Captain "Josh" ranged up alongside, and getting the whale as he rolled over on his side, fired the lance with its harpoon head into the vitals. The bomb exploded inside and the whale rolled over dead. It took some time to cut the body free from the wrecked weirs, but it was finally cleared. It proved to be the largest whale caught in this vicinity for several years, and of the right-whale variety. He estimates the products of his prize at thirty barrels of oil and a couple of hundred pounds of bone, which will bring him \$500.

Toledo Cathedral, one of the most magnificent specimens of Gothic architecture in the world, is in serious danger of collapsing owing to the condition of the central dome. Large cracks have appeared and a recent slight earthquake greatly increased the building's peril. The ecclesiastical authorities are greatly alarmed, and they have ordered the priceless choir-stalls removed. A committee of architects urges immediate extensive repairs. The government has been asked to grant \$50,000 for this purpose.

Ellen Emerson, oldest daughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and for years his close companion and assistant, died at the home of her sister Edith, wife of William M. Forbes, in Milton, Massachusetts, on January 16, aged 70. Miss Emerson was active in the social and literary life of Concord at all times, and especially in the affairs of the Unitarian Church. Besides her sister, a brother, Dr. Waldo Emerson, of Concord, survives her.

A child of five years was taken uninjured from the ruins of a building in Reggio after having lain under the wreckage for eighteen days.

## POLITICO-PERSONAL.

United States Senator Reed Smoot has been reelected.

Senator Boies Penrose has been chosen to serve his third time in the national Senate.

Congressman Wesley L. Jones of Washington was elected senator by a vote of 89 to 6.

President Roosevelt is said to have considered favorably a special message to Congress urging the establishment of a Federal bureau for child protection.

Governor Coe I. Crawford succeeds A. B. Kittredge as senator from South Dakota. He is a Republican and has been a lawyer in his State for twenty-five years.

Governor Albert Baird Cummins of Iowa, after three consecutive terms in the highest State office, has been elected United States senator. It will not mean for him retirement from activity in good politics.

A resolution has been adopted in the United States Senate authorizing the purchase of the Reaser oil portrait of the late Senator William B. Allison, to be added to the collection in the Capitol. It is also proposed to buy a new Lincoln portrait for \$20,000.

Governor George E. Chamberlain of Oregon was elected United States senator in the legislature, January 19, by a vote of 53 to 37. Every member pledged to vote for the choice expressed at the direct primary elections stood upon that promise, though many did so under protest.

Joseph L. Bristow, the *Salina* editor and formerly Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, has been chosen to succeed Senator Chester I. Long of Kansas. Mr. Bristow's return to the national political field is regarded with favor by a host of friends who admired his independence in former periods of prominence.

Secretary of State Elihu Root has been formally chosen United States senator from New York, to succeed Thomas C. Platt. This is one of the most noteworthy events in the political history of the Empire State since the retiring senator selected the Republican vice-presidential candidate for the campaign of 1900.

John W. Kern, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President in the recent campaign, did not secure the senatorship from his State as a consolation prize was anticipated. Benjamin F. Shively, of South Bend, will be the new senator from Indiana. He is the president of the board of trustees of Indiana University, a Democrat, fifty-two years old, and was a member of Congress for four terms, going from a Republican district.

Daniel J. Keefe of Michigan, who was nominated by the President on December 1 to succeed the late Frank Sargent as Commissioner-General of Immigration, finds his confirmation opposed in the Senate under the leadership of Mr. Gore of Oklahoma. The objection to confirmation advanced by Mr. Gore is the fact that a report has been made to him by labor leaders that Mr. Keefe received the appointment as a reward for breaking with Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, during the recent presidential campaign.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland will have the privilege of despatching her mail free of postage if a bill introduced by Representative Overstreet of Indiana, chairman of the House Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads, is enacted into law. It is the custom of Congress to extend the franking privilege to the widows of late presidents. This was done in the case of Mrs. McKinley as well as that of Mrs. Garfield. Mrs. Harrison has not been authorized to use the frank for the reason that she was not wedded to General Harrison when he occupied the presidential chair.

Rear-Admiral Capps, chief naval constructor, has been made acting head of the bureau of steam engineering in the Navy Department, as the first step in the consolidation of bureaus. He has been criticized freely for errors in judgment. When the cruiser *Yankee* went on the rocks last autumn, Mr. Capps conceived the idea of floating her by pouring cement into her until the holes were covered. But a jagged rock projected into the *Yankee's* hold, and after cement worth \$125,000 had been emptied into the boat, it was discovered that the total effect had been to cement the *Yankee* to the rock. Mr. Arbuckle's wreckers had as their first duty the undoing of this costly mistake.

Connecticut has its Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce case, only instead of being in chancery it is taking its chances in the United States Senate, and has been taking them for more than ninety years. Away back in 1818, when Monroe was President and his famous doctrine was callow, Rensselaer Haven and Charles Jenkins of Stamford asked for their share of award when the brig *Warrior*, of which they were agents, captured the British sloop *Dundee* in the War of 1812. The court of awards ordered in 1815 that the sum of \$87,000 should be distributed to those concerned in the capture; but the paymaster absconded. Other claimants got their share, but the heirs of Havens and Jenkins have been trying Congress after Congress. These heirs are now the Misses Kate Havens and Florence Lee, and \$2886 is what they want. Miss Lee has interested the President in the bill.



## THE FORTUNE-TELLER AND THE LADIES.

The Sudden Disappearance of Cheiro the Palmist Leads to Interesting Revelations.

The Paris police are anxious to secure the arrest of Count Hamon, better known as Cheiro the Palmist. The ladies of Paris, on the other hand, are fervently praying for Count Hamon's escape, which indicates a conflict of interest between the Paris police and the Paris ladies. Not that ladies have any love for Count Hamon—not now. If that gallant adventurer were to find himself left to their tender mercies for a few fleeting minutes he would probably welcome the intervention of the police as very much the lesser of two evils.

Every one knows Cheiro the Palmist, although it would be hard to ascertain his origin, nearly as hard as to ascertain his present whereabouts. Not so long ago he was one of the swarm of fortune-tellers who find a happy hunting ground in Paris and provide a languid sensation for those whose wealth has clothed the world in a dreary monotony of *ennui*. Then he wrote a book about palmistry filled with diagrams and lucid explanations, so that every one could pierce the veil of the future for himself or herself. It seemed like bad business, but it was actually the most adroit of advertisements, for Cheiro's consulting rooms were filled forthwith by the élite of society, while the garden party or the society function that did not number Cheiro among its guests could hardly claim to be in the front rank of the *comme il faut*. And Cheiro lived up to his opportunities. He played his part with a skill born of a vast knowledge of the world and of women. He was suave, gracious, insinuating, and of irreproachable manners. He knew his clients down to the bottom of their silly and sordid little hearts. What was more to the point, he knew their histories. Small wonder, then, that his predictions so often came true and that his fame as a soothsayer suggested to him other realms to conquer and other and more profitable fields for his enterprise.

There are only two subjects upon which a woman consults a fortune-teller, and they are love and money. Cheiro was an adept at both of them. If he could not promise that the faithless one would return, he could at least take his place. If he predicted an *affaire du cœur* of the tenderest nature, he was in a position to secure the fulfillment of his prophecy. Consolation was his strong suit and beauty in distress never left him uncomfortable.

It was the frequency with which he was consulted upon finance that led to his downfall. After all, there was something vulgar about fortune-telling. The competition from the horde of back-street Sludges did not trouble him much, but he could not altogether escape from unsavory association, while his income from the prophetic business, large as it was, yet had its limits. There was, of course, a certain charm in the feminine intimacies which it implied. There was a certain delight in the tender confidences that were so easily elicited and that might be turned so readily to personal delights. But they were cloying because they were so cheap. As Pascal says somewhere, "Man delights in the pursuit and not in the capture," and for Cheiro there was no need of pursuit. The birds came at his call and would not be driven away.

And so the fortune-telling business was dropped, or if it was still practiced it was under the rose. Cheiro the Palmist became Count Hamon the Banker, and if there was some dubious inquiry as to the source of the title it was readily overlooked in a city where titles are numerous and mean nothing. There are all sorts of counts from all quarters of Europe, and so long as Cheiro was able to display the manners and social graces of an aristocrat there was no one to challenge the use of any title that might be selected. And so Cheiro the Palmist disappears and Count Hamon the Banker takes his place.

Now, the subsequent proceedings are mysterious. Bankers of this kind do not overburden themselves with bookkeeping, and there is very little to show the nature of the financial transactions in which Hamon engaged. Presumably he "gave advice" to the fair clients of his palmist day and accepted their money for investment according to dictates from the unseen world. He certainly accepted their money, and there is no evidence that he rejected the financial confidence offered to him at any time or under any circumstances. But his career as a financier was not a long one, and it came to an abrupt end when he was prosecuted by Mrs. George Baldwin Newell, widow of a New York lawyer of some celebrity in his day, and by her daughter Josephine for defrauding them of stocks and bonds to the value of \$500,000. Then Count Hamon disappeared, presumably taking with him the stocks and bonds for such consolation in his exile as a heartless world could afford.

The worthy count evidently departed under a pressing sense of necessity, inasmuch as his office and all his papers fell into the hands of an unsentimental police. And such letters! There were over four hundred missives from women of all nationalities—French, American, and English. Never before was there such a collection of love letters to one man. Some of them were comparatively innocent, the gushing outpourings of girls, the sentimental rhapsodies of their older sisters. But these were in a minority. Many of the others were absolutely shameless in their self-revelation, in the utter abandon of their tone. They came from married women, from the leaders of society, from every rank in the social game. One of the police officials

who examined them says it is almost incredible that women of position should dare to write such letters, and they were nearly all of them written by women of position, who were thus willing to place their reputations forever at the mercy of a plausible and fascinating charlatan. Of course, none of these letters have been made public, but what about the future? What will happen if Cheiro should be caught and brought back to Paris for trial? These letters would inevitably be a part of the evidence against him. They would be read in open court and before hundreds of delighted spectators to whom such a chance could hardly come twice in a lifetime. They would be the talk of the boulevard and the café, and in their deadly wake would spring up a hundred divorce actions. They would overwhelm families with shame and lower some of the proudest heads in France. And the sensation would be not only in France, for America and England would be covered by its fringe. American and English names are already bandied about the clubs where this extraordinary affair is discussed. Let us hope, for the sake of the many ladies whose frail indiscretion is equaled only by their beauty, that Cheiro will not be found and that their letters will remain among the impenetrable secrets of the police department.

PARIS, January 12, 1909.

## CURRENT VERSE.

A Weaver.

I'm a weaver of dreams, and the dreams, alas,  
Are the ones that can never come to pass!  
But the loss of the one that seems so good  
Is repaid by the next one's likelihood:  
So I weave again with a shadow strand  
A fabric that tells of a fairyland.

I weave me a tale that would hearts enchant—  
A story with truth as the covenant;  
A warp of life, and a woof of gold,  
And a silver hinding to every fold.  
I'm a weaver of dreams, but the dreams alas,  
Leave me but the prayer that they come to pass!  
—The Optimist.

"What Have I Brought?"

What have I brought thee, dear,  
Who gave me love and strength and counsel wise,  
And girt me for my high emprise?  
I come before thee bowed with fear.

I have so little done  
Of all I dreamed to do in pay,  
And evening shadows dusk the day,  
To warn the laggard of the failing sun.

Will you at twilight stand  
Against the West, like my avenging Fate,  
To bar the thrice desired gate,  
A flaming sword in your soft hand?

Ah, no, not that, dear heart!  
The close-companioned, striving years,  
The closer comradeship of tears,  
You will not put away for haser part—

Nor count the fame you missed  
Against the glory of the love you found,  
That folded you forever round  
In silences where angels kissed.

Just for that love I hore,  
Who gave naught else hut love to thee,  
You will be very kind to me,  
And stretch your waiting arms from Eden's door.  
—Walter Prichard Eaton, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

We Will Keep Our Dreams:

Our dreams—nay, soul, we will not let them go;  
What though the hraggart would scoff and deny,  
And pygmies in the market strive and cry,  
As emmet-like they hurry to and fro?  
The bright hours lessen, and the shadows grow,  
But we will seek the silence, thou and I,  
Content, while fame and treasure pass us by,  
To rove through quiet coverts that we know.

Yea, we will hearken to the wordless speech  
Of opening huds beneath the vernal showers;  
To us the morn's its dewy lore shall teach,  
The evening whisper o'er its sleeping flowers;  
And secrets, the stars utter, each to each,  
Shall breathe of Peace 'mid her immortal bowers.  
—James B. Kenyon, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Is Edgar Allen Poe an overrated mediocrity or one of the shining lights of American literature? William Dean Howells, the dean of our prose writers, and Edith M. Thomas, the poet, discuss this question at length in the issue of *Harper's Weekly* for January 16, which contains also some interesting photographs illustrative of some historic associations of Poe's life and death. Both these writers agree that Poe lacked conviction. "A master-mechanician," Miss Thomas calls him. "The simple fact is," says Mr. Howells, "that Poe was as lacking in imagination as he was in sincerity, and that he vainly endeavored to supply his lack with fancy and with science." But, "I suspect that he had always a keener literary conscience than he seemed to have," he continues. "I believe that he must have hated to do the many clever, vulgar things which he did. . . . I have come to see him in his pathos, as a prodigal of wasted powers, the victim of cruel circumstances, of inherent evil propensities, with a certain majesty of nature inalienable in his moral squalor." As a poet, Mr. Howells cares more for Poe than as a novelist. But Miss Thomas confesses to the sensation of "mental vertigo and illness" from the perusal of much of Poe's verses. Whether or not the leading magazines of today would print Poe's stories is discussed by Mr. Howells, whose verdict is, in general, a negative one. "Still," he says, "Poe was a master."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Arthur Brisbane, editor-in-chief of the Hearst daily papers and reputed to be the recipient of the largest salary paid to a newspaper man, lectured in Boston a few days ago on "Modern Journalism."

L. W. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, has accepted an appointment as member of the Minnesota State highway commission, and will now, under the law, have to pay his fare when he travels, even over his own road.

Princess Maria zu Ysenburg und Budingen of Germany is to marry Admor Robinson of Baltimore, Maryland. The *Vienna Neue Press* notes the engagement with the remark, "This is the first time that a real German princess goes as a bride to the Dollar Land."

Professor Goldwin Smith, now in his eighty-sixth year, is still a frequent contributor to the newspapers and magazines. He was eminent as a scholar and a writer when he first went to Canada, forty years ago. At the age of thirty-four he was regius professor of modern history at Oxford University.

Silvati Singh, professor of literature and philosophy in the Isabella Thoburn College of Lucknow, is in this country striving to interest Americans in her college, which needs assistance, and has been speaking of India and high caste women in various places. New York society has welcomed the distinguished visitor.

Mme. Guglielmo Ferrero, wife of the Italian historian, is in this country for the purpose of visiting the prisons and studying the life in the Italian quarters of different cities. She is the daughter of Cesare Lombroso, the criminologist, and takes a great interest in all the things in which her father is interested.

Dr. Adolf Deucher, who has been elected President of the Swiss Republic for the fifth time, is seventy-eight years old and has been in public life for more than half a century. He was first elected to the Diet in 1855. His terms of office have not been successive, as the constitution requires that at least a year shall intervene between periods of service in the presidential chair.

Brigadier-General Robert M. O'Reilly, surgeon-general, who is now on the retired list with the rank of major-general, will draw just the same pay—\$6000 a year—for doing nothing the rest of his life that he has received in the last year for directing the important work of the Medical Corps. The pay of a brigadier-general on the active list under the new scale is \$6000 a year, and that of a major-general is \$8000.

Emma R. Steiner, of Baltimore, who was graduated at Columbia University, has distinguished herself by discovering a valuable tin mine in Alaska. She was the first woman to penetrate into the mining section of the Seward Peninsula, sleeping in the open air, carrying her provisions, clothing, and all the equipments necessary for the success of her venture. Her mine has proved to be very rich, and it is the only productive tin mine in the United States.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy was born in the United States, but he has become a distinguished British subject and a knight of the realm. When Mr. Van Horne (now Sir William) went from this country to Canada in 1882 he took with him his successor to the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sir William was then barely forty and Sir Thomas barely thirty. Like others in the railroading field, Sir Thomas has succeeded mainly because of his ability to work hard.

Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins University was a youth at Richmond, Virginia, in 1849, and heard Poe give public readings from his own works. Professor Gildersleeve recalls that the poet was a poor reader, especially of "The Raven." He lived in Richmond at that time and young Gildersleeve frequently saw him on the street. "I would not say he was shabbily dressed," observes the professor, "but the impression was that he must belong to some unremunerative profession."

Lady Trowbridge is one of the titled authors of England whose novels have attained great popularity. Another society woman who has written novels of note is Lady Helen Forbes, a sister of the Duchess of Sutherland, who has also produced some very creditable volumes. The Duchess of Leeds, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Cromartie, and Lady Napier of Magdala have all helped to swell the total number of titled lady novelists. The most successful of all, however, are two titled ladies who are not English: the Baroness Orczy and the Baroness von Hutten.

Abbott Lawrence Lowell, professor of the science of government at Harvard University, has been chosen as the successor of the retiring president, Charles W. Eliot. Professor Norton was born in Boston in 1856, the son of a prominent manufacturer who was also devoted to scientific research and founded the Lowell lecture institute. Although Professor Lowell attended the law school and was admitted to the bar, he found his inclination was strongly toward the study of comparative government, and he began writing on that subject years ago. He has published several volumes, the fruit of his investigations and philosophy of politics at home and abroad, and his latest work, "The Government of England," added to his fame. He went to Harvard as a lecturer in 1897 and three years later was made a professor there.



## BROTHERS IN DEATH.

By Edwin H. Clough.

"Call the next witness."

The secretary of the sub-commission looked at his list.

"Lu Yin-hoon."

The massive teak doors of the riot-shattered temple swung outward and the name was cried by the bailiff from the temple steps over the heads of the sullen mob of Chinese in the compound. At the third call a voice from the corridor of the yamen beyond the wall of the temple court answered in staccato command, and the crowd in the compound shrank to right and left as from the menace of a threatening sword. Through the passage thus opened strode a man of middle age clad in robes of purple silk, his breast adorned with the figure of a Manchurian crane in silver brocade, his girdle-clasp of pale-green jade set in rubies, and a ruby like a polished blood-clot glistening on the apex of his crimson skull-cap—a mandarin of the first degree. Close beside him walked three attendants of inferior rank, their peacock feathers swaying with the swinging movement of their bodies.

The guard of American marines and English infantry presented arms as the official passed through the door of the temple; and as the portal closed behind him the mob in the compound made obeisance and murmured angrily—salutation to the magistrate; defiance to the victors of Tientsin and Peking.

It had been a protracted session and the commissioners were tired. The subordinate officials and leading citizens of Cheng-ting had been examined through interpreters as to their knowledge of the June riots and their responsibility for the consequent massacres by the Boxer fanatics. The process had been long and tedious, and it was growing late.

As Lu Yin-hoon came into the presence of the court the American commissioner leaned across the table to ask a question of his German colleague; the Frenchman lighted a cigarette, tendering his silver case to the Italian at his right; the Englishman yawned, stretched himself, and turned lazily to observe the new witness. A ray of expiring sunlight pierced the deepening shadows and its glow illuminated the face of the mandarin as he walked across the great hall. The Englishman started to his feet with a cry of recognition:

"Sir Lu!"

He advanced to meet the official, who smiled gravely and crossed his wrists over his breast in the Manchu salutation, slightly inclining his head. The Englishman extended his hand and it was grasped cordially by the mandarin. The commissioner waited expectantly.

"Gentlemen," said the Englishman; "this is my old friend Sir Lu; he was one of the secretaries of the Chinese embassy in London when I was a cadet in our diplomatic service. We saw much of each other in those days and I can vouch for him as I would speak for myself—an honorable, upright, Chinese gentleman; whatever he may tell us will be the truth, and we shall need no interpreter. Mr. Graves," he added with a smile, addressing the American commissioner; "you will probably recognize Sir Lu's Yale accent—Yale was his alma mater."

The commissioners rose and bowed to the mandarin, who responded as he had greeted his English friend. "I thank you, Mr. Chalmers," he said. "This meeting was unexpected. I came as a witness in this proceeding to give my testimony as it might be required. I find that it is a pleasurable duty. I am at your service, gentlemen. It is late; let us go on with the business of the occasion; I hope we shall know one another better hereafter. It is my wish that you shall be my guests this evening."

A chair was placed for Sir Lu and the commissioners resumed their seats. The examination proceeded under the questioning of the American commissioner:

"Sir Lu, you are the district magistrate of the city of Cheng-ting, in the province of Shansi?"

"That is my official rank at this time."

"And you were such district magistrate of the city of Cheng-ting on or about June 13, 1900?"

"I was."

"Will you kindly inform us, within your best knowledge, what occurred on that date in the city of Cheng-ting?"

"The city was invaded by the I-Ho-Chuan and their partisans; and many persons were killed."

"By the term 'I-Ho-Chuan' we are to understand the English translation 'Boxers' I presume?"

"These people are called 'Boxers' by the foreigners."

"How many were massacred in that affair?"

"About seven hundred."

"Chinese and foreigners?"

"Chinese."

This answer was unexpected. The commissioners had anticipated only an affirmative to a fact which they had deemed established by the testimony of preceding witnesses. The examiner repeated Sir Lu's answer with a questioning inflection.

"Only Chinese were massacred," the mandarin repeated; "about seven hundred Chinese Christian converts and others suspected of friendliness for the missionaries and foreigners."

"But we have been informed," the commissioner insisted, "that three foreigners were also killed."

"That is true; three foreigners were killed; the only foreigners in the city at the time; but they perished in the riot, and every life cost their foes a dozen. I think

I would draw a distinction between a combat and a massacre."

No one spoke for a moment. A Chinese servitor, by order of the secretary, had lighted the temple lanterns hanging from the blackened beams, and a sombre radiance shone through the dark vermillion of the oiled silk, submerging every object in rosette shadows, out of which the sound of repressed movement of the actors and spectators breathed vaguely.

"Where were these foreigners killed?" the commissioner finally asked.

"Here."

The answer was in strict accord with the Chinese mode—a dramatic climax. The testimony of the preceding witnesses had contained no hint of the place where the tragedy had occurred, and Sir Lu, notwithstanding his long and familiar association with the practical, prosaic Western world, was not proof against this temptation to indulge his native predilection for theatrical effect. Before the commissioner could ask another question the witness was explaining in a low, even tone; his utterance distinct, his words simple and precise, his manner calm almost to indifference.

"If the gentlemen of the commission will permit me, I will tell the story," he said. "I knew these men intimately. John Harrison was an American, inspector at this place in the imperial customs; Father Durrand was a Jesuit missionary; and Dr. Campbell was a missionary of the Presbyterian faith, Scotch, I think, but representing the American board. They were my friends, but they were not friendly with one another. They quarreled over their religious opinions. It was a bitter quarrel; almost insulting. Father Durrand treated Dr. Campbell with silent but visible contempt; Dr. Campbell spoke of Father Durrand and his church harshly. The people of their households and their converts frequently came to blows in the streets, and the magistrates had much to do to keep the peace between them without driving both missions out of the city. As for John Harrison, he was what the others called an infidel and an atheist. He stirred up strife among all concerned. He spoke the dialect of the province as fluently as the Christian sinologues and could array all the clever men of the city—the literati and those learned in the Five Books—against the missionaries. It was a debate with three corners—the Presbyterian and the Catholic against each other and the infidel against both. But I think John Harrison was more in sport than earnest. He was what you call a humorist. It amused him to bait the missionaries. I am sure there was no malice in John Harrison; but his laughter was very irritating. He delighted the literati; but the converts of both sects would have assassinated him if they had dared. John Harrison knew his peril, but he only laughed the louder and delivered another speech to the learned Chinese at the very doors of the missions."

"I knew what was to happen long before the others knew what was doing in Shan-tung, where the revolt began. I was sure, too, that the I-Ho-Chuan would not come farther west than Peking. So I said nothing at that time to anybody except the higher officials. My fear was nearer home and from the opposite direction. When we heard that Tung Fuh-shiang was marching on Peking at the head of a hundred thousand Kansu men we knew what would happen. Cheng-ting lay directly in the path of this savage banditti. There was no help for it, and no hope. Instantly I sent my runners to the missions and to John Harrison, with warning that they must leave the city by the great road to the south. It was their only chance of escape. They could reach the Yangtze River by the time the Kansu men entered the province, and the journey to Shanghai would be safe. My runners returned with the information that Father Durrand was absent in the country and would not be back for a day or two. Dr. Campbell and John Harrison thanked me for my warning and said that they would heed my advice. I rested on that message. My friends were safe; and I had saved them."

"You know what happened after that. Tung Fuh-shiang, the Kansu outlaw, marched down upon us with his horde. Death and destruction was in his track. Long before his vanguard entered the gates of Cheng-ting the nights blazed red in the west with his burnings. The people fled before him and thousands huddled in Cheng-ting terror-stricken. Still, gentlemen of the commission, it was not for me to defend the city against Tung Fuh-shiang when the imperial authority gave no order, offered no help; when even the viceroys were issuing edicts of slaughter and extermination."

Sir Lu paused to let this defense of his own administration sink well into the understanding of his judges. There was no question or comment, and he went swiftly to the tragedy of his narrative: "When I had come to this decision," he said, "I again thought of my friends and made inquiry concerning them. I was appalled to hear that they were still within the walls. I could not understand. I went to John Harrison. I asked him why he had not made his way to the great river. He quietly told me that he was waiting for Dr. Campbell. 'For Dr. Campbell?' I asked; 'and is he, too, within the gates?' 'He is,' said John Harrison. 'But he was warned as you were,' I said. 'I know that,' said John Harrison; 'for he came to me with your warning as soon as he received it—as I was on my way to warn him, thinking he had not yet heard.' 'Then why are you still here?' I asked; 'why is Dr. Campbell still here?' 'Because,' said John Harrison, 'we are waiting for Father Durrand.' Then, gentlemen of the commission, I was more astonished than before. 'Why should you and Dr. Campbell wait for Father Durrand?' I

asked. 'Because Father Durrand is a white man like ourselves,' said John Harrison; 'do you think we would save our lives and leave him here to die?' 'Yet neither you nor Dr. Campbell is friendly to Father Durrand,' I answered him; 'you are all bitter enemies; you both hate Father Durrand for his religion.' Shall I tell you, gentlemen of the commission, what John Harrison said to that?"

Sir Lu waited for the question.

"What did John Harrison say?" some one asked; it might have been the German commissioner.

"To hell with his religion," the mandarin quoted.

"That is what John Harrison said. 'What's a white man's religion to him when a white man needs his help? Dr. Campbell isn't thinking of Father Durrand's religion now any more than I am thinking of Dr. Campbell's religion—no more than Dr. Campbell is thinking of my irreligion. We're here alone in this death-trap, but we're here together, and we're white; and blood is thicker than religion, Sir Lu, when white men stand together against the common enemy. When Father Durrand comes we will go, but we will go together—if it is not too late; and we'll probably go together if it is too late.' John Harrison laughed when he said that. It was the humor of the man. I went to Dr. Campbell. I asked him the same questions I had asked John Harrison. He said he was waiting for the return of Father Durrand. I reminded him of the difference of their religious faith, as I had spoken to John Harrison. Dr. Campbell was a man different from John Harrison; he was grave and serious and solemn; he did not jest nor use harsh words. He answered very quietly: 'Father Durrand may not believe as I do, but he is my brother.' What could I do with men like these? I ask you, gentlemen of the commission, what could I do? Nothing. So I went my way. That night Father Durrand returned. He entered the city by the north gate; and an hour later a thousand Kansu men followed him—at midnight there were twenty thousand Kansu men in Cheng-ting. We were at their mercy. They dictated the laws of the city from the yamen of the Tao-tai. The people of the missions were doomed—such of them as had not fled the city."

"My runners intercepted Father Durrand outside the walls. His first question was: 'Are my brothers safe?' My runners asked him of whom he spoke, and he named Dr. Campbell and John Harrison. He was told that they were still in the city—waiting for him. He raised his face to the stars, and as if he were praying he said, 'God's will be done.' These were men of your race, gentlemen of the commission. And they were worthy of tablets in many temples."

"I did not cease my effort to save these men. I sent my runners to them at the house of Dr. Campbell. I ordered that they be disguised as coolies and smuggled out of the city in the midst of a party of my own people. The plan almost succeeded. They reached the south gate, which had been closed for the night. It was opened on a written order from me and half of the rescuing party had passed through, John Harrison and Father Durrand among them, when the face of Dr. Campbell, who was in the rear, was recognized. At the first alarm John Harrison and Father Durrand turned back; they repassed the gate before it was closed by those who had attacked Dr. Campbell. They could easily have escaped by continuing their journey. But they turned back."

"There were not many at the gate, but their cries soon gathered a great throng. The crowd pressed close upon my runners and the three foreigners. It would have ended there if John Harrison had not shot one of the leaders through the heart. The mob scattered for a moment and the fugitives hurried along the street still surrounded by my runners. They hoped to reach a place of temporary concealment where they could stay until I could help them once more. It was John Harrison's plan. He told the runners to disperse before they were known to the mob as my men. The runners obeyed and the three men turned into the street called the Place of Feather Fans. They ran to the little street where the sing-song girls live, and that way reached the broader street called the Camel Way. The mob was close behind and kept them in view. When they reached this temple, which is named the Hall of the Three Religions, they were again surrounded and there was no escape. Again John Harrison killed a man; they say he killed three before they were driven into the temple. My men, who were in the crowd, say he cried in a loud voice to his companions: 'Fight for your lives! Die fighting.' Then he turned on the mob and cursed their ancestors in Chinese; defied them, and spat upon them."

"When I reached the temple with the city guard we found twenty thousand men howling for the lives of the three foreigners. The streets were full, the roofs of all the houses in the district were crowded, hundreds were beating their way into the temple, and the adjoining houses were in flames. I fought my way through the mob until I reached the entrance. I saw the end of it."

Sir Lu rose from his seat and indicating with his outstretched hand continued: "Dr. Campbell stood there, under the image of Confucius; on the other side, where the figure of Lao-tse stood, was John Harrison; in the centre by the statue of Buddha was Father Durrand. I saw them clearly in the light of a hundred torches and the flame of the blazing roof up there. Dr. Campbell was firing steadily from a revolver into the crowd, and when it was empty he flung it in the faces of the mob. John Harrison was fighting hand-to-hand with a dozen assailants armed only with a great bamboo



club. He kept the mob at bay until a bullet struck him in the thigh. He dragged himself to the knees of Lao-tsze. He lifted himself with a mighty effort and wrenched the image loose. It fell with a dull crash upon the heads of the foremost assailants. He called to Dr. Campbell and the missionary did with Confucius as John Harrison had done with the image of Lao-tsze. Half a dozen men were crushed under the statue. Father Durrand did not fling down the image of Buddha. He looked up at the face of the Peaceful One and smiled. I saw him smile in the face of Buddha. And so he died. A bullet from the mob struck him down even at that instant. John Harrison and Dr. Campbell tried to reach the dying priest, but the mob was upon them and they were hurled back upon the image of Buddha. Again John Harrison shouted to his companion and I saw them lift the Buddha from its place and dash it against the mass of men at their feet. It was the last effort of three against thousands. The mob overwhelmed the two survivors of this combat and I saw no more of them. The murder was complete."

As the voice of the mandarin ceased it seemed to the commissioners that the light of the vermilion lanterns drenched the temple with blood. The silence was broken by a motion to adjourn—almost a whisper. The commissioners rose. Again Sir Lu spoke: "Gentlemen of the commission," he said; "my doors are open; you are my guests for the night."

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1909.

Melisa Houston, the Indian wife of General Houston, first president of Texas, is reported by a correspondent of the *Kansas City Times* to be in danger of actual starvation through the desertion of her tribesmen. This woman is, according to the best authority, 114 years old, and she is blind and partially paralyzed. It has long been the custom of the Comanches, Kiowas, and other blanket Indian tribes to abandon their old men and old women to their fate and permit them to die by slow degrees. This old woman lives in her tepee on the banks of the Washita River, three miles from the agency. Her nearest neighbor is a white family, about a mile distant. As the white settlers know it would offend the members of her tribe should they render assistance, they refrain from doing so. General Houston lived among the Cherokee tribe when he was quite young, but later went to the Southwest and cast his lot with the Kiowas. Then he met and married Melisa, it is said, when she was the belle of the tribe. Her friends and relatives often tried to induce her to go to Texas while General Houston was prominent, but she refused to go. She said if her husband would not return to the Indians and live with them he would not treat her right if she were to go to him. Aunt Melisa owns a fine tract of land and many head of horses and cattle, but she is too old to understand the meaning of wealth.

Men are not found at Girton (says *Harper's Bazar*). Even the head of the college is a gracious, scholarly, dignified woman—Miss Jones. She is the "head mistress," and all the resident teachers are "mistresses" also. Whether or not the thought of a man is tolerated by the student body may be a question—apparently, his extended presence is not desired. The girls have their "dramatics," but males are not invited. Teas and receptions are given, but they are for women only. Indeed, so sharply is the line drawn that in the printed regulations of the college the following rule appears: "Rule 4. Subject to permission from the mistress, students are at liberty to accept invitations from families, but are expected to inform the mistress of the place to which they propose to go and to be in by 11 p. m. They are not expected to accept evening invitations more than once a week. Special permission is necessary for visitors to visit college rooms in Cambridge (including the rooms of student brothers); but a student may obtain leave to receive in her own room, not oftener than once a week, brothers residing in Cambridge—the visits to be paid before 6 p. m., and the visitors to send up their names to the mistress."

The acceptance of Constitution Island, in the Hudson River, opposite West Point, presented to the government by Mrs. Margaret Olivia Sage and Miss Anna Bartlett Warner, has been authorized by Congress. The resolution stipulates that Miss Warner shall be permitted to retain her residence on the island during her lifetime and that the land shall be assigned in perpetuity to the United States Military Academy, to become a part of the military reservation. It is also especially provided that no part of it is to be used as a public picnic or excursion ground.

In his various plays Shakespeare used about 15,000 words. Milton used only about half as many in his writings. A person of culture and education has a speaking vocabulary of about 5000 words; an ordinary person uses from 2000 to 3000 words. This would indicate that the 300,000 words of the English language include a good many that are seldom employed except in President's messages.

Mme. Guadalupe de Haro, a Mexican, and a descendant of the Montezumas, is in New York studying domestic science as practiced in the United States. She will carry it back with her to Mexico, and at the bidding of her government introduce it in that country.

## THE STORY OF THE FIRST AMERICAN.

James Morgan's Dramatic Pictures of Lincoln's Struggles, Trials, and Achievements.

On the twelfth day of next month the United States will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of its greatest citizen. As the years go by the life and services of Abraham Lincoln gather a brighter glory. Many times have writers attempted to describe and appraise them in detail, and the list of works devoted to his name and fame will lengthen continually. The subject is exhaustless.

James Morgan has written one of the latest volumes on Lincoln, boy and man, and though it tells little that is not familiar, it is a valuable as well as an interesting work. It is to be praised particularly for its clearness, for its remarkable condensation without serious omissions, for its vivid presentation of a single-minded genius of toil, patience, wisdom, and strength, in the significant phases of his career. It must be given a high place among the single-volume histories of the man and his times. There is much of Lincoln's own writing in the book. His two great speeches, the Gettysburg address and the second inaugural acceptance and pledge, are given in full. From its pages it is easy to cull many paragraphs that were written nearly or quite fifty years ago, but that are still watchwords of eternal truth.

Six years after Lincoln's term in Congress he became the leader of the Whig party in his State and met in debate the masterful Douglas, then approaching the end of his term as United States senator. Lincoln was at that time a candidate before the legislature for a seat as colleague with the great Democrat, and he unhesitatingly crossed swords with the brilliant orator who had gained national fame. This is said of Lincoln at their first meeting with the time divided between them:

His readiness in the debate amazed his opponent. By his clear reasoning he coined his arguments into powerful maxims, so simple that they sank into the understanding of every hearer: "When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism." "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent." "Repeal the Missouri Compromise, repeal all compromise, repeal the Declaration of Independence, repeal all past history, still you can not repeal human nature." "Our Republican robe is soiled and trailing in the dust. Let us purify it. Let us turn and wash it white, in the spirit if not in the blood of the Revolution."

Although the Whigs won in that election, they were not strong enough to send Lincoln to the United States Senate. Lyman Trumbull, a Democrat, was chosen with the aid of anti-Douglas votes, and it was undoubtedly a fortunate disappointment for Lincoln. A greater preferment was before him, but to win it he must become a national figure. He met his opportunity half way:

When the campaign for the election of President came in 1856 the Whig party was a wreck. Lincoln joined the organization which rose on its ruins and became a Republican. He was welcomed at the State convention of the new party as its natural leader. There, speaking for the first time as a Republican, the great cause in which his whole soul was enlisted moved him to deliver an address of such wonderful power that even the press reporters forgot their duty as they sat bound in its spell, and it has passed into history as the "lost speech." The reports all praised it and editors drew their texts from it; but no one could reproduce the "lost speech." The delegates, however, carried its inspiration with them to the first national convention of the Republican party, about to meet in Philadelphia.

In that convention Lincoln received 110 votes, and when the news came to him on the circuit in Central Illinois, where he was trying cases, he was incredulous. He protested that they must have been meant for some other Lincoln.

In 1858 Douglas opened his campaign for reelection and again Lincoln challenged him to debate. He pressed the question of slavery and its expansion home upon his adversary, yet stated his case fairly:

The Southern people, he admitted, were acting as the people of the North would act in the same situation. "If slavery did not exist among us, we should not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we should not instantly give it up. I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself."

His sole concern was to stop the spread of slavery, which he had hated his life long; to keep it out of the Territories and out of the free States of the North. In this cause alone he pledged himself to strive, until wherever the Federal government had power "the sun shall shine, the rain shall fall, and the wind shall blow upon no man who goes forth to unrequited toil."

In the closing debate, which took place at Alton, near St. Louis, standing where he could look across the Mississippi and see the shore of the slave State of Missouri, he rested his entire case on the naked question, "Is slavery wrong?"

Again Douglas was successful, but by a narrow margin in the legislature only; the popular vote of the State was with Lincoln. By this time Lincoln was no longer without reputation as a speaker on national questions:

As the State campaigns of 1859 were opened, his services were called for in many places, Kansas, Minnesota, and Iowa being among the earliest to seek his aid. Wherever Douglas appeared there was a loud demand for Lincoln. Distant New Hampshire urged him to come there to answer his famous adversary, and New York and Ohio made like requests. "I have been a great man such a mighty little time," he confessed to an enthusiastic admirer, "that I am not used to it yet."

An Indiana leader wrote to tell him that his counsel carried such weight that every political letter falling from his pen was copied throughout the Union. In these letters, which he wrote to his correspondents and to committees, he modestly offered much sane advice. "I have some little notoriety," he observed on the subject of Know-nothingism, "for commiserating the oppressed condition of the negro; and I should be strangely inconsistent if I could favor any project for curtail-

ing the existing rights of white men, even though horn in different lands and speaking different languages from myself."

Not only as a speaker was the aid and counsel of this uncompromising leader solicited. From every part of the North requests for advice came to him:

To a Boston organization he sent this clear message: "This is a world of compensation, and he who would he no slave must be content to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, can not long retain it."

When Douglas went to Ohio, Lincoln accepted urgent invitations to answer him at Cincinnati and Columbus. There the Republican State Committee published the reports of the Illinois debates and Lincoln's two Ohio speeches for general circulation, as the best means of educating the people on the issues of the coming campaign of 1860. Thus Lincoln was chosen as the champion of his party's cause before the entire nation, and three huge editions of the addresses found a ready sale.

Lincoln was still too modest to regard himself seriously as a presidential candidate, although his friends far and near often suggested his name. Suddenly came an invitation to lecture in New York, and he was frankly pleased with this recognition:

Arrived in the city, he went to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach, and, with a friend, he visited Five Points, then the notorious centre of the slums of New York, where he found himself in a missionary Sunday-school. Being a stranger, he was called on to speak to the children, and his homely and kindly talk so pleased them that they cried, when he paused, "Go on," "Oh, do go on." As he was leaving the room, the teacher asked him his name. "Abraham Lincoln, from Illinois," he simply answered.

When a committee which had invited him to New York called on him at the Astor House, and he saw its members in their fashionable attire, he seemed to be conscious of his own awkward appearance for the first time in his life. He felt under the necessity of apologizing for the wrinkled condition of his suit, which he had brought with him in a valise; and in beginning his speech he was again embarrassed as he looked at the well-dressed dignitaries on the platform. The collar of his coat did not fit, and he was troubled lest the audience note its bad habit of flying out of place whenever he raised his arms.

The meeting, probably the most memorable ever held in New York, took place in Cooper Institute. It was an imposing occasion. "No man," one newspaper said, "since the days of Clay and Webster, has spoken to a larger assemblage of the intellect and mental culture of our city." William Cullen Bryant presided. Horace Greeley and men of light and leading were in attendance.

He seemed careless of everything save the justice of his cause. There could be no dangers for a nature so transparent, so honest, so absolutely fearless, so devoted to liberty and right:

New York has been the pitfall of more than one visiting statesman. It was there that Abraham Lincoln proved to himself his power to lead the nation, and disproved to himself his original conception that he was "not fit to be President."

From this great triumph, Lincoln went to New England to see his son Robert, who was at school, and he spoke in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire. At New Haven he told his hearers that twenty-five years before he was "a hired laborer, mauling rails, or at work on a flatboat," and that he wished every laborer, black as well as white, to have the same chance to rise that he had enjoyed.

The professor of rhetoric in Yale College observed with admiration the fine structure of his speech. He not only took notes of it and held it up before his class the next day as an example of English composition, but he followed the speaker to a neighboring city, that he might again sit at the feet of this self-taught master of our mother tongue.

When, at length, the Chicago convention conferred upon itself the greatest possible honor and nominated Lincoln, the obscure "county court advocate," for the presidency, over Seward, the New York senator who had felt certain of the prize, there were few who had faith that the choice was wise. Senator Douglas told his Republican colleagues in Washington that they had nominated "a very able and a very honest man." The great men of Lincoln's party in the East were still timid. His partner in the Springfield law office then drew for one inquirer such a picture that it will long endure, not merely as a tribute from one who knew and trusted his friend, but as a clear-sighted judgment of a character sublimely great, yet simple and unaffected as a child:

From every direction demands came for him to speak or act, but he resolutely refrained from adding to the volume of idle sound. There was an anxious desire all over the country to take the measure of the untiring leader. In a letter to Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, Mr. Herndon, Lincoln's partner, drew this remarkably just portrait: "Lincoln is a man of heart, aye, as gentle as a woman's and as tender—but he has a will as strong as iron. He, therefore, loves all mankind, hates slavery and every form of despotism. Lincoln will fail here, namely, if a question of political economy—if any question comes up which is doubtful, questionable, which no man can demonstrate, then his friends can rule him; but, when on justice, right, liberty, the government, the Constitution, and the Union, then you may all stand aside; he will rule then, and no man can rule him—no set of men can do it. There is no fail here. This is Lincoln, and you mark my prediction. You and I must keep the people right; God will keep Lincoln right."

Lincoln did not fail, and no man ruled him to the discredit of either. What he accomplished by serene wisdom, untiring patience, and dauntless courage, unaided, has rarely been understood even among his countrymen. This book, which is more stirring in its appeal to the best sentiments than any biography of another man could be, throws light on many episodes that have not often been pictured with full appreciation. It's brief review of the progress of the Civil War is admirable. The great closing event of that heroic, lonely, melancholy life is described with precision and pathos.

In addition to Whitman's and Lowell's poetic tributes to the martyred President, the author includes words of just regard from other contemporaries. Several portraits, some of them little known, and a complete index are features of the work.

"Abraham Lincoln: The Boy and Man," by James Morgan. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50 net.



## A BOHEMIAN BONANZA.

Schaunard and Marcel, who had been at work since morning, suddenly stopped.

"Gods! but I am hungry," said Schaunard, and he added, carelessly, "don't we breakfast some time today?"

Marcel showed great astonishment at this question. "Since when have we breakfasted two days in succession?" said he. "Yesterday was Thursday," and he finished his response by designating with his maul-stick that commandment of the church which refers to meat on Friday.

Schaunard found nothing to say to that, and set to work again at his picture, which represented a plain on which a red tree and a blue tree were clasping branches—being a transparent allusion to the charms of friendship from a very philosophical standpoint.

Just then the porter knocked at the door. He brought a letter for Marcel.

"Three sous to collect," said he.

"Are you sure?" replied the artist. "All right, we will owe them to you," and he shut the door in his face.

Marcel took the letter and broke the seal. At the first words, he put himself to capering about the studio in an acrobatic dance, singing, at the top of his voice, a popular students' song of the day, which indicated with him the very apex of joy.

"Look here," said Schaunard, feeling already symptoms of mental alienation, "if you don't dry up I'll play the allegro of my symphony on the influence of blue in the arts," and he went to the piano.

This threat produced the effect of a drop of cold water falling into a boiling liquid, calming Marcel as by enchantment.

"Read that!" said he, passing the letter to his friend.

It was an invitation to dinner from a deputy—patron of the arts in general, and of Marcel in particular, who had painted the portrait of his country house.

"It is for today," said Schaunard. "What a pity that the ticket isn't good for two. But, come to think of it, your deputy supports the ministry. You can't, you ought not, to accept. Your principles forbid you eating bread soaked in the sweat of the people."

"Bah!" said Marcel; "my deputy belongs to the left centre, and voted against the government the other day. Besides, he is going to give me an order, and has promised to introduce me in society. And then, you see, it is Friday; and I am hungry enough to eat a raw dog, and I must dine."

"There are yet other obstacles," replied Schaunard, a little jealous of the good fortune which had befallen his friend. "You can't go to a swell dinner in a red blouse and a longshoreman's hat."

"I will borrow some clothes of Rodolphe or Colline." "Bah! Have you forgotten that we have passed the twentieth of the month, and that at that epoch the clothes of those gentlemen are spouted?"

"I will, at least, find a black coat somewhere about here by five o'clock," said Marcel.

"It took me three weeks to find one when I went to my cousin's wedding; and that was early in January."

"Well, I will go as I am," replied Marcel, striding across the room. "It shall never be said that a miserable question of etiquette prevented my taking my first step in society."

"Good," said Schaunard, taking much pleasure in the chagrin of his friend; "but what about the boots?"

Marcel went out in a state of agitation impossible to describe. Toward two o'clock he returned, loaded down with a paper collar.

"That is all I can find," said he, piteously.

"It was hardly worth while running about for that," responded Schaunard. "We have paper enough here to make a dozen collars."

"The devil!" said Marcel, tearing his hair; "we ought to have some effects between us," and he commenced a long research in all the corners of the two chambers. After an hour's hunting, he realized a costume composed as follows:

- One pair of plaid trousers.
- One gray hat.
- One red cravat.
- One glove, originally white.
- One black glove.

"That will make two black gloves at a pinch," said Schaunard. "But when you are dressed you will look like the solar spectrum. But what of that, you are a colorist."

Meantime, Marcel tried the boots. Cursed fatality! They were both for the same foot. The despairing artist then spied in a corner an old boot in which they put their brushes, and possessed himself of it.

"Like Garrick in 'Syllabe,'" said his ironical companion. "This one is pointed, and the other is square."

"Nobody will notice that. I will varnish them."

"Good enough! All you want now is the regulation black coat."

There came another knock at the door. Marcel opened it.

"Monsieur Schaunard?" said a stranger, standing on the threshold.

"That's me," said the painter, begging him to enter.

"Monsieur," said the unknown, hearer of one of those honest fables which are the type of the countryman. "my cousin has talked a great deal of your talent for painting portraits, and being about to make a voyage to the colonies, where I am delegated by the sugar-refiners of the city of Nantes, I wish to leave a remembrance

of myself with my family. That is why I have come to find you."

"Holy providence!" murmured Schaunard. "Marcel, give a chair to Monsieur—"

"Blancheron," replied the stranger; "Blancheron of Nantes, delegate of the sugar industry, former mayor of V—, captain in the National Guard, and author of a pamphlet on the sugar question."

"I am very much honored to have been selected by you," said the artist, inclining himself before the delegate of the refiners. "How do you wish to have your portrait?"

"In miniature, like that," replied Monsieur Blancheron, indicating a portrait in oils; because, for the delegate, as for many others, that which is not a house-painting is miniature; there is nothing between.

This simplicity gave Schaunard the measure of the man; above all, when he added that he desired his portrait painted with the finest colors.

"I never use any others," said Schaunard. "How large would monsieur like his portrait?"

"As big as that," replied Monsieur Blancheron, designating a canvas. "But how high does that come?"

"From fifty to sixty francs; fifty without the hands, sixty with—"

"The devil! my cousin talked about thirty."

"That is according to the season," said the painter; "the colors are higher at different seasons of the year."

"What, just like sugar?"

"Exactly."

"Go ahead, then, for fifty francs."

"You're wrong; for ten francs more, I would put in the hands, in which I would place your pamphlet on the sugar question, which would be flattering."

"B'gosh, you are right."

"Ye gods!" said Schaunard to himself, "if he continues I shall explode, and wound him with the pieces."

"Have you remarked?" hissed Marcel in his ear.

"What?"

"He has on a black coat."

"I understand, and I have your idea. Leave me alone."

"Well, monsieur," said the delegate, "when shall we commence? It must not be delayed, for I sail shortly."

"I have a little journey to make myself; I leave Paris day after tomorrow, so, if you like, we will commence at once. A good sitting will advance the work."

"But it will soon be dark, and you can't paint by candle-light," said Monsieur Blancheron.

"My studio is so arranged that I can work at all hours," replied the painter; "so, if you will take off your coat, and assume the pose, we will commence."

"What do you want me to take off my coat for?"

"Didn't you say that you wanted this portrait for your family?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you ought to be represented in your home costume, in your dressing-gown. Besides, that is the custom."

"But I have no dressing-gown with me."

"But I have. The case is foreseen," said Schaunard, presenting to his model a ragged jacket, historic with paint-stains, which made the honest countryman hesitate at first.

"That is a very singular garment," said he.

"And very precious," responded the painter. "A Turkish vizier presented it to Horace Vernet, who gave it to me. I am a pupil of his."

"You are a pupil of Vernet?" said Blancheron.

"Yes, monsieur, I can boast of that. Horrors!" murmured he to himself, "I am denying my gods."

"That is worth mentioning, young man," replied the delegate, in putting on the dressing-gown which had such a noble origin.

"Hang the gentleman's coat in the wardrobe," said Schaunard to his friend, with a significant wink.

"I say," murmured Marcel, in leaping into his prey, and designating Blancheron, "some style about him. If we could only keep a little of him."

"I will try; but dress quickly and run. Get back here by ten o'clock, and I'll keep him till then. And don't you forget to bring me something in your pocket."

"I will bring a pineapple," said Marcel, going out. He dressed himself hurriedly. The coat fitted like a glove, and he went out by the other door.

Schaunard put himself to work. As it grew dark, Monsieur Blancheron heard six o'clock strike, and remembered that he had not dined. He so remarked to the painter.

"I am in the same fix; but to oblige you I will let it go tonight, although I was invited to dine in the Faubourg Saint-Germain," said Schaunard. "But we can't disturb ourselves; that would compromise the resemblance."

He turned to his work.

"However," said he, carelessly, "we could dine here without disturbing ourselves. There is an excellent restaurant down stairs, and they could send up whatever we wanted." And Schaunard waited the effect of his trio of plurals.

"An excellent idea," said Monsieur Blancheron; "and, in return for the suggestion, would you do me the honor of keeping me company at table?"

Schaunard bowed.

"Hurrah!" said he to himself, "this is a man worth knowing; a veritable envoy of providence. Will you select the bill of fare?" he asked.

"You will oblige me by doing it yourself," said Blancheron.

"You will repent of it, Nicolas," sung the painter, as he descended the stairs, four at a time.

He entered the restaurant, stood up at the counter, and dictated a bill of fare which made the Vatel of the shop turn pale.

"Some ordinary Bordeaux."

"Who is going to pay?"

"Not I, probably," said Schaunard, "but an uncle of mine, whom you will see up stairs—a great epicure. So try to distinguish yourself. And we will be served in half an hour, and in porcelain—do you understand?"

At eight o'clock Monsieur Blancheron felt the desire to pour into the bosom of a friend his ideas on the sugar question, and he recited to Schaunard the pamphlet which he had written.

Schaunard accompanied him on the piano.

At ten o'clock, Monsieur Blancheron and his friend danced a galop, and called each other endearing names.

At eleven o'clock, they swore never to part, and made their wills, each leaving the other his fortune.

At midnight, Marcel returned, and found them in each other's arms, dissolved in tears. There was already half an inch of water in the studio. Marcel ran against the table, and saw the splendid debris of a superb repast. He examined the hottles; they were perfectly empty.

He tried to awaken Schaunard, but he threatened to kill him if he should take from him Monsieur Blancheron, of whom he had made a pillow.

"Ingrate!" said Marcel, pulling out of his pocket a handful of nuts; "this to one who has brought you your dinner."—From the French of Henri Murger, translated for the Argonaut.

## INTAGLIOS.

A Rose.

[TRIOLETS.]

'Twas a Jacqueminot rose  
That she gave me at parting;  
Sweetest flower that blows  
'Twas a Jacqueminot rose.  
In the lone garden close,  
With the swift blushes starting,  
'Twas a Jacqueminot rose  
That she gave me at parting.

If she kissed it, who knows—  
Since I will not discover,  
And lone is that close—  
If she kissed it, who knows?  
Or if not the red rose,  
Perhaps then the lover!  
If she kissed it, who knows,  
Since I will not discover?

Yet at least with the rose  
Went a kiss that I'm wearing!  
More I will not disclose;  
Yet at least with the rose  
Went whose kiss no one knows,  
Since I'm only declaring  
That at least with the rose  
Went a kiss that I'm wearing!

—Arlo Bates.

Sweet Day.

Stay, sweet Day, for thou art fair—  
Fair, and full, and calm;  
Crowned, through all thy golden hours,  
With Love's brightest, richest flowers,  
Strong in Faith's unshaken powers,  
Blessed in Hope's pure balm.

Stay, what chance and change may wait,  
As you glide away;  
Now is all so glad and bright;  
Now we breathe in sure delight;  
Now we laugh in Fate's despite;  
Stay with us, sweet Day.

Ah, she can not, may not stop;  
All things must decay!  
Then with heart, and head, and will,  
Take the joy that lingers still,  
Prize the pause in wrong and ill,  
Prize the passing day.

—Anon.

Lie Still.

Lie still. You need not love, nor gold,  
Nor name, to make the sum complete.  
The world no living hand may hold  
Falls at a dead man's feet!

Lie still. You climbed for flowers, and found  
They grow not well in highest air.  
Lie still. The rock, the thorn, the wound  
Were yours; you had your share.

Lie still. This is the end, they say.  
Lie still. The peasant and the king,  
A little weary, walk this way;  
The hide leaves here her ring.

Your virtues? Though the priest speak true,  
You need not blush—your face is hid.  
The roses life denied to you  
Are on your coffin-lid.

—Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

Love.

Love is forever and divinely new.  
As young as when the heart first learned to heat,  
As strong, as tender, and as wildly sweet,  
The immortal part of us, the crown of few.

Out of the savage lust of life it grew,  
As a soft flower-growth out of light and heat,  
A spirit of fire that time could not defeat,  
Which made the antique world it overthrew.

Unshaken amid the wreck of ages, one  
Known of all life and speech for every mouth,  
One song that echoes world-wide and one time—  
One thing worth living for beneath the sun,  
As beautiful as summer in the south,  
And full of passion as the heart of June.

—G. E. Montgomery.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Missioner*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

We are fascinated by the story and by its fresh proof of the author's originality, but we are a little aghast at the boldness of some of his character drawing. When Miss Thorpe-Hatton, who owns the village of Thorpe—houses and people too—refuses permission to Victor Macheson to hold religious meetings upon her domain and even makes it impossible for that original young man to get lodgings in Thorpe, we seem to recognize a familiar and detestable influence in English life. But we are a little startled when Miss Thorpe-Hatton pays a night visit to the gamekeeper's shelter in which the missioner has taken refuge in order to kiss him in his sleep. Of course, the lady has French blood in her veins, which explains everything, including the painful strenuousness of her love-making to a man whom she can not marry. We positively blush for Miss Thorpe-Hatton at times, while admiring the dual personality which oscillates between a frigid regularity and something closely akin to libertinism.

The missioner himself is as great a puzzle. A college man and a gentleman, wholly innocent of dogmatic religion, he preaches to the poor not because of their special need, but because the rich are not worth the trouble. When a volcanic love upsets his theories he plunges into wild excesses in Paris and we have pictures of the Rat Mort and similar resorts that leave very little to the imagination. But the missioner keeps himself personally clean. His desperation does not quite overwhelm his manhood, and when his desperate struggle with the Paris Apache in Miss Thorpe-Hatton's bedroom promises to remove the mystery of that lady's youth we feel that he is worthy of whatever happiness may be in store for him. The interest of "The Missioner" is less in its incident than in its characters. Mr. Oppenheim has created two personalities as remarkable as any that have come from his imagination, and we are not disposed to be hypercritical if they are a little too exuberant.

*Kincaid's Battery*, by George W. Cable. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Cable reproduces the old life of New Orleans with all the quaint accuracy that distinguishes "The Grandissimes" and with something of the same style that accounts for much of his deserved popularity. But in "Kincaid's Battery" we have incident enough and to spare. We know that there will be no lack of action from the moment that the guns are solemnly consecrated by the ladies of New Orleans and sent forth to the struggle that is beginning. We know, too, that there will be no lack of intrigue as soon as we have made the acquaintance of that beautiful creole malefactor, Flora Vaucour, and her unspeakable grandmother. In the words of the immortal Betsy Prig, we "don't believe there's no such a person," at least we hope not. But Mr. Cable's greatest success is with Anna Callender. Fiction contains no more subtle picture of femininity than this of Anna with her exquisite resistances and still more exquisite surrender, nor do we remember anything more clever than the scene that throws Flora into Kincaid's unwilling arms in full sight of the perplexed Anna. Let us hope that some future state of existence will contain due retribution for Flora, for there seems to be no provision in the present.

It is to be wished that Mr. Cable had reconsidered the incident of the sliding panel. In fact, the theft of the money might have been omitted altogether in favor of something less hackneyed. But it is a small deviation and arrests the critical faculty for but a moment. We are not likely to forget any of the characters of "Kincaid's Battery." Even the panther-like Flora refuses to be banished.

*The Twentieth Century American*, by H. Perry Robinson. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This book professes to be a comparative study of the peoples of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. The author is an Englishman who has lived for twenty years in America and whose literary inspiration is the hope that he may do something to promote a better understanding between the two people.

Perhaps the best evidence of the author's scrupulous fairness is to be found in the fact that the book might be read almost from beginning to end and leave us still in perplexity as to his nationality. Whether dealing with America or with England, his motto is always:

Be to her virtues ever kind  
And to her faults a little blind.

His eyes are always open to admire, and to discriminate between transient uglinesses and abiding beauties. He is one of the few foreign writers who have recognized the permanent ideals of America and an evident destiny with which no amount of growing pains can interfere.

Certainly he covers the whole ground. Descending from the high plane of international policies, he treats of the American

character, the status of women, art, education, culture, politics, morality, amusement. Rich in illustrative anecdote, his writing shows all the marks of conscientious observation, impartiality, reasonableness, and good temper. Commenting on American culture, he points out that a copy of Lamb's essays costs more in London today than a drink of whisky, whereas twenty years ago in America the volume of essays was the cheaper luxury. America, he tells us, whatever may still be lacking, has made an advance of a hundred years, according to European canons, in the last quarter of a century in all that goes to constitute civilization. The book is well worth reading not alone for its fine analysis of character and progress, but for its exceptional interest and literary merit.

*Writings of George Washington*, edited with introduction and notes by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph. D. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

This is the opening volume of a valuable series of "The Writings of American Statesmen." It will be followed by similar volumes devoted to Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, and others, and if the present high standard is maintained, we may congratulate ourselves upon an important, indeed an unrivaled, addition to the materials of history.

The plan designed for the whole series has been followed in this first volume. That is to say, we have documents which of themselves are important state papers, accounts of important events in which the writer was a leading participant, and papers setting forth the opinions of their writers on important public questions. The Washington volume is divided into six sections, under the following headings: "In the British Army and Colonial Councils," "In the War for Independence," "The Formation and Adoption of the Constitution," "Starting the New Government," "Policies and Opinions," and under this head are included "Relations with Great Britain," "The Treaty-Making Power," "Neutrality," "The Whisky Insurrection," "The Settlement of the West," "Education," and "Slavery." Finally, we have "The Farewell Address," the whole occupying 567 pages of attractively clear type. Special praise is due to the analytical table of contents, the chronology, and the index, while the portrait frontispiece is an attractive piece of work.

*Abraham Lincoln*, tributes from his associates, with introduction by the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D. D. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 60 cents.

Prominent among the Lincoln literature that finds appropriate place at the present time is this compilation of tributes from the men who knew him best. There are about forty-four of these tributes, and they cover well nigh every phase of his public and private life. Some of the more important chapters are those by W. H. Herndon, Major-General Oliver Otis Howard, Murat Halstead, General Neal Dow, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, Hon. John T. Morgan, Colonel B. F. Watson, Charles A. Tinker, F. B. Sanborn, Alfred B. Chandler, David Homer Bates, and Hon. George S. Boutwell. Very many of these reminiscences have, of course, been told before, but in a book of this kind and at this point in history we hardly expect new in-

formation. The value of the collection is in its personal association and in the number of facets from which the diamond reflects the light. In spite of its wealth of contents, the book contains nothing trivial and nothing unworthy. Its contributors vie with one another in dignity and simplicity, and the result is a work of comprehensive interest and historical value.

*Oratory of the South*, by Edwin Du Bois Shuter. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$3.

This handsome volume is the first of a series designed to place Southern oratory in its proper and deserved position. The book contains nearly a hundred selections, and among the orators represented are Henry W. Grady, Stephen D. Lee, John Sharp Williams, David A. DeArmond, Richard P. Hobson, Henry Watterson, W. C. P. Breckinridge, Edward W. Carmack, John W. Daniel, Champ Clark, Fitzhugh Lee, William Gordon McCabe, Isador Rayner, Emory Speer, Albert H. Whitfield, General Joseph Wheeler, Charles B. Galloway, and Cardinal Gibbons.

In addition to being a study of oratory, the work has substantial historical value, while additional interest is added by the brief introductory references that precede each selection. A judicious discrimination is shown in the compilation, while the typography is excellent.

*Anne of Green Gables*, by L. M. Montgomery. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

This story of village life is valuable for its simplicity and frequent pathos. We witness the adoption of Anne from the orphan asylum, although it was a boy that the Cuthberts wanted, and we are almost afraid that they will try to remedy the mistake. But they keep the poor little waif and we watch her grow up to fine young womanhood, self-reliant and devoted. Anne's peculiarities as a child are a little overdrawn. We get rather tired of the amazing precociousness and imagination of this weird child, who would soon become unhearable but for the modifying influence of advancing years.

*The Whole Family*, a novel by twelve authors. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The twelve authors are William Dean Howells, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Mary Heaton Vorse, Mary Stewart Cutting, Elizabeth Jordan, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry James, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edith Wyatt, Mary E. Shipman Andrews, Alice Brown, and Henry Van Dyke. The result of the collaboration is a curious piece of literary patchwork, but with all the disadvantages that are obviously inseparable from such a method.

*Tales of Laughter*, edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

The editors have largely increased our knowledge of the world's fairy stories. In this volume we have about one hundred and forty adapted from the French, Spanish, Italian, Cossack, Russian, German, Indian, Scandinavian, Chinese, and Japanese, a notable collection, well chosen and well told.



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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The close of E. H. Sothorn's notably successful season at the Van Ness Theatre is at hand. There remains only his appearance as Richelieu, which will add a new portrait to his extensive and interesting gallery. It is a pleasure to record San Francisco's appreciation of this eminent American actor and the capable company with which he has surrounded himself.

There are some good things in "Bankers and Brokers," the piece revived by Kolh and Dill this week at the Princess Theatre. The best of these notable incidents is the song "My Egyptian Maid," by Adele Rafter. It offers Miss Rafter her first opportunity to display the charm of a well-trained contralto voice, and that opportunity is taken advantage of with full appreciation and ability. Miss Rafter is not only the most attractive but the most capable leading woman the comedians have ever had here. It is to be regretted that their plays give her nothing but the most inane lines and situations. All the people of the company, in fact, who are worthy of better things, are forced to struggle with parts that have absolutely nothing in them to stir ambition. However, the principals, Kolh and Dill, are little better off in this latest production. They work hard enough, but with the exception of one dance in the second act are able to find no new movement or shade of expression. The chorus comes to their assistance with telling effect. One member, Florence Tait, won five recalls on Monday night for her unaffected singing of that perennial favorite, "Way Down upon the Swanee River." Another, Hazel Boyne, promoted to the speaking line, puts enough dash into a very small part to waken the envy of more experienced souhrettes. In the dances and stage pictures the chorus as a whole reflects credit on the discrimination and invention of the stage manager.

"Bankers and Brokers" will run next week only and will be succeeded by "Lonesome Town."

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" was presented at the Valencia Theatre Tuesday evening with Robert Homans and Blanche Stoddard in the leading parts, and it is enjoying a more than ordinary success. Mr. Homans is especially good as Charles Brandon, but it is not his first appearance in the rôle. The romantic play will be given for the last times Sunday afternoon and evening.

Next week the Valencia Company will be seen in Charles Hoyt's satirical comedy, "A Contented Woman." It is full of woman's suffrage difficulties, matrimonial complications, and feminine surprises. Blanche Stoddard, Thomas MacLarnie, Charles Dow Clark, Lillian Andrews, and the other prominent members of the organization are well placed in the drama, and it should prove a most cheerful entertainment.

At the Van Ness Theatre next Monday evening the second of Eugene Walter's New York successes, "The Wolf," will be presented. It is melodrama, but of the real kind, and though the play has stirred the critics to a diversity of opinions, the vigor of the playwright's characters and the impressiveness of the situations he has arranged are certainly effective. Each of the three acts has a novel climax, and in each instance the novelty is of the thrilling sort, though never outside the bounds of strict realism. Walter is easily holding the position he won with "Paid in Full," and must be considered as one of the strong forces of the dramatic day. Anything he does now is well worth seeing, and "The Wolf" particularly, for its likeness and its unlikeness to its predecessor.

Johnnie McVeigh and his College Girls are the headlines in the new bill announced for Sunday afternoon and all next week at the Orpheum. They call their act "An Incident in a Dormitory," which suggests lively humorous possibilities. Mr. McVeigh has been prominent in the George Coban pieces, and the girls afford him attractive support. Another company attraction is a dramatic sketch entitled "Wireless," in which Leander de Cordova appears with capable actors to assist him, and the added feature of novel effects in telegraphic transmission. Mr. de Cordova's engagement is limited to one week. Frank Byron and Louise Langdon, who created a laughing furor at the Orpheum a year ago, will return in a new version of that screaming farce, "The Dude Detective," with the funny song about the hesitating hero. Seldom's "Venus" is the chief of a series of groups of living statuary, all of which are said to be remarkable. Charles Wayne, a comic opera comedian, appears with Gertrude des Roches in a musical piece named "The Morning After." Paul LaCroix, a comedy juggler, will handle a big assortment of hats in a wonderful way. Next week will be the last of the Murray Sisters and the Harvey Family. The new motion pictures will depict scenes photographed since the recent earthquake in the Italian region so terribly visited. They are the first to be shown here.

A Stubborn Cinderella," the musical comedy success to follow "The Wolf" at the Van Ness Theatre, is from the pens of the same

playwrights as "The Time, The Place, and The Girl" and "The Girl Question." It is said to be their most successful effort. A big company and elaborate production are promised.

Mace Greenleaf, the new leading man of the Valencia Theatre stock company, has arrived to begin rehearsals on "The Prince Chap," the idyllic play by Edward Peple, author of "The Love Route," and in which he will first face a local audience. Mr. Greenleaf comes with an excellent Eastern reputation and has achieved a great success in his opening character.

Assistant-Manager Campbell of the Princess Theatre, who has been in the East for several weeks securing people for the company that will open the summer season at that playhouse, has returned, and is well pleased with his success. Important announcements will soon be made of the make-up of the company.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In the first number of *La Follette's Weekly*, issued this month at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the fiction department is represented by a strong story of newspaper life by W. J. Neidig, a Stanford University man.

Professor Fred Morrow Flinn's "Miraheau and the French Revolution," of which G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published the first volume, will be a monumental work of the first scholarly value and of general interest as a picture of an extraordinary personality and of the social life of France of the period in which Miraheau cut so extraordinary a figure.

The February number of the *Century Magazine* is a Lincoln Centennial issue, and, very properly and satisfactorily, it contains much new and valuable matter concerning America's greatest figure. Especially noteworthy is the collection of Lincoln portraits, also some hitherto unpublished letters to Lyman Trumhull. Richard Watson Gilder has written the opening paper—"Lincoln the Leader."

## New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published an edition of Heine's "Die Harzreise," edited with notes and vocabulary by Parke R. Kolhe. Price, 50 cents.

"Persis Putnam's Treasure," by Myra Sawyer Hamlin, is a good story of outdoor life suited to older girls and is somewhat after the style of the author's earlier work, "Nan at Camp Chicopee." It is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.25.

"An Occultist's Travels," by Willy Reichel, is a discursive and rambling hook of travel by one with a penchant for the weird and the supernatural and with the hump of credulity abnormally developed. It is published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Price, \$1.

"Black Bruin," by Clarence Hawkes, is the illustrated biography of a bear. It is vigorously and interestingly told, but whether it is to be suspected of nature faking must be left to some higher judgment. The hook is published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

A collection of "Christ Legends," by Selma Lagerlöf has been translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard and published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. The legends are supposed to be told to a child, but a somewhat more dignified language would enhance their beauty.

Lovers of the occult will appreciate "The Religion of Evelyn Hastings," by Victoria Cross. Evelyn Hastings's religion seems to be a combination of all the weird theories of the day, and the author deserves some credit for her skill in knitting them into a romance. The hook is published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. Price, \$1.50.

A work of considerable literary importance comes from E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. It is entitled "The Story of Gretel the Strong," and the author, Allen French, deserves much commendation for the skill with which he has simplified and popularized a difficult Icelandic Saga and one of much nobility of design. The illustrations, colored and plain, are artistic and vigorous. The price is \$1.25.

"The Book of Fish and Fishing," by Louis Rhead, tells us of every known expedient for winning all kinds of fish out of their natural element into ours. It is strange how any fish remain in the water in defiance of such an array of expert piscatorial knowledge. The numerous illustrations are helpful and we shall preserve this hook with care until vacation time. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Art lovers who intend to visit Europe should have a copy of "Holland," by Esther Singleton. There is probably no better guide hook of its size to the Dutch galleries, while the forty-six illustrations upon tinted paper are specially pleasing. The galleries dealt

with are The Hague Gallery, the Rijks Museum, the Stedelijk Museum, the Town Hall, Haarlem, and the Boijmans Museum, Rotterdam. The hook is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.

## School Magazines.

Those who are watching for the dawn of new literary lights in California would do well to take note of some of the high school magazines, unpretentiously issued, courting no notoriety, but hearing internal evidence not only of conscientious care in preparation, but of a real literary workmanship. The *Wilmerding Life*, for example, is written, edited, and managed entirely by the pupils of the Wilmerding School in San Francisco. It deals amusingly with many aspects of school life, while its fiction and general departments need no apology on the ground that those responsible for them are young amateurs. It is in every way a creditable production and worthy of recognition, and when we remember that the *Wilmerding Life* is but one of the many school magazines that are modestly issued in various parts of the State we need have no fear for the future of California in the field of literature and journalism.

Paganini's famous Guarnerius violin is to be played in public for the first time since the death of the great Italian wizard of the bow. The artist who has been singled out for this honor by the municipal authorities of Genoa is Bronslaw Huhermann, the violinist, who some years ago played upon the celebrated instrument in the room of the museum, where it is kept in a sealed glass case. This violin Paganini called his "cannon," because of its enormous tone, yet, according to Spohr and other contemporaneous authorities, Paganini himself did not produce a large tone. He possessed numerous other violins, of course, and at his death he bequeathed eight of them to the then most famous living violinists, the list including Ernst, Ole Bull, Sivori, Lipinsky, and De Beriot. Paganini's favorite violin has lain idle since 1840.

Coincident with the appearance of Viola Allen in "The White Sister," in New York, there will be celebrated the return to the stage of Minna Gale Haines. Mrs. Haines has not been before the public professionally for more than ten years, although at one time, as leading woman for Lawrence Barrett and other distinguished actors, and as star on her own account, she was one of the foremost actresses in the classic drama.

After 172 years of agitation, a bill has been introduced in Parliament for the abolishment of the office of play censor in England. The office was created to muzzle Henry Fielding, and it had the immediate and permanent effect of turning him from the medium of the play to that of the novel. Among plays prohibited in recent years were "Three Weeks," "Ghosts," "Monna Vanna," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

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## LOVELACE AND DUNDREARY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

In short, "Richard Lovelace" is the work of a dramatist who has not yet come into his own. That Lawrence Irving will arrive some day is, however, extremely probable, as he is an artist by instinct, and knows how to write good English. When he has acquired a keener comprehension of the correct employment of dramatic effects, we may, perhaps, look to him for something notably good.

"Richard Lovelace" is a sad story of constancy in love—perhaps because constancy in love is apt to win sadness for its possessor. To be perfectly candid, it is also rather a dull story—perhaps because there is a certain amount of dullness that goes hand in hand with constancy. The play has a distinctly literary flavor, and the lines, except for their lack of conciseness, are admirable. Still there is that trail of dullness over all.

Lovelace the poet is the hero, and he is a young, handsome, fervent, and romantic lover, under the ministrations of Sothorn's graceful art. Gladys Hanson, who was the queen in "Hamlet," plays the part of the beloved one, and she is handsome, a pleasing actress, and a delightful singer. John Taylor, who was Polonius, was the very picture of a severe-browed Cromwellian soldier. He might have stepped out of the frame of a portrait of some Roundhead general of the period.

During the course of the play, Miss Hanson, to the tinkling music of an antique spinet, sings several of Lovelace's songs in a rich, low, sad voice that is full of a haunting, unconventional charm. There was, about her singing and the songs she sang, a sweet, pleasing melancholy, like the vague, pervasive, poetic sadness that comes with a mild, overcast day in October, when red and gold leaves are dropping like Demeter's tears upon the unfruitful earth and all nature whispers that the glories of the year are on the wane.

As one may perceive, Mr. Irving very distinctly created an atmosphere. It is the atmosphere that all the world loves, the atmosphere of romance, of young love, made still more beautiful by poetry and music. Yet, in spite of the romantic charm with which Mr. Sothorn understands so well how to invest his love-making, in spite of the excellent acting of Miss Hanson and Mr. Taylor, in spite of music, and poetry, and good diction, the play is dull, hopelessly, irredeemably dull.

The trouble arises primarily from overlengthy speeches being put in the mouths of the characters, and secondarily from a lack of sufficient action; that is to say, conversations, which lead up to no particular climax, last so long as to awaken a mild questioning in the auditor's mind as to whether it is not time for something to happen.

Of course, we might reproach ourselves with a lack of taste, and with being corrupted by the twentieth-century tendency toward redundancy of action in the acted drama.

But the test always is with the audience. If the kind of audiences that go to hear Sothorn find "Richard Lovelace" dull, then "Richard Lovelace" is dull.

In the last act the young, throbbing romance of the earlier scenes is chilled and aged by the chances and changes of life. Lovelace is poor, and sick, and sad, and gray. Now I think a sick hero, unless he makes jokes and is jolly, like the wounded hero of "The Second in Command," is an anomaly in the drama. To some, perhaps to many, he gives a sensation of physical *malaise*, almost of repugnance. The strongest impression left upon my mind from the story of "Tristan and Isolde," as revealed in the opera, is the mortuary atmosphere that surrounded the pallid, recumbent figure of Tristan.

True, the failing, gray-haired soldier with the crippled arm wakes out of his dreamy, mournful trance, and with a young man's vigor defends his rights and wins back his love, but this act—the third and last—in which he does so, which really has more stir and movement, more action, excitement, suspense, and unexpectedness than any other, is yet prolonged to the point of tedium.

When the curtain rises on "Our American Cousin" a really charming stage picture is revealed; it is an essentially English picture, and represents an after-dinner group of people composed of an English family and their guests disposed about a large drawing-room in the various attitudes, while engaged in the various occupations appropriate to the moment of social relaxation.

The dowager knits complacently, a couple play chess in a corner, the pretty girls defer their coquetties until the men arrive, and a charming girl over at the piano croons deliciously "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

They have quite an old-world charm, the girls, with their clustering curls, their garlanded heads, and their sweeping, crinolined petticoats.

The scene brought to mind a Jane Austen novel, out of the pages of which might easily have come the crimson-silk-and-black-lace dowager, the pink girl with the roses on lips and cheeks, and hair, and Florence the competent, with her low, penetrating English voice, and that air that sat so well on her of being the chatelaine of the establishment.

Then the play began, and we found ourselves lost to that earlier dramatic epoch indicated by the costumes of the characters.

The American cousin, who, as everybody no doubt knows, was originally intended to be the principal humorous character in the piece until the fame of the elder Sothorn's Dundreary cast an extinguisher upon him, was played entirely without humor in the present representation, but all other characters were suitably rendered.

Sothorn, however, is, while on the stage, the cynosure of all eyes. He has for the rôle a make-up that effectually banishes all suggestion of his Hamlet to the antipodes.

It seems to me, however, that the coloring he bestows upon the fatuous English nobleman is altogether too vivid. Dundreary's hair and whiskers are startlingly black, his cheeks improbably red. He has, in fact, the pronounced coloring of a stage villain, and not the negative tints that would more suitably accord with the brainless scion of a noble race.

The elder Sothorn's "Piccadilly weepers" were a negative, non-committal brown, and that actor actually managed to convey, along with all the absurd comedy of the part, something of a suggestion of gentle birth in the face and bearing of the babbling Dundreary.

Sothorn the son, however, has evidently sought to give him more the look of a puffy, red-faced, beef-eating Englishman, and, if it had not been for the alien over-emphasis of coloring in hair and beard, would have succeeded.

Mr. Sothorn's representation of Dundreary's inspired idiocy, of the meanderings of his noble mind, of the flashes of infantile perception that occasionally illuminated the vacuum of his ruddy countenance, is exceedingly skillful, and carefully thought out and elaborated to the least detail. The audience continually laughed its delighted approval, and yet to my mind there was something missing in the impersonation—that something that declares a player to be supremely a comedian.

Yet the performance is a triumph in almost every way for Sothorn, who has been able to revive this antiquated, obsolete play, and make people enjoy it, and acclaim his representation of a character made so famous by his father and that was so peculiarly that father's own possession.

But, after all, Sothorn is made for better things than this, and it will probably not be long before Dundreary is cast aside and forgotten. And, indeed, it is only because of the ever imperious need of a play with which stars are so heset that it was ever revived at all.

It is a naïve mixture of comedy and melodrama, and seems to have been rather cut into in order to compress it to the requisite dimensions. As a play it has nothing in it for the modern taste except the charm of the antiquated atmosphere—which is preserved so successfully only through the superior quality of the general production—and Dundreary himself.

Virginia Hammond was lost in a small rôle, but Gladys Hanson had a chance to do some very clever still-life acting, in representing a handsome young helle who is hored to extinction by the endless and aimless meanderings of the Dundreary conversation.

A very neat bit of acting was that of Mr. Albert Howson in the character of Dundreary's man, and Messrs. Taylor and Bradley also gave a distinguishing touch to their impersonation of the lawyer and his assistant.

"The majority of the inhabitants of New York City live in unsanitary conditions," says Charles Edward Russell, in the February *Everybody's*. "The census of 1900 showed that more than 2,000,000 people in Greater New York lived in tenement houses, most of which are unfit for human habitation. These tenements then contained 361,000 interior living-rooms without light or ventilation, and every interior living-room was a prolific breeding place for disease. A very pathetic commentary on the essential futility of our 'betterment' work is contained in the fact that after years of strenuous battling by very able and earnest men and women, the number of these rooms has been reduced to 330,000—all, you may say, breeding disease."

"Plays are not written, they are rewritten," once remarked Dion Boucicault. It is said that Thomas Wise has rewritten "The Gentleman from Mississippi" six times, and is still busy revising the last act, though the piece is a big success in New York.

## Greenbaum's Second "Pop" Concert.

The second of Will Greenbaum's Sunday afternoon popular concerts will be given Sunday afternoon, January 31, at Lyric Hall, corner of Larkin and Turk Streets. The programme will be "An Afternoon with Dvorak," and the Lyric String Quartet will have the assistance of Gyula Ormay, the well-known piano virtuoso, and Lawrence H. Strauss, tenor, in the following: String Quartet, Op. 96; Three Songs; Quintet, Op. 81, for strings and piano.

The seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, prices being but 50 cents and \$1. The box-office will be open at the hall on Sunday after 10 a. m., and the phone number is Franklin 2395.

The third concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 28, when a string quartet by the great pianist, Teresa Carreno, will be given. This is the only quartet for strings ever published by a woman composer. On this occasion Mr. Eugene Blanchard will be the assisting pianist, and will play a Rubinstein Trio with Messrs. Hoffman and Villalpando, besides taking part in the performance of the Rubinstein sonata for viola and piano, in which Nathan Firestone will play the difficult viola part.

## The Mackenzie Gordon Concerts.

Next Friday morning, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the box-office will open for the Mackenzie Gordon concerts. Gordon, "the Scotch Caruso," is one of the finest of tenors and he sings songs in French, German, Italian, and Spanish with equal ease. His programmes will be unusually fine and may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and other music stores. Eugene Blanchard will be the assisting soloist and Fred Maurer will be the accompanist.

On Friday afternoon, February 12, Gordon will give his first recital in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

The dates for the city concerts are Tuesday evening, February 9, and Sunday afternoon, February 14.

For failing to produce an opera as advertised, a manager in the City of Mexico has been fined \$400 and compelled to return money to the purchasers of tickets. A theatre has been fined \$100 for holding choice seats for advanced prices or "scalping."

Oscar Hammerstein has obtained the American rights for the production of "Monna Vanna," the dramatic poem by Maurice Maeterlinck, set to music by Henri Fevrier. The new work was produced at the Grand Opera in Paris on January 13.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Social life in Washington is a thing separate and apart from official life, yet their interdependence is recognized at the first glance. Of course, there is "society" and there is "society," but it would be as difficult for the stranger to distinguish between the "sets" as it would for an artist to locate the exact spot in the harmony of colors at which auburn hair merges into red. That is because in any event Washington society is democratic. Though careful note is always taken of the probable cost of the material of which gowns are made, style of cut attracts but little comment, for whatever the vagaries of the modiste the entire range of invention in that brand of the art is included, hence there is no occasion to be critical, much less condemnatory. Fish is accepted as fish and fowl as fowl at Washington's social functions, so far as mannerism and attire are concerned. Although Washington social life rests upon the principles of democracy, which in turn are riveted to the Declaration of Independence, there is a clearly defined and always distinguishable streak of politics running through it all. Every government official, from the top rung to the sub-cellar, so to speak, becomes wedded to his job the moment he puts on the toga of authority, and the pages of the history of the Great Republic record not one instance of a Washington official willingly retiring from it; not even death is able to convince one of them that he ought to step down and out. Say as we will or as we may, Washington society, be it auburn or red-haired, is from top to bottom an office-holding aristocracy, and desire to continue in the "service" lives and moves and intrigues upon one common level. The high and the low are one and dream but one dream, uninterrupted official life, and he is wholly ignorant of Washington society who imagines that the women folk of these government servants are indifferent. They are the willing yeast that leavens the social loaf with the leaven of desire for reappointment or reelection. And so it comes to pass that Washington society is so constituted by the very nature of our system of government that a political anchor to the windward is needed all the time to keep present possession and future hopes off the rocks—out of the grasp of the waiting throng for the dear old office-holding toga. Such is the substructure and superstructure of Washington society—the auburn and the red.

But what of the women folk, and of the men folk, too, of Washington society? The most casual observer will not hesitate to admit that the men folk are far behind the women in the knowledge, appreciation, and observance of the conventions of polite society. As one witty woman put it at a recent function given by a Cabinet minister, "Will our men folk never give over shirtsleeves and co-pipe manners?" We answer, they never will, and for the reason stated above. Washington society rests upon democratic political principles, and no astute politician will ever be caught putting on "airs" in society if any of his backwoods constituency happen to be in observing distance. The average American "sovereign" does not, nor could he, discriminate between his "public servant" on the hustings, perhaps *sans cravat*, *sans vest*, and *sans collar*, and the same man in evening dress hohobohing with the aristocracy of all nations upon a hall room floor or in a banquet hall in Washington. More is the pity that even the really cultured representative of the "dear people" is obliged to be hoarse to hold the confidence—and votes—of Bill and Jim and Dave of his outlying precincts. But often mannerism at Washington social and official-social functions shows what "democratic simplicity" means with many "sovereigns." But, turning to the women folk of Washington social life, what of them? The keynote of democracy with every one of them sounds loud and clear, and with the voice of personal independence and self-sufficiency. But let me tell the truth. If it is "English, don't you know," it is the standard by which social conventions are measured. But Washington society is not cultured, is not refined, indeed, in the sense that the court circles of Europe are. And it may be said in truth that but for the refining influence of the embassies there would be far less grace and dignity than there is. But how could it be otherwise when no senator or congressman would dare to refuse to "present" Mr. and Mrs. Dave Striker, boss of Podunk precinct, at society's court without jeopardizing his reelection? The conclusion is, Washington society is too busy looking out for the "political main chance" to be refined and cultured.

The ukase of society has gone forth. In the near future the costumes of woman-kind, the tight-fitting gown, which bampers and binds the form as if bound about in Egyptian mummy-cloth, is to give way to habiliments cut and draped on lines of ancient Rome and Greece. And why not? Has not New York's "400" already demonstrated to their entire satisfaction that the pajama is "quite the thing" for men's evening dress at a well social function? Only that the fashionable departure is one-sided because the natural companion calls for the

graceful curves and artistic lines only possible when made observable by the winding folds of the flowing Grecian robe that graciously conforms to the requirements of the occasion. But seriously, why not the graceful and comfortable lines for gowns that were the glory of the women of ancient Greece and Rome, and which inspired men with the spirit of high art and heroism? Prudes protest, of course. But if they will, let them hind their bodies in the pent-up "tailor made" and deny freedom of action to legs and arms, and yield to the embrace of cruel stays and the ramrod-like pose obliged by a false stateliness. If the Grecian gown does not give the body a graceful presentation it is the fault of the wearer, not of the gown. A little artistic folding here and a little there and the accommodating material will readily conform. It is true also that the gown lines of Greece and Rome tend to teach, encourage in fact, simplicity in all the concerns of life. Let the Greek costume come, and come quickly, but banish the pajama forever for man when beyond the confines of his dressing-room. Any way, what is here writ is the echo of the voice of all womankind, except old maids of the second and third degree and such as those whose lines have no variableness or turning.

Turning again to Washington society life, Miss Helen Cannon, daughter of the Speaker of the House, is likely, before she has asserted herself to her own satisfaction, somewhat to lower the fence which separates who from which in the nation's court circle. Miss Helen is a thoroughly accomplished young woman, has traveled much abroad, and being a close observer, she knows "a lot." She is fully in sympathy with her father's democratic notions about the caste system which certain public officials and their families would force upon society. "Uncle Joe" abhors everything that has even the appearance of tinsel or other trappings to indicate social superiority. Manliness and common sense, says he, should be the standard of worthiness to enter what is called "best society," not only in Washington but everywhere in this country, and his daughter quite agrees with him. The consequence is, and it will grow worse, that the millionaire, the self-called "high horn," and such as live and move and have their being around the roots of a "family tree," but have little or no other merit, are likely to endure many a shock before the social season is over. No Speaker of the House ever had its members so abjectly under his thumb as "Uncle Joe" Cannon. His idea is that congressmen and their families should not forget that the "plain people" are not only the bulwark of the nation, but it is they who elect or defeat aspiring ambition for public office, and that when they "drop into Washington" they should find no closed society doors, and members of Congress are taking the hint. Of course, it goes without saying that Speaker Cannon is not only a master at statecraft, but a very astute politician, and lives close to the common people, and in enforcing his standard of qualification for entrance into the capital's society circles he is ably seconded by his wise and witty daughter, who is herself not "slow" when it comes to "playing politics" in her father's interests.

The marriage the other day of the handsome and accomplished and very wealthy Miss Beatrice Mills, a favorite member of the "400" set, to the Earl of Granard, a British peer, has stirred that exclusive society organization to its centre by sheer, cold, and exasperating envy. It was a foregone conclusion, of course, that being the niece of Ambassador Reid she would enjoy a shorter cut to the royal drawing-room than falls to the lot of many American women. But by reason of the earl's position in the royal household, he will ride close by the side of King Edward's carriage of state when the king-emperor goes to open Parliament next month. Of course, the exalted official position of the young earl carries with it an equally conspicuous social position. Thus almost before the expiration of the bride's honeymoon days she will find herself in the royal set, a place where many an American woman and many an English woman has striven in vain for years to "see herself," but not as she is seen by royalty. However, the good luck of Miss Mills has the effect of greatly stimulating the market for dukes and earls and other nobles of long and more or less doubtful lineage and distressingly low bank balances. And as against all this, heiresses who hunger and thirst for that brand of nobility are multiplying in the sale-stalls of the same market-place. Democracy with its plain people is no better than paganism, is the thought of America's social exclusives. May the Lord have mercy on their dwarfed souls and poverty-stricken gray matter.

It is pleasant to know that Prince Jaime of Spain is a "darling boy," and so intelligent. We have always been interested in Prince Jaime. The circumstances attending his birth impressed him upon our memory. At that time we were unversed in the habits of royalty, to our shame he it said, and therefore we were much attracted by the reports emanating from the palace at Madrid. They

were so mysterious. There were rumors of the assembling of nurses and doctors, a state of suppressed hysteria among the ladies of the court, and finally there came the news of the abject ejection of the king, who was said to be very much in the way, which seemed strange for a king. And then suddenly came the news that a baby had been born and we wondered why we had never thought of this before. Since then we have been on the watch for this kind of thing.

Prince Jaime is being fed with a bottle. Now if he were being fed with a steam dredger the item would have some merit. But a bottle! The novelty of the experiment does not seem sufficient to justify a dispatch even when a prince is concerned. Is not a bottle the usual source of nourishment failing those maternal founts designed by nature, but superseded by the science of the day as inefficient and undesirable? As our friend Togo says, "I ask to know."

It seems that the etiquette of the Spanish court is rigorous upon this point. No queen mother in Spain has ever fed her child, and therefore no queen mother ever shall. We do not know exactly what would happen if there were a departure from precedent, but then there never is a departure from precedent in Spain, so we need not consider that point. But even here we speak precipitately, seeing that as a matter of fact Prince Jaime is being fed from a bottle and this is the point we started from.

It happened in this way. Spanish princes must not be fed by their mothers. The rule is that they be fed by some other baby's mother, known in Spain as an Ama, which is the same thing as a wet nurse, although sounding much better. Now the palace authorities foresaw the need of an Ama by some strange and prophetic second sight that it is not given to mere man to possess, and they provided one. She was a winsome young woman from the country, whose credentials had been examined for forty generations back and who was pronounced to be suitable. She was a demure young person and butter would not

melt in her mouth. But the trouble that young woman proceeded to give was something astonishing. She seemed to think that she was of the blood royal merely because a prince deigned to accept such lacteal nourishment as was in her power to bestow. Every one had to put up with her whims and how to her caprices. And she had the whip hand of them all, too, because a failure to comply with her exactions produced an instant ultimatum that Prince Jaime would go hungry until she herself had been placated. At two o'clock one morning she imagined that she had the toothache, and nothing would satisfy her but the attendance of a dentist. It seems a simple theory to telephone for a dentist, but they don't do things that way in Spain. It needed an order from the high chamberlain to the captain of the guard, countersigned by the controller of the household, initiated by the chief bottle washer, and checked by the lord high executioner. It meant the lowering of the drawbridge, presentations of arms, whispered passwords, and heaven knows what besides. But it was done—no dentist, no milk.

That might have passed, but there are limits to all things, and a few nights later, emboldened by her success with the dentist, this indefatigable young woman demanded a pedicure or chiropodist. She had corns and nothing but instant and expert attention would satisfy her. And at 2 a. m., but as before it was no pedicure, no milk. And that blessed baby must be fed.

That was the end of it. The procession stopped without further notice. The queen would have no more Amas, and being of a domestic turn of mind she insisted upon reverting to the homely implement of her native land. And so it came about that Prince Jaime of Spain is being fed from a bottle.

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A sick peasant motions feebly to his wife to approach his bedside, and whispers, painfully: "I think, my dear, I could fancy a little broth." "My dear, what do you want of broth? Hasn't the doctor just given you up?"

The banquet table was spread and the guests about to be summoned. "Are you sure there are no reporters present?" anxiously asked the host of the hutler. "I've made certain of it, sir." "Then hustle out and get a few," rejoined the host.

A revivalist in Kansas enlivens his addresses with such anecdotes as this: "An old woman shouted in the revival. Her husband said, 'I felt like going through the floor.' She replied, 'And I felt like going through the roof.' Each was attracted home."

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other. "Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one. "Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot." "You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first. "Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me!"

His wife's mother had been visiting at the man's house steadily for seven months. On toward Christmas time she said to him: "John, I am going to have my photograph taken as a Christmas gift for you and Minnie. What dress do you prefer me in?" "Your traveling gown, dear mother," the son-in-law replied.

The other-people's-business man persisted in trying to extract information from a prosperous looking elderly man next him in the Pullman smoker. "How many people work in your office?" he asked. "Oh," said the elderly man, getting up and throwing away his cigar, "I should say, at a rough guess, about two-thirds of them."

Once when Thomas B. Reed was with the late Senator Wolcott of Colorado and Joseph Choate, Mr. Choate when asked to take a drink said that he never drank, never smoked to excess, and never gambled in his life. Wolcott, who was a sinner in every one of these lines, looked pathetically at Reed and said: "I wish I could say that." "Say it," said Reed; "Choate did."

An Ozark County father received a note from a young man who had been "going with" his daughter recently, which read as follows: "Dear Sur: Wood like Jessie's hand in marriage. She and I are in luv and I think I nede a wife. Yures, Henry." The farmer replied by letter, saying: "Friend Henry: You don't need a wife. You need a spelling-book. Get one and study it a year. Then write me again."

How to avoid tipping the waiter at a restaurant: When the bill comes, pay it exactly. A certain involuntary expression of astonishment will be visible on the waiter's face, well trained though it may be. You should then rise, saying to him: "I have made an excellent dinner; you manage the establishment much better than the preceding proprietor did." During his rapture at being mistaken for the owner of the restaurant you escape.

When Bishop Phillips Brooks sailed from America on his last trip to Europe, a friend jokingly remarked that while abroad he might discover some new religion to bring home with him. "But be careful of it, Bishop Brooks," remarked a listening friend; "it may be difficult to get your new religion through the custom house." "I guess not," replied the bishop, laughingly, "for we may take it for granted that any new religion popular enough to import will have no duties attached to it."

A youth in Trenton, whose devotion to the young woman of his choice has encountered many obstacles during his long courtship, recently sought her out with this apparently encouraging statement: "I think it's all right now, Alice. I managed to get access to your father the other day, and while he wouldn't exactly give his consent I rather imagine I've made some headway. He borrowed forty dollars of me. Surely he can't stand me off much longer after that!" The young woman sighed. "Yes, I've heard about it," she said, "and I think you've made an awful mess of it. Father mentioned the forty dollars and remarked that I'd better give you up—you were too easy."

Mr. Boughton, the English artist, while sketching in the Alps, was one day in search of a suitable background of dark pines for a picture he had planned. He found at last the precise situation he was seeking, and best of all, there happened to be a pretty detail in the figure of an old woman in the foreground. "I asked the old lady," said Mr. Boughton, "to remain seated until I had made a sketch of her. She assented, but in a few minutes

asked me how long I should be. 'Only a quarter of an hour,' I answered, reassuringly. Three minutes or so later, she again asked me—this time with manifest anxiety—if I should be much longer. 'O, not long,' I answered. 'But why do you ask so anxiously?' 'O, it's nothing,' she sadly answered, 'only I'm sitting on an ant-hill.'"

It was while Charlemagne Tower was ambassador to Russia that a New York City newspaper "spread itself" upon a fête held at St. Petersburg. A green copy-reader produced this result: "As pleasing to the eye as was all this decoration there was additional pleasure in the sight, as one stood at the head of the Prospekt Nevskia, of Charlemagne Tower, brilliantly illuminated, looming grand and imposing against the winter sky."

H. G. Wells tells of an old fisherman who was out rowing in his boat one day, when a motor canoe sprung a leak near him, and immediately sank. To the indignation of the canoe's occupants, the old man paid no heed to them, but rowed calmly on his way, serenely puffing at his clay pipe. However, the wrecked canoeists managed to swim to him, and as they clambered to his boat one sputtered angrily: "Confound you, why didn't you lend us a hand? Didn't you see we were sinking?" The old fisherman took the pipe out of his mouth and stared in astonishment. "Blest," he said, "if I didn't think ye wuz one o' them new-fangled submarines."

The colored vote is quite a deciding factor in Princeton elections, and no one was keener than Uncle Jimmy, the apple man, to profit by this opportunity. One day after an unusually vigorous contest he was asked: "Well, Uncle Jimmy, how much did you make yesterday by an honest day's voting?" "I m-made eight d-dollars, sir." "Whew! that was high! Eight dollars a vote!" "No, sir; not a vote; the R-Republicans gave me f-five dollars, and the D-Democrats th-three." "But you couldn't vote for both." "No, sir." "Then how did you vote, with such good friends on each side?" "I voted for the D-Democrats." "But the Republicans paid you two dollars more." "The D-Democrats weren't so c-corrupt, sir."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

This Is Another Wagon.

The waffle wagon needs no bait,  
To lure men to get on;  
Beside the curb for it we wait  
From darkness unto dawn.  
—Baltimore Sun.

## The Strenuous Life.

A young girl of far Albuquerque,  
Aspired to be hired as a clurque;  
But returned to her ma,  
As soon as she sa  
Like everything else, it was wurque!  
—Technical World.

## Her Flow of Wit.

Her voice is very sweet to me,  
Though others think it rasps a bit;  
While peevish critics frequently  
Complain that she has little wit,  
I listen gladly and am stirred  
Most deeply by her every word.

The drama seldom is her theme,  
She wastes no time discussing art;  
The classic muse she does not deem  
A fitting subject, hless her heart!  
From science she discreetly turns  
And politics she sweetly spurns.

Though others think her dull, I sit  
And listen with supreme delight;  
It seems to me her flow of wit  
Is always beautiful and bright;  
Her constant topic is, you see—  
Well, if I must admit it, ME.

## Seasonable.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.  
"Tell me what at, my pretty maid."  
"Atchoo! Atchoo!" was all she said.  
—Boston Transcript.

## The Retort Courteous.

"Oh, husband, wake up!" cried the wife in affright,  
"I am sure there's a hurglar down stairs."  
"Go down, then," said hubby; "you told me last night  
Not to meddle in household affairs."  
—The Sphinx.

A young millionaire, being enamored of the new school of opera, persuaded Mr. Hammerstein to try his voice. He hoped to sing good parts in "Thais," "Salomé," "Tosca," and other famous modern works. Mr. Hammerstein, after listening to the young man's powerful voice, said gently: "I am afraid that you won't suit for any of the very subdued, very subtly modulated French and Italian works; but I am going to bring out Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman' later on, and I'd much like to engage you to do the howling of the tempest in the wreck scene."

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## Notes and Gossip.

Miss Virginia Newhall and Miss Frances

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton returned re-

Mr. R. C. Jacks of Monterey is at the St. Francis.

Baker, Miss Mildred Baker, Dr. and Mrs. E. Shaw, Miss B. Crawford, Mr. John W. McThee, Mrs. J. W. McThee, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Paine, Miss Carolyn M. Painter, Mr. W. C. Painter, Mr. Charles S. Painter, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Copeland, Mr. L. M. Van Der Water, Mrs. L. M. Van Der Water, Miss Eva Young, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Kellough, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Latermer, Mrs. Allen H. Reynolds, Mr. J. Kirkman, Miss Myrtle Kirkman, Mr. Leslie G. Kirkman, Mr. W. H. Kirkman.

### A Novelist's Scrap-Bag.

Benoit Constant Coquelin, the great French actor, died Tuesday night at Pont-Aux-Dames, Seine-a-Marne, France. He was sixty-eight.

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**PERSONAL.**

**Army and Navy.**

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

General William H. Carter, U. S. A., who recently assumed command of the Department of the Missouri, has been ordered to the Philippines and will sail from San Francisco on March 5.

Colonel Owen J. Sweet, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in person to Major-General Frederick D. Grant, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at Chicago, Illinois.

Major Thomas B. Lamoreux, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort Barry, Marin County, and assume command of that post.

Major John C. W. Brooks, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco and to report to the commanding officer of that post.

Major Elisha S. Benton, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved of the command of Fort Miley and ordered to report to the commanding officer, Presidio of San Francisco, for assignment to duty.

Major John W. Ruckman, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Presidio of San Francisco and ordered to proceed to Fort Baker and assume command of that post.

Major G. W. S. Stevens, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort Miley and assume command of that post.

Major Guy L. Edie, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and report to the commanding officer of the Army and Navy General Hospital at that place for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Stanley, U. S. N., is detached from the *Independence*, Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to the *Albany* as executive officer.

Lieutenant-Commander T. S. Wilson, U. S. N., is ordered to duty on the *Independence* at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Lieutenant-Commander C. J. Lang, U. S. N., is detached from the *Albany* and ordered home to await orders.

Captain Alden Trotter, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Baker, has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain William H. Waldron, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., has reported at Army Headquarters and has been assigned to the Signal Corps with duty as assistant to Captain Arthur Fuller, U. S. A., chief signal officer, Department of California.

Captain Elbert E. Persons, Medical Corps, U. S. A., now in this city, has been ordered to report to Major James M. Kennedy, Medical Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board, Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for fitness for promotion, and upon completion will proceed to Fort Jay, New York, for duty.

Lieutenant A. S. Kihhe, U. S. N., has been ordered, when discharged from the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, to duty on the *Independence*.

Lieutenant D. W. B. Blake, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to the Marine Barracks, Mare Island Navy Yard, for duty.

Lieutenant Truman D. Thorpe, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended one month.

Lieutenant James R. Goodale, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Nichols, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., president of an examining board at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant Charles E. Freeman, Medical Corps, U. S. A., having reported his arrival in San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Fort Miley and report to the commanding officer of that post for duty.

**Costly Civil Uniforms.**

The tailor to the Institute of France is a fortunate individual, for a few days ago Francis Charnes was received as member of the Académie Française, on January 28 Henri Poincaré will be received, and on February 18, Jean Richepin, in addition to which there are several vacancies to be filled.

Now the beautiful green uniform of the Immortals is an expensive thing, the price of which has not varied for twenty years. The coat with the palms embroidered in gold down the front alone costs \$92. The waistcoat, of white kerseymere, the trousers with the gold stripe down the leg, the hat with its ostrich feather, the sword and the scabbard bring the complete outfit up to \$131.80.

Many academicians do not content themselves with the plain regulation sword, but indulge in fancy specimens of the sword-maker's art, and many receive fine swords as presentations from admirers. Renaud's sword was a plain one, with mother of pearl handle, and a blade, not damascened, but provided with the traditional little gutter for the blood to run down.

Visitor (at the club)—Is Mr. Fuller in?  
Doorman—Yes, sir; but he's all in.—Puck.

**Ancient Yucatan.**

That the appellation of "the New World" applied to the Western Hemisphere is in some respects quite incorrect would seem to be indicated by the wonderful ancient ruins and other remains of a hygone civilization that are buried in the forests of Yucatan. Eminent archaeologists have advanced the opinion that these remains demonstrate the fact of the prior claim of America as the seat of the first civilization. That the race who reared the great buildings and pyramids flourished before the rise of ancient Egypt, and was the predecessor as well as the teacher of Europe and Asia, is claimed with confidence by some scientists.

Whether this be so or not, there is no doubt that places and objects of the greatest interest both to tourists and scientists are extant in the State of Yucatan. The ruined temples and other structures are found in various localities. A famous group is that at Uxmal, other well-known remains are those at Chichen Itza and Mayapan, the ancient capital of the Maya race, the builders of these great works.

The country is still inhabited by the Mayas, the same race that constructed these mighty works in prehistoric times, but the Mayas of today are greatly degenerated from what must have been the active and intelligent people of ancient days. They are the same dark-skinned, somnolent race that Cortes found when he conquered Mexico for the Spaniards. They work as laborers in the sisal fields, and at various primitive crafts, and afford considerable interest to the tourist.

**A Suffragette Utopia.**

There is a small village in Wales which is the Utopia of the suffragettes and which figures largely in their arguments at the present time. It is Llangwm, a little oyster town on an estuary of the great harbor of Milford Haven.

When you speak of Llangwm you mean the Llangwm woman. It is she who goes out oyster fishing. It is she who, quaintly dressed in short homespun skirt, felt hat, and red shawl and with a donkey pannier, goes about the countryside selling fish and oysters, and it is she who holds the purse and dresses the family.

She holds her superior position by physical force. She is a match for a college oarsman in points, a waterman in strength, and any fisherman around the coasts of four nations in undauntedness in a high sea or in net handling. Mentally she is up to the times.

In politics these women are Liberals. Their lives are severe and Spartan. Their religion is of the same breed as that of Cromwell's Ironsides.

The Llangwm man is somewhere in the background. He is a domestic animal. He has not even a claim to his own name. He is "Mary Palmer's man" or "Bessie Llewellyn's son." There is no exasperatingly off-hand talk of the "missus" or the "wife," as among the Englishmen of the same position in life. The lot of Llangwm men is not altogether happy, though he is a well domesticated animal.

Miss Laura Lang, leading woman of the Percy G. Williams Crescent stock company at the Crescent Theatre, Brooklyn, and recently of the New Alcazar of San Francisco, was married a few days ago to Andrew Jackson McCarthy, passenger agent of the Illinois Central Railroad. Members of the Crescent stock company presented a silver service to Miss Lang, who will retire from the stage.

A new play, "The Half-Breed," a sequel to "The Squaw Man," is soon to be acted, with Dustin Farnum in the chief part. Edwin Milton Royle wrote both pieces, and a play in sequel to another, however well known and well liked the original piece, is a very rare incident on our stage.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Cheery Milkman*—Looks very like rain this mornin', sir. *Mon with the Jug*—Yes, it does!—*The Sketch*.

"Pa." "Well, what now?" "What's 'atavism'?" "Atavism is why a descendant of an old family robs a bank."—*Cleveland Leader*.

*Church*—My son lost an eye and an arm in the Philippines. *Gotham*—Oh, has football reached there already?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Your town enjoys the reputation of being the home of two congressmen, doesn't it?" "No, it doesn't enjoy it—it has it!"—*New York Herald*.

"Do you know anything about flirting?" "No," he replied sadly. "I thought I did, but when I tried it the girl married me."—*Boston Globe*.

*Ethel*—Didn't it seem an age from the time you were engaged till you got married? *Maud*—Yes, but Jack and I managed to squeeze through it.—*The Teller*.

*He*—Wonder why it is they always speak of the "blushing bride"? *She*—Nothing very remarkable about it, considering the kind of men most women marry.—*Illustrated Bits*.

*Clara*—That man who just passed was an old flame of mine. *Kate*—Indeed! What happened between you? *Clara*—Oh, he flared up one day and went out.—*Boston Transcript*.

*St. Peter*—I can't let you in until I know something about you. *New Arrival*—I don't want to come in; I just wanted to ask you if you had any trouble with ticket speculators.—*Town Topics*.

"You go around borrowing money, and yet you seem to be prosperous." "I am." "How do you manage it?" "My motto is, 'Always put off till tomorrow those you have done today.'"—*Cleveland Leader*.

"You can't see the leading lady now, she is busy in the dressing-room." "Is she changing her costume for the next act?" "No, this is an Ibsen play. She is merely making up her mind."—*Cornell Widow*.

*Riggs*—I understand that you encourage your son to practice on the cornet. *Griggs*—Yes, sir. He's only been playing two months, but today I bought the house next door to me for one-half of its value.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"I suppose your wife was tickled to death at your raise in salary?" "She will be."

"Haven't you told her yet?" "No; I thought I would enjoy myself for a couple of weeks first."—*Nashville American*.

*Teacher*—What is the meaning of "elocution," Harold? *Pupil*—It's the way people are put to death in some States.—*Puck*.

*Automobilist*—What advantage has the airship over the motor-car? *Aeronaut*—Well, for one thing, you can always be sure of making good time on the return trip.—*Smart Set*.

*Father (angrily)*—If my son marries that actress I shall cut him off absolutely, and you can tell him so. *Legal Adviser*—I know a better plan than that—tell the girl.—*The Law Journal*.

*The Employer*—Young man, I don't see how, with your salary, you can afford to smoke such expensive cigars. *The Employee*—You're right, sir—I can't, I ought to have a bigger salary.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Your husband wor a good man," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow. "He wor!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two policeman cud handle him."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Jes' you come right home, Henry Hiram—breakin' the Sabbath day in that sean'lous, sinful fashion." "Well, Jimmy Hicks is let skate on Sunday." "The commandant don't apply t' him; his paw's a vegetarian."—*Life*.

*Wife*—Billy, dear, I stitched up the hole in your trousers' pocket last night after you had gone to bed. Now, am I not a thoughtful little wife? *Husband*—H'm; how did you know there was a hole in my pocket?—*New York Times*.

*Patient*—Are you sure, doctor, that this health food that you have recommended is nourishing? *Doctor*—Sure? Why, I know it. The man who introduced that health food not only lives, but supports a large family on it.—*Stroy Stories*.

"Dear," whispered the eloping lover, "what shall we do with the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there." "Oh! that's all right," replied the coy damsel. "Pa said he'd pull it up again so we couldn't get back."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

*Autoist (who has paid boy to bring assistance)*—Did you give the farmer my message, hoy? *Boy*—Yep; I told him ther' wuz four automobileers stuck in a drift, an' cudden git out. *Autoist*—What did he say? *Boy*—He said, "Hooray," an' gimme me another quarter.—*Life*.

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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Another Blow to the Cause—"A Shameful Surplus"—Cuba Libre—A Rift in the Lute—The House of Lords—Joan of Arc—The Japanese Bills—Editorial Notes . . . . .	81-83
CURRENT TOPICS . . . . .	84
POLITICO-PERSONAL . . . . .	84
CONSCRIPTION IN ENGLAND: Aristocrats, Parsons, and Soldiers Unite in a Demand to Which the Average Citizen Makes No Response. . . . .	85
OLD FAVORITES: "Lincoln at Gettysburg," by Bayard Taylor; "Lincoln," by S. Weir Mitchell; "The Dead President," by Edward Rowland Sill. . . . .	85
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World . . . . .	85
WHEN THE DOUBLE COMES. By R. C. Pitzer. . . . .	86
ELLEN TERRY, ACTRESS AND CRITIC: Memories of a Long, Distinguished, and Admirable Dramatic Career. . . . .	87
THE SLIPPER TRICK: As Performed by an Amateur Conjuror and a Wise Hushand. . . . .	88
CURRENT VERSE: "Song," by Mary Byerley; "My Boy's Book and Mine," by C. W. Burpee; "Recognition," by Lucella Wilson Smith; "The Human Note," by Richard Burton . . . . .	88
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn. . . . .	89-90
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications . . . . .	90
DRAMA: Walter's "Wolf"—Sothorn's "Richelieu." By Josephine Hart Phelps. . . . .	91
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT. . . . .	91
VANITY FAIR . . . . .	92
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise . . . . .	93
THE MERRY MUSE. . . . .	93
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy. . . . .	94-95
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day. . . . .	96

### Another Blow to the Cause.

Our sympathies go out to Mr. Gompers in the latest affliction that has befallen him. It will hardly be believed that Mr. Gompers has been disobeyed, flatly and brazenly disobeyed, but candor compels us to admit that a mere government department has seen fit to disregard the orders given to it by a labor union. Open confession is good for the soul and the shameful story may as well be known.

It seems that eight Belgian diamond cutters had the audacity to come to the land of the free and the home of the brave. They were not under contract and they were breaking no law. They had heard that diamond cutters in America received about five times the wages paid in Europe and they naturally hastened to the feast. But there are already about three hundred diamond workers in the country. For the most part they themselves came from Belgium and Holland, but having found the door hospitably open they lost no time in forming themselves into a union for the purpose of closing it. As soon, therefore, as they heard of the

audacity of their eight countrymen they issued their orders to the Department of Commerce and Labor that the new arrivals be not admitted, but be summarily returned as undesirables. Surely it was a natural and proper request, and it should have been received with obsequious respect. It must be obvious even to the meanest intelligence that if this sort of thing goes on we may one day be able to get our diamonds cut more cheaply than at present, and where would the unions be then, poor things? But the minions of the Department of Labor and Commerce have actually refused to send these men home again, thereby striking a blow at "the cause" and at the inalienable rights of the labor unions to govern the country and to say who shall and who shall not earn his living at his chosen trade. Really we seem to have reached a pretty pass when rebellion can thus raise its head in our midst.

### "A Shameful Surplus."

The Argonaut has been waiting with interest for some indication that the sufferers at Messina will be allowed to benefit from the surplus relief funds left in the hands of the San Francisco committee. Needless to say, it has waited in vain. This money, amounting to three hundred thousand dollars, is part of a fund subscribed nearly three years ago for the relief of the victims of earthquake and fire in San Francisco. At this stage of the game we need not ask why it was withheld from the specific purposes intended by the donors. The fact remains that it was so withheld and that it is still in the hands of a committee that shows itself woody impervious to suggestions or remonstrance. The disaster at Messina was exactly similar to our own except that it was greater. No better opportunity could be found for the disposal of the money or one in closer accord with the wishes of the givers. Why did not the committee assent to the generally expressed opinion that this three hundred thousand dollars be sent to Sicily? Have they any alternative proposition, and if so what is it? Or are we to understand that this money is to remain unused until public apathy and forgetfulness shall permit of its application to some purpose even further removed from the donors' intentions than the establishment of a Red Cross Hospital or some device of the Berkeley University? It is time that public opinion should express itself with some vigor, and the Argonaut will see to it that public opinion is reminded of the facts at suitably short intervals.

In the meantime we may usefully note what other people are saying of this matter. A good deal of money and a good deal of food came from Minneapolis, and therefore the newspapers of that city have some excuse for their curiosity. The Minneapolis *Bellman*, for example, devotes about two columns of its issue of January 23 to a spirited article that is headed "A Shameful Surplus." It is not pleasant reading, but so long as such things are said we may as well know of them, and to that end the opening paragraphs are reproduced as follows:

Those who contributed to the relief of the San Francisco sufferers three years ago when that city experienced its overwhelming disaster will be surprised, and even shocked, to learn that, after the affairs of the relief movement were wound up and settled, the local finance committee found itself in possession of the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, which amount it still holds, and from all surface indications will continue to cling fast to, as long as the members of the committee can present some plausible excuse for not disbursing it.

The committee in charge of this large sum shows no particular desire to be relieved of its responsibility. Apparently it is willing to prolong the trust indefinitely. Right-minded people who undertake a work of this kind, first do so with a very clear and definite conception of their duties; next they undertake to discharge their obligation to the public as quickly and thoroughly as possible; finally, when the work is done, they seek for some legitimate channel by which to dispose of the remainder, if there be any, of the funds or supplies committed to their charge.

There has been throughout the San Francisco relief movement a strange lack of right-mindedness and straight, plain

thinking, and the creation of this surplus fund is the result. Its final disposal will not improbably create further scandal and gossip, of which there has already been far too much in this connection.

It is indeed strange that so elementary a duty as the proper expenditure of this money should remain for so long undischarged. There is only one thing to do with money given for a definite purpose and that can no longer be devoted to that purpose. It should, of course, be returned to its donors, and if that is impossible, as in the present case, it should be used as those donors would themselves direct. Can any one in his senses believe that the people who gave this money would acquiesce in its present disposition? Can any one in his senses believe that they would approve of a Red Cross Hospital? And, on the other hand, can we doubt for one moment of their hearty assent to the proposal that this money, subscribed to sufferers by earthquake and fire, should be given to sufferers by earthquake and fire, if not in San Francisco, then in some other part of the world where a like need exists? The answer is so obvious, the problem in ethics is so simple, as to need no statement. The obvious duty of disposing of the money in this way was pointed out within a few hours of the Messina disaster. There was a general assumption that this obvious duty would be performed and that the committee would hasten to close the account in a way so evidently proper. But nothing was done, and it is fairly safe to say that nothing will be done until a convenient public indifference permits the doing of the wrong thing.

We will not follow our Minneapolis critic into other and still more unpleasant references, but we will express the hope that the committee will now purge their hands of this affair. The need in Sicily is nearly as great as ever it was, and three hundred thousand dollars, or ten times that amount, can be used to advantage. If they remain obdurate they must expect just such criticisms as the one that comes from Minneapolis, and they may also expect that comment will go further afield and perhaps to the revival of malicious scandals that otherwise would never again be heard of.

### Cuba Libre.

It is customary for the departing pilot to tender his best wishes for the success of the voyage, and it is in no conventional sense that America bestows her benedictions upon Cuba, now that the helm is once more in native hands. The new president combines good intentions with a masterful disposition. He is said to be suave and diplomatic. He has a fair start in smooth water. It is quite possible that Cuba has learned a lesson in self-government that very few Latin-American races have been able to acquire, the lesson of the ballot-box and of submission to election returns. It would be ungracious to say that we have our doubts, but the fact that a sharp dispute has already broken out over the secret service police reminds us that the Ethiopian does not change his skin, at least not at once. But then, after all, we have our own little difficulties with the secret police and we must not be hypercritical. It is a delicate subject just now.

At the present time the Liberals are in power in the Cuban government, and by a very considerable majority. They have acquired the theory, possibly by contagion, that the ranks of the office-holders should be filled entirely by the members of the dominant party, and the seeds of a very pretty quarrel upon that point have already been planted. General Gomez, on the other hand, has shown his sagacity by insisting upon minority representation. Conservative office-holders to the extent of thirty per cent are to remain unmolested, and we may hope that this will prevent some of the discontent of utter exclusion that has always been such a fatal trouble breeder in Cuba and in other Latin-American countries. Minority representation may well prove a rock of salvation to Cuba, but the rock will be fiercely assailed, and only an exceptionally strong hand



can defend it successfully. If Cuba wishes to prove her civilization she must resolve to regard the verdict of the ballot-box as final and absolute, and not merely as a convenient means to determine which party shall rebel. That she means to be politically sane there can be no doubt, but she would do well to remember that the spirit may be willing and the flesh weak. She would do well also to remember the words of Colonel Henry Watterson, who is now in Cuba, that this is the "last call for supper in the dining-car."

There is nearly universal good-will toward Cuba throughout America and a general hope that she will be inconspicuous. At the same time we may as well remember that there is a disposition in certain interested quarters to magnify her domestic misfortune and to exaggerate every transient disturbance into a need for further intervention. We already see that tendency in the needless prominence given to the quarrel over the secret service police between President Gomez and Vice-President Zayas. The inference intended by the sensational dispatch is that self-government in Cuba is, of course, foredoomed to failure and that here already we have justification for our pessimism. The quarrel is unfortunate and may even be indicative of serious danger, but those who would profit by further intervention will inevitably exaggerate all such disagreements, and it will be well to discount heavily the inspired forebodings that will certainly find a place in reports from Cuba. It was confidently predicted that a return of the Liberals to power would mean civil war. The Liberals have been returned to power, but General Gomez has pledged himself to prevent a misuse of authority, and there is no reason to believe that he will lack determination or strength. But even if the new machinery of Cuban government should work a little stiffly at first, there will be no reason for discouragement. Time and experience will be its lubricants. Further intervention in Cuban affairs is not to the interest of the American people. The need for such intervention would be a calamity, and we ought to look with suspicion upon news items and upon general prognostications that may owe their inspiration to a few selfish interests and not to the general well-being of either Cuba or of ourselves.

#### A Rift in the Lute.

The prospect of a political disagreement between Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Phelan is not one that a good citizen can view with equanimity. If these distinguished reformers should neutralize each other's efforts by internecine strife, who would be left to save San Francisco? Let us hope that public spirit will yet assert itself over private ambition and that all will be well.

The trouble is said to have arisen over the Direct Primary suggestions now before the legislature. Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Phelan, with eyes turned hopefully toward the United States Senate, are no longer in unison as to the form that legislation should take in order that a free expression of public opinion may be obtained. As a matter of fact, they recognize that what is sauce for the goose is not necessarily sauce for the gander, notwithstanding a venerable adage to that effect, and that the kind of Direct Primary most advantageous to the senatorial ambitions of Mr. Spreckels would be by no means calculated to gratify the similar ambitions of Mr. Phelan.

The thing is simple enough, and it is no wonder that these great and good men should feel that they are at the parting of the ways. Mr. Spreckels favors that form of Direct Primary law which forbids the name of a candidate to appear under more than one party heading. As a Republican and a Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguer nothing could be more favorable to his plans. But Mr. Phelan looks at the thing rather differently. He calls himself a Democrat and he would naturally expect the endorsement of his party. But he also is a Lincoln-Roosevelter, and how could he expect to appeal successfully to the free and enlightened without the support of that mighty engine of political influence? Moreover, what is the use of being a Lincoln-Roosevelter if you may not trade upon the proud connection? If Mr. Spreckels should get his way with the Direct Primary Mr. Phelan would have to make a choice between the Democrats and the Leaguers, and what this would mean to a man of his proud and sensitive spirit hardly needs to be indicated. Mr. Phelan's political sentiments are broad and inclusive. No one with a vote or with influence can be said to be outside their genial warmth.

Now from the house of a friend comes this cruel blow for a declaration of political principles and discrimination between two parties that must

surely estrange either the one or the other. He must either force upon the legislature his own peculiar version of the Direct Primary and so parade before the electors with as many political labels around his neck as he can conveniently hang there or he must surrender to Mr. Spreckels in the matter of the new law and then wring his heart by making a choice among the various associations that he has cultivated so assiduously in the hope that he could use them collectively to his own advantage. With such an experience before him Mr. Phelan may be excused for believing that there is no encouragement for true patriotism nowadays.

That any kind of direct election of United States senators is unconstitutional probably matters little to either Mr. Spreckels or Mr. Phelan. The Constitution says that senators must be elected by the State legislatures, and the Constitution undoubtedly means that the said legislatures shall be free and unrestricted in their choice, and not that they shall be bound by pledges and promises upon which their own success at the polls is made to depend. It may be quite right that United States senators should be chosen directly by the people. This may be among the reforms that await us in the future or it may be among the wiles of ambitious "reformers" who would rather appeal to the politically ignorant than to the politically instructed. But however that may be, there is a right way and a wrong way to secure the change. The right way is to alter the Constitution of the United States and the wrong way is to circumvent or undermine the Constitution by a trick. But what, after all, is the Constitution among friends?

#### The House of Lords.

England is once more busy with the House of Lords, and proposals for mending or ending that august body are falling as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. Even the peers themselves have been touched by something like a sense of sin, and although they are not exactly upon the penitents' bench, they are willing to admit that they do not represent the highest possible evolutionary point of human wisdom. In other words, they are willing to recognize that something must be done with them and even to help in the doing of it.

Lord Rosebery's recent proposal has been rejected by the Radicals with ignominy. Lord Rosebery suggested that the upper chamber be composed of two hundred peers selected from, and by, the total number now existing. To these should be added such other peers as have held cabinet rank, while a third contingent should be provided by the creation of life peerages from among those who have distinguished themselves in various executive capacities. The objections to this plan were obvious. In the first place the elective principle would be ignored altogether, while in the second place the stolid conservatism of such a house would be practically as great as before, while it would be newly buttressed by the appearance of reform. It was rightly felt that there could be no real reform so long as it was possible for an upper chamber to lie athwart the stream of the popular will. Better no reform at all than an effort that would be merely a jump from one frying-pan into another if not actually into the fire itself.

Now comes Mr. Frederic Harrison with still another plan. He would leave the House of Lords as it is and with all its present functions so far as imperial matters, war, diplomacy, and general decorativeness are concerned. But he would deprive the peers of the power of veto over domestic legislation, giving such power to the Privy Council instead. The Privy Council now consists of about 280 members, of whom less than half are peers. It is recruited by royal warrant and is made up of men eminent in administrative affairs and whose party politics are therefore to a great extent an unknown quantity, for in England party affiliations are a hindrance rather than a help to administrative appointments. Mr. Harrison believes that the Privy Council would consider all measures upon their national merits and with an indifference to their party origin. Perhaps they would at first, but how long would this impartiality continue under the strain of legislative authority? The Privy Council owes its dignity to its aloofness from party affairs. What would be the result if it were made the arbiter between the two great political divisions? The reformers had better beware of Mr. Harrison and his plans.

It is evident that English ideas of an upper chamber differ fundamentally from our own. A legislative chamber that is out of reach of the people is a theoretic impossibility here, whereas in England the non-repre-

sentative principle seems to be accepted and affirmed. Both Lord Rosebery and Mr. Harrison may be called radicals, but the representative principle finds no place in their schemes of reform, nor is it likely to find a prominent place in any plan that may be adopted. It is, of course, easy to laugh at an antiquated and undemocratic system, but we may fairly question if it is the more objectionable to place a man in the upper chamber because he is the son of his father or to place him in the same position by the order of some selfish commercial interest. They amount to pretty much the same thing in the end, and democracy may well look askance at both of them, and without much preference for either.

If England should actually reach the point of reforming her upper house, there is one feature that should be placed in the forefront of the battle. No plan should be even considered that does not include the entire exclusion of the bench of bishops. Without imputing any individual unworthiness to these gentlemen, it is one of the sad facts of English history that the collective ecclesiastical element in the House of Lords has been a veritable servant of Satan from the early days until now. No established infamy or cruelty has ever appealed in vain for the support of these legislating bishops. No legislative abomination has ever lacked their aid. Perhaps they are not to blame. They have merely followed the precedent set by all religions when clothed with authority. But the bishops ought to go.

It may be doubted if the House of Lords will be reformed at all. The individual peer does not make himself offensive to his fellow-citizens. He does not arouse rancor. He is generally democratic in his bearing, unostentatious in his personal relations with the public, good-humored and fair-minded. It is not easy to arouse popular resentment against an institution so long as its members do not offend the self-love of the individual by a vulgar display of wealth or by the obvious assumption of superiority. The House of Lords has now been threatened long enough to make it eternal.

#### Joan of Arc.

It is not strictly correct to say that Joan of Arc is about to be canonized. The ceremony to be held in Rome is for the purpose of beatification, and while this is a necessary preliminary to canonization, it is not in all cases followed by the further elevation. It is now five hundred years since the Maid of Orleans was publicly burned alive as a witch with the approval of representatives of the church that now discovers her to be not a witch, but a saint. The world at large made up its mind upon this point somewhat more rapidly.

The act of beatification places the church in sharp opposition to the opinion of M. Anatole France, who is the most recent biographer of the maid. M. France's argument was simple and is reducible to a syllogism. Any one claiming superhuman powers, says M. France in effect, is an impostor; Joan of Arc claimed superhuman powers; therefore Joan of Arc was an impostor. It sounds very convincing until we question the major premise, but perhaps neither the church nor M. France will suffer greatly from this unfortunate conflict of view.

For beatification is impossible without superhuman powers. There are three essentials required by the church, and it was therefore necessary to prove in the case of Joan of Arc that she had never been publicly worshiped, that she had practiced the cardinal virtues upon a heroic scale, and that miracles had been wrought by her intercession. These claims are never lightly admitted. They must be first advanced by a cardinal, they are formally opposed by an official appointed for the purpose and who is thus called the Devil's Advocate, they must be approved by the Congregation of Rates and finally sanctioned by the Pope. It is not easy to see why there should have been so much delay in this instance, seeing that twenty-four years after the death of Joan she was declared by Pope Calixtus III to be "a martyr for her religion, her king, and her country," but as she had already been burned alive perhaps there was no particular hurry about her beatification.

It is strange that the Maid of Orleans should find her chief detractors in France and her chief defenders in England and America. Mr. Andrew Lang was quick to cross swords with M. Anatole France and to point out his defects as a biographer of such a character, while in America Mark Twain has championed the cause of the Maid with a delightful vigor and enthusiasm. Voltaire, on the other hand, directed the whole



force of his impish wit against her reputation, not, we may believe, from conviction, but rather from a natural contempt for chastity and virtue.

The world at large will look with interest upon the forthcoming proceedings at Rome, which will do no more than confirm its own judgment. The average student of history might be a little puzzled if he had to give a precise definition of a saint, but he would have no hesitation in saying that Joan of Arc was one. The only regrettable feature of the ceremonies is that they come about five hundred years too late.

#### The Japanese Bills.

It would perhaps have been better had the fate of the Japanese bills been settled without the necessity for postponement. Delay was not required for the collection of further information and it may be doubted if the President's messages to the governor have added materially either to his or to our knowledge of the question. This was one of the occasions where a hint from the Department of State would have answered every purpose without arousing old antagonisms or producing a distinct line of cleavage. Unfortunately, we do not live at a time when executive interference with State government is arranged by hints.

The opinions of the *Argonaut* on the Japanese problem have been stated many times, and they have not changed. If we oppose the bills now before the legislature, and which presumably will be settled before this is printed, it is mainly because we think that they are inopportune and because we are unwilling to embarrass the Federal government by an impetuous settlement of our own grievances. In spite of the omniscience of our Eastern critics, we think we understand those grievances better than they do—strange as it may seem—and if the legislature in its wisdom should see fit to reject these bills it will not imply any abatement of California's rights, but simply a willingness to defer the interests of a part to those of the whole. We would further remind our Eastern critics that California is impervious to the somewhat shrewish scoldings in which they indulge and that her difficulties are a matter for future adjustment and not for hectoring or sermons.

That the present is a time for conciliation rather than for new animosities should be obvious enough without a series of presidential messages, and in the cause of conciliation it may be as well to remove one impression that has been assiduously produced. We are told that California has a right to prohibit alien, and particularly Japanese, ownership of land because Japan herself pursues a corresponding policy. Even if that were true, it does not necessarily follow that imitation is a virtue unless we are careful to imitate only what is good. But as a matter of fact it is not true, or it is true only to a very superficial extent. Foreigners in Japan can not hold land in fee simple, but they can obtain a lease of land for as much as 999 years or even for ten times that period. The lease will give them surface rights only, but they can occupy the land or transfer it just the same as if they were natives. That, of course, is not full ownership, but the blunt statement that foreigners can not own land in Japan is simply untrue. In every practical way a foreigner has full rights in Japan. He may get his living there in any way he pleases and without adverse discrimination from the law.

The *Argonaut* objects to the amended Drew bill forbidding alien ownership of lands not because of its specific but because of its general application, and not because it would be a hardship to aliens, but because it would be a hardship to ourselves. Governor Gillett, with the saving common sense that has distinguished him all through this matter, points out that California should welcome aliens and not discourage them. We have no reason to fear that foreigners who buy land in California will remain for very long outside the circle of citizenship, and, after all, where would a good many of us be today if our fathers or our grandfathers had found themselves confronted with such a law when they arrived in California?

The broad question of Japanese immigration, of Japanese children in our schools, and all the other attendant problems must, as we have said, come up for definite settlement at some opportune time unless they shall settle themselves in the interim. We are assured that the influx of coolies has practically ceased and that there are now fewer Japanese on the Coast than there were a year or so ago. That point seems difficult of determination, for if the Japanese are coming in surreptitiously by way of Mexico or Canada it is

obvious that they can not be counted. But it seems clear enough that the Japanese government has made a sincere effort to abate the nuisance and will doubtless continue in this form of well-doing. So long as this is so we can afford to be patient, reserving to ourselves the right to legislate in our own interests whenever it shall be necessary, but with full recognition of national obligations and responsibilities.

One mischievous result of the delay is that opportunity has been given to various class interests to cloud the issue by one-sided evidence and biased pleas. The labor unions are, of course, well to the front, and we might listen to them more attentively but for the fact that they oppose all forms of competing labor, whatever its color or whatever its source. They would as gladly exclude Scandinavians, Germans, and English as they would Japanese, white labor as brown. On the other hand are the missionaries, who would have us believe that the Japanese coolie is a saint with an imperceptible halo and that we ought to submit to anything and everything so long as they can swell their list of mythical converts. If the legislature rejects all these bills it will do well. While in no way abandoning our ultimate rights of regulation, we shall thereby sustain the hands of the Secretary of State, we shall clearly realize our treaty obligations, and we shall collect definite facts upon which to proceed.

Governor Gillett's attitude throughout this dispute has been irreproachable. When he says that "some persons are trying to do cheap politics without regard to the gravity of the issues at stake" and that this is the root of the whole difficulty, he hits the nail squarely on the head. He knows that some of the chief promoters of this ill-timed agitation care little for the reputation of the State in comparison with their own ambition to stand well with labor unions whose only conception of prosperity is preferential treatment for themselves. His outspoken utterances have made of him a rallying point for the elements of legislative sanity and patriotism, and in this way he has earned for himself the appreciative recognition of California and of the country.

#### Editorial Notes.

We invite the attention of our sapient authorities to the fact that Emma Goldman had an audience of two thousand people at the Dreamland Rink last Sunday and that all these people paid for their admission. This modern Mme. Defarge attributed her extraordinary success to the advertisement given to her by the police and she was right. She stated, furthermore, that she had abandoned her Australian trip for the same reason and that she was willing to stay here for five years if the authorities would only continue to support her efforts. When Emma Goldman speaks in London she is fortunate if she gets an audience of fifty people from the Sunday loafers in Hyde Park. It is true that the police are present, but it is for the purpose of seeing that no one interferes with her and so enables her to secure notoriety upon the plea of being a martyr.

The War Department finds itself involved in a small question of ethics. A proposal was made to The Hague Conference that the nations should pledge themselves against the use of aerial craft for the dropping of explosives. America was the only great power to give assent, the delegates from other important countries refusing to promise abstention from a method of war that they fully intended to adopt as soon as they knew how. Aerial navigation was still in its youth at that time, but now we find the European war offices working overtime in their efforts to elaborate some way by which disagreeable things can be dropped upon the heads of their neighbors, while our hands are tied by a self-denying ordinance. It is evident that we have been too virtuous.

A good many strange reasons have been given for divorce, but the palm for ingenuity must be awarded to a woman of New York who claims a dissolution of the matrimonial bonds upon constitutional grounds. She argues that the thirteenth amendment prohibits slavery or involuntary servitude "except as a punishment for crime," whereas she has committed no crime and is yet in a state of involuntary servitude. For the moment we are staggered. Shall it be said that any poor, suffering wretch appealed to the Constitution of the United States and went unrelieved? It is true that the plea would have come with more force from the man, but as the abject wretch had nothing to say for himself we must gallantly accept the word of his militant wife that she is indeed in a condition of slavery.

But the fourteenth amendment comes opportunely to our rescue, and the fourteenth amendment says that no one shall be deprived of "life, liberty, or property without due process of law." Now what is marriage but a process of law? It is to be feared that the lady must bear her chains with what fortitude she can. The Constitution is against her.

The Hains trial in New York has once more dragged the "medical expert" into the limelight, and that usually pitiful rascal is getting a fair share of castigation. The *New York Evening Post* says that when a distinguished alienist can express his disappointment at having accepted a retainer from the defense five minutes before the prosecution appeared with a better offer, morality seems to have been drugged to death. And yet if a trial similar to that of Hains or Thaw should begin anywhere in the country tomorrow this same game of charlatans would be played over again and wooden-headed juries would be just as much impressed as ever.

The offer of Russia to arrange the indemnity due from Bulgaria to Turkey does not "dissipate the war clouds" in eastern Europe. It rather suggests a dangerous move in the forward policy of the Muscovite. Moreover, it leaves unchanged the gravest features of the situation, which are the demands of Serbia and Montenegro for territorial concessions that will open a way to the sea, the claim of Bosnia and Herzegovina for administrative autonomy, and the appeal from Crete to be relieved from Turkish suzerainty. Unless we are to believe that Russia is playing the part of the good Samaritan, we must assume an unpleasant motive of self-interest in her desire to play the part of creditor to Bulgaria.

It seems that Europe can still furnish some examples of real democracy. A little while ago we had occasion to admire the attitude of the President of the French Republic in his refusal to publish the details of his daughter's trousseau. He said that he was an average citizen who happened through the exigencies of politics to be raised into temporary prominence and that the matrimonial affairs of his daughter were not of greater importance than those of any other girl. As a result the wedding of Miss Faure passed almost unnoticed amid other celebrations of a like nature. Now we have the election of Dr. Adolf Deucher to the presidency of the Swiss Republic for the fifth time, although not consecutively. Dr. Deucher is seventy-eight years of age, and as president of the republic he receives an annual salary of about \$8000. He is a man of wide education and culture, but his household is conducted along the lines of rigid simplicity approved by the Swiss people and sanctioned by custom. A former British minister relates that upon one occasion when he called upon the president the door was opened by the president's wife, who had been summoned by his ring from the family washtub and who was still wiping the soap-suds from her arms. It is remembered, too, that in 1904 the son of the President of the Swiss Republic was an hotel waiter, who was thus acquiring the practical experience necessary to his intended career as an hotel proprietor.

That constitutional government in Turkey is not all plain sailing is shown by the discovery of a plot for the restoration of the old despotism. Twenty thousand persons are implicated, while twenty-eight leaders have been arrested. As they like tyranny so much, they should feel themselves quite at home in prison. But what a curious phenomenon is a conservatism that prefers slavery to change and that dreads nothing so much as a departure from custom.

Larger than Niagara is the cataract of the Iguazu Falls, almost at the intersection of the three frontiers of Paraguay, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic. The river takes its name from a Spanish word meaning great waters. Few sightseers ever catch a glimpse of Iguazu Falls, because it takes six days to make the picturesque journey of about 1250 miles from Buenos Ayres amid the fair, fertile plains of Santa Fé and the savage luxuriance of the virgin forest, passing through the territory of the missions and the ruins of Jesuit churches and convents.

President Roosevelt and the nine members of his Cabinet will take with them the chairs they have occupied at Cabinet meetings when the President retires from office on March 4. They will replace them at their own expense. This, Secretary Loeb says, has been the custom of former Presidents and Cabinet members.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

The anti-Japanese bills before the California legislature have aroused some marked attention throughout the country. Comment is, of course, often uninformed and occasionally spiteful, but this is an experience that has befallen California in times past and may again.

The Springfield *Republican* seems to suspect a certain lack of backbone in the California executive, although the logical process by which it arrives at this conclusion is not above reproach. It says:

Interference in the local affairs of a State President Roosevelt's letter to the governor of California certainly is, but the truth is that the politicians who govern California are so lacking in courage that they appealed to him to intervene. Governor Gillett evidently would not dare to veto the bills which are assumed to be particularly obnoxious to the Japanese if he could not fortify himself with an emphatic statement from the national administration declaring that their enactment would be inimical to the friendship between Japan and the United States. And so, too, there are members of the California legislature who are so afraid of home sentiment that they need the support of Washington to enable them to vote against legislation of this character. This, it is clear, goes far to explain the conduct of Governor Gillett and the United States senators from California in welcoming such messages as the President has sent to the California State government in the past two or three years. The question arises whether this proceeding must be repeated every two years in the future, or whenever the California legislature meets in regular session. Legally, that legislature may make laws as it pleases and the courts, after the governor, are the only power constitutionally qualified to review them; but a question of policy is also raised which concerns the entire country, and if the people of California will not consider the wishes of other sections they will show themselves indifferent to the power that, in the last resort, would have to fight their battles.

The New York *Times* is even more severe. Heading its article "American City or Plague Spot," it goes on to speak of "pernicious measures," and the "affront put upon a sensitive and friendly people by the conscienceless demagogues and agitators of one of the States of the Union." But the *Times* has a good word to say for Governor Gillett, whose firmness and wisdom "entitle him to national recognition as a factor of sanity and of safety in that misguided community." Then the *Times* emits the following preachment, to which the people of California will listen with bowed heads and chastened hearts:

It is high time that the respectable people of San Francisco took thought about the reputation and standing of their city. When their homes, their property, and their business were destroyed by earthquake and fire two years ago, there was in their behalf an unexampled exhibition of the spirit of generous helpfulness. The nation responded to their need with money, with food, with supplies. When their banks were able to open the banks of New York, of the East, and of the West sent to them a supply of ready cash far beyond their need in order that there should be no possible chance of financial disaster. Have the people of San Francisco forgotten all this? At least the legislature of the State makes a poor return to the nation in seeking to enact these bills that are universally condemned in every other State.

Members of the family of States have the same right to protest against the misbehavior of California that the members of a private family would have to resent and condemn lawless and indecent conduct by one of their own number. The need of registering a national protest is enhanced by the fact that the yellow press here and in Japan seizes upon an incident of this nature with an instinctive desire to make the most and the worst of it, and to stir up trouble where there is no occasion for trouble. If these obnoxious bills represent the prevailing public opinion of the city of San Francisco and the State of California, it is time for us to know it, in order that a new and strange situation may be met by appropriate measures, as such situations have been met throughout our history. But above all, it is time for the city of San Francisco to determine whether it wishes to be regarded as a representative American city, as a sane and reputable community, or as a plague spot.

The New York *World* says that California's statesmen, "like the notorious Grove L. Johnson," now find themselves in a ridiculous position:

California, and especially San Francisco, have long been infested with the sand lots agitator and inciter of race prejudice. They were in their glory in the days of Schmitz, the boodle mayor, but they were not all of Schmitz's following. . . . The anti-Japanese issue has been good enough for any party or any demagogue who wanted to catch the labor vote.

Reverting again to the same question, the Springfield *Republican* prints another article under the heading of "The California Arrogance":

The impudence of these California politicians and the section of the people who support them, in dealing with questions relating to the Japanese, is due in no slight degree to their belief that the United States navy is now so powerful that Japan would not dare to resent discriminatory laws against her subjects and that America, and California in particular, will be secure in enacting whatever measures they please, so long as they do not flagrantly violate treaty obligations. The psychology of the Grove Johnsons is not hard to understand. They feel that their skins are safe. Japan, according to their view, would never hazard a fight. For has not our great battleship fleet, within the year past, paraded its strength first of all before the eyes of the Coast demagogues, carrying to them the message that the American navy was master of the Pacific and the final arbiter of the issues between the Oriental world and our own? And then did not the fleet voyage around the earth to show its strength in Oriental harbors and thus serve as a warning, as it was universally believed, to the hotheads beyond the sea?

The Panama libel suit is the topic of the day throughout the East, although we are still awaiting information as to the precise nature of the action and the identity of the plaintiff or plaintiffs and whether the aggrieved party is the Federal government or one or more of the individuals involved in the transaction. The Federal grand jury is now sitting in Washington, but its proceedings are mysterious and not to be divulged. Mr. Charles P. Taft has been summoned as a witness, but his evidence could not have been very vital, as he was detained only about five minutes. Mr. Douglas Robinson also was in attendance, and he, too, was excused almost immediately. Both these gentlemen refused to make any comment upon the press.

For witness was Mr. Edward F. Cragin, a dealer in

securities. It may be remembered that Mr. Cragin attracted some attention at the time of the Panama purchase by a letter addressed by him to President Roosevelt in which he made the following statement: "Just one word as to the price—\$40,000,000. It may interest you to know that about the year 1896 or 1897 I was offered by a reputable broker of Paris, of good standing, the control of the old Panama Company on a basis of \$6,500,000 for their entire property. I refused to consider this offer, as I did not deem that route worthy of consideration." Nothing could be ascertained as to what transpired between Mr. Cragin and the grand jury.

In the meantime the press of the country is in full blast and it is noticeable that hardly a single Republican newspaper can be found to uphold the amazing prosecution that seems to have been set on foot. The Philadelphia *Ledger*, for example, says that common sense rejects the idea that would lead practically to lettres de cachet and that would conflict with the constitutional enactment that "Congress shall make no laws . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The Worcester *Post* speaks of the "settled principle which Rooseveltism now attacks in its vitals." The Macon *Telegraph* draws an inevitable comparison when it says "such an inquisitorial proceeding is unheard of outside the jurisdiction of the Czar of Russia." The Springfield *Republican* sounds a word of weighty warning when it says:

This would be bad enough. But even worse will success in the prosecution be if the charge is a libel upon the government itself. Then indeed will the freedom of speech and of the press have been extinguished, and with that will go in time a people's government under the rise of arbitrary and personal power which, as Napoleon said, has more to fear in three newspapers than in a million bayonets. It is thinkable that Mr. Roosevelt should so act, but it is wholly unthinkable that any other power in the Federal government should support him.

The New York *Globe* reminds the President that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. "If this theory of law be correct, and it is a criminal offense to say anything against the government as such or any of its branches, no less a person than the President of the United States would be in danger of indictment." The Omaha *World Herald* asks "what newspaper, if this rule is to hold, will dare criticize otherwise than tamely and apologetically the Federal government at Washington? How many newspapers have such resources, such recklessness of consequences, that they will dare arraign against themselves the might of the government directed by the flaming anger of the king? How shall 'the press the people's rights maintain' if it is to be awed by the influence of the sovereign into either lickspittle commendation or silence on pain of imprisonment?" The New York *Evening Post* suggests that Mr. Pulitzer be tried by court-martial and hung from the yard arm, or that he be banished to the mines of Siberia:

Not a metaphysician and student of the esoteric and occult but would be delighted with a libel suit, involving damage to sensibilities that never existed, concerning an interoceanic lock canal that may soon be a sea-level canal, under a non-existent law in an undefined jurisdiction, and tried during the course of a constructive recess by a jury made up of six John Does and six Richard Roes.

The New York *Globe* is not without hope that we are faced by nothing more serious than an ordinary libel action:

If it shall turn out to be William Nelson Cromwell or Douglas Robinson or any of the gentlemen whose names were without just reason connected with insinuations of Panama corruption, the grand juries and the courts can be trusted to attend to the case in the ordinary course of business. But if it is the government which contends that it has been libeled as an institution, it would seem that the Roosevelt administration was seeking to celebrate its approaching departure by introducing its greatest innovation.

The Philadelphia *Record* says that "the brother-in-law of the President and the brother of the President-elect do not constitute the government or even any minute portion thereof. It is not certain that they have been libeled; it is ridiculous to pretend that any story about them is a libel on the government." The New York *Tribune* says that "the attempt furnishes some startling suggestions to all who are interested in the freedom of the press. One of these is that the law of seditious libel, which is generally understood to be practically extinct in this country, still survives and may be capable of enforcement in the most arbitrary and oppressive form against the editors and publishers of every considerable newspaper in the United States." The Portland *Advertiser* says that the possibility of libeling the government "is a doctrine which has been well described as ominous," while the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* describes the action as "a childish proceeding." The Lowell *Courier-Citizen* thinks that "the proper liberty of the press is too important to be imperiled," while the New York *Mail* points out that "some blow at the freedom of speech and of the press is meditated," and continues:

It is appropriate, and yet it is infinitely disquieting, that this is being done behind the scenes, in a darkness so profound for even the best lawyers in the Senate to penetrate it. The environment of this action, its initial stages, suggest the court procedure of Russia before there was a Duma to give voice to public opinion; suggest also the Star Chamber chapter of British history and the unhappiest chapters of royal aggression on the liberties of the English people.

The New York *Sun* voices a protest in terms of special dignity when it says:

We believe that any attempt to reestablish practically and to employ for personal vengeance the odious principles and provisions of the old Sedition law of 1798, either by mere executive assertion or by executive construction or perversion of existing statutes, would meet with the united and most cheerful opposition of the free American press, fully conscious as that great power unquestionably is of its privileges under the law and its just responsibilities to the law.

The Boston *Herald* calls for concerted action on the part of the press and says that there is no reason to fear that the courts will accept the executive interpretation of the Constitution and the law and disregard the application which has heretofore been unchallenged. But the protest of the press should be vigorous and emphatic against the threat, even if the executive purpose is not accomplished.

The New York *Times* reminds the President that he himself is not innocent of the fault of denunciation, and says "surely a man who has brought the bludgeon down upon so many defenseless heads ought not to holler for the police when he is jabbed with a goose quill."

These are but a very few of the innumerable protests that have been uttered by the press of the whole country with an astonishing disregard of party lines. In the meantime the action continues and the Federal grand jury is busy in its efforts to ascertain if the American nation has been libeled.

## POLITICO-PERSONAL.

John Callan O'Laughlin has for years done excellent journalistic work for the present administration. He now obtains his reward in an appointment until March 3 as First Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. O'Laughlin is conceded to have better qualifications for the position than the average newspaper man.

Gifford Pinchot, the special representative of President Roosevelt to invite President Diaz to send, for Mexico, a representative to the International Conservation Congress to be held in Washington on February 18, made his first and probably only address in Mexico upon his work and mission, before the University Club in the City of Mexico, at a handsome club dinner, to which fifty-two members sat down. The affair was the notable one of Mr. Pinchot's visit.

Governor William T. Cobb of Maine proposes to shatter one of the most firmly established of political traditions: A few months ago the whole country was discussing the Maine State election, which is held in September, and endeavoring to figure from the slightly reduced Republican plurality what the result of the November presidential election would be. The "Maine forecast" was, and always is, a profitless discussion, but nevertheless it furnishes a quadrennial topic for political gossip. Now the governor of that big, conservative commonwealth recommends that the September contest be abandoned and that Maine join the vast majority of other States and hold its home election in November.

Governor Lilley of Connecticut explains his seeming remissness in not tendering his resignation from Congress, a neglect which resulted in his seat being officially declared vacant. He says that under the law of his State, "in case of a vacancy in Congress, it is the duty of the governor to call a special election. The matter was referred by Governor Woodruff to the attorney-general, who rendered it as his opinion that the statute was mandatory, and that if the resignation was accepted a special election to fill the vacancy must be held. It seemed to the governor and to the attorney-general that the large expense entailed, and the fact that, after deducting the time necessary for a special election, there would be but about one month for a new member to serve, were conclusive reasons why my resignation should not be accepted. The governor, therefore, declined to accept my resignation."

Senator Henry M. Teller's retirement from the Senate, occasioned by the selection of Charles G. Hughes, Jr., as his successor, removes a familiar and a strong figure. With the exception of his nearly three years of service as Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Arthur's Cabinet, Mr. Teller has been a Senator since 1876. Apart from his devotion to the cause of silver, in which he represented and led the sentiment of his State, he has been and remains substantially a Republican; and his long experience, his familiarity with precedents, his clearness of intellect and practical grasp of the principles and details of legislation, especially as it affects the West, have made him one of the wisest and most valuable of senators. He is an elder in that body. He sat a generation ago with men like Blaine, Morton, Edmunds, Morrill, Conkling, John Sherman, Allison, Ingalls, Simon Cameron, Bayard. His term runs from toward the end of Grant's administration to the beginning of Taft's. He has seen many mutations of policy and fame, sudden heroes, and obscurities almost as sudden. He is of the class in which the Senate has never been wanting: the men of long heads, of courage, of thoughtfulness, of training in affairs.

P. J. Brady of Cleveland, Ohio, who has been mentioned for the Treasury desk in the Taft Cabinet, is said by friends to have played an important part in the rise of William Howard Taft. Soon after the United States acquired the Philippines, the question of the friar lands in the insular possessions became an important problem. Brady was close to Senator Hanna in those days, being one of his chief lieutenants. He went to Hanna one day with a suggestion, which he outlined in detail, that the United States send some one to the Philippines capable of making a complete study of the situation, with a view to remunerating the churchmen for their holdings in the islands, on a basis that would be equitable to all parties. Brady had such a knowledge of the organization of the Catholic church that he was able to present his suggested plan in a most tangible form, which at once caught the interest of Senator Hanna. He brought the proposition up at the proper time, and action was taken which led to William H. Taft being sent to the Philippines to make a study of the whole problem presented there. It is pointed out by Brady's friends that this was the beginning of Taft's rapid rise from one important executive position to another, and it was, in a measure, the success of his diplomatic task in the Philippines that started him upward toward the presidency.



## CONSCRIPTION IN ENGLAND.

Aristocrats, Parsons, and Soldiers Unite in a Demand to Which the Average Citizen Makes No Response.

Why the Bishop of Chester should feel that a "stirring appeal for compulsory military training" is a part of his message of peace is one of the things that no one can understand. But the fact remains that his lordship has thus formally joined the church militant and provided an antithesis to the sentiment of "peace on earth, good will toward men," eloquently voiced in his own cathedral at Christmas time about a month ago. But English bishops are not expected to be religious nowadays, and His Grace of Chester can flourish a broadsword with the best of us.

Conscription is one of the questions of the day just now in England. The territorial army that was to take the place of the old volunteer force has failed. That is to say, the number of men responding to the call has proved pitifully inadequate to repel the German hordes that are popularly supposed to be in waiting across the channel for a chance to invade. Lord Roberts says that England must have a million trained men and that if the million men do not come willingly they must come by force, although no one makes it quite clear how a million men can be compelled to do anything that they do not want to do. Now comes the Bishop of Chester and close behind him stands that other pillar of the church and champion of righteousness, Bishop Welldon. Both these eminent ecclesiastics are of opinion that the man who does not want to fight should be made to fight and that Hosea Bigelow was grievously misinformed when he said that "epipylets ain't the best marks of a saint."

Thus encouraged by the church, the conscription advocates have come once more to the front with renewed hopes. Some of the "jingo" newspapers devote columns to a correspondence from eminent persons who may be divided into the three categories of parsons, soldiers, and aristocrats. They all think that the young men of the nation should be trained to defend their country, but it is worth notice that the parsons would be exempt from service, that the soldiers are already soldiers, and that the aristocrats would naturally have the control of the new force and the first choice of influence and command. Thus we have a letter from Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, from Field Marshal Lord Grenfell, from Viscount Hardinge, from Colonel Lockwood, from Major Baden-Powell, from Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle, and from Sir J. Wolfe Barry. All these appear on the same day, and they may be taken as representative of the opinion that is facetiously called "public." But letters from Tom, Dick, and Harry, from the men who would be the inconspicuous fragments, the mere numbered items in the new army, are conspicuous chiefly by their absence.

The scheme of conscription that would be actually democratic would be examined with interest in England. Indeed, it is only a resident in England who can understand how impossible such a scheme must be. It is simply inconceivable that the aristocrat would be willing to serve as a private or to place his chance of advancement upon merit alone. It is equally inconceivable that the aristocrat should be willing to be officered by the son of his tea dealer or his butcher. The officers of the regular army are recruited almost exclusively from the rich and from those of high position. Their advancement, their opportunities for distinguishing service, depend mainly upon the skill with which they can ingratiate themselves within the court circle. A new force to be raised by conscription must necessarily be modeled upon the regular army and the old abuses would be perpetuated. It is these abuses that are said to have brought Lord Kitchener to a condition of despair in his efforts to reform the army.

The absence of enthusiasm from what may be called the rank and file is significant. Conscription could not be introduced without special legislation, and it would be practically impossible to pass such legislation without the previous sanction of a general election. That is to say, it would have to be submitted for the approval of the very men who would be called upon to drop their own occupations or to lose the services of their sons at the demand of war's imaginary alarms.

And as the English proletariat is showing no enthusiasm for conscription so far as the newspapers are concerned, we may assume that a similar lack of enthusiasm would be evident at the polling places.

As a matter of fact, the average Englishman is a little skeptical as to the value of the trained soldier. He remembers that the untrained Boers gave a remarkably good account of themselves against regular and disciplined soldiers, and he has formed a shrewd opinion that perhaps untrained Englishmen could do the same thing against the legions of Germany if the doughty Teuton should ever show himself as an invader. Of course, Lord Roberts and the Bishop of Chester think that the untrained man is useless, but the Englishman has done a little thinking on his own account, and while he will be quite willing to fight the German or any one else as soon as the enemy is visible to the naked eye, he is not disposed to sacrifice his business and his leisure in order that a lot of dainty officer boys may have plenty of raw material to lord it over.

Nor must we forget the Socialist influence and what may be called the new internationalism. There are plenty of influential men who are preaching a gospel acceptable to the poor, and it is to the effect that war scares and feverish incitements to a jingo patriotism

are intended to divert attention from domestic reforms and from changes in the laws that are urgently demanded by fair play, but that would be none the less detrimental to vested interests and class supremacy. LONDON, January 21, 1909. PICCADILLY.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Lincoln at Gettysburg.

After the eyes that looked, the lips that spake  
Here, from the shadows of impending death,  
Those words of solemn breath,  
What voice may fitly break  
The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him?  
We can but bow the head, with eyes grown dim,  
And, as a Nation's litany, repeat  
The phrase his martyrdom hath made complete,  
Noble as then, but now more sadly sweet;  
"Let us, the Living, rather dedicate  
Ourselves to the unfinished work, which they  
Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,  
And save the periled State!  
Let us, upon this field where they, the brave,  
Their last full measure of devotion gave,  
Highly resolve they have not died in vain!—  
That, under God, the Nation's later birth  
Of Freedom, and the people's gain  
Of their own Sovereignty, shall never wane  
And perish from the circle of the earth!"  
From such a perfect text, shall Song aspire  
To light her faded fire,  
And into wandering music turn  
Its virtue, simple, sorrowful, and stern?  
His voice all elegies anticipated;  
For, whatsoever the strain,  
We hear that one refrain:  
"We consecrate ourselves to them, the Consecrated!"  
—Bayard Taylor.

Lincoln.

Chained by stern duty to the rock of state,  
His spirit armed in mail of rugged mirth,  
Ever above, though ever near to earth,  
Yet felt his heart the cruel tongues that sate  
Base appetites, and foul with slander, wait  
Till the keen lightnings bring the awful hour  
When wounds and suffering shall give them power.  
Most was he like to Luther, gay and great,  
Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb.  
Tender and simple too; he was so near  
To all things human that he cast out fear,  
And, ever simpler, like a little child,  
Lived in unconscious nearness unto Him  
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled.  
—S. Weir Mitchell.

The Dead President.

Were there no crowns on earth,  
No evergreen to wreath a hero's wreath,  
That he must pass beyond the gates of death,  
Our hero, our slain hero, to be crowned?  
Could there on our unworthy earth be found  
Naught to lent his worth?

The noblest soul of all!  
When was there ever, since our Washington,  
A man so pure, so wise, so patient—one  
Who walked with this high goal alone in sight,  
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,  
Though very heaven should fall!

Ah, not for him we weep;  
What honor more could be in store for him?  
Who would have had him linger in our dim  
And troublesome world, when his great work was done—  
Who would not leave that worn and weary one  
Gladly to go to sleep?

For us the stroke was just;  
We were not worthy of that patient heart;  
We might have helped him more, not stood apart,  
And coldly criticized his words and ways—  
Too late now, all too late—our little praise  
Sounds hollow o'er his dust.

Be merciful, O our God!  
Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,  
That never, till a noble soul departs,  
See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings  
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs  
Up from the wounded sod.

Yet what a deathless crown  
Of Northern pine and Southern orange-flower,  
For victory and the land's new bridal-hour,  
Would we have wreathed for that beloved brow!  
Sadly upon his sleeping forehead now  
We lay our cypress down.

O martyred one, farewell!  
Thou hast not left thy people quite alone,  
Out of thy beautiful life there comes a tone  
Of power, of love, of trust, a prophecy,  
Whose fair fulfillment all the earth shall be,  
And all the Future tell.—Edward Rowland Sill.

An eminent French architect on a recent visit to this country made a detailed study of New York's architectural development, declaring as a result that a wonderful opportunity lay before its future builders by making it a city of towers. He spoke both from the view of utility and of beauty. Mr. Ernest Flagg, the architect of the Singer building, and of at least two State capitols, in a recent contribution to one of the New York newspapers, showed how the fangs of the skyscraper might be drawn by a tower style of construction. His theory is that for a certain number of stories the walls of a great building should be allowed to rise perpendicularly from the street line, as they do now. Above that point public authority should project in imagination a pyramid which would define building boundaries. The architect would then sketch out prisms so recessed from the original perpendicular wall as to bring them entirely within the pyramidal conception. The angle of inclination of these faces of the pyramid would be decreed by public authority so as to insure the bathing by the sun of the surface of the streets. New York's sunless cañons would not be extended.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Francis Charnes, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was received into the French Academy the other day as the successor to Berthelot.

Hugh Graham, publisher of the *Montreal Star*, is one of the leading citizens of Canada who were honored by their sovereign during the past year with knighthood.

The Hon. Philander C. Knox, soon to be Secretary of State, has one of the finest homes in Washington. It formerly belonged to Mrs. George W. Childs, and is amply adapted to receptions and state functions.

Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, youngest son of one great novelist and godson of another, has lost his seat in the Parliament of New South Wales through the discovery of rich silver mines at Broken Hills, a thousand miles northwest of Sydney. The newcomers, miners, elected a labor candidate.

President-elect Taft is a skillful and light-footed dancer. At the reception held in his honor by the Capital City Club of Atlanta, Georgia, Mr. Taft danced until the last measure was completed, and had his special train held for nearly two hours that he might not miss any of the pleasures of the brilliant occasion.

Miss Kate Gilmour, stewardess of the *Sardinia*, which was destroyed by fire a short time ago at Malta, is the only woman who has ever received a Lloyd's medal for lifesaving at sea. Miss Gilmour refused positively to quit the ship until all the women and children had been taken off. By her coolness and courage many lives were saved that might otherwise have been lost.

Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Emperor William, made a successful ascent in a military airship from Tegel a few days ago. The balloon was under command of Major Gross. The weather was very cold, and the prince was wrapped in heavy furs. The airship sped over Charlottenburg and along Unter den Linden and around the Old Palace where Emperor William waved a greeting from a balcony.

Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, who has come for another visit in this country with his wife and daughter, is one of the wealthy Roman Catholic peers of England, and lately bought the old abbey of Marmoutier in Touraine, to save it from conversion into a factory. He was a member of the surveying party that laid out the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad in the early 'seventies, and then took part with General Custer in skirmishes with the Sioux.

Professor Robert W. Wood of the Johns Hopkins University has perfected an invention that may revolutionize the present costly and cumbersome methods of studying the stars and exploring the universe for new planets, suns, moons, and asteroids. In his new telescope there is no glass. The reflecting mirror is a bowl-shaped dish of mercury, revolved at a high speed and presenting a polished, even, concave surface that magnifies the images of objects above it in a wonderful manner.

Queen Helena of Italy is a princess of the troubled realm of Montenegro and is considered one of the most attractive members of the royal circle in Europe. She is not fond of public life nor state entertainments and is said to be devoted to her bright little family, of whom the only boy, the Prince of Piedmont, is the most prominent member. The grace and gentleness which characterize the Queen of Italy have never been more admirably shown than during the present situation, and the stronger sympathy between ruler and people called forth by the disaster which shook Sicily from its foundations may lead to a better condition of affairs throughout the kingdom.

Beekman Winthrop, Assistant Secretary of State under Robert Bacon, is a member of the famous "tennis cabinet" of the Roosevelt administration. Mr. Winthrop has greater claims on distinction, however. He has done well as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He began life shortly after graduation as the secretary to Mr. Taft. He remained in the Philippines until May, 1904, serving part of the time as executive secretary of the commission and judge of the court of first instance. He was then made governor of Porto Rico, and Mr. Taft wanted him appointed governor of Cuba at the time Magoon was appointed. Mr. Winthrop is a great friend of Mr. Taft, and he will be heard from in the next administration.

William N. C. Carlton, librarian of Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, has been called to be head librarian of the Newberry Library of Chicago, and is to assume the position July 1. The post is a coveted one. This Chicago library was founded under the will of Walter Loomis Newberry, who died in 1868, and left a bequest for its establishment whose principal now amounts to about \$2,750,000. The library is housed in a building costing half a million. It is a reference library, devoted to the humanities, including history, philosophy, philology, art and letters, music, bibliography, and literary history. Science is definitely excluded because the great library endowed by John Crerar makes the entire field of science its specialty. Beyond these two, Chicago has her great public library, covering the field of general reading, while the Chicago University library meets the special needs of those it serves. Mr. Carlton is to succeed Dr. Vance Cheney as head of the Newberry library.



## WHEN THE DOUBLE COMES.

By R. C. Pitzer.

In the spruces the wind hissed intermittently; the day was dark and damp, a white cloud befogged the mountain and isolated the log cabin on its knoll until it was afloat in a swirling mist. But too little light sifted into the low, smoke-stained room through its one narrow window; the door was tight shut and the air slightly tinged with blue smoke. A crackling blaze jumped in the fireplace, throwing dancing shadows and red lights over the chromos and photographs, the furs, horns, and hides, and implements of work and the chase that were hung and tacked upon the logs. Jorkin sat in a rocker made of unbarked pine saplings, a cracker-box table beside him, where he shuffled greasy cards and played solitaire through the dreary hours.

A big, heavy man was Jorkin, with the neck of a bull and a gorilla chest so deep it seemed almost a deformity. His broad hands were cracked and brown, his face was blowed to rusty iron, and, framed in his blond beard and tangled yellow hair, it glared out with red menace. Blue eyes could not dispel the mistrust his threatening face usually created among his fellows; wherefore Jorkin for the most part lived alone, prospecting the hills far and wide in the summer, trapping and hunting in the winter, and yearly sinking by slow stages a shaft deeper into the heart of his mountain.

Jorkin had played for hours; he still played, with knitted brows and compressed lips, intent on the cards. His was a hard game to beat: "Old Sol" constantly had the best of it, but Jorkin was stubborn. Once started, a something superstitious that lurked at the back of his head kept in his mind the dim idea that much depended upon his winning; if he won he would be lucky in some material way; if he lost—lost constantly—there would be something else to lose. He gave no thought as to what he had to lose; there was the mine, to be sure, but that was his past dispute, and no one could get it. It would bring him a living until he died. There was nothing else to lose but himself, and he was fit and forty. Twenty years hence would be time to think of that, if, in the meantime, he were left alone. To live with—what he had been living with, was perhaps too much for fate to ask of any man.

Despite his ruddy complexion, his giant frame, there was something unwholesome about Jorkin that day; he was "under the weather," as he would have phrased it. His blue eyes were not clear, rather, a glassy film was over them, and though indeed he had no nerves to trouble him, his tense attitude would have given the impression that his will-power alone restrained a burst of hysterical emotion. Causeless one would have fancied it to be; for Jorkin had little to worry him, few hours of shame, or sorrow or degradation to remember, and certainly after his long years of lonely mountain life the solitude could not have affected him. Pausing in his game, he sank into a reverie, staring at the far wall with unseeing eyes; then interest flashed in his face, and he looked and laughed. Laughed at nothing; not at his thoughts, surely, for he was a slow and languid thinker, like most folk of the open. Nevertheless he laughed; and in a few moments looked and laughed again.

Neither was it amusing, the nothing that Jorkin saw; only, at the far end of the cabin, seated in a rude rocker by a rude table, was another Jorkin playing solitaire, who made faces at him when Jorkin looked. The hallucination vanished, and the prospector, little wondering, resumed his game. The red and black dots of the cards hypnotically flashed before his eyes.

From somewhere down the hillslope a man hallooed, but the hermit neither started nor moved. A knock came upon the door, and Jorkin looked up. "Come," he called, not rising.

The man who entered, dripping and chilled, was as big and brawny as Jorkin was, but dark, with a pleasant face. He nodded and hurried to the fire.

"Chilled to the bone, pardner," he said; "may I graft some of your heat? Nasty storm, huh?"

"From Alameda?" Jorkin asked, as he picked up his cards and began shuffling.

"No, Black Valley. Going over to Alameda. I hear that Rounce has started the Gypsy Girl lode. I want to run one of his drills. Used to be a shift-boss over on his Fryngpan property. Went down and out last winter. All fit now. Name's Malvaney." Having given an account of himself, he waited for reciprocal information. None came. Jorkin resumed his interrupted game, the fire crackled and flickered, and the wind streamed unceasingly through the pines.

Malvaney took off his wet coat and hung it over a chair-back. "Old timer here, eh?" he ventured, as he studied the room from his post on the hearth. "Must have taken you a long time to collect those deer heads, for instance. Kill the grizzly yourself?" He pointed to an enormous bear rug that covered Jorkin's bunk.

Jorkin nodded. "Damn the cards!" he said, and flung the pack aside. "Old Sol's got it in for me." He rose. "Cold?" he asked. "Have a drink?" He fetched a jug from a corner and poured his guest a stiff peg of whisky. When the glass was returned he filled it to the brim and emptied it. In a moment he repeated the feat. "Drink?" he asked again.

"Can't in this altitude. One glass feels comfortable, however," Malvaney's brows lowered. Jorkin's hue of face was not all blowse, as the stranger saw in the light of present developments; solitary tippling long inured him had brought some of that permanent rusty surface.

Jorkin resumed his seat and his cards. "Ought to know you," he said over his shoulder. "Your face's familiar."

"No, I've never been in this district."

"Malvaney?" Jorkin mumbled. He turned his chair. "You come from Eastport way, your father's farm was between Willow Creek and Lord's Junction."

"Well, I be —" Malvaney stared. "True as you live. You're an Eastport man? I haven't seen any one from home for years, except—say, did you know Bill Juke? Saw him two years ago."

"Juke? Yes. He used to court one of Parsons's girls," Jorkin said, slowly. "Well, glad to see you. Know anything about the Parsons family?"

"Ought to," Malvaney laughed; "their farm was near ours. That's how you came to remember me, I suppose. I can't place you. Yes, I married one of the girls. Juke is a banker now. He came through the mine one day with Rounce and a party of big guns; recognized me. He's a fine chap. He took Jane—Jane's my girl—home with him and put her to school at the old seminary. You remember Miss Twigg? She's running the school yet, and no older than she was twenty years ago."

"Marry Jane?" Jorkin asked.

"Yes; how'd you guess?"

"Your girl's name. You and Juke were running neck and neck when I left. I'm Jorkin."

Malvaney stared. "Oh, yes," he said; "you were sweet on Jane too. Well, she's dead. Died in '98. Pneumonia."

Jorkin nodded repeatedly, but made no audible remark. His lips were compressed. Suddenly he looked at the far end of the room and laughed. It was not pleasant laughter, and yet there was no malice in it. He moved his hand toward the jug and hesitated. "I guess I'm drinking too much," he said, in a clearer voice than he had as yet used. "Say, I—" he hemmed. "Better have something to eat," he finished, as he stood up.

"Thanks. I wouldn't mind. You must lead a damned lonesome life of it up here!" Malvaney shivered. "A month of it would put me picking the fuzzies. How do you stand it? What's the charm of it anyhow, Jorkin?"

"Gold," Jorkin grunted, waggling a finger, "down there. I knew it was. Had a pardner years ago, but he blew out. Didn't like the prospects. I stuck. Yes, it's there, in chunks."

"Glad to hear it," Malvaney said, doubtfully. "I'd rather be a mine mucker and have other memories than these."

"Oh, this isn't so bad when"—he furtively glanced down the room—"when I'm quite alone. I get bothered sometimes. . . . Wasn't thinking of you. . . . Been bothered now for going on to a year."

He paused with a side of bacon in one hand and a knife upraised ready to slice. "Is there a doctor in Black Valley?" he inquired with studied carelessness.

"Four. Aren't feeling very well? Better go down and see Perkins; he's the best. This 'd be the devil of a place to be sick in and alone."

"Yes, it is," Jorkin put the fryingpan on the fire and a kettle on the hob. "Tea or coffee?" he asked.

"Either. A man like you don't look as if he could have an attack of nerves, and yet, somehow—"

"Corn or peas?" Jorkin asked at the pantry.

"Canned, of course."

"Either. You are pretty snug."

"Have to be. Rather monotonous, even at that, except when I run up against something like that grizzly was. He made excitement. Ate seven bullets before I bagged him. But you can't shoot—". Again he glanced down the room while his lips tightened. He took the jug. "I must have another drink," he apologized; "got a cold."

Malvaney nodded; commiseration too visibly showed on his open face. "It's a lonely life," he commented again. Jorkin noted and grew silent while he prepared the meal. He spoke little as they ate, and when offering his tobacco he did so without words. Malvaney tried to talk of ancient days, of youth, and green Ohio farms and comfortable rural villages of the vanished times, but Jorkin was unresponsive.

The guest laid his pipe aside. "I suppose I'd better be moving," he said, glancing through the window. "The storm's lighter than it was. How far is it to Alameda?"

"A matter of ten miles," Jorkin hemmed. "Say," he began, uneasily, and hemmed again. "What's the use of going on? I'm cozy here, and the sun'll be out tomorrow. We haven't had a chance to talk about things yet. My bunk's wide. Nobody but me and—nobody but me has slept in it since my pardner, Pidgin, left."

"Thanks, no. You see"—Malvaney warmed to his companion—"I want Jane to get the best that's going, and I can't waste time. Nothing's too good for her, but it takes money. I can't let Juke do it all. So the sooner I hit a job the better for me. I'll pike on. . . . Want to see her picture?" he asked, and tumbled in his shirt.

"Jane?"

"The new one." He exhibited a locket.

Jorkin shook his head while he held the locket close to his eyes. "Looks like you," he said, shortly, "but it's Jane's mouth." They stood a moment. "So you won't stay?" he finished.

"Can't very well. But I'm coming to see you some time. It's good to meet any one from home. Look me up at Rounce's office, won't you?"

Jorkin nodded; he did not press his invitation, but as he stood in the doorway and watched Malvaney's figure vanish through the storm, he repeatedly shook his head, and a yellowish pallor grew about his lips. Malvaney was gone some minutes before Jorkin turned into his cabin and shut the door. At the far end of the room his double stood, and as Jorkin looked the hallucinatory Jorkin made faces; and the prospector performed laughed. He always laughed when the double made faces, though there was nothing funny about it. Rather, it was ghastly. Whisky scented the room, and Jorkin sat at his table, playing solitaire. The wind died to a faint murmur and the twilight fell. Jorkin threw wood on the fire, went to the cupboard, and brought a buckskin bag to the table. There was much gold there, for the lode he had opened was a free-milling, rotten quartz, and at odd times Jorkin had pulverized the richest portions and had washed the dirt in an ancient rocker.

He took a pen and bit the nub for a long time. Night came, and he lighted a wavering candle. "Yes," he said aloud, nodding to his double, "the money to the finder and the mine to—". I reckon it'll stand, seeing I haven't a living relative to contest it, eh?" The apparition nodded. "Damn whisky!" he exclaimed, and took a deep drink. Then Jorkin made his will. "There!" he said, sinking back in his rocker. "I reckon I don't let old Juke pay for the schooling of my girl's kid." He saw his double moving and mechanically he laughed. "Guess I've lived too long with Jorkin and Jug," he said. He stared down the room. "I thought maybe I'd go back and marry her, after I'd got the gold out. And '98 it was—pneumonia."

He brought a revolver from the cupboard and laid it on the table beside the whisky jug. For a time he sat in a reverie. "Somebody'll be surprised," he chuckled. "Guess she never heard of me, even." His hand went toward the jug, but rested upon the revolver instead. The double came down the room toward him, and the man's face hardened. The revolver exploded.

Outside in the night a lean coyote slipped through the drizzle to the very door of the cabin, nosed a moment at a crack and snelt blood. His snarling ululation rang far down the wind, and over the ridge his mate answered. Inside the cabin the candle guttered and the fire snapped until both were burned out. But there was no double in the far end of the room.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1909.

## Rescue Work in Messina.

In Messina tonight there may be two refugees for every would-be rescuer, but I doubt it (writes a special correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*). The mistake—a natural one—of sending in so many armed soldiers is already apparent. They march about listlessly and without apparent direction. Only the medical organization is working quickly and systematically, and its task is naturally the easiest. A quarter of the number of workers systematically led would do the thing better. Witness the effective relief work of the English and the prodigies accomplished by the Russians. It comes down perhaps to a matter of national and individual efficiency. No organization as such could cope with this horror. It wants calm nerves and deft hands. These the Russians have. With infinite good will, the efforts of the soldiers are chiefly wasted. I saw five digging for one woman who had cried from the ruins. Ten soldiers and five officers were looking on. The simple formalities of approving my credentials to and in Messina have occupied the personal attention and fifteen minutes of the time of three commanding generals.

Automobile building was more or less of an experiment up to a short time ago. But now it is an exact science. When the modern car is turned out of the shop the makers know that it will run, and run well. Close watching of the performances of the earlier machines has pointed out the defects of construction. These have mostly been remedied. Shops are better equipped now. Cylinders, crank-shafts, axles, gears, and the like are made in great quantities by special machinery. The cost of labor and materials has been much reduced by system, until now it is possible to turn out a much better machine than formerly and charge about half the original price for it. Truly good touring cars are offered for as little as \$1000. Runabouts that will give ten times the service of any horse and buggy bring \$500. The higher-priced cars give the buyer a better finish and higher power, but the cheaper automobile is a very satisfactory car, in most cases and has the support of thousands of users in moderate circumstances. And this is only the beginning. The years will see a yet more pronounced drop in prices, while quality is maintained.

Rhodes still survives, a mediæval city in all its defensive war-gear of tower and curtain and keep. It is the city which the Knights of St. John erected in the midst of the Byzantines, after they had been driven out of Jerusalem in the early fourteenth century. Probably few travelers realize how well preserved the tremendous fortifications and dwellings are.

As far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth there was a crown official, known as the "uncorker of ocean bottles," whose duty it was to open all sealed bottles cast up by the sea and examine the contents. The official "uncorker" continued to flourish down to the reign of George III, when the position was abolished.



## ELLEN TERRY ACTRESS AND CRITIC.

Memories of a Long, Distinguished, and Admirable Dramatic Career.

Among chronicles of the stage there is none more intimate or more illuminating than Ellen Terry's "The Story of My Life," and to readers of today none more entertaining. It reveals much beyond the written words, and the admiring friends of the author—and they are the numberless thousands in England and America who have felt the magic of her art and personality—will treasure it as a generous, unaffected, pathetic confidence. The sympathy and regard won by the actress in every part she ever played have been retained throughout her long career, and her book will make them deeper and more enduring.

Ellen Terry was a child of the theatre. Her father was an actor, her mother an actress. She was one of a large family, born and reared under the narrowing conditions of an ever-changing and exclusive life. Her first appearance was at eight years of age, when she played Mamilus in the production of "A Winter's Tale" at the Princess's Theatre in London by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, which ran for a hundred nights. From that time she was almost continually employed, in burlesques and pantomime plays as well as in the Shakespearean drama, and at thirteen was a recognized member of a stock company. In that company were Madge Robertson, afterward Mrs. Kendal, and Henrietta Hodson, who married Henry Labouchere and left the stage. Two years later she was engaged as a member of Buckstone's company at the Haymarket Theatre, and here came the experience that undoubtedly influenced her whole life:

I regard my engagement at the Haymarket as one of my lost opportunities, which in after years I would have given much to have over again. I might have learned so much more than I did. I was preoccupied by events outside the theatre. Tom Taylor, who had for some time been a good friend to both Kate and me, had introduced us to Mr. Watts, the great painter, and to me the stage seemed a poor place when compared with the wonderful studio where Kate and I were painted as "The Sisters." At the Taylors' house, too, the friends, the arts, the refinements had an enormous influence on me, and for a time the theatre became almost distasteful. Never at any time in my life have I been ambitious, but at the Haymarket I was not even passionately anxious to do my best with every part that came in my way—a quality which with me has been a good substitute for ambition. I was just dreaming of and aspiring after another world, a world full of pictures and music and gentle, artistic people with quiet voices and elegant manners. The reality of such a world was Little Holland House, the home of Mr. Watts.

It is not so easy to understand and judge the course of the great painter in marrying this unsophisticated but lovable and loving child as it is to appreciate her attitude toward him and the world he represented. Disparity of age and of inclination were not considered. Little wonder that the youthful bride cried at the wedding, and that what followed, even with its distinguished and stately associations, was gloomy more often than bright:

I sat, shrinking and timid, in a corner—the girl-wife of a famous painter. I was, if I was anything at all, more of a curiosity, of a side-show, than hostess to these distinguished visitors. Mr. Gladstone seemed to me like a suppressed volcano. His face was pale and calm, but the calm was the calm of the gray crust of Etna. To look into the piercing dark eyes was like having a glimpse into the red-hot crater beneath. Years later, when I met him again at the Lyceum and became better acquainted with him, this impression of a volcano at rest again struck me. Of Disraeli I carried away even a scantier impression. I remember that he wore a blue tie, a brighter blue tie than most men would dare to wear, and that his straggling curls shook as he walked. He looked the great Jew before everything.

In this new sphere the young wife made the acquaintance of great men and even then proved her ability to please the most eminent:

I love Disraeli's novels—like his tie, brighter in color than any one else's. It was "Venetia" which first made me see the real Lord Byron, the real Lady Byron, too. In "Tancred" I recall a description of a family of strolling players which seems to me more like the real thing than anything else of the kind in fiction. It is strange that Dizzy's novels should be neglected. Can any one with a pictorial sense fail to be delighted by their pageantry? Disraeli was a heaven-born artist, who, like so many of his race, on the stage, in music, and elsewhere, seems to have had an unerring instinct for the things which the Gentile only acquires by labor and training. The world he shows us in his novels is big and swelling, but only to a hasty judgment is it hollow.

Tennyson was more to me than a magic-lantern shape, flitting across the blank of my young experience, never to return. The first time I saw him he was sitting at the table in his library, and Mrs. Tennyson, her very slender hands hidden by thick gloves, was standing on a step-ladder handing him down some heavy books. She was very frail, and looked like a faint tea-rose. After that one time I only remember her lying on a sofa.

In the evenings I went walking with Tennyson over the fields, and he would point out to me the differences in the flight of different birds, and tell me to watch their solid phalanxes turning against the sunset, the compact wedge suddenly narrowing sharply into a thin line. He taught me to recognize the barks of trees and to call wild flowers by their names. He picked me the first bit of pimpernel I ever noticed. Always I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfully simple.

A hat that I wore at Freshwater suddenly comes to my remembrance. It was a brown straw mushroom with a dull red feather round it. It was tied under my chin, and I still had my hair down.

It was easy enough to me to believe that Tennyson was a poet. He showed it in everything, although he was entirely free from any assumption of the poetical rôle.

What was easily to be foreseen inevitably came to pass. At the end the sympathy is altogether with the woman. Miss Terry writes of the episode with a delicate regard for the one who seems to have very easily evaded all responsibility and grief:

Many inaccurate stories have been told of my brief married life, and I have never contradicted them—they were so mani-

festly absurd. Those who can imagine the surroundings into which I, a raw girl, undeveloped in all except my training as an actress, was thrown, can imagine the situation. Of one thing I am certain. While I was with Signor—the name by which Mr. Watts was known among his friends—I never had one single pang of regret for the theatre. This may do me no credit, but it is true.

I wondered at the new life, and worshiped it because of its beauty. When it suddenly came to an end, I was thunder-struck; and refused at first to consent to the separation, which was arranged for me in much the same way as my marriage had been.

The whole thing was managed by those kind friends whose chief business in life seems to be the care of others. I don't blame them. There are cases where no one is to blame. "There do exist such things as honest misunderstandings," as Charles Reade was always impressing on me at a later time. There were no vulgar accusations on either side, and the words I read in the deed of separation, "incompatibility of temper"—a mere legal phrase—more than covered the ground. Truer still would have been "incompatibility of occupation," and the interference of well-meaning friends. We all suffer from that sort of thing. Pray God one be not a well-meaning friend one's self!

"The marriage was not a happy one," they will probably say after my death, and I forestall them by saying that it in many ways was very happy indeed. What bitterness there was effaced itself in a very remarkable way.

Compensation came, but through the character and ability of the actress, rather than from the efforts of others:

If I had been able to look into the future, I should have been less rebellious at the termination of my first marriage. Was I so rebellious, after all? I am afraid I showed about as much rebellion as a sheep. But I was miserable, indignant, unable to understand that there could be any justice in what had happened. In a little more than two years I returned to the stage. I was practically driven back by those who meant to be kind—Tom Taylor, my father and mother, and others. They looked ahead and saw clearly it was for my good.

In spite of Tom Taylor's super-servicable connection with the ill-advised marriage, Miss Terry had much to thank him for, and she does not minimize the value of his friendship in her stage career:

Most people know that Tom Taylor was one of the leading playwrights of the 'sixties as well as the dramatic critic of the *Times*, editor of *Punch*, and a distinguished Civil Servant, but to us he was more than this—he was an institution! I simply can not remember when I did not know him. It is the Tom Taylors of the world who give children on the stage their splendid education. We never had any education in the strict sense of the word, yet, through the Taylors and others, we were educated. Their house in Lavender Sweep was lovely. I can hardly bear to go near that part of London now, it is so horribly changed. Where are its green fields and its chestnut-trees? We were always welcome at the Taylors', and every Sunday we heard music and met interesting people—Charles Reade among them. Mrs. Taylor had rather a hard outside—she was like Mrs. Charles Kean in that respect—and I was often frightened out of my life by her; yet I adored her. She was in reality the most tender-hearted, sympathetic woman, and what an admirable musician! She composed nearly all the music for her husband's plays. Every Sunday there was music at Lavender Sweep—quartet playing with Madame Schumann at the piano.

Tom Taylor was one of the most benign and gentle of men, a good and loyal friend. At first he was more interested in my sister Kate's career than in mine, as was only natural; for, up to the time of my first marriage, Kate had a present, I only a future.

There is in Ellen Terry's nature no room for jealousy or envy. Her characterization of all her intimates, and of those who did not know her but had opportunity to affect her relations with the public, is always marked by kindness. For those who were close to her she displays invariably a sincere affection and unswerving loyalty. This of her sister Kate, who succeeded a favorite actress at the St. James Theatre, in 1862:

During the run of "Friends and Foes" Miss Herbert fell ill. Her illness was Kate's opportunity. From the night that Kate played Mrs. Union, her reputation was made.

It was a splendid chance, no doubt, but of what use would it have been to any one who was not ready to use it? Kate, though only about nineteen at this time, was a finished actress. She had been a perfect Ariel, a beautiful Cordelia, and had played at least forty other parts of importance since she had appeared as a tiny Robin in the Keans' production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." She had not had her head turned by big salaries, and she had never ceased working since she was four years old. No wonder that she was capable of bearing the burden of a piece at a moment's notice. The Americans cleverly say that "the lucky cat watches." I should add that the lucky cat works. Reputations on the stage—at any rate, enduring reputations—are not made by chance, and to an actress who has not worked hard the finest opportunity in the world will be utterly useless.

All through these "recollections and reflections" there are inspiring bits of comment on the theory and art of acting. In this reference to Adelaide Neilson there is a truth which has seldom been so well phrased, marking as it does a difference which most critics fail to see:

My own opinion of my sister's acting must be taken for what it is worth—and that is a very little. I remember how she looked on the stage—like a frail white azalea—and that her acting, unlike that of Adelaide Neilson, who was the great popular favorite before Kate came to the front, was scientific. She knew what she was about. There was more idealism than passionate womanliness in her interpretations. For this reason, perhaps, her Cordelia was finer than her Portia or her Beatrice.

She was engaged at one time to a young actor, called Montagu. If the course of that love had run smooth, where should I have been? Kate would have been the Terry of the age. But Mr. Montagu went to America, and, after five years of life as a matinee idol, died there.

Desdemona was the first leading part in a Shakespeare play that came to the actress, and this almost as an accident:

An actor named Walter Montgomery was giving a matinee of "Othello" at the Princess's (the theatre where I made my first appearance) in the June of 1863, and he wanted a Desdemona. The agents sent for me. It was Saturday, and I had to play it on Monday! But for my training, how could I have done it? At this time I knew the words and had studied the words—a very different thing—of every woman's part in Shakespeare. I don't know what kind of performance I gave on that memorable afternoon, but I think it was not so bad. And Walter Montgomery's Othello? Why can't I remember something about it? I only remember that the unfortunate actor shot himself on his wedding-day.

It was often asserted that Henry Irving remarked the genius in Ellen Terry on the occasion of their first appearance together, in 1868, ten years before the tragedian invited her to join him at the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Terry's declaration puts that fairy-tale out of use. On this first occasion he was Petruchio and she Katherine:

In view of these legends, I ought to say all the more stoutly that, until I went to the Lyceum Theatre, Henry Irving was nothing to me and I was nothing to him. I never consciously thought that he would become a great actor. He had no high opinion of my acting! He has said since that he thought me at the Queen's Theatre charming and individual as a woman, but as an actress *hoydenish*! I believe that he hardly spared me even so much definite thought as this. His soul was not more surely in his body than in the theatre, and I, a woman who was at this time caring more about love and life than the theatre, must have been to him more or less unsympathetic. He thought of nothing else, cared for nothing else; worked day and night; went without his dinner to buy a book that might be helpful in studying, or a stage jewel that might be helpful to wear.

In 1875, when Miss Terry was twenty-seven, she was chosen by the Bancrofts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, to play Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." The actress does not hesitate to say that she was a second choice, the part having been offered to Mrs. Kendal. This, though it followed many successes in important leading rôles, was her first great triumph:

But it was long before the "has-been" days that Mrs. K. decided not to bring her consummately dexterous and heroic workmanship to the task of playing Portia, and let the field open for me. My fires were only just beginning to burn. Success I had had of a kind, and I had tasted the delight of knowing that audiences liked me, and had liked them back again. But never until I appeared as Portia at the Prince of Wales's had I experienced that awe-struck feeling which comes, I suppose, to no actress more than once in a lifetime—the feeling of the conqueror. In homely parlance, I knew that I had "got them" at the moment when I spoke my speech beginning, "You see, Lord Bassanio, where I stand?" "What can this be?" I thought. "Quite this thing has never come to me before! This is different! It has never been quite the same before."

It was never to be quite the same again. Elation, triumph, being lifted on high by a single stroke of the mighty wing of glory—call it by any name, think of it as you like—it was as Portia that I had my first and last sense of it.

The story of Ellen Terry's engagement by Henry Irving, who had become a great figure as an actor and was now a manager, has been written too often to require more than passing mention. She first played Ophelia to Irving's Hamlet in the closing days of 1878, and began that long association with him which resulted in great good to both and immeasurable entertainment and inspiration to the public. The actress writes frankly of that association and of her great associate. She finds no terms too vigorous in which to praise his genius for dramatic expression, his untiring efforts, his patience, and his kindness. She thinks his Hamlet the greatest of his interpretations, though willingly praises his Macbeth and Shylock. To his eccentricities and pardonable weaknesses she was not blind, but they did not influence her broad-minded judgment of his ability and worth. Their final separation she shows to have been a natural consequence. Plays in which she could share his triumphs were not to be had. There was no unkindness, no break of sympathy between them when they parted.

The later years of Miss Terry's career have made history for current chronicles. Her American tours, with Irving and with her own company, are comparatively recent events. They are all described in this volume. And in every chapter there are reminiscences of actors and plays and remarkable productions that add to its permanent value. In her summing up the author expresses the hope that she has shown how much labor and practice are required in the building of a reputation on the stage that shall last. The lesson can not be too well enforced. Altogether, the purpose and the achievement of the book is excellent. The reader will lay it down regretfully, and gladly take it up again and again.

It is a volume of four hundred pages, handsomely printed, and embellished with more than fifty portraits. The author is pictured in many of her rôles, and Irving, Booth, Langtry, and other contemporaries are also presented. A thoroughgoing index is appended.

"The Story of My Life: Recollections and Reflections," by Ellen Terry. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

It is a singular fact that while the United States had spent a great deal of money in exploration for a feasible line for the Pacific Railroad, the government never had examined the natural route along the forty-second parallel of latitude. All the surveys had been made and all the data obtained by private citizens connected with the Rock Island Railroad, at the head of which was Henry Farnam of Connecticut. President Lincoln, after going over all the facts that could be presented to him, and from his own knowledge, finally fixed the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad where those surveys determined the proper locality—at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The goat, more than any other factor, has assisted the rural inhabitants of Asia Minor to destroy the magnificent forests which once extended from Smyrna through to Konia, the ancient capital of Karamania. Not only have the peasants and nomads destroyed the timber for the sake of firewood, but they destroyed it also in order that their goats might obtain suitable pasture. And the goats in their turn prevented the new shoots ever after from replacing the trees which had been cut down.



## THE SLIPPER TRICK.

As Performed by an Amateur Conjuror and a Wise Hushand.

This varnished dancing-pump was slipped off the foot of an exquisite young man at a reception at one of the leading salons of Paris. My eminently correct readers need not turn up their aristocratic noses at the vulgar lack of delicacy betrayed by my exquisite young man. Let him among you who does not adore a dainty foot cast the first stone.

Octave Latournelle—that is my exquisite young man's name—was not only a perfect dancer; he possessed not only two very nimble legs, but two very nimble hands, whereof the adroitness was the admiration of all his friends. Indeed, the most expert conjurer would not have been ashamed to own him for a pupil. At his word of command, watches passed from one pocket to another, gold coins vanished into thin air, flowers grew upon him as if on a magical bush—he drew them forth from his pockets, his sleeves, his waistcoat, his cravat, in quantities sufficient to decorate the corsages of all the ladies present; and this, after having, by way of preamble, turned his pockets inside out, rolled up his sleeves, and opened his waistcoat. In a word, he was the enchanter of the best drawing-rooms and the spoiled child of the ladies.

Perhaps, rather than the spoiled child, he considered himself the petted darling. At any rate, he was in love, and he made the fact known with the audacity that often gives success.

The object of his adoration was the young wife of General Pascalon—it is only the husband's rank that restrains me from mentioning the disparity of their ages. But all generals have young wives, which is only another proof that the truly brave do not recoil from dangers of any kind. It is traditional, in cases of this kind, that the husband should be jealous, but General Pascalon was not so. But, if he was not an Othello, neither was he a fool. Trusting in the loyalty of his young wife, he cherished no illusions. He enjoyed many a Palais-Royal farce—with his wife by his side, more often than not, which was imprudent, perhaps—but he also escorted her to balls, never pleading his age as an excuse, and waited patiently for her till after the cotillon; and to all appearance his wife was quite content.

Perhaps she was so. But there were plenty of young fellows who would look down at you from the high superiority of their twenty-five years if you ventured to express such an idea, and say:

"With an old fellow like that! Really, you are too refreshing."

The general was not to be laughed at. He knew his danger, not only before all the world had seen it, but before any one else suspected it, and he saved his honor like a man of intelligence—which, indeed, he could have done in no other way.

And this brings us down at last to the varnished slipper of the exquisite young man.

I have said that the affair took place in the midst of a reception. Dancing was going on in the larger rooms; the general was chatting with some of the older guests in a small room adjoining the one set out with card-tables. He happened to glance carelessly toward the players, and started suddenly in surprise.

"Bless me," said he, putting up his glasses, "there's my wife at a whist-table. I certainly thought she was waltzing, or polkaing, or something, and there she is playing whist. She must be very tired, for she never plays cards and is always dancing. I shall have to scold her," he added, with a laugh, "for indulging herself so much in her favorite pleasure that she has to do penance at the card-table," and he strolled leisurely toward the players.

A jostle knocking his glasses from his eyes as he reached the whist-table, he stooped to pick them up, and saw beneath the table a slipper, a patent-leather pump, from which its tenant had escaped and now, shod only in fine black-silk hose, was lovingly caressing the little foot of the general's wife. But he also noticed that the latter constantly avoided the foot that so persistently pursued her own.

"Hum," said the general, taking in the situation at a glance, "the fortress is attacked, but it is well defended. I have arrived just in time." Then, smiling calmly as if he had seen nothing, leaning over his wife's chair, questioning and advising her play, he devoted himself to a feat that would have furnished a dramatist with an irresistibly comic theme, considering the difficulties of the situation. The general had undertaken to draw toward him with the tip of his boot the abandoned slipper, provoking every instant sudden jerks from jostled feet, protestations from disturbed players, astonished looks from those who could see the extraordinary movements of his leg, and the remonstrance from his wife:

"My dear, what makes you knock my chair about so? You are giving me a headache."

At this moment the mistress of the house came up to ask Latournelle if he would not perform some of his amusing tricks.

"Certainly, I shall be delighted," he answered, nervously, preoccupied as he was by the extraordinary movements of the general, who stooped down just then, as if to pick up something, and immediately got up and left the group.

"Well, sir," said the lady, "give me your arm, and I will introduce you. Your audience is growing impatient."

"Certainly, madame, in just one moment," said

Latournelle, feeling with his foot for his slipper, and so recommencing the remarkable jig executed by the general a few moments before. Now the other players laughed outright—which they had not dared to do the first time. And the mistress of the house stood there, surprised at being kept waiting so long, and wondering how much longer her escort would keep her in that attitude. Impatient ladies came in shoals to add their solicitations to those of their hostess. Our young man positively had to get out of the predicament somehow. He did get out of it, but with only one shoe, for he also had stooped down and discovered the disappearance of his misguided slipper, and he marveled, in deep anxiety, how he was going to explain such a state of affairs.

His one shod foot provoked general hilarity, then delighted applause and cries of "It's a trick! it's some trick!"

The petted darling of the ladies smiled a weak smile and stammered:

"Yes, ladies—it is a trick."

Applause, accompanied by a general clapping of hands, greeted this announcement, while Latournelle kept saying to himself:

"Oh, yes, it's a great trick: but some one has played it on me, and I don't find it so very funny. If I only knew who it was"—then, struck with an idea—"heavens! If it could be the general—his singular performance just now—and I saw him stoop down—if it was really he, it would be a pretty uncomfortable joke for me. How can I make sure?"

As he escorted the lady through the room, he tried to get near the general. He managed to do so, and with the back of his hand he cautiously knocked against the pocket of the general's coat, which he suspected contained the slipper—there was nothing there! He tried to sound the other pocket, but a slight move on the general's part carried him out of reach; to touch it, it was necessary to pass around on the side where it was.

"Where in the world are you taking me?" demanded the lady on his arm.

"Why—er—to the head of the room," and as he was now on the right side of the general, he wanted to try the other pocket. Here was a new obstacle that he had not foreseen: the fact that the lady had the arm nearest the general made any attempt at exploration impossible. He offered the other, on the pretext of an old wound paining him, and was able at last to repeat his former tactics. This time he was satisfied. "It's there!" he murmured, and he did not enjoy the reflection that the husband of his adored one had discovered his manœuvres under the table.

"Well, I'm in a pretty mess," he concluded.

Everybody had crowded into the room, there was an expectant hush, and all were on tiptoe for the promised trick. There was no way to retreat.

"Here goes," said the imprudent lover; "I must take the plunge, come what may." And he plunged.

"Ladies," he said, "I have lost my slipper. I have not got it concealed about my person; my pockets are empty"—he turned them inside out—"nor is it in my coat"—he held it open—"nor in my waistcoat"—he unbuttoned it—"nor in my sleeves"—and he turned them up to his elbows. "You see, ladies, I have nothing in my hands or my pockets. I must find out, then, where the lost article is. Nothing is more simple; I have only to make a slight cabalistic calculation." With this, he covered his face with his hands, and assumed an attitude of profound cogitation. Then, without removing his hands, he counted: "One, two, three, four, five. My slipper," he cried, "is in the left pocket of the sixth person to my right."

This person was the general.

"Not bad!" the latter exclaimed, under his breath; and in obedience to the universal cries of "Search yourself, search yourself, general," he drew the slipper from the pocket indicated.

A storm of applause was evoked by the brilliant success of the trick. Then, after much whispering, several voices cried: "Oh, the general is his confederate."

"Yes, yes," came a chorus of voices; "he's a confederate."

The conjurer protested.

"Do it again, then!" some one demanded; and everybody took up the cry: "Yes, yes! Do it again!"

"Oh," said a lady, "the general has just been whispering to M. Latournelle." And the cry went up again that he was a confederate.

The general affirmed that he was in no sense furthering the conjurer's devices.

"But you were just now whispering with him," insisted the witnesses of the conference.

"The exact truth is this, ladies: You asked the conjurer to repeat his performance. I just this moment told him that it was one of those tricks that should not be tried a second time—did I not, sir?" said the general, significantly.

"Precisely, general; and I shall follow your advice," replied Latournelle. "It shall not be repeated."

And it never was.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Moinaux by L. S. Fassault.

The University of Helsingfors, Finland, is seeking a professor from one of the leading American universities to visit it to deliver a short course of lectures next summer on American institutions and characteristics. The lectures would be delivered under the auspices of the American Scandinavian Society, which has already sent American professors to the universities of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Lund, in much the same way as the Roosevelt professors visit Berlin.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Song.

My heart and a cloud and a puff of wind,  
And a red sail of fine wonder,  
And I'm off into blue space journeying  
On waves of noiseless thunder.

O light-house stars, flash your signals out!  
Be merry, O reef of the moon!  
You little sunbeams, sun-fishes of dreams,  
Scurry home to your Sun-island soon.

And I sail on, on, till the golden dawn  
Mellows into eve's silver west;  
Then I sleep indeed, yet awake to the need  
Of a harbor port of rest.

O love is the cloud and joy is the wind  
And fancy the red sail true,  
And space is the vibrant, vast unknown  
Filled with thunder and stars—and you.  
—Mary Byerley, in Lippincott's Magazine.

## My Boy's Book and Mine.

What's in my book, inquisitive son?  
I'd rather you'd tell what's in yours.  
"Some stories 'bout dogs?" Not a one—  
Nothing in my book endures.

You've got the dog with poor Tray,  
You've got the dish and the spoon,—  
Miss Muffet, the curds and the whey,—  
The scholar that came not till noon.

You've got the Jack and the Jill,  
And the blackbirds baked in the pie;  
The dame that lived under the hill,  
And the spider that tempted the fly.

Your book tells of Little Boy Blue  
And the king with a merry old soul;  
The woman who lived in a shoe,  
And the pig that the piper's son stole.

Your book's immortal, my son,  
Mother Goose o'er the whole world holds sway;  
While my book—it's only just one  
Of the "ten best sellers" today.

What you read you like and retain,  
But I skim what just comes to hand  
'Tween word and bridge whist and on train,—  
Very little do I understand.

You, boy, absorb what is best,—  
I take no time to select  
What's good and, cursing the rest,  
For all printed words lose respect.  
—C. W. Burpee, in Springfield Republican.

## Recognition.

I wonder if I knew in preëxistence  
This hillside road,  
That wanders on by many an old and ivied  
And mossed abode.

Though like to none my feet have ever traversed,  
Though like to none  
My mind has ever pictured, with no strangeness  
It leads me on.

I reach its crofts, its orchards, and its pastures  
That from it rise,  
Its sudden turns, its long and leafy vistas,  
With no surprise.

But with a sense as of familiar objects,  
There seems to be  
A greeting that is sweet with recognition  
For all I see.

I feel at home! the very lights and shadows  
That on me fall,  
The gentle airs that kiss my grateful forehead,  
Seem blessings all.

I can but think that long before my spirit  
A body found,  
I tarried here, and here was oft delighted  
By all around.  
—Luella Wilson Smith, in the Bohemian.

## The Human Note.

Through the harmonies of heaven stole a note of throbbing  
pain,  
Touched with longing, tinged with sadness, seeming human  
in its birth;  
Seeming less the stainless music that is meet for such domain,  
Than the cry of some dazed mortal, yearning backward  
toward the earth.

But it did not sound forever, this stray note so passionate:  
Soon the singer, now all angel, sang with others round the  
throne:  
"Glory, glory!" Past, forgotten, life and love beyond the gate,  
That before had set his singing to a tragic undertone.

Yet there vanished then a richness more than psaltery or lute  
Could outpour, though seraphs plucked them, worshipping  
the Lord anear;  
For within the vibrant grieving, now forever hushed and mute,  
Lay the pathos of endeavor, hope and heartbreak, love and  
fear;  
Yea, the wistful human groping, and the doubt that makes  
it dear.  
—Richard Burton, in the Outlook.

Eskimo banquets last longer than any other, and the quantity of food swallowed is also proportionately greater. Ross records that seven of his party of natives once ate continuously for thirty-three hours, during which time they consumed 200 pounds of seal meat. Europeans exposed to the same climatic conditions act much in the same way. Captain Scott of the *Discovery*, on his return from his long sledge journey over the inland ice of the Antarctic continent, did nothing but eat and sleep for the space of three days and nights, and even then he was still hungry.

In Paris the school canteens provide a varied, palatable, nutritious, and sufficient dietary, at a cost of under four cents a child. The meal consists of three courses, is served with scrupulous cleanliness and, though simple, is more refined than the meals of fairly well-to-do people often are.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Tono-Bungay*, by H. G. Wells. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This effective story gives us a clearer knowledge of Mr. Wells than we have had before. Indeed, we suspect it to have an autobiographical basis. Strictly speaking, "Tono-Bungay" is not a novel. It has nothing that can be called a plot. There is no mystery to be cleared up and it has no necessary finality. It simply stops as it might have stopped almost anywhere else without causing any greater sense of inconclusion. But it is clever, amazingly clever. It has wit, sheer fun, pathos, tragedy, and through it all is the vein of contempt for an hereditary aristocracy with its attendant demons of insolence and snobbery.

We are introduced to George as the son of his mother, who has been a servant at Bladesover House. At the age of fourteen he has flirted with Beatrice, the daughter of a viscount, and blacked the eye of her half-brother. Decapitation on Tower Hill having passed out of fashion, he is sent away to his Uncle Ponderevo, who keeps a chemist's shop and who presently invents the marvelous patent medicine known as Tono-Bungay, and uncle and nephew in partnership amass a great fortune from the credulity of the public. And how that credulity is described! With what a wealth of satire we are told of the advertisements, the factory, the spread of the business as Tono-Bungay is found to be equally valuable for internal or external application, and for all those other ills to which flesh is heir that were omitted from the original prospectuses. Uncle Ponderevo is a charlatan of the first water, a sort of educated Micawber for whom something has indeed eventually "turned up." Wealth brings with it the itch for social position, to make as brave a show as the well-born, but with all the ignorances and the vulgarities of the third estate. Then comes the inevitable crash and exit Uncle Ponderevo.

George dissects his own character with almost embarrassing candor. He is better educated than his uncle and with a finer mind. Hating the quackery of Tono-Bungay, he yet engages in it and sneers at it. With Socialist convictions, he allows himself to be drawn into the whirlpool of toadyism. Filled with sentimental nonsense about the beauty of passion, he yet marries Marion, who is too conventional and too commonplace to be even passionate, and then, wronging her cruelly, he allows her to divorce him while he seeks solace with one of the hours from his uncle's office. He leaves her and meets the aristocratic Beatrice once more, who, after the manner of her kind, loves him and leaves him for one of her own caste. And so on and so on. Robbed of its unflinching wit, its caustic analysis of society, it would be a dreary story. With all its brilliance it leaves us with a sense of hopelessness. With the exception of George's aunt, who is humorous and human, there is not a character in the book to be remembered with respect. There is not a gentleman or a lady in it. We see no upward evolution of character, no movement toward the better, no aspiration, no worthy emulation. And so, in spite of its charm and vivacity, in spite of its merrymaking and its raptier thrusts of irony, "Tono-Bungay" is not a work of art because it fails to perceive and to represent the ameliorative intention of nature, because there is no ideal behind the creative work.

*Mars on the Abode of Life*, by Percival Lowell, A. B., L.L. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.50.

The theory that other planets should be the abode of life is no longer received with derision. Thanks to Professor Lowell, it is even respectable, while there is a growing body of thought that would rather postulate an invariable union between matter and life than concede their possible extra-terrestrial coincidence. Inasmuch as the forms of life that we know are conditioned by their environment and necessarily attuned to the forces that produced them, so, it may be argued, other correlations of forces must produce other and appropriate life forms. To argue that life can not exist under conditions wholly inappropriate to our own seems not only unscientific, but even absurd.

But Professor Lowell's main effort is directed to show that Mars is not only the abode of life, but of an intelligent life conditioned in a way not dissimilar to our own. His research, so far as it has been popularized, centres around the discovery of supposed canals that seem to be of intelligent design and construction, but in the present work the Martian canals occupy a comparatively subordinate position. On the other hand, we have a comprehensive survey of physical conditions upon the planet, of the forces that tend to the genesis of the world, of the dawn of organic life as we know it, and of the phenomena connected with Mars suggestive first of the possibility and then of the probability of organic life thereon. It is, of course, the chapters on "The Canals and Cases of Mars" and "Proofs of Life on Mars" that will arouse the most general attention. Let it be said that the author marshals his

facts with admirable care and with a scientific precision that leaves few loopholes for attack. He never forgets scientific caution in the pursuit of a theory, and although a stolid conservatism may for a time seem impervious to evidence, the average intelligence will regard Professor Lowell's book as a weighty and convincing contribution to a fascinating subject.

*The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig*, by David Graham Phillips. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This story is so powerful that its probabilities clamor for determination. Practically there are only two characters that claim attention, that of Joshua himself and Margaret Severence. There are, of course, others, but they are only the soulless nonentities of the political and social life of Washington. Now, if Joshua had been of the backwoodsman or cowboy type pure and simple, we could understand his capture of the elegant and superlative Miss Severence. So also could we understand it, although more reluctantly, had he been of the usual blatant and domineering politician type. But he is a combination of the two and, worse still, he unites some real but ill-described capacity as a lawyer with the chattering and boastful conceit of an ape. Taking him altogether, he is about as hateful and repulsive a figure as could be found in a day's march, although, to give the devil his due, he seems to be moral in the narrow sense of the word and with some ill-defined sense of duty. And this is the man who is represented as exercising an almost undisputed sway not only over men, but over women. When he decides to marry the exquisite Margaret, her natural aversion to such a tailored gorilla serves not at all to save her. In spite of his continued insults and of her haughty refusals, he carries her off to the church very much as a rattlesnake would carry off a protesting rabbit and then—*mirabile dictu*—Margaret falls in love with him.

Now, all this may be possible. It is a question for the expert in psychology and in women. If Josiah had only been less intolerably boastful, less pettishly vain, less talkative; if he had been pure ogre or ruffian unadulterated with ape, we could more readily believe in his power. A coarse brutality is not incompatible with leadership, but we do not often obey where we also despise. But the character problem gives power to the story, and it is one to be read.

*Poems of American History*, collected and edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; \$3.

This is probably the most complete collection of American historical poems that has ever been issued. Occupying nearly seven hundred pages, we have practically the whole history of America in verse from its discovery down to the present day. The works of about three hundred and forty authors are included, and while a lot of inferior material might reasonably be expected, a somewhat careful search fails to reveal anything unworthy of presentation or preservation.

The compilation of this fine volume deserves special praise, and for other reasons than the discriminating choice of material. The table of contents shows us forty-five chapters, each devoted to a period of history, beginning with "The Discovery of America" and ending with "The War with Spain" and "The New Century." Thirteen chapters are devoted to the various phases of the Civil War, eight chapters to the Colonial period, and eleven chapters to the War of the Revolution. Practically every American poet finds representation, as well as foreign poets, such as Lord Houghton, Schiller, and Thackeray, who have written on American historical themes. The table of contents of twenty pages is not only bound up with the volume in the usual way, but a duplicate detached copy is furnished for convenient reference to the best poems that have been written upon each epoch of the national story. At the end of the book we have carefully condensed notes, an index of authors, an index of first lines, and an index of titles, surely enough to insure successful search from the slenderest of data. Books of selected poems are common enough. As a rule they do no more than furnish irritating evidence of the editor's mental limitations, but in this instance we have something inclusive, a serious and worthy effort to show how America has told her own history in verse.

*How to Understand Electrical Work*, by William H. Onken, Jr., and Joseph H. Baker. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.75.

The reputation of the authors is a guarantee that they have produced a sound and practical book, one that presupposes no preliminary knowledge and one that is kept well within the limits of use and application. Entirely free from unverified theories, we have a simple statement of what is known of the nature of electricity, and this is followed by a careful explanation of some of the many ways in which the force is harnessed to the service of man. Thus we have chapters on electric light, heat, and power, electric traction, electricity in the home, in farming, in the hospital, aboard ship, in mining, in steel

manufacture, electric protection, electricity the destroyer, and the transmission of intelligence. The book is written primarily for boys, belonging as it does to the series of "New Handy Books for American Boys," but it is equally suited to the adult who not only wants to know "how it is done," but to be in a position to do it for himself if need be. There are illustrations upon nearly every page.

*A Theory of Mind*, by John Lewis March, A. M., Ph. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.

There seems no good reason why this book should have been written, still less why it should claim any kind of originality. It appears to be no more than a somewhat clumsy restatement of Monism and of ancient theories that the world has been content to take up and drop again with some regularity.

Dr. March divides the world into two divisions, first the division which is within

ourselves, or mind, and secondly the division which is outside of ourselves, or matter. Mind and matter are thus identical without, however, overcoming what may be called the boundary line of conscious experience and of an illusory discrimination between the within and the without. Matter looking upon itself is mind, but mind revealing itself to another mind is matter, or, to quote from the author, "the realm of mind is to the realm of matter as that matter is to itself." It is a worthy theory and eminently suitable for fruitless debate, but it is not new.

"The Two Stowaways," by James Otis, tells the story of two boys of the Maine coast who run away on a fishing vessel and then wish they hadn't. Their adventures make a capital book for boys and one with a good, although an unostentatious moral. It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, 75 cents.



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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman*, by Alfred Baker. Published by Isaac Putnam & Sons, New York.

Sir Isaac Pitman is known chiefly as the inventor of phonography, or the system of shorthand that still holds the field in spite of the many rivals that owe it their basis or inspiration. The present bulky volume not only gives the history of the great invention, but introduces us to the inventor. We see a singularly unassuming and public spirited man who adopted a life mission, followed it with unflinching devotion and had the satisfaction to witness its success among the plaudits and rewards of the English-speaking world. The American gold medal reached Isaac Pitman in February, 1888, and six years later he was knighted by Queen Victoria and received a letter of congratulation from twelve members of Parliament who had mastered his system. Sir Isaac Pitman was not only one of the most useful men of his century, but one of the best, and the author has done well to emphasize not only his intelligence and industry, but also a loveableness of disposition that created for him thousands of friends and no enemies. As a biography the book takes a high rank, while its mechanical excellence is marked.

*In the Open*, by Stanton Davis Kirkham. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York: \$1.75.

These "intimate studies and appreciations of nature" are just what would be expected from the author of "Where Dwells the Soul Serene" and "The Ministry of Beauty." That is to say, they are instinct with the mystic imagination that recognizes life as the permanent reality throughout nature and the giver of meaning to form and color.

Mr. Kirkham divides his book into sixteen chapters, all of them hall-marked with a nature intimacy that seems naturally to find expression in dainty phrase. With little persuasion, he convinces us that to count among one's friends the birds and flowers and trees is surely worth while, "for to come upon a new flower is then in the nature of an agreeable event, and a chance meeting with a bird may lend a pleasant flavor to the day."

The colored frontispiece and the illustrations are artistic. So, too, is the binding and the general workmanship throughout.

*Lincoln the Citizen and Lincoln the President*, by Henry C. Whitney: 2 vols. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company; \$2.50 per set.

The republication of this important biography comes at an opportune time. The author was closely associated with Lincoln in his law practice and traveled with him on the circuit for several years, and after Lincoln's election to the presidency Mr. Whitney became paymaster in the army. He wrote, therefore, with an exceptionally good equipment.

The present edition is in pleasing and convenient form, the letter-press is good, and the binding dignified and tasteful.

## New Publications.

"The Good Wolf," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, with illustrations by Harold Sichel, has been published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. It is well suited to young children. Price, \$1.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have published "Davy Jones's Yarns and Other Salted Songs," by Thomas Ybarra. The rhymes are funny without being silly, and the illustrations by Henry Mayer are original and whimsical.

The Francis D. Tandy Company of New York have published "An Anthology of the Epigrams and Sayings of Abraham Lincoln Collected from His Writings and Speeches." It is edited by Francis D. Tandy, with an excellent frontispiece photograph of Lincoln and his family. Price, 75 cents.

A very attractive gift book for young children is "Fresh Posies," by Abbie Farwell Brown, with illustrations by Anna Milo Upjohn. The volume contains over one hundred original verses, boldly printed and with artistic colored pictures. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Price, \$1.50.

"The Ruby of Kishmoor," by Howard Pyle, describes the extraordinary fatalities following upon the possession of the ruby originally stolen by the famous pirate, Captain Robertson Keitt. The story would have been stronger as a romance had the hero, Jonathan Rugg, been a more admirable character. The book is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, have published a book upon golf full of gentle and ruminative advice and philosophical reflections. It is by Arnold Haultain, and its full title, as follows, is some indication of its purport: "The Mystery of Golf: A Life Account of Games in general: their Antiquity; and Rampant: and of

the game yleped Golfe in particular: its Uniqueness; its Curiousness; and its Difficultie; its anatomical, philosophical, and moral Properties; together with diverse Concepts on other Matters to it appertaining." Its price is \$1.50.

"The New Boy," by Arthur Stanwood Pier, is a thoroughly wholesome story of schoolboy life as it ought to be and as perhaps it sometimes is. Among writers for boys Mr. Pier comes nearly at the top of the tree. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Price, \$1.50.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

M. Jusserand, who is French ambassador at Washington, had hoped one day to bring his literary history of the English people down to modern times. His life as a diplomatist is now, however, so busy that he has had to abandon the idea of carrying the work further than to Shakespeare's death. The third volume of the work is ready for the press.

Among the bits of gossip in Lady Holland's early diaries is one that concerns Count Rumford, who, as Benjamin Thompson, won the affections of the Widow Rolfe at the New Hampshire Concord, then called Rumford (which gave him his Bavarian title), secured the favor of Governor Wentworth and George III by reason of his good looks and good manners—and of the scientific world by his practical knowledge of worldly matters.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce a new edition of Professor Kennelly's standard work, "Wireless Telegraphy and Wireless Telephony," thoroughly revised and brought up to present conditions.

Lady Paget, who was woman-in-waiting to the Empress Frederick, mother of Emperor William II, in the year of the Kaiser's birth, has written for the *Nineteenth Century* a sprightly account of court life in Berlin when that city was a "very small and simple town," and its open gutters were often "very unsavory."

## The Mackenzie Gordon Concerts.

All musical San Francisco and Oakland is interested in the concerts to be given during the coming week by Mackenzie Gordon, popularly styled the "Scotch Caruso." A glimpse at the programme for Tuesday night will tempt any lover of song to journey to Christian Science Hall, and Manager Greenbaum says that the Sunday afternoon programme, as well as the one for Oakland on Friday afternoon, is equally attractive.

Mr. Gordon will be assisted by Eugene Blanchard, a young pianist of extraordinary talent, and whose numbers are quite a change from the usual.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for the city events, and on Monday morning at Ye Liberty Playhouse for the Oakland recital.

The programme includes no less than seventeen numbers by Mr. Gordon, including old English, Irish, and Scotch melodies, as well as modern compositions, and arias from Wagner and Puccini. Mr. Blanchard will play a Chopin nocturne and a concert paraphrase by Tchaikowsky-Pabst.

## The Famous Philippines Constabulary Band.

Manager Will Greenbaum has used his influence to have the famous Philippines Constabulary Band, which is going to Washington to take part in the Taft inaugural ceremonies, give a few concerts here en route, and now announces that the wonderful organization will be heard at Dreamland Rink on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday nights, February 14, 15, and 16, and on Tuesday afternoon, February 16, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

The band consists of natives of the various islands, many of whom served in the old Spanish government bands and others in Aguinaldo's famous band. The leader is an American negro, Captain Walter Loving, a graduate of the Boston Conservatory and a thorough musician. He went to the islands as bandmaster of one of the colored regiments, and when the island constabulary was formed to suppress insurrectionists, Loving was appointed leader of its band. The organization now numbers eighty-five men and is probably the largest musical organization that has ever toured America. Within the ranks is a complete symphony orchestra of sixty-two men, which will furnish the music at the President's ball on March 4.

The instrumentation of the band is perfect, and Sousa, when he heard the organization, said "This is the greatest military musical organization in the world."

The instruments are two oboes, two English horns, four flutes, twenty clarinets, four bassoons, eight saxophones, four sarasophones, seven cornets, four trumpets, seven horns, six trombones, one bass trombone, six tubas, two euphoniums, and about eight men at the drums, tympani, chimes, etc. In the symphony orchestra are thirty-four violins, six violas, six cellos, five contra-bassos, and the usual wood-wind and brass, with everything absolutely complete.

Prices for these events will be popular, ranging from \$1 down to 50 cents.

After playing here the band will go East, stopping in Sacramento, where it will play February 17 at the Clunie Theatre.

Paloma Schramm made her professional debut with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra on Tuesday evening of this week, in Orchestra Hall, Chicago.

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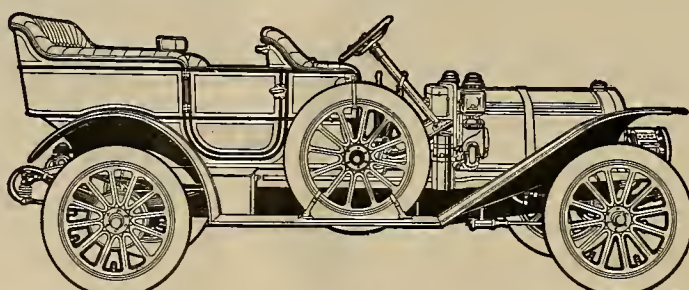
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# WALTER'S "WOLF"—SOTHERN'S "RICHELIEU."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

When the curtain of the Van Ness Theatre rolled up Monday evening and revealed two men sitting wrapped in the woodman's comfortable, unembarrassed taciturnity, we little knew the start of horror that awaited us, when they finally broke the silence and revealed to our startled ears the shoals and quicksands of a dialect, or rather two entirely different dialects, as thick as Scotch porridge.

It was decidedly daunting, yet it must be admitted that the Canadian-French accent of B'Atiste gave a very marked touch of local color, while the thick, burring Scotch of Andrew MacTavish added greatly to the reality of the character.

"The Wolf" has half a dozen characters, consisting of one woman and five men. It is an even simpler story than "Cavalleria Rusticana" of the primitive loves and hates of people who live close to nature. An added strengthening of the interest is afforded by the fact that one of the two wooers of the woman—who is an eighteen-year-old Virginia of the Canadian woods—is a sophisticated New York civil engineer, who has beguiled his many years of exile in the lone Canadian forests by following up with ruthless persistence each wild flower of femininity that attracted his regard, forcing the blossom to premature bloom, and then casting it, withered, aside. McDonald, the epicure of women in question, has cast a favoring eye upon Hilda, MacTavish's daughter, and the beloved of Jules Beaubien, a young French Canadian of the neighborhood.

The story of the play is, in brief, a recital of the discovery by the two men that they are rivals, their struggle for the possession of the woman, and the ultimate victory of the honest lover, who, in removing his rival from his path, avenges, at the same time, the betrayal and desertion of his sister at the hands of this same unsparing human wolf, who, like the legendary beast in "Little Red Riding Hood," has a fancy for preying upon innocent girlhood.

As may be seen, the story is rather sombre, and the little lights of comedy that are introduced with the character of George Huntley, an assistant of McDonald's, are extremely acceptable.

The character of the girl Hilda has no embroidery of complexities or subtleties. Like the canine who, when his master was asked to what breed he belonged, was described as "just plain dog," Hilda is just plain girl, interesting only because the irresistible attraction that men and women possess for each other is, to the normal human being, always and ever the most interesting thing in this intensely interesting life of humanity.

Hilda is the comparatively unemotional storm centre around which rage the passions of the small group of men that make up her world. Her father, a dour old Scotchman who has a passion for regarding women as being what Ingelsoll called "kindling wood for h—ll," hates her because, in Hilda's babyhood, her mother ran away from him.

McDonald desires her as a temporary mate, and Beaubien wishes to marry her. There is no problem, no psychology in the piece, just a rather frank, unvarnished tale of love, rivalry, and revenge.

The play is decidedly inferior to "Paid in Full," yet the power of the vigorous, original talent is evident in it. It is untrammelled, and in a world that is given over to tradition, it is always grateful to see an author boldly mark out his own path.

What is missing, however, in this drama, that is so frankly classified as melodrama, is a certain element of sympathy. The author has a sort of detached manner of presenting his characters, and their story, much as the impersonal reporter chronicles dispassionately some wild, dramatic incident that reflects in little the stormy passions of the human family. No attempt is made to paint Hilda as particularly engaging, or Jules as particularly heroic. They are just primitive man and woman, seeking instinctively, almost dumbly, for a mate.

McDonald acts somewhat as the traditional hero of melodrama, yet with a decided element of original force and independence of character, as shown in his interview with Huntley, when the latter nerves himself out of his easy-going habit to the point of interference.

MacTavish is almost that same old ruthless parent that we have met before in the

drama, who falls with such a fierce frenzy of fanatic self-righteousness into the attitude of throwing his daughter out from his home into the snares and pitfalls that he professes to dread for her. The sort of man, in fact, that would make a Cotton Mather.

The company that is presenting "The Wolf" is made up of very good stuff. Andrew Robson, except for some lapses, irregularities, and inaccuracies in his Canadian-French dialect, gives a very satisfactory, although slightly conventionalized, impersonation of Jules Beaubien, and Alfred Svenson's acting in the rôle of McDonald, the would-be seducer, is quietly realistic. The character of George Huntley received excellent comedy treatment at the hands of Louis Haines, an actor who combines a good natural manner with an ability to produce simultaneously the best comedy effects of the realistic kind.

Mr. Haines, Ben Lamar—who acted in the rôle of MacTavish—and Conrad Cantzen, who gave a very skillful portraiture of B'Atiste, a taciturn Canadian trader, were all alike in one excellent qualification—that is, each one seemed more so than the two leading actors, to be the character impersonated.

Lorie Palmer, in all obvious details, was adequate to the rôle of Hilda. Yet it seemed to me that in spite of evidences of careful study in the matter of gait and gesture, and the listlessness of mental and physical attitude of one who has had the eager expectancy of youth crushed out of her by daily abuse and the deadening quietude of a solitary and eventless life, that there was lacking to the portrayal the charm which should accompany girlhood as perfume does the flower. Many actresses of mature years are skilled in conveying the idea of this fragrance of youthful charm, which it was particularly important should be felt in this case, since it was the only charm Hilda had.

It is impossible for Mr. Sothern to do anything in the line of acting in any other than creditable style, but, in spite of his admirable technic, and the beauty of his elocution, it can not be said that he brought further riches to the storied dramatic traditions concerning the character of Richelieu.

It seemed to me, indeed, that Mr. Sothern acted the part very mechanically. Perhaps the character of the great cardinal statesman does not appeal to an actor whose special line lies above all in conveying the romantic charm of the lover. Be that as it may, there was missing from the representation not only the imaginative quality which enables a player to sink his own identity into that of the character portrayed, but even in his usually beautiful and flexible elocution there was a certain monotony of intonation, a sort of periodic rise and fall to the cadences of his voice, which still further enhanced the already perceptible effect of mechanism in the portrayal.

Evidently the study is not yet complete, for neither in facial nor vocal expression, nor in certain details of gesture and attitude, was the age and feebleness of the cardinal suggested.

Sothern must, indeed, look to his laurels in this rôle, at least, for Robert Mantell, during his recent San Francisco engagement, gave a much more carefully detailed and consequently more finished study of the part.

Miss Gladys Hanson also played rather mechanically in the character of Julie. This actress has many excellent qualities, but her great fault is a certain absence of warmth of imagination, and excellent as she is in the general technic of her work, she fails to illuminate the characters represented with that transforming light which can make them live.

No other notably good impersonation in the work of the general company can be selected, and as a consequence the sum total of impressions, except to the small and youthful contingent to whom the play is a novelty, was that of chastened disappointment.

During the pauses between impresarioing great singers, Mr. Greenbaum is keeping his hand in, and gratifying the musical part of the community, by the superior quality of his Sunday "Pop" concerts. Large audiences have been attracted thereby, and there is noticeable on these occasions the devout stillness that is a characteristic of audiences of genuine musicians and music-lovers.

Last Sunday's programme was particularly rich in enjoyment for those present. It was announced as an afternoon with Dvorak, whose strongly individual music was rendered with artistic appreciation of the different movements by the Lyric Quartet, consisting of Messrs. Hoffman, Paterson, Firestone, and Vilalpando.

The quintet work in the second part of the performance was, however, a noticeable improvement over the earlier numbers, as the bass element was not sufficiently strong in the quartet. The work of Mr. Ormay, the pianist, is noticeable for clearness, strength, and fire, as was still further evidenced in his accompaniments of the vocal selections of Mr. Lawrence Strauss, a tenor with a light but sweet voice of agreeable quality.

"The County Chairman," the George Ade play which successfully competes with "The College Widow" for popularity, will be seen week after next at the Valencia Theatre.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

At the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night "A Stubborn Cinderella" begins an engagement of two weeks. It is a musical play by Hough, Adams, and Howard, which had a phenomenal run in Chicago, and has met with notable success elsewhere. Its three scenes are all attractive. The first shows the campus of Columbus University, the second presents a railroad wreck in the West, and the third pictures the natatorium at Hotel Coronado, Coronado Beach, with all the charming effects natural to an "orange fête." The play tells a story of interest and the situations are realistic, though well flavored with romance. The music is said to be particularly bright, varied, and delightful, no less than five distinct song hits being included among its numbers, the happiest effort being, "When You First Kiss the Last Girl You Love." There is imagination in the title.

Homer B. Mason, a comedian who is now as successful in musical comedy as he was formerly in vaudeville, heads the company, and he is supported by Grace Edmund, the possessor of a charming voice, Ethel Dovey, Jack Raffael, Marguerite Keeler, Fred Trucdell, and a big chorus. The production is one of magnitude and merit or it would not have been able to secure two weeks' time at the Van Ness Theatre.

Mace Greenleaf, the new leading man at the Valencia Theatre, will be introduced next Monday evening in "The Prince Chap," playing the part which made Cyril Scott a great favorite. Edward Peple's dainty play is really worth while, and the Valencia Theatre's production should rank with any that have been made. Mr. Greenleaf has had experience in many exacting rôles, and may be expected to give of his best in this congenial part. Blanche Stoddard will play the grown-up Claudia, and little Bebe Daniels, a remarkably talented child, will be the heroine in her youth. Helen Lackaye will appear as the American girl, Alice Travers, and Thomas MacLarnie, Charles Dow Clark, Robert Homans, Gerald Harcourt, and others of the company will fill the less prominent but still important parts. The stage settings will be elaborate and appropriate, and Herr Heller and his orchestra will have special music for the production.

A special matinee is announced for Friday afternoon, Lincoln's Birthday, in addition to the usual Wednesday and Sunday afternoon performances.

Kolb and Dill continue their record-breaking course at the Princess Theatre, and seem capable of extending it indefinitely. They have been aided by wise and liberal efforts on the part of the management of that popular playhouse, and the result has been satisfactory all round. The comedians are now in the last month of their engagement. "Bankers and Brokers" has been wonderfully improved since the opening night, and it is now well sustained from start to finish. It will have to give place next Monday night, however, to a revival of that amusing California play with music by the late Judson Brusie, entitled "Lonesome Town." This production has been received with every token of appreciation wherever Kolb and Dill have presented it, and it will undoubtedly renew its earlier success and probably surpass it in the coming engagement. As Chico Charley and Bakersfield Bill, two representatives of the Weary Willie class, Kolb and Dill find particularly good opportunities for the display of their eccentric comedy, and they find almost as much pleasure in their impersonations as is found by their audiences. Adele Rafter will have the part of A. Marvelous Wonder, a San Francisco widow, and will be attractive dramatically and vocally. Sidney De Gray, George Wright, Carlton Chase, and other favorites in the company will be well suited in the cast.

The Orpheum will have for its leading novelty next week, beginning Sunday afternoon, an intense dramatic episode by Israel Zangwill, called "The Never-Never Land." It is a striking piece of work, in scenic effects as well as in dramatic possibilities. Helen Grantley, a gifted young actress, supported by Harry Hilliard and James M. Colville, well-known professionals, will appear in the sketch, and they are capable of bringing out all its passion and pathos. Next in fresh interest is "Shorty," a racetrack diversion in one act, in which Dick Croluis, who was the inimitable Biff Donovan in "Peaches," will carry off the honors. His engagement will be limited to next week only. Other new acts in the coming programme will be the popular Farrell-Taylor Trio in their black-face offering of music and comedy, "That Minstrel Man," and Leon T. Rogee, a graduate of the Hungarian Conservatoire of Music, who imitates the cello, trombone, and other musical instruments. Next week will be the last of Byron and Langdon, Johnnie McVeigh and his College Girls, Charles Wayne and company, and of Seldom's classic poems in marble.

The last performance of "The Wolf" will be given Sunday night at the Van Ness Theatre. This second of Mr. Walter's successes is reviewed in another column.

## Mackenzie GORDON

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## VANITY FAIR.

War, but not "merry war," is being waged against the corset. This is not the first of such meddling with the personal affairs of women, only that in this onslaught noted physicians are the field marshals against the "compressing machine," as some of them call the corset. Tight lacing, they say, displaces the vital organs, but the hue and cry is scaring no woman. In fact, orders for the article are increasing, if makers of the compressor may be believed. On the other hand, several rulers of kingdoms by divine right have enlisted for the term of the war under the banner of the medical men. Roumania has officially forbidden the corset to even the aristocratic and self-willed ladies of the highest of the normal schools, and the third official act of the new Czar of Bulgaria was a pronouncement against the employment of stays to give "unnatural shape to the form." And the Czar of Russia has gone quite as far to destroy the "abdominal waist suppressor," which comes as a surprise, seeing what a henpecked benedict he is. But that is not all. Several of the school boards of Europe have decreed that the renunciation of the corset is a prerequisite to fitness to teach in the public schools, and men of high and of low degree all over the civilized world are writing hooks and essays on the beauties as well as the horrors of corset-wearing. But, in any event, it is "distance that lends enchantment to the view," and it is distance that pictures the horrors. Who would dare know more?

Nevertheless, here is one who ventured an eye, through the keyhole most likely, upon the process of transforming a fair, fat, and forty lady into symmetrical proportions by the way of the corset:

She took her poor abdomen in her two hands—and yanked it upwards. Understand, the corset had been put on loose. The maid stood ready with the strings. The sufferer reached down, inside, and pulled up more abdomen. The maid quickly pulled the corset-strings—to cinch what had been won!

The martyr reached down again and fetched up more of the flaccid mass. The maid laced tighter. And so on, puffing like a sea-lioness, with purple face and eyes that bulged out wildly, her circulation half-stopped, dizzy-headed but triumphant, the ripe beauty, at last, made this miracle—transformed her abdomen into a lot of bust!

Her maid then put her hat on—she could not reach up her arms to do it. Later she let drop her diamond-studded card-case. I knelt like Sir Walter Raleigh before old Elizabeth and picked it up for her—she couldn't have stooped within ten inches of that spot upon the floor to pick up a free pass to heaven! Yet she sailed off, smiling consciously, as if to say:

"I've got into it! Yes, I've got into it!"

The fact is, however viciously these writers may condemn the "horrors" of the corset, they will, if they are honest, admit that with most women the article in dispute is not only sustaining but beautifying. Not every woman can parade a Venus of Milo waist and still fewer can claim Milo hips, and so long as padding the one and contracting the dimensions of the other are demanded by critical society the fundamentals of the corset will stand a Gibraltar in the long list of articles of deception in your fashionable lady's form beautifiers and conceded appendages. But why should man grumble? Many is the society young man and many is the naval and army officer whose broad shoulders and extended breast would present anything but a symmetrical Apollo but for the corset and padding. Spinsters, too, whose length is distressingly out of artistic proportion to width, should give over criticisms. The willowy figure, he it the real article or a counterfeit presentment, is the adoration of all lovers of beauty more or less adorned. But ladies who persist in wearing the "glove-fitting" corset will please hold their temper while they read these observations of a distinguished Paris physician:

Digestive troubles won by pushing back the mass of the intestines; circulatory troubles; breathing troubles—the "laced" woman is reduced to breathing only by the upper ribs; other troubles, intimate, on which no need to dwell. From all of which results a sad phenomenon: Expanding less work with a régime much more chaste and hygienic than the average man, and without alcoholism, coffee, or tobacco poisoning, the modern woman is less healthy than the modern man!

In Paris, at least, she becomes more and more fragile, bizarre, dyspeptic, neuropathic. Less apt for maternity. Men with their alcohol and tobacco, women with their corsets—all the scientific world is alarmed at the combination threatening human-race suicide!

Society is sometimes guilty of deplorable inanities. It does enough in all conscience to justify the celebrated question of Julia Ward Howe, "Is polite society polite?" and for this very reason we welcome such evidence as may come to hand that society has, after all, a heart, and that its pulsations may sometimes be felt underneath the folly.

And so we welcome the report that society refuses to recognize the existence of a certain lady who attracted much unenviable notoriety by a marriage with a certain steel magnate. Society had no particular animosity toward the lady herself. No doubt she was not more undesirable than many of those who have knocked successfully at the doors of high life, but society felt that it draw the line somewhere, and it drew

it here. There was a recollection of the way in which the lady had mounted the golden ladder, and sympathy for the first wife was shown by a rejection of the second. The pitiful story of that first wife was remembered, how she had helped her husband through good times and bad, had risen with him through poverty to wealth, and how she was then thrown upon one side to make room for a young heavy who had nothing much to recommend her except her good looks. And so society has looked askance upon a would-be recruit who doubtless thought that money would be her passport anywhere and everywhere, and that every gate would open automatically to the wife of a steel magnate. She has discovered that there are limits, that society has a heart, and that there are those with whom it does not wish to associate, however wealthy they may be. The realization that there are some things that can not be bought with money is no doubt disagreeable, but let us hope that it will be salutary.

A somewhat cryptic announcement intended to regulate presentations at court has been issued by the lord chamberlain of England. Hitherto it has been understood that the ladies of the court should put in an appearance at least once a year, but now comes a statement to the effect that they need not appear more than once in three years, "unless under exceptional circumstances."

The explanation is a simple one. By "exceptional circumstances" we are to understand the acquisition of a new costume. Court attire is expensive, and ladies have been accustomed to wear the same costume for two or more years in succession. Court functions with their confusion and crush play havoc with fine dresses and there was unwillingness to incur large expense for a single and somewhat trying occasion. As a result it has been observed that some recent functions have been marked by a certain amount of dowdiness, and hence the announcement that ladies need not feel compelled to be present "unless under exceptional circumstances"—that is to say, unless they have the money and the inclination to buy suitable dresses.

"The Reminiscences of Bismarck" contains an interesting account of that statesman's courtship. He was merely a young Prussian officer when he first met Johanna von Puttkamer, but he was so smitten that he made application at once to the lady's father for permission to pay his addresses. Aghast at Bismarck's proposal, the old gentleman did not absolutely decline it. Instead, he wrote doubtfully, giving rather grudging permission for the young lover to pay a sort of "visit of inspection" at the Puttkamer home. Bismarck eagerly hastened to Reinfield. The whole Puttkamer family was lined up to greet him. The father and mother glared at him solemnly, and Johanna herself stood between them, her eyes cast modestly downward. It was an awkward moment. The swift, whirlwind decision that scored Bismarck his later political triumphs came now to the front, and he carried the situation by storm.

Galloping up the driveway, he leaped from his horse; ran forward and flung his arms around Johanna; taking no heed of her scandalized parents; catching her to his breast and covering her blushing face with kisses. After that there could be no talk of "prohibition" or "waiting." The betrothal was an accepted fact. Bismarck in his old age used to tell the story with more delight than he took in describing his statesmanship victories, and usually he would wind up by saying: "She made me what I am."

To the end of that married life the couple wrote each other long and loving letters each day whenever they were not together. The iron chancellor's began usually, "My Angel," "Dearest Heart," or "Most Beloved." They contained somewhat prosy descriptions of the work he was doing, but here and there he speaks lovingly of her "blue-gray-black eyes," calls her his "Black Sun" and makes similar remarks. Once he said:

"My metaphor of the 'Black Sun' is false. Are you not rather a dark, warm, summer night, with fragrance of flowers and heat-lightning?"

The countess never cared for nor cultivated marital trouble. She stood between Bismarck and a horde of diplomats, hores, savants, human donkeys, and politicians and took care that his huttons were on and that the laundryman did not iron saw edges on his collars and shirts. Incidentally she loved the brute and softened down his rough places until he became quite human. A woman who understands is the whole Neufchatel. Johanna understood.

Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the famous grand opera singer, who has been called the most beautiful woman in the world, says that as a result of her experience in preserving youth and good looks she has framed ten simple rules which apply to every woman seeking to retain her attractiveness:

1. When your mirror tells you you are not looking well, rest.
2. To keep the hair beautiful wash it once a week.
3. To keep the mouth young massage with the little fingers the lines of petulance from nostrils to lips.

4. To have always a youthful contour, keep the line of the jaw as thin as a knife edge.
5. To keep the nose shapely, give it frequent massage.
6. To take away the ugly, middle-aged redness of the nose, use hot compresses on it.
7. To keep the tired lines away from the eyes, bathe the lids and skin about the eyes with water as warm as you can endure it.
8. To make the eyes always brilliant, bathe them as often as you do your face.
9. To avoid the multiplied chin, sleep with the head low, the lower the better.
10. To refresh the dry, withered skin bathe it often in water as warm as you can endure.

"You see," she says, "they begin with 'rest.' In practice they end with that. I might drop half of them and use rest instead. Rest is beauty's magic."

The London Chronicle is the latest to draw attention to the dangers of feminine headgear. Reticence, says the Chronicle, is not the note of modern millinery. Not only the hatpin, but the decorative quill may poke out the eye of the adjacent stranger in our crowded trains and trams. Last evening this

writer saw a sudden vengeance. In the train beside a woman with an aggressive hat was another woman whose cheek was again and again menaced by the fretful quills. She dodged, smiled at the apologies, but kept her eye on the aggressor. One had begun to think her an angel of tolerance—when she rose to depart. With a swift and dexterous hand she snatched the trimming from the neighbor's hat, broke the quills; cast them from her, and—well, you have to hurry off the underground trains.

Mlle. Trefiloff, the famous Russian actress, has just been fined ten roubles for kissing her mother in a tramcar.

It appears that both in Moscow and St. Petersburg it is unlawful to give kisses in public, a kiss in the street being penalized by a fine of seven roubles, ten roubles being the fine inflicted on those who practice osculations in railway trains or in tramcars. A recent enactment even renders persons who send declarations of love on postcards liable to a fine of five roubles.

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A sailor enters a livery-stable to hire a horse for the day, to take some friends into the country. The proprietor has one brought out for inspection, and begins: "There's a beauty for you! Small head, clean legs, short back—" "Short back he blowed! We want one with a long back. It's to carry nine."

Hall Caine, in his recollections, says that Rossetti was fond of good stories and was particularly amused by one of a man near to death, to whom the clergyman came and said, "Dear friend, do you know who died to save you?" "Oh, meenister, meenister," said the dying man, "is this a time for conundrums?"

Josiah Quincy, the prominent Boston politician, was walking near the city hall, when he heard an Irish laborer accost another thus: "That's Josiah Quincy." "An' who's Josiah Quincy?" the other asked. "I never see such ignorance," rejoined the other, "He's the grandson of the statute you see in the yard."

This, concerning the letter of the law: "See here, Mr. Casey, said Pat to the tax assessor, 'shore and ye know the goat isn't worth eight dollars.'" "O'is sorry," responded Casey, "but that is the law." Producing a book, he read the following passage, "All property abutting on Front Street should be taxed at the rate of two dollars per foot."

Three-year-old Norris is fond of the twenty-third Psalm, sometimes repeating it instead of his regular evening prayer. Last autumn the name of the successful presidential candidate was often heard at the dinner table, and Norris unconsciously fell into the habit of rendering one passage of the Psalm in this reassuring fashion: "Thy rod and thy Taft they comfort me."

A summer visitor who was trying a horse, the property of a New Hampshire farmer, with a view to buying him, noticed that after driving a few miles the animal pulled very hard, requiring a firm hand and constant watching. "Do you think this is just the horse for a lady to drive?" he inquired doubtfully. "Well," answered the owner, with an air of great candor, "I must say I shouldn't really want to be the husband of the woman who could drive that horse."

Young ministers sometimes say some very irreverent things when first they get in harness, but seldom are so broadly condemnatory as the young clergyman who was called upon to act as chaplain at the opening of a recent term of court down in Maine. After covering everything he could think of as appropriate to say, from religion to law, he closed his prayer with the supplication, "And, finally, may we all be gathered in the happy land where there are no courts, no lawyers, and no judges." Then they changed chaplains.

On a west-bound train scheduled for a long trip a very large, muscular man fell asleep and annoyed all the passengers by snoring tremendously. Reading, conversation, or quiet rest was an impossibility. Finally a drummer, carrying half a lemon in his hand, tipped over to a little boy who sat behind the snorer. "Son," said the drummer impressively, "I am a doctor, and if that man doesn't stop snoring he'll die of apoplexy. Watch your chance, and as soon as his mouth opens a little wider, lean over and squeeze this lemon into it."

A New Yorker, who has just returned from the Cobalt district in Canada, was deeply impressed by the report he heard of a fashionable wedding in the back country. Two habitants met on the train and took the seat next to his. "Ah, Antoine," one of them exclaimed, "eef you 'ave h'only heen at dees wedding of Pierre Coubertin an' Emilie La Roche you shall nevaire forget an' Hemle. So gentil! So mooch luxury! H'every one so 'appy an' so grand an' fine! Theenk of eet, Antoine!—h'every one wear de Prince h'Albert pants an' dreenk de real ginger ale!"

A small negro boy was going along the street carrying a turtle by the tail, when a ventriloquist standing near seemed to make it say: "Where is you-all goin' with me?" The little negro heard the question, and looked around with astonishment, but not being entirely satisfied as to where the voice came from, walked on. Again the ventriloquist said: "I say, where is you-all takin' me?" This time the boy was satisfied that the turtle had been gifted with a miraculous power of speech, and instantly dropped it on the sidewalk in consternation, exclaiming, "I isn't a-takin' you-all nowhar. I has done dropped you!"

Pinero, the playwright, has the reputation of being a martinet at rehearsals, and actors and actresses who disagree with him are apt to find themselves severely taken to task. During the rehearsal of one of his plays the

dramatist was much annoyed by the way in which one of the actors pronounced a certain word in the dialogue. He mildly protested, but the actor would not take the hint. "I have always pronounced the word like that, and I shall continue to do so," he said. "My dear sir," retorted Mr. Pinero suavely, "by all means do as you think best. I would not deprive you of one of your laughs for the world!" At the next rehearsal the actor changed his mind.

Mr. Chamberlain and a Mr. Collings were rival candidates for Parliament at one time. Both had an effective anecdote which they used to tell alternately at their campaign meetings, the understanding being that whoever spoke first should have first call on the yarn. At one meeting, Mr. Collings arrived rather late, and the chairman immediately called upon him to address the audience. As he went on with his oration he began to lead up to the famous anecdote, but before he had time to tell it he suddenly felt a gentle pull at his coat-tails. Turning around, he beheld Mr. Chamberlain regarding him with an anxious face. "I have already told them the story," he whispered, warningly. So Mr. Collings, much disappointed, omitted it from his speech. A little later, Mr. Chamberlain rose to speak, and, to the surprise of Mr. Collings, he immediately proceeded to tell the fatal yarn.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Syd Did.

There was a young fellow named Syd,  
Who kissed a girl on the eyelid;  
Said the girl to the lad,  
"Your aim's very bad.  
You should practice a bit"—so he did.  
—Lippincott's Magazine.

In Reprehensible Manner.

There was a young man from Savannah,  
Who slipped on a vacant banana.  
The words that he said  
When he fell on his head  
Wouldn't do for a Sunday-school banner.  
—Boston Traveler.

The Sandjak of Novi Bazar.

[It has been suggested that, as a solution of the Balkan problem, Austria-Hungary divide the Sandjak of Novi Bazar between Serbia and Montenegro.—News item.]

As a casual newspaper reader;  
As a person "just wanting to know";  
As one seeking the light in the darkness  
(Not to be too inquisitive, though)  
On this one point I'd like information,  
If you're sure I don't trespass too far—  
What is it—won't some one please tell me?—  
The Sandjak of Novi Bazar?

With many strange terms I'm familiar;  
Terms smacking of peace and of war,  
Which the versatile press correspondents  
Delight to lug in by the score.  
Kraal, kopje, and veldt—Yildiz Kiosk;  
The Duma dissolved by the Czar,  
But I do not know yet what they mean by  
The Sandjak of Novi Bazar.

I can prate of the Punjab; the Mejliss,  
And I know when a jehad's proclaimed,  
Mashrutch is likewise familiar,  
And I think I have Selamik tamed;  
I can understand the causa belli,  
Beni Snassen, and tribal duar,  
But I'm blessed if I see any sense in  
The Sandjak of Novi Bazar.

Why should this, of all things, be conceded?  
Is it flesh, fish, or fowl, anyway?  
Can it sit up and beg, and take notice?  
Does it live with his Highness, the Bey?  
Now, I don't want to make any trouble,  
And I know what so many things are,  
So, won't you please kindly explain it—  
The Sandjak of Novi Bazar?  
—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The whirl of social gaiety continues and the coming weeks of this month are crowded with engagements for old and young as no period of the winter has been. Many events of importance are planned already and others are to be announced within the next week.

The wedding of Miss Bertha Savage, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Savage, to Mr. Henry Wilkins will take place on Monday afternoon, February 15, at the home of the bride's parents in San Rafael. Only relatives and intimate friends will be present.

The Friday Night Dancing Club will give the last of its dances before Lent on Friday evening next. The patronesses are Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. George Moore, and Mrs. George Ashton.

Captain Thomas Quincey Ashburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashburn will entertain at an informal dance on Tuesday evening, February 16, in honor of Miss Anna Weller and Miss Marcia Fee.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe will entertain at a dinner on Wednesday evening next, their guests going afterwards to the Gayety Club dance.

Mrs. George Pope will entertain at a dinner on Tuesday evening, February 16, in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mrs. James L. Flood will entertain at a luncheon on Tuesday next in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Miss Janet Coleman will entertain at a luncheon on Thursday next in honor of Miss Louise Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear will entertain at a theatre party on Monday evening next in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins.

Miss Mary Keeney will entertain at a tea on Wednesday next in honor of Miss Katrina Page Brown of New York.

Miss Olive Wheeler will entertain at an informal tea at her home on Washington Street on Thursday next.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean will entertain at a bridge party on Thursday, February 18, at the Fairmont.

Mrs. William S. Porter will entertain at a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon next at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton will entertain at bridge on Monday, February 15, at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes will entertain at a bridge party on Thursday next at her home on Devisadero Street.

Mrs. Charles Harley will entertain at bridge on Thursday and Friday afternoon, February 18 and 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained at a dinner before the Greenway ball on Friday evening of last week, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson entertained at a dinner last week at their Burlingame home in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills.

Mr. John C. Kittle entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week in honor of Miss Sara Coffin, the host and guests going afterwards to the Greenway ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin entertained at the St. Francis before the Greenway ball

on Friday evening of last week in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Katharine Donohoe, Mr. Walter Hobart, Mr. Arthur Chesebrough, Mr. Duane Hopkins, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Lovell Langstroth, Mr. Frank King, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont on Friday evening of last week, they and their guests going afterwards to the Greenway dance. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tohin, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Margaret Stowe, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Edna Davis, Mr. Vincent de Laveaga, Mr. John Gallois, Mr. Frank Preston, Mr. Rudolph Schilling, Mr. William Volkman, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Reginald Fernald, Mr. Paul Jones, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Ferdinand Theriot, Mr. Gayle Anderson, Mr. Duval Moore, and Mr. Ward Barron.

Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke entertained at a dinner at their home on Washington Street before the Greenway ball on Friday evening of last week.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Weller entertained at a dinner before the Greenway ball on Friday evening of last week, their guests being Miss Anna Weller, the guest of honor, Miss Marian Angelotti, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Mr. Germaine Vincent, Count d'Albans, Mr. Edward Greenway, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. Bradley Wallace, and Mr. Charles Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the Fairmont, they and their guests going afterwards to the Greenway ball. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Anna Peters, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Frank de Lisle, and Mr. Cyril Tobin.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week in honor of Miss Katharine Donohoe. Her guests were Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Eleanor Cushing, Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Leslie Page, and Miss Clara Allen.

Mrs. F. B. Anderson postponed the luncheon she was to have given on Monday last in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins on account of the death of Mr. Sherwood Hopkins.

Mrs. Walter Martin entertained a number of guests at a dinner given in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins at the Hotel St. Francis Friday evening.

The Vassar Aid Society is giving a luncheon today at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Katherine Jewell Everts, who is to give Alice Brown's comedy, "My Lady's Ring," in the afternoon. Prominent among the Vassar women are Miss Ethel Moore, Mrs. E. E. Brownell, and Miss Helen Peckham.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker returned on Tuesday last from New York, where they have been for some time. They are at their Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd have returned from the East, where they spent the fall and winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin of Colorado Springs, Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, and Miss Mary Eyre have gone to New York for a few weeks' stay.

Miss Helen Chesebrough has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Foote in Grass Valley.

Mrs. Frederick Beaver and Miss Isabel Beaver will leave next month for six months' travel in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle have taken apartments at the Hotel Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller are planning to spend the summer months in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley have gone to Portland for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow, Miss Ruth Winslow, and Miss Marie Louise Winslow sailed from New York last week for the Mediterranean.

Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low arrived in town a few days since and have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Miss Ethel Dean has returned to town, after a stay of some weeks in Nevada.

Miss Lizzie Bolton is in Paris, where she will remain for some time.

Miss Ysabel Brewer has been in San Francisco for several days as the guest of Mrs. Charles O. Alexander.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kierstedt have returned for a stay of six weeks in the East, and after spending a few days at the Fairmont returned to the Presidio of Monterey.

Mrs. F. H. Vail of Santa Barbara has been visiting here as the guest of Mrs. Sherman Stow.

Mr. Raymond Armsby has returned from a stay of several weeks in New York.

Mrs. William P. Fuller and Miss Lucie King are expected home in a few days from New York, where they have been for several months.

Mrs. S. L. Bee is visiting at a coffee hacienda in Costa Rica and will remain there for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watt are guests at Hotel St. Francis, Mrs. Watt having come to town to assist at the Kirmess.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Balch, Mr. W. H. Holabird, and Mr. Charles G. Elliott, of San Diego, are among the visitors from the South now at the Fairmont.

Mr. Allan S. Green, Mr. Eldredge Green, and Mr. Arthur Green, of San Mateo, have registered at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth and Mrs. Booth's sister, Mrs. Blanch Davis, of San Francisco, were at Del Monte for the week end.

Dr. and Mrs. James T. Pressley have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Davis of Portland, Maine, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George J. Duncan of the same city, are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Among the visitors from the Northwest now at the Fairmont are Mr. R. Cunningham, Seattle; Mr. R. H. Jenkins, Portland; Mr. Alfred L. Black, Bellingham, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Bissinger arrived from Portland last week and engaged apartments at the St. Francis.

Mr. R. N. Tobin and Captain Pickering of San Mateo were at Del Monte for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Will C. Burnes of Washington, D. C., are at the Fairmont.

Mr. Martin Beck of the Orpheum Circuit is at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hale of Sacramento are guests of the Fairmont.

The Robert L. Colemans of Burlingame are at the Fairmont for a few days. Count and Countess de Tristan of San Mateo, Captain Pickering, and Mr. R. M. Tobin are also there.

The Crown Princess Pomare of Tahiti and her aunt, Mrs. Montierre Atwater, are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Jerry Landfelt of Berkeley has been staying at the Fairmont.

Mrs. F. T. Low and Miss Low have taken apartments for the winter at the Fairmont.

Mr. Stanley Fay and Miss Edna Fay of San Francisco spent several days at Del Monte during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Newmark of Los Angeles have decided to make San Francisco their home in the future, and are occupying apartments in the St. Francis.

Mr. Lee A. Phillips of Los Angeles has been staying at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Irving Wright of Berkeley have taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Among recent registrations at the Fairmont are Mr. and Mrs. C. Shepherd, U. S. N., Mr. J. A. Monroe, U. S. N., Mr. E. R. Shipp, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. M. C. Gorgas, Mare Island.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Tamalpais Tavern were: Mr. Charles Frank, Miss Eva Coleman, Miss Louise Bauer, Mr. D. E. Hayes.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Albert L. Mills, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to San Francisco when relieved by Brigadier-General William H. Carter, U. S. A., of the command of the Department of Luzon, Philippine Islands.

Brigadier-General Charles L. Hodges, U. S. A., when relieved by Brigadier-General R. D. Potts, U. S. A., of the command of the Department of the Visayas, Philippine Islands, will proceed to San Francisco to await orders.

Colonel Adam Slaker, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was promoted from a lieutenant-colonel to his present rank on December 8, 1908.

Colonel Henry H. Ludlow, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was promoted from lieutenant-colonel to his present rank on December 27, 1908.

Lieutenant-Colonel Walter L. Finley, U. S. A., chief of staff, Department of California, left yesterday (Friday) on the transport *Sheridan* for Honolulu on a tour of inspection. He will be absent about three weeks.

Major Edward R. Schreiner, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to make such journeys to Fort Baker as may be necessary, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer in connection with cases of cerebrospinal meningitis at that post.

Commander H. Rodman, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at Cavite.

Lieutenant-Commander S. E. Moses, U. S. N., is detached from duty as assistant inspector in charge of the Twelfth Lighthouse District, San Francisco, and is ordered to continue his other duties.

Lieutenant-Commander F. N. Freeman, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, ordered home and granted one month's leave.

Captain William Kelly, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from the duty detailing him to supervise the construction of the municipal building for the District of Columbia.

Captain Malvern Hill Barnum, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., will arrive next week on the *Buford* from Manila.

Captain John T. Geary, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., has had the leave granted him extended one month.

Captain Paul A. Wolf, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed from Manila for this port on the transport *Buford* on January 15.

Captain James Ronayne, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Major-General Frederick D. Grant, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at Chicago, at such time as he may designate for examination by that board.

Lieutenant V. S. Houston, U. S. N., is detached from duty on the *Charleston* and ordered to the Naval Station, Hawaii, for duty as assistant to the inspector in charge of the twelfth lighthouse establishment for the territory of Hawaii, with headquarters at Honolulu.

Lieutenant Emil P. Pierson, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted leave of absence for one month, to take effect on or about April 5.

Lieutenant H. Clay M. Supplee, Twenty-Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., is en route from the Philippines to San Francisco on the transport *Buford*, due here about February 15.

Lieutenant Fielding L. Poindexter, U. S. A., retired, is relieved from duty at the Northwestern Military Academy, Highland Park, Illinois, and will proceed to his home.

Passed Assistant Surgeon H. A. May is detached from duty with the flotilla of the lighthouse vessels to San Francisco and ordered to the Pacific fleet, sailing on February 5.

The late Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., who died from the injuries received in a fall with an aeroplane, has been honored by having a battery on the Fort Upton Military Reservation, Hawaii, named Battery Selfridge.

The following organizations of the United States army will sail from San Francisco for the Philippine Islands on the dates specified: Thirteenth Cavalry, on or about March 5; headquarters, band, and ten troops, Twelfth Cavalry, on or about April 5; Seventh Infantry, on or about May 5; Companies E and H, Second Battalion of Engineers, on June 5.

Headquarters and Company A, First Battalion of Engineers, U. S. A., Honolulu, Hawaiian Territory, are ordered relieved after the arrival of headquarters and Company G, Second Battalion of Engineers, U. S. A., about May 12, and will then take the first available transport for San Francisco, proceeding after arrival here to Washington, D. C., for station.

#### The Greenbaum "Pop" Concerts.

The second "Pop" concert, at Lyric Hall, drew the largest audience that ever attended a local chamber music concert. The next event will be Sunday afternoon, February 28, when a string quartet by Teresa Carreno and a sonata for viola and piano by Rubinstein will be decided novelties.

#### The Langendorff Concerts.

It has been many months since a great mezzo-soprano or contralto has been heard in concert here, and the announcement that Mme. Langendorff, contralto from the Royal Opera Houses at Dresden and Prague, the Wagner Festspiel at Bayreuth, and other great opera houses, will give recitals here is welcome.

This artist is said to have a beautiful voice of great range, and she will introduce some of the great contralto arias entirely new here, such as those from Tchaikowsky's operas, "Pique Dame" and "Maid of Orleans."

In addition to her two public recitals, which are scheduled for Thursday evening, February 18, and Sunday afternoon, February 21, at Christian Science Hall, Mme. Langendorff has been engaged to furnish the programme for the third concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society, on Wednesday evening, February 17.

On Friday afternoon, February 19, she will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

Mme. Flora Karp Heilbron, a Viennese pianist, will be the instrumental soloist at the Langendorff concerts. She will play some works quite new here, including a "Grand Gigue" by Haessler, and a set of charming variations by Chopin.

#### A Kirmess.

A Kirmess is to be held for the benefit of the two charities, the San Francisco Maternity and the Children's Hospital, at the Central Theatre, February 17, 18, 19 and 20, with a matinee on February 20. Miss Stewart, a specialist in Kirmess dances, decorative effects, and tableaux, has come to San Francisco for the purpose of managing this entertainment. The programme will include a number of very original dances, an automobile will be disposed of, and there will be a few booths at the rear of the theatre. The boxes, each containing six seats, sell at \$100 a piece for the five performances and can be procured from Mrs. Bertha Lilienthal, chairman, 1807 Gough Street. The executive committee comprises Mrs. Frederick Hewlett, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Helen Hecht, Mrs. J. F. Merrill, Mrs. H. N. Gray, Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mrs. Bertha Lilienthal, Mrs. James Cooper, Mrs. John Metcalfe, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Jennie Bothin, Miss Edith Bull, and many others.

#### College Alumnae.

The California branch of the Collegiate Alumnae will present Miss Katherine Jewell Everts in a comedy by Alice Brown, "My Lady's Ring," on Saturday, February 6, at half-past two, at the Fairmont. It will be a benefit for the Stanford Women's Club House. Miss Everts has just published "The Speaking Voice" and comes directly to San Francisco from New Jersey, where she has been conducting a course of lectures at the home of Hamilton Mabie. Tickets, 50 cents, at the door.

The Philomath Club of San Francisco celebrates its annual breakfast at the California Club Hall on Monday, February 15. The programme will comprise a greeting and toasts, to be followed by an original one-act operetta, arranged for this occasion. Mr. S. G. Fleishman is the composer; Mrs. Helen Hecht, president of the club, is the librettist. Members only are admitted to this first performance, but if the play is successful a second evening production will be given, to which the members may extend invitations to their friends.

Richard Carle in "Mary's Lamb" comes to the Van Ness Theatre March 29. Although nearly two months distant, the event will be looked forward to with particular interest. It will be the comedian's first visit as a star, and with him will appear Cecilia Rhoda, who is a special favorite here.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Should actresses wed?" asks a Paris paper. Certainly, but not to excess.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"We will go to Philadelphia soon in fifteen minutes." "Philadelphia? What for?"—*New York Life.*

"Does Mrs. Peck's husband command a good salary?" "He earns a good salary. She commands it."—*Boston Transcript.*

"He is going into politics; he thinks he's a politician." "What does his wife think?" "She's too much of a lady to tell."—*Boston Traveler.*

"A case of love at first sight, eh?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."—*Boston Transcript.*

Green—Smith asked me to forget my troubles this morning. Brown—What for? Green—He wanted me to listen to his.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Mrs. Wiggs—John, what is an absolute vacuum? Wiggs—An absolute vacuum, my dear, is something that exists only in your mind.—*Chicago Daily News.*

She (on the Atlantic liner)—Did you observe the great appetite of that stout man at dinner? He—Yes; he must be what they call a stowaway.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

"In short, sir, we go in far too little for what Matthew Arnold calls sweetness and light." "I don't see that—Sugar and Oil are the two biggest trusts we support."—*Life.*

"Are there degrees of rank in the servants' hall?" "To be sure. Maids who have charge of dogs won't associate with maids who look after children."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance." "Do you think so?" he asked. "Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"How do you know your husband is not a good poker player?" "Because," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "no good poker player could be as popular as he is with other poker players."—*Washington Star.*

Gunner—You can't get the best of those blamed baggage-smashers. I labeled my trunks "China" and thought they would handle them with unusual care. Guyer—And did they? Gunner—No, but blamed if they didn't

ship the trunks all the way to Shanghai and I haven't seen them since.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Dentist (to assistant)—I think I heard a patient in the waiting-room. Assistant—Yes, but I can't bring him in. He's turned the key on the inside.—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

Chappy—Would you marry a woman who had sued another man for breach of promise? Sippy—It would depend largely on how much the jury had awarded her.—*The Club-Fellow.*

Criticus—So this is your picture, "The Battle," is it? DeAuber—Yes. War is a terrible thing. Criticus—Oh, of course—but I don't believe it's as bad as it is painted.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Boss—When you told that new clerk that he'd have to hump himself if he expected to hold his job, how did he take it? Department Manager—He got his back up right away.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"What are you crying about?" "My husband beat me." "Who is he?" "A gypsy fiddler. He beat me with the fiddle bow." "Then you ought to be thankful he doesn't play a bass viol."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Policeman—Here, you! What are you doing wandering around this time in the morning? Beloted Pedestrian—The cursed barber cut my hair too short, and I don't care to go home to my wife.—*New York Herald.*

"Did you ever make a serious mistake in a prescription?" "Never but once," answered the drug clerk, as a gloomy look passed over his face. "I charged a man thirty cents for a prescription instead of thirty-five."—*Washington Star.*

Manager—We must put a great deal of realism into this forest scene. Can you get some one to growl so as to resemble a bear? Assistant—I think so. There are several chorus men who have not received their wages for three weeks. I'll call them.—*St. Louis Republic.*

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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Cost of Living—Still the Japanese—Free Text-Books—Sounding Brass—New York and the Primary—Female Suffrage—Remember the "Maine"—Root and the Refugee—Reluctant Venezuela—Germany Isolated—Editorial Notes	97-99
CURRENT TOPICS	100
POLITICO-PERSONAL	100
MARY GARDEN AS SALOME: A Sensational Drama Draws the Most Brilliant Audience Ever Seen at the Manhattan Opera House	101
OLD FAVORITES: "Adelaida," by Elizabeth Sara Shepard	101
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World	101
THE MISSION MERCEDES. By Amos George	102
LIFE IN A FRENCH CHATEAU: An American Woman Relates Some of Her Experiences as the Wife of a Statesman and a Diplomat	103
COQUELIN, COMEDIAN OF FRANCE: Memories of His Gifts, His Art of Expression, His Triumphs, and His Humanity	104
CURRENT VERSE: "Fame," by John Kendrick Bangs: "The Princess in the City," "The Voice," by Bernard Capes	104
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn	105-106
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications	106
DRAMA: Vaudeville's Steady Advance. By Josephine Hart Phelps	107
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT	107
VANITY FAIR	108
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	109
THE MERRY MUSE	109
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	110-111
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day	112

### The Cost of Living.

The Argonaut hopes that Senator Wolfe will be successful in his demand for a special committee to investigate the cost of living in San Francisco and to inquire into "the conditions which permit of great inequalities in the cost of production and the price of products to the consumer and to recommend to the legislature at next session such statutes as may ameliorate the present conditions."

The present conditions need all the attention they are likely to get. Every consumer has daily evidence of the cruel and relentless advance in prices, an advance out of all proportion to the increase in wages. It may be true that the whole of civilization is making a similar complaint just now, although usually with less reason, but that is no argument against an inquiry into such local causes as may exist. We have only to look at the scandal of the fish market to know that something needs to be changed somewhere, and if we go from the sea to the land we may take further note of the fact that the

farmer receives 1½ cents for his raisins, for which the consumer pays 15 cents. We should like to know the destination of that 13½ cents. Perhaps some of it might be divided between the producer and the consumer to the advantage of both. So far as the fish is concerned, General Stone, president of the State Fish Commission, believes "there must be a combination somewhere," and this seems to be not beyond the bounds of possibility.

### Still the Japanese.

The California legislature has not covered itself with glory in the matter of the Japanese bills. It seems rather to have covered itself with ridicule and to have put our Eastern critics somewhat in the right when they say that California does not know her own mind and that her attitude is due to a spiteful hysteria rather than to a dignified and well considered policy. It is strange that a number of seemingly intelligent men should thus show themselves incapable of bringing to bear upon this matter the same foresight, caution, and prudence that they would display in their own private affairs, and so arrive at an unassailable conclusion, adjusted alike to national and to State obligations.

A glance at the record will show the extent to which such strictures are justified. The various anti-Japanese bills fathered by Messrs. Johnson and Drew were placed on the notice paper in the ordinary course. There was abundant time for every member to ascertain the views of his constituents, if he did not already know them, and so to determine his attitude toward the proposed measures. But when these bills came up for consideration upon the appointed day the whole matter was postponed for a week, ostensibly to allow time for the arrival of a presidential message, although the President's views were well known and had been expressed already in telegrams to the governor. In the meantime Mr. Drew had changed his bill from the ground floor upward. Instead of excluding Japanese from land ownership in California, he now suggested the exclusion of all aliens alike. He had no objection to white foreigners; he did not profess to think that their presence as land-owners was an evil, but finding that the specific exclusion of Japanese was impossible, he blithely changes his mind overnight and places the rest of the foreign civilized world under the ban. In short, Mr. Drew wanted to pass a law. It did not much matter what kind of a law so long as he could show that he was a really, truly legislator.

Mr. Drew's bill, of course, was defeated, but Mr. Johnson's bill, segregating Japanese children in the public schools, was passed by a substantial majority and in spite of the sturdy resistance of the governor and of the speaker. Mr. Drew voted for this bill not—so he is reported to have said—because he approved of it, but because Mr. Johnson had voted for his bill the day before and one good turn deserved another. We were under the impression that Mr. Drew was sent to the assembly in order that he might act in the best interests of the State, judging every measure in the light of the public good. Perhaps that impression is obsolete and antiquated. It must be so, in view of Mr. Drew's deference to the claims of give and take, and on a matter vital to the well-being of the country.

Now comes the most curious procedure of all. Mr. Johnson, having passed his school bill, triumphantly agrees, with the consent of the assembly, to have it brought up again for reconsideration a week later. We look in vain for any reason for this extraordinary move unless we are seriously asked to believe that it was in deference to the distress of the speaker. But the speaker was as much distressed before the bill was passed as after. He made no secret of his feelings on the matter. His opposition to the bill and to all bills like it was of the most open and strenuous kind and was declared from the beginning. Then why this reconsideration? There are no new facts to be brought

to light, no presidential messages to be received, no conceivable reason why the assembly should deliberately pass a bill after long and heated debate and then immediately declare that it would reconsider that bill a week hence. If a young women's debating society should pursue such tactics we should smile indulgently with the hope that they would presently learn the rules of debate and parliamentary practice.

That the school bill was passed at all is not to the credit of the assembly. They must now adhere to the bill and so invite all the evils of inopportune or they must reverse their vote and so stultify themselves in the eyes of their constituents. Presumably they will make their choice before this is printed, but it is not an enviable alternative.

The bill ought not to have been introduced at this time. It ought not to be introduced at any time without a clear understanding of the treaties existing between this country and Japan. Only an international jurist can say with authority if the "most favored nation" clause in the agreement with Japan permits of discrimination against Japanese school children. California, through her senators, was a party to that treaty and to the "most favored nation" clause in that treaty. She can not with dignity to herself pass a law contravening a treaty to which she formally and constitutionally assented. It may be that the treaty does not cover the schools question, but that is a matter for the determination of jurists. It is certainly not a point that can be ignored or treated with giddy irresponsibility.

The school difficulty is one to be settled in the right way. Without imitating the noisy abuse that Mr. Johnson believes to be eloquence, without shouting or the use of offensive epithets, it may be said that Japanese adults can not be allowed a public school education that brings them into close contact with young white girls, and if California has no power to remedy this evil for herself it must be remedied for her by the Federal government. If a treaty stands in the way of that remedy, then the treaty must be changed. If no treaty stands in the way, then we will find our own remedy at some time less critical in international relations. But to ignore the existence of a treaty, to display an indifference to its meaning, is not dignified nor worthy of a legislative body. In point of fact it is childish.

The Argonaut has said before, and it still believes that had there been less big stick from the beginning of this business it would have been better for all concerned. The present is the child of the past, and we still remember how we were threatened with the army and the navy if we ventured to arrange our own affairs. We also remember that the President allowed himself to enter into negotiations with Mayor Schmitz, then under indictment and since convicted, that he expressed himself in favor of Japanese naturalization and that he acted generally as though California were a frontier settlement. That, of course, in no way justifies the vulgarities of Mr. Johnson, but it is at least a reason why presidential interferences are no longer so fruitful of good as they might be. It is also a reason why we should not imitate a bad example or do further mischief by a thoughtless impetuosity.

### Free Text-Books.

The suggestion for free text-books in the schools ought to receive favorable consideration at the hands of the Senate. So long as parents are put to heavy expense for books at the beginning of every school term we have no right to say that there is free education in California, because it is not the case. It is true that parents may plead in *forma pauperis* and that in such cases the books will be supplied free, but such a provision is highly undesirable and would be avoided by those most in need of relief. There is no more reason why pupils should pay for the books than for the salaries of the teachers or the heating of the building. The books are an essential part of a complete edu-



cation that professes to be free and that ought to be free.

The race suicide fanatics might turn their attention to this matter, if not too prosaic. The present system means that parents are heavily and directly taxed in proportion to the number of their children. To ask a relatively poor man who happens to have half a dozen children to pay anywhere from twelve to twenty dollars for books at the beginning of every school term is nothing short of a burdensome exaction and it ought to be stopped.

The matter has another aspect and one of some importance. Rightly or wrongly, a great number of suffering parents firmly believe that the text-books are changed with unnecessary frequency, and that this is due not alone to successive waves of educational fadism, but to the blandishments of the school book publishers and to the pressure of various kinds that they exert upon the authorities. Then there is the jealous schoolmaster whose more or less laudable ambition tempts him into text-book authorship, and he, too, exercises an influence upon his colleagues to have his work officially adopted. Altogether the text-book question is one that will repay some critical attention.

#### Sounding Brass.

The Rev. George E. Burlingame, who is said to be one of the clergymen of the city, might find some occupation more befitting his clerical pretensions than fouling his own nest. Mr. Burlingame contributes an article to the *Baptist Standard* in which he directs his very remarkable powers of vituperation to blackening the reputation of San Francisco. For the moment we were at a loss to understand the cause of all this venom, but we find it in the concluding item of the indictment. California, it seems, "enjoys the shameful distinction of being one of the two or three States in the Union which have no Sunday law. There has never been a statutory incentive to the observance of the Christian Lord's Day as a day of rest and worship." As a result of California's freedom from religious persecution, dear to the heart of the sectary, it may be that some of our churches are compelled to rely for their support upon ministerial ability, and their lot is therefore a hard one. Possibly the collection plate suffers accordingly in company with the ministerial stipend, and so this new form of labor unionism clamors for a law ostensibly in support of a religion of which it seems to know nothing, but actually for permission to persecute, to boycott, and to blacklist. It is an ugly picture, and we are glad to think that the majority of California's churches are not to be found in it.

And so San Francisco "has maintained a unique position among American cities as being entitled to the preeminence in godlessness and immorality." To reproduce this rubbish is distasteful, but it is necessary to the due understanding of a tirade that has been spread over the United States by a modern Shimei in our midst. Mr. Burlingame will understand the reference if he will turn to II Samuel, 16, and he will read how Shimei "cursed as he went" and threw stones, and also dust.

There is plenty more of the same kind. We are told that "from the earliest days San Francisco has been the familiar home and haunt of the gambler, the harlot, the libertine, and the drunkard." That, of course, is true, although the *suggestio falsi* is none the less apparent. It is true of all great cities, and of San Francisco among the rest, but when Mr. Burlingame goes on to say that "the prize-fighter is the hero of the school-boy's dreams and the inspiration of his ambitions," we will characterize the statement as a lie, a frank, naked, unashamed lie.

It seems that a "distinguished minister from the East"—thus do we entertain angels unawares—has been among us taking notes. He gravitated to the Barbary Coast, and although he only saw "the milder forms of vice," he was yet of opinion that "in all the world he had never seen such hideous vice and open shame—New York and London and Paris not excepted." We have great deference for the experiences of this "distinguished" but anonymous preacher. The minister on the hunt for vice usually sees some strange things, and we might almost infer from the foreign references that our guest from the East makes something of a specialty of such investigations. But it seems a pity to travel so far and then to finish up at the Barbary Coast.

Now, if it can be done, it would be nice to project an into Mr. Burlingame's mind. Has it ever occurred

to him that the vices of physical indulgence, however coarse and however vile, are not among the worst of human sins, and that there are depths even lower than Sabbath-breaking? Does he think that the morality of a community can be estimated, even approximately, by counting the saloons and the bagnios? The *Argonaut* does not usually preach, but in dealing with a minister it seems appropriate and even respectful to modify the usual style of appeal and argument. We may therefore ask Mr. Burlingame to recall a saying that comes to us upon authority even higher than that of his church and to the effect that all the Ten Commandments, including the seventh, are subordinate to that other commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Has Mr. Burlingame ever heard of San Francisco's charity, of her fortitude and mutual helpfulness under calamity, of her sympathy with those under like misfortunes, and can he offer us no hope that these virtues and others too numerous to mention may avail her somewhat as a counterpoise to the Barbary Coast? Has Mr. Burlingame ever heard that the greatest of the three Christian graces is charity? It is to be feared not. Did he ever read that "though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal"? It is to be feared not, or he would have refrained from thus selecting his own classification.

One final word to Mr. Burlingame. It is doubtless his painful duty sometimes to preach of the Judgment Day. We should like him to consider the relative chances of San Francisco with all her open effrontery of physical vice and the chances of some other parts of the country and of the world where, let us say, they indulge in the wholesale iniquity of child labor. These child torturers and murderers, who scientifically measure the endurance of the child that they may stamp it into dollars, have no Barbary Coast. They go to church, they have Sunday laws, they respect the conventions, and they sin in decent privacy. But we should like Mr. Burlingame to consider whether the iniquity of child labor, for example, is not immeasurably the greater of the two, and if California, a pioneer State in child emancipation, may not perhaps claim some oblivion for her wrongdoing at the hands of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

That is all we have to say to Mr. Burlingame. We had no intention to be harsh to one who may have thought that the walls of Jericho would always fall if the shouting be but loud enough. We have tried to speak to him in his own language and with apologies to other readers for an unaccustomed terminology. So far from bearing malice toward Mr. Burlingame, we will promise to mete out a similar portion to any one else who takes advantage of his position to vilify a city and a State.

#### New York and the Primary.

Governor Hughes of New York does not intend to be hurried into any precipitate action on the Direct Primary, but then Governor Hughes is a statesman and prefers no legislation at all to bad legislation. He is indifferent to popular clamor, he does not care a cent for the approval of any particular body of reformers or reactionaries, and there is no one in the country who can either reward or punish him. His mind is therefore entirely free to select the course that will be of most benefit to the State as a whole, and he does not propose to do this in a hurry. The example of Governor Hughes might be followed with advantage by politicians elsewhere whose suddenly aroused enthusiasm for the "popular will" is impetuous and grotesque.

There are certainly plenty of terrible examples to serve as danger signals. We all know what happened in Oregon and how that State has been placed in the somewhat ridiculous position of giving an overwhelming vote to the Republican presidential nominee and then sending to the Senate a man who will oppose him. Now comes a somewhat similar story from Illinois and Wisconsin. The legislatures of these States refuse to accept the direction given them at the primaries, and something like a deadlock is the result. The case of Wisconsin is peculiarly instructive not only in the inefficacy of the new nostrum, but in the frailties of human nature as displayed by the reformer. Practically it was La Follette who created the new primary law in that State, and it is part of the eternal fitness of things that he should be the first to perish by it. For the moment we are almost reconciled to the Direct Primary and to the curious theory that *Vox Populi* may

sometimes be *Vox Dei*. But La Follette is not a true sportsman. No sooner is the game ended—and his own game too—than he cries foul play and asserts that his bold, bad opponent took the odd trick by a lavish use of money. Precisely so. Money, under the Direct Primary, will be the lord of all it surveys and the game will go to the longest pocket and the loudest voice. That is what we have always said, but we are surprised to find Mr. La Follette in such blushing agreement. Why surely it was Mr. La Follette who asserted that the wicked legislatures could be bought for a price, but that the free and independent people were above the temptations of filthy lucre. How are the mighty fallen!

Mr. Root hits the nail squarely on the head when he says that good government is not so much a matter of the character of the machinery as of the character of the citizen. We can not turn a silly voter into a wise one by altering the mechanisms of the ballot box. To use Mr. Root's own words, "In the long run, to secure good government, we must come down to the faithful performance of their duty by the people at the polls." Nothing can take its place, and no one knows this better than Governor Hughes. Under the circumstances, and with the examples of Oregon, Illinois, and Wisconsin before him, it is quite possible that Governor Hughes will think it well to wait a few years in order that experiences may multiply and New York be saved from the troubles that have befallen other States. And if New York shows so much circumspection, why should not California follow suit?

#### Female Suffrage.

The *Argonaut* is not enthusiastic on the subject of female suffrage. It believes that women will get the vote—and indeed anything else—as soon as they want it and say that they want it, but in the meantime there should really be a limit to the fatuous arguments used by the opponents of the suffrage. According to a report from New York, a certain Mr. Frederick Wood, addressing a public meeting, prophesied disastrous results from a change that would enfranchise fallen women. It would certainly be hard to separate the sheep from the goats and the soiled from the pure, but, in the name of common sense, how about the fallen men? We are not aware that a fallen woman is worse than a fallen man, perhaps she is not even so bad, and we are not yet prepared to exclude from the polls every man who can not prove his right to wear the white flower of a blameless life. Mr. Frederick Wood need give himself no unnecessary concern. The number of fallen women is infinitesimal compared with the number of fallen men, and if a few of the former should eventually find their way to the polls we need not tremble for institutions that have successfully survived the votes of the latter.

It would have been better for Mr. Frederick Wood's cause had his silly speech been stillborn. He lays himself open to the rejoinder that according to a low estimate there are about four thousand men in New York who are living upon the earnings of fallen women. Presumably these four thousand human reptiles, who have fallen infinitely lower than any woman could fall, have votes or might have votes if they wished, but their victims are to be excluded from the polls because they have "fallen" and the whole sex is to be excluded with them for the same reason.

#### Remember the "Maine."

Why should it be "incompatible with the public interests" to raise the wreck of the *Maine* now lying at the bottom of Havana harbor and constituting, in the words of Governor Magoon, "a national reproach and an international scandal"? There is no need to mince words about this matter. The *Maine* has been allowed to lie where she is, and the sixty-three bodies of American seamen with her, because the authorities do not dare to risk a discovery that she was sunk from internal and not from external causes. To raise monuments over those killed in the Spanish war seems to smack of insincerity while these sixty-three dead men are allowed to rot in a foreign harbor without an effort to give them appropriate burial. Their names belong to the records of the war just as truly as those of their comrades who died from bullet or bayonet.

Nine months ago Mr. Sulzer of New York introduced a bill into Congress for an appropriation to raise the *Maine*. The bill was referred to the House Committee on Naval Affairs, where it has remained ever since, just about as effectually submerged as the *Maine* herself, except that the *Maine* has been submerged for



ten years and the bill for only nine months. Mr. Sulzer's resolution asked for "all letters and data as to the cost and legal status under which the Congress may exercise immediate or future action for the removal of the wreck of the United States battleship *Maine*, and provide burial for the dead now lying with the hulk in the harbor of Havana." An amendment was proposed to the effect that the words "if not incompatible with the public interests" be added to the resolution, and this formula has acted so effectually as a warning that nothing has been done, although even an official should have sense enough to know that no possible disclosure could be so damaging as no disclosure at all. Indeed, Governor Magoon points out the already prevailing belief and avowed opinion among the Spanish contingent in Cuba that the raising of the *Maine* "will disclose the fallacy of the popular belief that the *Maine* was destroyed by a torpedo or mine instead of an interior explosion."

So long as we shrink from the facts it is useless to point to the opinions of experts that an "exterior explosion" was the cause of the disaster. Nor is the matter one of mere sentiment, although sentiment is one of the substantial and honorable and indispensable facts of human nature. The wreckage of the ship is a danger to navigation and causes a silting of the harbor. It ought to be removed.

#### Reluctant Venezuela.

When President Castro left his country for his country's good it was assumed that the difficulties between America and Venezuela would vanish in thin air. The wish was father to the thought, for it now seems that an Amurath an Amurath succeeds and that President Gomez is as obdurate about this matter as was the unspeakable Castro.

The cause of the dispute is now familiar enough. Castro revoked certain concessions to American companies on the ground that these companies had contributed to the revolutionary expenses of General Matos. The companies defended themselves by the plea that the payments to Matos were made, so to speak, at the point of the bayonet, and that, like the German conscript, they "volunteered compulsorily." An appeal to the courts availed them nothing, as the courts were under Castro's domination.

President Gomez now takes the same view as his predecessor. He says he can not ignore the courts of his own country, although he is willing to submit the matter to arbitration. He reminds us that the companies accepted the concessions upon the understanding that any future dispute should be settled finally by the Venezuelan courts. It therefore ill becomes them to appeal to the American Department of State the moment they are worsted in the courts by whose decision they agreed to abide.

Now, if it is true that the companies accepted these terms in exchange for their concessions, it does not seem that they have any valid grievance. The courts may have been subservient to Castro, and they probably were, but this only shows the folly of the companies in making so bad a bargain. There is no particular reason why we should bestir ourselves as a nation on behalf of commercial trading companies who went to Venezuela to make all they could out of the country, who willingly or unwillingly mixed in revolutionary politics that did not concern them, who admitted the authority of the Venezuelan courts by appealing to them, and who now refuse to abide by the judgment of those courts.

#### Root and the Refugees.

Mr. Root is to be congratulated for his refusal to allow the extradition of Christian Rudowitz at the demand of the Russian government. Rudowitz is a revolutionist, and as such there is no doubt that he did some of the things charged against him by the Russian police. But he did them as a revolutionist, not from personal motives, and there seems to be no great ethical difference between throwing a bomb, for example, at an individual and firing a bomb from a cannon at a row of individuals calling themselves soldiers. The Russian revolutionists are waging war in the only way open to them. If they could mass their men, drill them, put uniforms on them, and lead them into the field they would do so, but they can not. So they fight in the only way they can, and Mr. Root has done well to overrule the decision of Commissioner Foote in Chicago and so to allow Rudowitz to remain in the sanctuary that he has found. The case may have presented some difficulties to a red-tape officialism that

wished to draw a hard and fast line between revolutionary acts and ordinary crime, but Mr. Root has judged this case upon its obvious merits and he has judged it right. We may as well go out of the freedom business altogether if we are to give heed to every lying affidavit from a Russian policeman.

#### Germany Isolated.

The German emperor has once more laid himself open to a charge of indiscretion, although the utterance upon which this charge is based was of a confidential nature and its publication seems to imply treachery. It is a New Year's custom in Prussia that the generals of the army should dine with their king and should receive such advice and counsel as might seem appropriate. Upon the last occasion the emperor selected as a text for his admonitions an article from the *Deutsche Revue*, written by no less than General von Schleffen, the late chief of the general staff of the German army. The article is pessimistic in tone; it is important from the eminence of its author, while it derives added weight from the endorsement of the emperor.

General von Schleffen's object is to call attention to the isolation of Germany, and it is interesting as an indication of the emperor's fears and policies. This isolation began after the Franco-German war, when the apprehensions of the powers were directed to the evolution of the present weapon, which has now reached the "highest conceivable point of accuracy." France proceeded to protect her frontier by chains of forts from Belgium to Switzerland, and Germany responded by massing artillery of such power that no fort could resist. "Since that time," says the general, "on this side and on that, a long and bitter duel between engineer and artillery expert has been in progress, and it is a duel that is still going on."

As the road into France was thus closed, Germany sought egress through Belgium or through Switzerland, only to find each door slammed in her face. France fortified the passes of the Jura, while Belgium looked after her own integrity by barricades and by making of Antwerp an impregnable stronghold. Holland, fearing German aggression, adopted similar measures, and so the siege of Germany went on. Italy, to the south, kept pace with her neighbors, and so from Zuyder Zee to the Mediterranean there was no outlet except in the face of tremendous fortifications. Fearing that Italy might be persuaded to make common cause with Germany, the government of Switzerland barricaded the country at every point and sowed it with forts from frontier to frontier.

Thus hemmed in upon three sides, Germany naturally turned her thoughts toward the fourth, but only to excite the apprehensions of Russia, who replied in the usual way by a chain of forts. In the meantime Denmark had fortified Copenhagen, while England was ready at any moment to land her forces in Denmark and hurl them into Schleswig. Germany stood alone in a ring of steel with her one ally Austria. There was no way out except through the Balkans, and this has now been closed by recent events in eastern Europe. Germany and Austria are hated by the whole of Europe. In whatever direction they turn they see nothing but sentries and hostile, watchful forts. "It is not impossible," says General von Schleffen, "that these passions and desires may one day be transformed into aggressive action. One thing is clear: that that action will take the form of a united attack towards the centre. At a given moment the doors will be opened, the drawbridges will fall, and armies numbered by the million will pour into Germany over Vosges, Meuse, Niemen, and the Tyrolean Alps, dominating, annihilating. The danger seems appalling."

There is, of course, a reluctance to fire the first shot. There must be some definite and provocative cause, for even nations are not wholly indifferent to the moral responsibility that accompanies the first blow. There is a certain advantage in maintaining a threat, and so far no advantage has been taken of the latest fact of all, that Austria has tied her own hands by stirring up a hornet's nest in the Balkans, so that she has to ask for help rather than to offer it. But a single spark would explode the magazine, and it becomes Germany as a "united nation of brothers" to keep her powder dry, even though her ancient trust in Providence may be a little rusty through lack of use. But then Providence is on the side of the big battalions.

General von Schleffen certainly has a capacity for the direct statement of unpleasant truths. If he were a statesman as well as a soldier, he might have

expressed his regret that Germany should have opened an incurable wound by annexing Alsace and Lorraine and so have laid up for herself a heritage of hate and an unquenchable thirst for vengeance. Had she been magnanimous, had she conciliated France, she could have spared the other nations of Europe so terrible a lesson of what they might expect should they ever allow themselves by weakness or unpreparedness to fall victims to the sword of Germany.

#### Editorial Notes.

District Attorney Jerome of New York doubtless feels that his reputation needs some rehabilitation, and this may explain his agile leap into the arena in the matter of the Panama prosecutions. He volunteers the opinion that Mr. Douglas Robinson has been libeled "assuming, of course, that it is untrue as to the syndicate mentioned therein." Mr. Jerome's assumptions are as spacious as his pretensions, which is saying a good deal, but if Mr. Robinson has been libeled why does he not complain and seek such redress as the law may offer? So far as Mr. Robinson is concerned he seems to be the only citizen of the United States who can call upon the Federal government to defend his reputation; but then, of course, we can not all claim relationship in exalted quarters. But surely Mr. Jerome might recall the graces of his boyhood days and wait until he is spoken to. We understood that the matter was in the hands of M. Bonaparte, and until the great Corsican admits that it is beyond him, surely Mr. Jerome might consider this to be one of the occasions when he should be seen but not heard.

The House of Representatives seems to have got over its brief attack of conscience in the matter of military aeronautics, for it has just voted \$500,000 for airships. Mr. Macon of Georgia opposed the appropriation and incidentally showed his ignorance of history by offering to withdraw his resistance if any one could show him a single instance where a balloon had been of any military value. This gave Representative Capron a chance to cover himself with the glory of erudition by citing the war balloons at Malvern Hill and other places in the Civil War, while Representative Cockran, not to be outdone, quoted the escape of Gambetta from Paris and his subsequent organization of a national defense. Then the House passed the vote, no doubt stunned by this display of historical lore.

A correspondent suggests that a portion of the \$300,000 still remaining in the San Francisco relief fund might be used advantageously for the benefit of the sufferers by the recent flood in the Sacramento Valley. Since both earthquake and fire seem to be outside the scope of this hoard, we may diffidently ask, How about flood? It may be noted, by the way, that there has been some stirring of the dry bones during the last few days. Mr. Phelan is said to have been in conference with a Red Cross representative in Washington. It was decided that none of the fund should be sent to Messina, but that it should be employed in charitable work until exhausted. Admirable Mr. Phelan! What may we not expect when that great and charitable heart begins to throb in earnest for the poor and the disinherited!

Senator Perkins may not have reached the acme of statecraft in his contribution to the Japanese dispute, but that is no reason why he should be bludgeoned by Mr. Roosevelt for utterances that were doubtless well meant and for a policy that was presumably well intentioned. The President says:

I am astounded at Perkins's conduct. He has for the past seven years done whatever he could to hamper us in the upbuilding of the navy and has acted against the real advocates of the navy. Yet now he advises a policy of wanton insult.

The picture is a little overdrawn, to put it mildly. Senator Perkins voted for two warships when Mr. Roosevelt wanted four, but this hardly seems to justify a condemnation so sweeping, or a denunciation so savage.

After having reposed for almost a century in an obscure burial place on the outskirts of Washington, the government shortly will pay tardy recognition to the memory of Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, French engineer and captain and brevet major in the Revolutionary Army, who had an important part under the direction of General George Washington in designing the original plan of the city of Washington. Arrangements are now being made for the removal of L'Enfant's body to Arlington, where a suitable memorial to him will be erected.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

Mr. Root's appearance in the Senate will cause a departure from old established precedent. Hitherto the new senator has been industriously "sat upon"—that is to say, if he shows any inflated tendencies that make the flattening process a necessity. The Senate is willing to see the new member, but not to hear him. He is not supposed to speak unless he is spoken to, and if he should be disposed to bring with him any election afflatus or to regard himself as the possessor of a mission or as a savior of the country, it would be well for him to keep his opinions to himself and to "saw wood" until his industry in homely employment arouses attention and approbation. The Senate does not like a "swelled head."

But an exception will be made in favor of Mr. Root. Important committee nominations will come without the asking. It is an understood thing that he will take Senator Foraker's place on the Committee on Foreign Relations, and it would indeed be a strange incongruity if that committee should exclude him. Moreover, it is said that he will be a member of the Committee on Military Affairs and Judiciary, and this nomination he will owe to his experience at the war office. Mr. Root will go to the Senate as one who has already been tried in the balances.

Mr. Root will have a better reception in the Senate than was given to Mr. Knox, who takes his place as Secretary of State. It is true that Mr. Knox's services were not of so spectacular a nature, but he was none the less an official of proved stability and intelligence. He was Attorney-General in the Roosevelt Cabinet, resigning from that position to take the place of M. S. Quay in the Senate. But Mr. Knox's committee assignments were unimportant for a long time, and it was only slowly that he grew into a wider recognition.

Representative A. P. Gardner is either very sanguine or very ambitious. Perhaps he is both, and indeed it must be so, seeing that he has resolved to amend the rules of the House of Representatives.

Now an amendment of the rules means always one thing just at present. It means a curtailment of the powers of the Speaker, and this is a process to which Mr. Cannon has a deeply rooted objection. There may be a way to reform the rules without Mr. Cannon's consent. There must be a way, and if Mr. Gardner can find it he will deserve the thanks of a grateful nation. He says:

The campaign for a change in the rules is still hampered by the difficulties which beset every campaign of this sort during its infancy. Doubt and difference of opinion as to the true remedies divide the men who profess a desire to wrest arbitrary control of legislation from the Speaker's hands.

Asked by a representative of the *Boston Globe* to explain why the present rules are unsatisfactory, Mr. Gardner replied:

Most highly contentious bills have at present no opportunity whatever for consideration in the House of Representatives, unless the Speaker, together with the two other Republican members of the Committee on Rules feel disposed to let down the bars and afford special facilities.

This view of the situation is denied, as it is held that a majority can always vote down the consideration of all intervening bills until the desired measure is reached. True enough, but that method of procedure is adaptable only for heaven or some other place where eternity, instead of two years, measures the life of a Congress.

Some way must be found by which a majority of the House can override the opposition of the Speaker, and inasmuch as the Speaker appoints the members of all standing committees, and especially the small but all-powerful Committee on Rules, it will be seen that he is clothed not only with judicial control, but with legislative control as well:

Many people think that the time has come to follow the example of all European countries by separating the judicial from the legislative power of the Speaker. In other words, it is proposed to take from him the exclusive selection of committees. Perhaps a beginning may be made by requiring that the Committee on Rules shall be chosen by the House.

The imperfections of the rules are legion; but in a short interview I can not specify their intricacies. The net result is the autocratic power of the Speaker.

A last despairing effort is to be made to settle the Brownsville affair. A bill has been introduced into the Senate with the approval of the Republican majority providing for a court of inquiry as to the qualifications of the discharged men for reenlistment. This court is to be under the authority of the Secretary of War, so that it is likely to be something of a one-man affair after all. The country long ago ceased to care very much whether Brownsville was fired upon by the negro soldiers, whether it fired upon itself, or whether the rifles were discharged by simultaneous accident. But it does want to get the affair out of sight forever and to forget about it, and if these men can be reenlisted or disposed of in some other way that shall be final and permanent, the country will heave a sigh of relief. There will, of course, be a flood of oratory from the South, where the theory that a negro has any rights will be resented with the usual fervor. But we can endure the oratory if it only mark the conclusion of an ugly piece of business.

The prosecution of the New York *World* for its alleged libel upon the nation, or Mr. Cromwell, or Mr. Robinson, is still the topic of the day throughout the East. Both these gentlemen probably wonder at the demand for discrimination between themselves and the United States of America, for are they not themselves the United States? "L'Etat, c'est moi."

Mr. Walter Wellman is among the latest to join the fray. Writing at some length to the *Chicago Record-Herald*, Mr. Wellman asks if President Roosevelt is not about to make the greatest mistake of his public career. That is a difficult question to answer. The mind naturally dwells upon the long vista of mistakes that the last few years have witnessed, while it attempts to assign a priority of size fails dismally. Mr. Wellman must ask another.

Mr. Wellman asks another question. He says "is he in danger of being forced to retire to private life amid a storm of censure, sweeping from one end of the country to the other,

caused by efforts of his to override the rights of private citizens?"

Some of Mr. Roosevelt's best friends believe this danger exists, and they have not hesitated to tell him so. It is in his efforts to prosecute Editor Joseph Pulitzer of the New York *World* and Editor Delavan Smith of the Indianapolis *News* for libel in publication of certain tales about the Panama Canal purchase that the menace lies.

This somewhat extraordinary proceeding is as yet more or less involved in mystery. Grand juries have been sitting in New York and Washington, but no indictments so far as is known, have been returned. The plans of the government are in doubt. There are rumors that the prosecution may be dropped entirely, at the order of President Roosevelt. There are also rumors that the accused are to be indicted and be brought from their places of residence to Washington for trial in the Federal courts.

Mr. Wellman predicts catastrophe and failure, and indeed we have yet to hear of any other opinion except that of Mr. Jerome, who would dearly like to have another *cause celebre* upon his hands and so earn "the gratitude of the President."

And now comes a voice from Mexico to warn us that evil communications corrupt good manners and to beg us to remember the force of example upon Latin-American countries where the freedom of the press is already but little more than a pleasing theory. The *Mexican Herald* writes as follows:

One great harm that may be done by the prosecutions against the press in the United States in the Panama Canal affair is the bad example that they set to some of the Latin-American countries in which the freedom of the press is precarious.

It was remarked very truly by Burke that as a free press—free for the discussion of public affairs—is the great bulwark of popular rights, it is ever the first object of tyrants to destroy it.

It would be a sad day for the United States, though of course such an event is out of the question, if the amplest freedom in canvassing public questions in the columns of the press were ever restricted. It is far better that the legitimate bounds of such discussion should be at times overstepped than that the expression of opinion on matters of general interest to the community should be curtailed.

It may be argued that in the articles of the New York *World* and the Indianapolis *News* on the Panama Canal purchase the reputations of individuals, some of them in private life, were besmirched. But this is a case in which the interest of a topic as a public question overshadows its personal aspects, and, therefore, entitles it as a whole to be considered preponderantly as a public question. The fact of individual reputations being involved is a mere incident, regrettable, but not to be set against the import of the question as one in which the nation as such is interested.

But even if the printing of the rumors in question be considered a case in which the legitimate boundaries of public discussion have been exceeded, the principle still holds good that it is better to tolerate a lesser evil than to permit a greater.

The spectacle of the United States government instigating prosecutions against the press for the discussion of public questions is one calculated to rejoice petty-minded tyrants everywhere.

A telegram to the New York *Sun* from Panama says that the engineers selected to examine the work on the Panama Canal went over the Gatun dam and approved the present plans of construction. No official statement has been made to this effect, but it can be said that they will not only approve the Gatun dam plans, but the entire present scheme for a lock canal.

The decision of the engineers means that Colonel Goethals and the present administration of the canal are thoroughly sustained. The engineers will make no official statement until they report to President Roosevelt.

Eastern comment upon the Japanese situation still continues, but its tone is more moderate. The New Orleans *Daily Picayune* discusses the whole question and sums it up as follows:

Fortunately for the peace of both this country and Japan, there exists an understanding between the two countries whereby laborers are practically prevented from coming into this country. It is expedient that nothing should happen to disturb this understanding, as, once broken, it would be difficult to exclude the Japanese without causing serious resentment. This country has the right to exclude all foreigners should it so desire, but it is not practicable to exclude any particular nationality of foreigners without violating treaty rights. Should natives of the British Indian Empire elect to emigrate to our shores, they would prove undoubtedly undesirable immigrants, but they could not legally be excluded.

This racial hatred and antipathy, while regretted, is easily understood. Japanese come to this country ostensibly as students, but they soon blossom forth as full-fledged laborers, small mechanics and shopkeepers, competing actively with Americans in a way that precludes successful competition. As a result, there arises race prejudice, which, economical in its origin, rapidly becomes as certainly racial. It is a difficulty that is not easily coped with, hence it is wise to avoid the issue as long as possible, in the hope that it will cure itself by the shutting off of immigration.

The New York *Sun* is somewhat more severe. It draws attention to the recrudescence of the trouble after every one had supposed it to be laid away in lavender, and then continues:

What is the explanation of this sinister attitude? The explanation is very simple. When Mr. Roosevelt, after threatening California in a presidential message with the army and navy for violating treaty rights (in respect to shutting the school doors in the face of Japanese children), undertook to straighten the tangle in San Francisco and placate Japan, he committed the further blunder of trucking to the Sand Lot element. He went so far as to promise Mayor Schmitz, then under indictment and since convicted of taking bribes, that Japanese laborers should be excluded from the United States in consideration of the settlement of the school question to the satisfaction of Japan. Mr. Roosevelt could not promise an exclusion treaty, but he would find a way to stop the influx of Japanese. The way was found, such as it was, and on its face it afforded a remedy.

The Sand Lots, however, notwithstanding the immeasurable abasement of the chief magistrate of the United States for their conciliation, are not satisfied with the working of the presidential order. While the government declares, and offers statistics in proof, that the Japanese invasion has stopped, the Sand Lots cry out that Japanese laborers are still flocking to California in great numbers. Mr. Roosevelt's makeshift is condemned as a failure and the Sand Lots proclaim that he has not kept faith with the Asiatic Exclusion League and organized labor.

Mr. Roosevelt now calls upon the press of the country to prevent the passage of the anti-Japanese bills by the Cali-

fornia legislature. If he had refused firmly to compromise with Mayor Schmitz and those he represented, and had dealt with the emergency in a broad and tolerant spirit; if he had been able to say no to the Sand Lots, and had not in one breath proposed naturalization and in another exclusion, he would not have to call upon the press of the country now to allay the suspicions of Japan that it is a victim of executive double dealing.

The Cabinet prophets are as busy as ever, and they all have exclusive information. A Washington dispatch to the New York *World* says that when President-elect Taft sailed out of Charleston harbor he had nearly, if not quite, finished his first job of Cabinet-making.

The probable make-up of the Cabinet is as follows:  
Secretary of State—Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania.  
Secretary of Navy—George Von L. Meyer, of Massachusetts.

Postmaster-General—Frank H. Hitchcock, of Massachusetts.  
Secretary of Treasury—Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio.  
Secretary of Interior—Richard A. Ballinger, of Washington.  
Attorney-General—George W. Wickersham, of New York.  
Secretary of Commerce and Labor—Charles P. Nagel, of Missouri.

Secretary of Agriculture—Frank A. Lowden, of Illinois.  
Secretary of War—John J. McCook, of New York.

This, says the *World*, gives to New York what Mr. Taft intended the Empire State should have from the beginning of his consideration of his Cabinet—two portfolios.

## POLITICO-PERSONAL.

President-elect Taft is strongly desirous that the bill for statehood of New Mexico and Arizona pass this session. Senator Beveridge of the Territories Committee is opposed to admission.

James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, will not be a member of the Cabinet of the next administration. Neither will he be an ambassador to a foreign country. He will return to his home in Ohio, and take up the practice of law.

President Obaldia of Panama entertained President-elect Taft handsomely during the recent visit to the Isthmus, and at a luncheon toasted Mr. Taft as the long-time friend of the republic. An official ball later was one of the features of Panama hospitality.

Dean Liberty Hyde Bailey has announced that he was not a candidate and would not accept the position of Secretary of Agriculture in the Cabinet of President-elect Taft. Mr. Bailey stated that the use of his name was unauthorized. He wishes to be relieved from all public duties and to resume his scientific study in agriculture at Cornell.

Colonel Elijah W. Halford, who was private secretary to President Harrison and later paymaster in the Department of the Philippines, has been elected corresponding secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, a new department in the Methodist Episcopal Church established by the last general conference of that denomination.

Representative Edgar D. Crumpacker of Indiana was the only one of the nine Republican congressmen of his State reelected last November. Vice-President Fairbanks gave a "dead duck" dinner the other day to his friends who, like himself, are about to retire from public life, and chose Judge Crumpacker to act as toastmaster on that occasion.

Congressman Willett of New York achieved notoriety two weeks ago by attacking President Roosevelt in a speech in the House of Representatives, but his remarks were not well received. A resolution was passed declaring his language improper and ordering that his speech be stricken from the permanent record. But one of his epithets is likely to be remembered. He called Mr. Roosevelt "a gargoye."

Mr. Taft will take up his residence at the White House on Wednesday, March 3. He and Mrs. Taft will be guests of President and Mrs. Roosevelt for the last twenty-four hours of the present administration. President Roosevelt, according to report, does not intend returning to the White House at all after the inaugural ceremonies, but will go at once to Oyster Bay, where he will pass the weeks between March 4 and the undecided date of sailing for Africa.

Mr. Haldane, the British Secretary of War, in a speech delivered a few days ago at Halifax, on the occasion of a presentation of prizes to a local military organization, dwelt on the difficulties of securing a reduction of armaments, and the expenses which the failure of the movement imposed on nations not military in temperament. He said that the state of mind of the British public, which had no desire to go to war with anybody and only asked to be left at peace, was the impelling motive for the project now under way in Great Britain for coördinating all the auxiliary forces and for the advance towards universal military training.

United States Senator-elect Elihu Root thanked the New York legislature for the great opportunity to represent in the Senate of the United States the State of his birth and of his life. "I shall do my best," said Mr. Root, "to justify your selection, with not too much confidence in the result, because I do not think as a rule lawyers who have been many years at the bar, and whose habits have become fixed, ordinarily make very good legislators when they are not caught young, and I have a rather uncomfortable sense that it will be quite impossible for me to live up to the many kindly and delightful things that have been said about me by my friends in the State of New York during the past few months."



## MARY GARDEN AS SALOME.

A Sensational Drama Draws the Most Brilliant Audience Ever Seen at the Manhattan Opera House.

A few days after the production in Germany of Richard Strauss's new opera "Elektra" comes the revival of his "Salomé" in New York. This one-act music drama was produced for the first time in the original French of Oscar Wilde's version at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. The only other production ever given in this country was at the Metropolitan Opera House two years ago, and then it was sung in German. Fremstad introduced Paris to "Salomé" in a German translation. An English version has been acted without the music, as was done two years ago at the Colonial Theatre in San Francisco, with Izzetta Jewell in the title rôle.

The introduction of the French original was not due to a necessity for an eighth veil in the language that seems better adapted than any other for providing vice with its dress suit and white linen. It was simply a matter of convenience. Fremstad, who sang the Salomé of two years ago, does not sing French. Mary Garden, who was the Salomé of last evening, does not sing German.

Conried had hoped to add greatly to his fame as an impresario by the production of "Salomé." The house was sold out in advance. The audience came, breathless, hushed, expectant. Fremstad lent her magnificent voice and great dramatic power to the rôle and a professional dancer executed the dance of the seven veils. People went away shocked, horrified, but still thrilled. They told their friends. The critics said all the mean things known to critics, but they said them in several columns of matter. Conried hoped for a great season, but the Metropolitan Opera House is at the mercy of its stockholders, and some of them had prejudices. The second performance was already announced when it was called off after the production had cost at least a hundred thousand dollars.

It was suggested that Hammerstein, who is his own board of directors, might buy the American rights for the Manhattan Opera House, but he said astutely that he did not think curiosity was a strong enough influence to make a successful season of a drama that was in its essence disgusting.

Now, after an endless number of Salomés have dragged the dance of the seven veils through back alleys and bar-rooms, dodging the policeman's thick stick all the time, Oscar Hammerstein decides that the time is ripe for a serious production. It is more than whispered that he does so at the instigation of Mary Garden, who thought that the part of Salomé would give free play to her powers as an actress and her charms as a dancer. The novelty of a prima donna of established reputation and also of wonderful beauty appearing in the dance added to the drawing power of the music drama.

It was the dance that was the main feature of the performance and will continue to draw crowds when curiosity has sated itself, if the crowds are drawn at all. That, at least, is what the prophets say. It was a series of poses executed with a sinuous, languorous grace, seductive in every motion. As she danced, Miss Garden dropped one veil after another until every line of her beautiful body was visible through her diaphanous draperies. The dance was thrilling from the sheer sensuous beauty of line and movement.

Young girls said it was "lovely." Some of the men said it was "rather tame." Middle-aged matrons brought their families and were humorous about the attitude of their husbands. The audience came to be shocked, and was disappointed because it was not shocked enough.

It would be difficult, perhaps, to provide a sensation-hungry public with a scene more gruesome than that where the daughter of Herodias kisses the severed head of the Baptist, but the theatrical diet of New York, beginning with "The Devil" and ending with "The Easiest Way," has been highly seasoned this winter. It may be, too, that the average opera-goer does not grasp the full horror of the scene with the head on a charger. Mary Garden does not "feature" it in the way that Fremstad is said to have done. She has a deeper platter, and the features of the prophet are not seen by the audience. Still it is gruesome enough in its bare idea. The union of sexual desire with death is as revolting as anything ever conceived by a diseased imagination. It is a sin against nature and far more disgusting than any natural passion, however violent or misplaced, could ever be. Even the degenerate Herod is roused to such horror that he commands the woman to be put to death as something that ought not to breathe the common air.

The Salomé of Oscar Wilde is not a warm, natural woman. In the scene where she woos the cold prophet she is not like one of Shakespeare's or George Meredith's women, splendid and unashamed of love. When she kisses the head of the dead man she is not moved by the spiritual love that is stronger than death. She is simply a pale, clammy creature moved by an overpowering morbid desire which, when repulsed, turns into an equally morbid lust of vengeance. "A beautiful snake" was the comment most frequently heard. It is a creation that calls for the subtlest art of the actress, and Mary Garden was equal to the test. Whether it was worth while is another question.

Miss Garden's genius as an actress and her great personal grace and beauty covered up the defects of her voice in so far as they were not already covered

up by the orgy of sound from the orchestra. Strauss in his personal direction to the orchestra fiercely commanded the players not to mind the singers. Campanini, the director of the Manhattan Opera House, may be more considerate, but there is still an overwhelming rush of sound. Miss Garden frequently intoned her lines instead of singing them.

It was society night at the Manhattan. The carriages and automobiles extended up Eighth Avenue from Thirty-Fourth to Thirty-Eighth Street, and the unloading took such a long time that the curtain did not rise before 9:30, a half hour later than schedule time. In the meanwhile the "standing-room" people that filled the floor space waited with such patience as is compatible with tired feet. All seats were sold at double the usual rates. The audience is said to have been, if not the largest, certainly the most brilliant that ever assembled in the Manhattan Opera House.

HANNA A. LARSEN.

NEW YORK, January 29, 1909.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Adelaida.

In gardens where the languid roses keep  
Perpetual sweetness for the hearts that smile,  
Perpetual sadness for the hearts that weep,  
Lonely, unseen, I wander, to beguile  
The day that only shines to show thee bright,  
The night whose stars burn down beside thy light,  
Adelaida!

Adelaida! all the birds are singing  
Low, as thou passest, where in leaves they lie;  
With timid chirp, unto their soft mates clinging,  
They greet that presence without which they die,—  
Die, even with Nature's universal heart,  
When thou, her queen, dost in thy pride depart,—  
Adelaida!

Depart and dim her beauty evermore,—  
Go from the shimmering leaves and lily flowers,  
That, white as saints on the eternal shore,  
Stand wavering, beckoning, in the mossy bowers;  
Beckon me on where their moist feet are laid,  
In the dark mold, fast by the alder shade,—  
Adelaida!

Adelaida! 'tis the Grave or Love  
Must fight for this great first, last mastery.  
I feed in faith on spicy gales above.  
Where all along that blue, unchanging sky  
Thy name is traced; its sweetness never fails  
To sound in streams of peace, in spicy gales,—  
Adelaida!

Adelaida! Woe is me, woe, woe!  
Not only in the sky, in starry gold,  
I see thy name,—where peaceful rivers flow  
Not only hear its sweetness manifold;  
On every white and purple flower 'tis written,  
Its echo every aspen-quake hath smitten!  
Adelaida!

Go farther! let me leave thee! I depart!  
Who whispered I would linger by thy side?  
Who said it beat so warm, my feeble heart?  
Who told, I dared to claim thee for my bride?  
Who cried, I roamed without thee all the day  
And clasped thee in my dreams? Away,—away!  
Adelaida!

I die; but thou shalt live; in the loud noon  
Thy feet shall crush the long grass o'er my head,  
Not rudely, rudely—gently, gently, soon  
Shall tread me heavier down in that dark bed;  
And thou shalt know not on whose head they pass,  
Whose silent hands, whose frozen heart!—Alas!  
Adelaida!

—Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, after Beethoven.

An article describing the manufacture of moving pictures, published in *Leslie's Weekly*, shows among its illustrations a view of the model made to represent San Francisco, with which, by means of smoke effects, realistic scenes purporting to show the destruction of the city by the great fire of 1906 are produced. Notwithstanding this expensive care, the model has almost no resemblance to San Francisco, which is odd, when it is known that authentic photographs of the conflagration in its various stages and from many points of view are common. A full-page insurance advertisement in an Eastern paper recently was illustrated with a view of this ridiculous model in flames.

St. Petersburg papers, following the recent retirement of thirteen Russian admirals, express the hope that this will be only the beginning of a clean sweep of all those naval officials who, more than General Kuropatkin and the army officers, are regarded as responsible for the terrible defeats in the Japanese War. The *Novoe Vremya* hears that, in addition to the thirteen admirals already cashiered from the Russian navy, eight more will shortly be dismissed from the service. In all, says that paper, 117 higher officers in the naval service will be dismissed.

By a new treaty, on behalf of the United States with the representatives of Colombia and Panama, Colombia recognizes the independence of Panama, which agrees to pay to Colombia its proportionate share of the national debt, the money to be furnished by the United States. The treaty also defines the boundary line and provides for the establishment of commercial and diplomatic relations between Colombia and Panama.

The largest electric power station in the world will shortly be erected within fourteen miles of Johannesburg under the terms of a contract officially announced, by which the Victoria Falls Power Company will supply electric power to practically all the mines in the great group.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Hart Lyman, editor of the New York *Tribune*, will be the Isaac H. Bromley lecturer at Yale this year and deliver two addresses on newspaper-making.

José Miguel Gomez, President of Cuba, was a captain of Cuban revolutionists forty years ago and established a reputation for bravery and persistent energy as a youth.

The Crown Prince of Siam has written a book of travels which has been published in his native language. A copy of the work has been received by the library of Harvard University.

King Leopold is said to be preparing to give his private picture galleries to the state museum at Brussels, which would be applauded but for the belief that his act is merely to deprive his daughters of an heirloom.

Orville and Wilbur Wright are to be voted gold medals by Congress in recognition and appreciation of their services in the advancement of aerial navigation and for their ability, courage, and success in navigating the air.

Helen Keller, the famous blind, deaf, and dumb scholar, is annoyed by a flood of visitors at her Rhode Island home and has decided to move to a small farm near Brunswick, Maine, where she hopes to be able to devote more time to following her chosen work.

Daniel Hudson Burnham, the architect, well known for his success as director of works at the Chicago World's Fair, and for the notable buildings he has designed in Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia, and other cities, is among the earliest named in the national Council of Fine Arts created by President Roosevelt.

Emperor William of Germany celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his birth on January 27. All the crowned heads of the German States, excepting the aged Luitpold, Regent of Bavaria, went to Berlin to present their congratulations. The city was decorated with flags and banners, and illuminated on a grand scale.

Dr. John B. Deaver of Philadelphia will be tendered a dinner next Monday evening, at which there will be present some one hundred and sixty men who have been his patients, all of them having been operated on for appendicitis by him. Dr. Deaver has removed more vermiform appendixes than any other surgeon, having a record of 450 in one year. For some time he has been surgeon-in-chief of the German Hospital.

Mene Wallace, the Eskimo boy brought to the United States twelve years ago by Commander Perry from the far north of Greenland, has entered the preparatory class of Manhattan College. His ambition is to return to his native land and help his people, and to that end he will take up a course of studies along practical rather than academic lines. He is aiming at the degree of civil engineer. Mene Wallace is the first Eskimo to enter a college in any country. He has already studied in public schools, where he made rapid advancement.

Miss Constance Smedley was the founder of the Lyceum Club for women, opened in 1904. Its building is one of the finest club houses in London, and was previously occupied by the Imperial Service and Piccadilly Clubs. Since the inauguration Miss Smedley had acted as honorary secretary, and her resignation from that position on her recent marriage is a great loss to the club. All her time was devoted to its interest, and its progress has been so rapid that the membership now numbers 3000. Through her endeavors the Paris and Berlin branches of the club are well established.

John R. Binns, the wireless telegraph operator on the outgoing steamer *Republic*, which was sunk by a collision at sea near Nantucket Island on January 23, is most prominent among the heroic men whose efforts saved all on board the vessel. Immediately after the westbound steamer *Florida* had struck and crushed the side of the *Republic*, Binns began sending wireless messages for aid, and they were heard and answered promptly. The engines and dynamos were stilled by the accident, but the power in the accumulators was sufficient to make his signals recognizable seventy miles away. Binns stayed at his post fifty hours and was among the last to leave the sinking steamer.

John La Farge, the artist, noted for his mural paintings, figuratively set off a bomb in the midst of painters, sculptors, architects, and others at a dinner of the Architectural League of New York, held in the American Fine Arts Building. Mr. La Farge had just received a medal of honor from the Architectural League. The league's president, C. Grant La Farge, son of John La Farge, had handed his father, on behalf of the league, the medal for the best mural paintings which have come to the attention of the league in five years. Mr. La Farge took the certificate accompanying the medal of honor, and said: "This recognition from the architects comes very late in life. Perhaps I have only three or four years more left to me in which to live and work. A friend once came to me and told me I would never get a dollar's worth of work from a great firm of architects in this city. That firm for twenty-two years never gave me any work. I don't know why. Perhaps there was a business reason. But I could not see a reason why they should try to prevent a man from earning a living, especially in the name of art."



## THE MISSION MERCEDES.

By Amos George.

It was a silent and serious company that filed along the old Indian trail up the cañon to the summit of the Coast Range. The nine Mexican soldiers said very little, the two Indian guides said less, and Padre Lucius said nothing at all, for he was busy with his thoughts. Seven months had he served his order at the Mission San Juan, and now he traveled eastward with these two neophytes to find a tribe of people living among the blue mountains across the great valley. At the highest point on the pass the soldiers were turned back, having gone as far from home as a Mexican soldier cared to go, and the two Indian guides and the priest went their way into the wilderness.

As Padre Lucius looked out from that mountain top he saw a dim line of timber in the midst of a vast desert and a faint outline of blue in the horizon, and Benito said that these were the river and the mountains. And with the intrepid Spanish courage of the old days, Padre Lucius hastened down the steep trail and out into the ocean of sand.

The next three weeks brought need of such courage as even a valiant explorer may carry with him. There were days without water and nights without slumber and times of watching and danger, and they found few traces of human life till they followed for days the ascending stream of the river and by the bank of one of its tributaries entered the foothills of the Sierras. And here they found a new and unknown country. By the banks of the Rio Mercedes lived a people rude and simple, but kindly at heart, and with signs and food they welcomed their strange guests.

Padre Lucius bade Benito and Sanchez turn out their starved and footsore ponies and look for food, while he hung his handbell to a tree and sang a mass of thanksgiving. He then rose to the occasion and proclaimed these scant clad Indians subjects of Spain and children of the Mission Mercedes, all of which was viewed in wonder by the hundred souls that had gathered, unable to understand a word of what was said. But they brought food of fish and grain and birds, and they sat by the fire of Padre Lucius and his two neophytes and the heart of the good priest was filled with thanksgiving, as by faith he saw them toiling to increase the property of his mission.

The next day they explored a little up the river and they found small fields of wheat and barley and rocks hollowed into mortars for grinding the grain, and there were twenty wickiups by the river. There were fish-traps in the stream and some rude tools of iron, and in a little green meadow apart they found a house better than the others with flowering plants blooming before the door.

While the travelers stared in surprise there came to the door a young woman, who gave one look at them and fled to the corn field beyond. But if she were startled, so were the strangers, for the instant had shown them a creature fair beyond her kind, and when she bounded away it was with a health and vigor that were new to these worn pilgrims.

Soon she returned with a man whose hair was gray and whose features were European, and he forthwith hailed the strangers in good Spanish. "Como esta Vd, amigos?" he saluted, and in five minutes the company was seated on the bench before the door, while Don Pasqual feasted his eyes and his ears. Little did he tell, but many were his questions of the world so far away. Many years had he lived here with Hermosa, his daughter, who had kept the house very well since her mother died. He had acted as chief of the natives and he adjudged their affairs and he was content, and more than that he never said of himself. But as he talked with Padre Lucius, there came to his eyes the hungry look of those who wander exiles on the earth.

If Señor Don Pasqual had whereon to feast his eyes, Padre Lucius had also somewhat for consideration, for Señorita Hermosa was of different sort from any womankind he had yet seen. In her veins the Castilian and the Indian had fused with a resulting witchery of eye and a grace of form and motion all her own. All that freedom and the open air could do had been done for her and much that artificial restraints too often do had been left undone, and it was little wonder that when Don Pasqual looked at her his grizzled smile was good to see. For her he lived and toiled and sent his men once a year down the river to trade the season's skins and gold for powder and cloth and tools. But he never himself went on these expeditions.

Thrown thus together, the compact between these two widely different men was soon sealed. Padre Lucius took up his abode in a little cabin near Don Pasqual's, and Benito and Sanchez lived near by. And while Don Pasqual took little active part in the work of Padre Lucius, it was he who commanded the men to build the chapel and plant the fields for the padre. The Indian Abanzo had learned enough of Spanish from Don Pasqual to serve the padre as interpreter, and the good work went on apace. The early mass was regularly said, and within two months the record of baptisms was opened, and the first name was that of Señorita Hermosa Pasqual.

This was not strange, for Hermosa hung on the words of the padre from the first. Reverently she asked her simple questions and earnestly she learned the catechism and accepted the teachings of the holy church, and it was with a thrill of secret joy that the priest administered the sacred rite to this splendid girl of nature. Soon there were other names, and

Padre Lucius began to dream of a great cathedral of stone by the Rio Mercedes, and wide fields of rich crops tilled by the industrious Indians.

A month after the arrival, Sanchez deserted and was never again seen. Benito applied himself with equal diligence to the service of the padre and the smiles of Señorita Hermosa, when he could get them. Often he hung about the place, and always there came to his eyes the hungry look of a man who has not tasted food for days, but Hermosa heeded him no more than a dozen other young men who would have traded their best ponies for her hand.

It was Padre Lucius who first noticed this conduct, and he scowled a black frown to himself, and then he crossed himself and said, "What is it to me? She is above him as the mountains above the plain." As for Don Pasqual, he forbade his daughter to stand in the door when the men went by and he told them all to leave the girl alone, and then he straightway forgot it, for he was but a fond father with blind eyes to see what was growing in his garden.

Padre Lucius saw it all though, and he felt some things that he did not see. Why it was that he must continually be turning his gaze away from the face of Hermosa, he knew not, but he prayed a few extra Ave Marias and dismissed the matter, which would have been well but for the awkward circumstance that it always came back again a little more insistent than before.

One evening as the sun was setting the padre met her mounted on her nervous little white pony, whose disposition was no more angelic than that of other Indian mustangs. There had been a fierce struggle for mastery and the girl had won. The pony stood with four feet apart, but his hangdog head told of his defeat at the hands of his mistress, and all the glory of conquest was in the figure upon his back. With hair in the wind and the crimson of the sun upon her face, never had he seen so splendid a picture of maidenhood, and his heart came into his throat while he turned to the sunset to hide his confusion. No wild pony ever fought more desperately than the heart that had been bound by these iron bands, ecclesiastical and legal.

If self-inflicted penance might wall up an untamed heart or bury one that had come to life at the wrong time, there had soon been an end of it, and on the fourth day he said that the victory was complete, which shows all that some people know about the matter.

After the barley planting Benito had little to do, and he tarried much about Don Pasqual's. One day Hermosa came to the padre for advice. It was an old tale, but it was new to her; Benito had broken his silence and told Hermosa that unless she might find in her heart some little place for him he should cast himself headlong into the Rio Mercedes and perish in the waters. Surely it were too bad for him to die thus miserably, but what should she do? She could not remember her mother, and her father had forbidden her to speak to him about such things, and to whom should she come but the padre? There was old Pepita, but she was already in her dotage. And Benito had told her this on yesterday while her father was away.

"My daughter," said Padre Lucius, "I have seen something of the ways of women, for I had three sisters, and I see that you do not love Benito or you would never come to me with this question. Your heart is yet free or you would know whom you do love. There should be some one worthy of your fair face and good name."

"Must I always dwell alone because there are none of my father's people here? Can I never love any one now?"

"Has your heart never been stirred with a secret longing that was both joy and pain? Have you never felt like—"

"Yes, Padre Lucius, when you sing the mass I can feel desires that I can not utter; it must be that the Virgin is near me then or I should not feel so."

But Padre Lucius's mind was in a whirl and his heart in a tumult, and slumber came to his eyes that night only after many Ave Marias and Paternosters. "What device of Satan to tempt me is this?" he groaned.

Three days later Benito came with evil in his face and demanded why the padre had spoken against him to Señorita Hermosa.

"Nay, my son," remonstrated the padre, "I spoke no evil against you. The fair Hermosa is not for you, and what business have you to come here and question my word. Away with you!"

"Am I horse or dog that you should 'away with me'?" snarled Benito. "Always have I obeyed you, but I too am a man, if not a Spaniard, and my people owned all this land till your people took it away from us. Shall I not have the señorita if I wish? The sun is like the shining of her eye, the moon on the river is like the waves of her hair, and the birds of the chapparral sing as does she in the morning, and all these things say that she is mine. Shall I be turned away by you?"

"Child of wrath, where are your senses? Know you not that I may leave you in torment? Are you not without mercy but for my office? Repent your evil words and do penance for your sin."

"Never," screamed Benito. "Never again do you see my face and soon you will see no more the face of Hermosa," and with a bound he was away.

If Padre Lucius were troubled in mind before, he was now near distraction. What the threat might mean he could only surmise, but he went to warn Don Pasqual of his daughter's peril. But old Pepita said that the don was away over the hills till the morrow and

that Hermosa was down at the wickiup of Pebino, whose child was ill. More than this she knew nothing.

When the shadows grew long the padre became restless and walked him down the trail toward Pebino's. As he neared the great boulder by the river he heard voices, and as he waited the words of Benito rose in anger: "Were it not for this loco padre, you would be mine. I am no fool; it is because he loves you himself that he will not consent for you to be mine."

"Not so," answered the gentler voice of Hermosa. "Not so, and should I try a thousand years I could not love you. You must not—"

"Nay, you shall do as I say," continued Benito in a voice of passion. "I am not to be set aside this way. I will show you that I am the stronger—you shall be mine."

There came a scream from Hermosa, and the next instant Padre Lucius was upon the Indian, struggling for vantage of hold. The padre was the heavier man, but the native was the quicker, and while Hermosa crossed herself and wept and prayed, the battle waged with quick-drawn breath.

"Oh, Padre Lucius, don't let him kill you," implored Hermosa, and while her tone of anxiety sent comfort to the heart of the Spaniard, it burned fury unspeakable into the blood of the savage. Down on the ground they went together in grapple for life. Quicker came the breaths and shorter the struggles as both men became exhausted, and yet neither had the mastery, so evenly were they matched.

"Oh, Padre Lucius, what shall I do if you fail," wailed Hermosa, and with that taunt in his ears, Benito with one supreme effort broke from the grasp of the priest and with all his remaining might hurled him back head first upon the rock at his feet. The padre's eyes closed with a flutter and his grip relaxed, while Benito shook himself free and looked an instant at the still figure beneath him. "Muerto oura," he panted, and turned to face the girl, but she had fled, and when he reached the house it was deserted.

It was early dawn when Padre Lucius opened his eyes and saw the face of Hermosa bending over him. Had it been the blessed Maria herself, the vision could not have been more heavenly to the prostrate priest, and bruised and sore he made his way to his house. At noon Don Pasqual returned.

"I have been a fool and blind," he said, "to leave this fair daughter here alone, yet how may I live without her. What shall I do? Benito has fled, but others will come, and the good padre has well nigh lost his life in her defense."

When they talked it over later his mind was made up. Hermosa must go to the mission and stay among people who had been taught how women should live. "You and I shall accompany her as far as the Coast mountains and then I will return. I shall be lonely, but she must not suffer for my sin."

Ten days later they set out on the long journey. Padre Lucius took with him the list of converts and the plans of his cathedral that he hoped to build by the Rio Mercedes.

What happened next no man knoweth. Late in the fall an Indian came to the mission with a letter containing the plans of the church and the list of baptisms, and when questioned, said that they had been given to him by two men and a woman by the Rio San Joaquin. There was also a brief note asking that masses be said for the repose of the soul of Padre Lucius.

Did some evil befall them by the way? Did Benito follow them and wreak his vengeance in dead of night? Or did the man of flesh and blood overcome the man of robe and crucifix and Padre Lucius himself forsake his holy office to wed the fair Hermosa? God forbid. Should any reader be able to throw light on this question, it will be thankfully received by those who are interested in the first and last attempt to save the Indians by the Rio Mercedes.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1909.

Dean Ramsay could not countenance profanity, but he managed to tell some good stories of a weakness which afflicted many in his time:

A late Duke of Athol had invited a well-known character, a writer of Perth, to come up and meet him at Dunkeld for the transaction of some business. The duke mentioned the day and hour when he should receive the man of law, who accordingly came punctually at the appointed time and place. But the duke had forgotten the appointment and had gone to the hill, from which he could not return for some hours. A Highlander present described the Perth writer's indignation and his mode of showing it by a most elaborate course of swearing. "But whom did he swear at?" was the inquiry made of the narrator, who replied: "Oh, he didna swear at any thing particular, but juist stude in ta middle of ta road and swoor at large." I have from a friend also an anecdote which shows how entirely at one period the practice of swearing had become familiar even to female ears when mixed up with the intercourse of social life. A sister had been speaking of her brother as much addicted to this habit—"Oor John sweers awfu", and we try to correct him; but," she added in a candid and apologetic tone, "na doubt it is a great set aff to conversation."

Messina furnished early in the nineteenth century a new word for the German language. It was from there that oranges were first shipped to Germany, and the fruit was known for a long time after its advent as "Apfel aus Messina"—apple from Messina. After many years "Apfel aus Messina" degenerated into "Apfel Messina," and finally it became "Apfelsine," the name by which oranges are still known among German-speaking people.



## LIFE IN A FRENCH CHATEAU.

An American Woman Relates Some of Her Experiences as the Wife of a Statesman and Diplomat.

No one is better qualified than Mme. Waddington to write, for Americans, a description of chateau life in France. She is herself an American, and the wife of a French diplomat and statesman, while her residence in England and in Italy give her an unrivaled discrimination in the selection of those points of comparison most acceptable to her readers. Her method is that of a graceful and unstudied simplicity. Avoiding generalizations, she is content to call upon her memory for representative incidents of her life in France, loosely arranged without autobiographical intent, but none the less effective in the presentation of a picture quite unlike anything that has been done before. She tells us that her first experience of country life in France was thirty years ago and the scene a fine old chateau close to the forest of Villers-Cotterets. Looking from her window in the early morning, she could see all that went on about the place, the arrival of the keeper to make his daily report, then of the coachman coming for his orders, followed by the farmer's wife with cheese, butter, and milk. Then would come the people from the village to state their grievances and their needs to "*notre député*"—for M. Waddington was a deputy at that time—and his wife tells us that she was present sometimes at the conversations and was astounded at M. Waddington's patience and comprehension of what was wanted—"I never understood half." Then would come the rides, or, no escort being available, the walks in the park and gardens. It was a serious life. There was no railway and very little traffic on the road. We can well imagine that without internal resources the time would have passed somewhat heavily.

The Franco-Prussian war had just drawn to its sombre finish. Everywhere could be found the marks of the terrible invasion, for the victorious army had passed through the villages. Mme. Waddington gives us some curious details. As an American we may suppose that her prejudices were not deeply aroused, and she seems to think that the Prussians were not such a bad lot as patriotic bias has sometimes represented them. They seem to have behaved with moderation and courtesy so far as their hostile mission would permit:

It was wonderful what exact information the Germans had. They knew all the roads, all the villages and little hamlets, the big chateaux, and most of the small mills and farms. There were still traces of the German occupation when I went to that part of the country; on some of the walls and houses marked in red paint—"4 Pferde, 12 Männer." They always wanted food and lodging, which they usually (not always) paid for. Wherever they found horses they took them, but M. A. and W. had sent all theirs away except one saddle horse, which lived in a stable in the woods near the house. In Normandy, near Rouen, at my brother-in-law's place, they had German officers and soldiers quartered for a long time. They instantly took possession of horses and carriages, and my sister-in-law, toiling up a steep hill, would be passed by her own carriage and horses filled with German officers. However, on the whole, M. said the Germans, as a victorious invading army, behaved well, the officers always perfectly polite, and keeping their men in good order. They had all sorts and kinds at the chateau. They rarely remained long—used to appear at the gate in small bands of four or five, with a *sous-officier*, who always asked to see either the proprietor or some one in authority. He said how many men and horses he wanted lodged and fed, and announced the arrival, a little later, of several officers to dine and sleep. They are always received by M. A. or W. and the same conversation took place every time. They were told the servant would show them their rooms, and their dinner would be served at any hour they wished. They replied that they would have the honor of waiting upon the ladies of the family as soon as they had made a little toilette and removed the dust of the route, and that they would be very happy to dine with the family at their habitual hour. They were then told that the ladies didn't receive, and that the family dined alone. They were always annoyed at that answer. As a rule they behaved well, but occasionally there would be some rough specimens among the officers.

Visiting occupied a good deal of the author's time, but presumably more as a social duty than as a relaxation. The neighboring chateaux were usually at a distance, and as the horses had to be rested a certain amount of time must necessarily be consumed before the return journey could be made. Uncomfortable affairs these visits must have been. The door was usually opened by a footman struggling into his coat and with a handful of faggots with which he would proceed to light a fire "which consisted principally of smoke." That being accomplished, he would summon his mistress:

Our visits were always long, as most of the chateaux were at a certain distance, and we were obliged to stay an hour and a half, sometimes longer, to rest the horses. It was before the days of five o'clock tea. A tray was brought in with sweet wine (Malaga or Vin de Chypre) and cakes (ladies' fingers), which evidently had often figured before on similar occasions. Conversation languished sometimes, though Mme. A. was wonderful, talking so easily about everything. In the smaller places, when people rarely went to Paris, it ran always in the same groove—the woods, the hunting (very good in the Villers-Cotterets forest), the schoolmaster (so difficult to get proper hooks for the children to read), the curé, and all local gossip, and as much about the iniquities of the republic as could be said before the wife of a republican senator. Wherever we went, even to the largest chateaux, where the family went to Paris for the season, the talk was almost entirely confined to France and French interests. Books, politics, music, people, nothing existed apparently *au delà des frontières*. America was an unknown quantity. It was strange to see intelligent people living in the world so curiously indifferent as to what went on in other countries. At first I used to talk a little about America and Rome, where I had lived many years and at such an interesting time—the last days of Pio Nono and the transformation of the old superstitious papal Rome to the capital of young Italy—but I soon realized that it didn't interest any one, and by degrees I learned to talk like all the rest.

A slight digression enables the author to tell us of her first visit to Mme. Thiers in Paris. They arrived a little after ten at night:

We were shown into a large drawing-room, M. Thiers standing with his back to the fireplace, the centre of a group of black coats. He was very amiable, said I would find Mme. Thiers in a small salon just at the end of the big one; told W. to join their group, he had something to say to him. I did find Mme. Thiers and Mlle. Dosne in the small salon at the other end, both asleep, each in an arm chair. I was really embarrassed. They didn't hear me coming in and were both sleeping quite happily and comfortably. I didn't like to go back to the other salon, where there were only men, so I sat down on a sofa and looked about me, and tried to feel as if it was quite a natural occurrence to be invited to come in the evening and to find my hostess asleep. After a few minutes I heard the swish of a satin dress coming down the big salon and a lady appeared, very handsome and well dressed, whom I didn't know at all. She evidently was accustomed to the state of things; she looked about her smilingly, then came up to me, called me by name, and introduced herself, Mme. A., the wife of an admiral whom I often met afterwards. She told me not to mind, there wasn't the slightest intention of rudeness, that both ladies would wake up in a few minutes, quite unconscious of having really slept. We talked about ten minutes, not lowering our voices particularly. Suddenly Mme. Thiers opened her eyes, was wide awake at once—how quietly we must have come in; she had only just closed her eyes for a moment, the lights tired her, etc. Mlle. Dosne said the same thing, and then we went on talking easily enough.

On another occasion the wife of a young diplomat had a still more uncomfortable experience with these two ladies, for when they finally awoke they did not know who she was, while she was too shy to name herself and was half crying when her husband came to the rescue.

We are told a good deal about the home of Lafayette at La Grange, where many of his last years were spent. Mme. Waddington recalls the diary of Lady Morgan, to whom we owe much of our intimate knowledge of the French general. Here is a story of Marie Antoinette:

Her Irish ladyship (Lady Morgan) seems to have been troubled by no shyness in asking questions of the general. She writes: "Is it true, general, I asked, that you once went to a bal masque at the opera with the Queen of France—Marie Antoinette—leaning on your arm, the king knowing nothing of the matter till her return? I am afraid so, said he. She was so indiscreet, and I can conscientiously add—so innocent. However, the Comte d'Artois was also of the party, and we were all young, enterprising, and pleasure loving. But what is most absurd in the adventure was that when I pointed out Mme. du Barry to her—whose figure and favorite domino I knew—the queen expressed the most anxious desire to hear her speak and bade me *intriguer* her. She answered me flippantly, and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm, the queen would not have objected to it. Such was the *esprit d'aventure* at that time in the court of Versailles and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria."

Under the heading of "Ceremonies and Festivals" we have a description of the fête of St. Cécile, of musical affairs at the chateau, the fête of the Blessing of the Flag, a country wedding, the hunt meeting, and the occasional arrival of a military party. The chateau was the centre of hospitality, and a cordial welcome awaited all guests, whether they arrived singly or in battalions. Huntsmen or officers, as the case might be, were invited to dinner and a cheerful evening followed. Mme. Waddington tells us how successful was her introduction of the game known as *halma* upon one of these occasions:

Henrietta and I rather amused ourselves after dinner teaching the commandant and another officer *halma*, which was just then at the height of its popularity. We had brought it over from London, where the whole society was mad over it. We were staying in a country house one year where there were seven tables of *halma* in the long gallery. The gentlemen rather disdained it at first, but as the game went on and they began to realize that there was really some science to it, and that our men were placing themselves very comfortably in their little squares, while theirs were wandering aimlessly about the centre of the board, they warmed to their task and were quite vexed when they were badly beaten. They wanted their *revanche*. W. came in and gave a word of advice every now and then. The others finished their billiards, came to look on, each one suggesting a different move, which, of course, only complicated matters, and they lost again. Then some of the others tried with the same result. I think we played five or six games. They were so much pleased with the game that they asked us to write down the name and where to get it, and one of them afterward told my nephew, also a cavalry officer, that they introduced it at their mess and played every night instead of cards or dominoes. It was really funny to see how annoyed they were when their scientific combinations failed.

We get very little politics, which is surely a mark of self-restraint on the part of the wife of a statesman of such eminence as M. Waddington. But the credulity of the country people excites her comment, although it does not seem to be greater than elsewhere, unfortunately. The peasant would believe whatever he was told, and no amount of recurrent disappointment could lessen his faith in the politician with a glib tongue:

It is astounding how easily the French peasant believes all that the political agents tell him and all that he reads in the cheap papers, for, as a rule—taken *en masse*—they are very intelligent, (*méchants*) manage their own little affairs very well, and are rarely taken in; but there is something in the popular orator that carries them away, and they really believe that a golden epoch is coming—when there will be no rich and no poor and plenty and equality for all. They don't care a bit what form of government they live under as long as their crops are good, and they can have regular work and no war. The political agitators understand that very well. They never lay any stress on Royalist or Bonapartist, or even a military candidate. The "People's Candidate" is always their cry—one of themselves who understands them and will give them all they want. They are disappointed *always*. The ministers and deputies change, but their lives don't, and run on in the same groove; but they are just as sanguine each time there is an election, convinced that, at last, the promised days of high pay and little work are coming.

The hope that there will be "no war" has pathos about it and a real meaning hard to understand by those who are unfamiliar with military Europe. Only invasion or the drain of a nation's blood can elevate

"no war" into one of the perpetual hopes of existence.

The French woman does not take part in politics, not at least in the public work of elections. Mme. Waddington seems to have tried her hand upon the village people, but without much success—"Madame is good, but madame does not understand":

Women in France never take the active part in elections that they do in England. It interested me so much when we were living in England to see many of the great ladies doing all they could for their candidate, driving all over the country, with his colors on servants and horses, a big bill in the windows of their carriages with "Vote for A." I asked W. one day, when he was standing for the Senate, if he would like me to drive all about the country with his colors and "VOTE FOR WADDINGTON" on placards in the windows of the carriage; but he utterly declined any such intervention on my part, thought a few breakfasts at the chateau and a quiet talk over coffee and cigars would be more to the purpose. He never took much trouble over his elections the last years—meetings and speeches in all the small towns and "*banquets de pompiers*" were things of the past. He said the people had seen him "*à l'œuvre*" and that no speeches would change a vote.

It is not easy to make selections from a work so varied and so rich in incident and description. Mme. Waddington's intention was to give a picture of country life in France, and because her work is so spontaneous and so unaffected she has succeeded to perfection where a most studied attempt might have failed.

"Chateau and Country Life in France," by Mary King Waddington, with illustrations. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

Dr. M. A. Stein, leader of an English government mission to Central Asia, has just returned with news of valuable and important discoveries. In a report he says: "One of our most profitable finds was the exploration of what has proved to be a treasure cave, literally crammed with ancient manuscripts, paintings, and other Buddhist remains. These had been deposited and hermetically walled up in a side chapel of one great Buddhist sacred cave. Here I found the whole of a large temple library, with other valued relics, which had been deposited there towards the end of the tenth century of our era, evidently to save them from a threatened barbarous invasion, and which have ever since remained absolutely protected both against men and the ravages of the desert. The manuscripts which we recovered from their imprisonment of centuries frequently dated in their oldest portions as far back as the first century after Christ, but owing to the great mass of the records it was quite impossible to make a thorough examination. The books were done up in bundles, and were practically as fresh as when first deposited. The number of manuscripts exceeds 4000, and as far as can be told are approximately in about seven different languages. The way in which this great treasure was recovered was one of romantic interest, and was only possible through the exercise of the greatest secrecy."

Chief Engineer Charles M. Jacobs, in an informal talk the other days to his workmen in the new tunnel connecting New York and Jersey City, said: "Three hundred years ago Henry Hudson discovered the North River, and it was named after the discoverer. Today, by means of the science of engineering and the courageous, determined work of your hands, I have the pleasure of holing through the fifth tunnel under this river, which is destined to be the means of transporting untold millions of people between the United States and the metropolitan city of this great country. There is a remarkable feature in connection with the construction of this particular tunnel—namely, that two world records of tunnel construction have been broken, first, in driving the shield through the silt formation and erecting seventy-two feet of tunnel lining ready for track in twenty-four hours, and secondly, in your having blasted through the rock section 390 feet during thirty working days. I am thankful beyond words that not a single fatality has occurred during the construction of this tunnel, due to compressed air or to the high explosives used in the rock excavations."

Many quaint marriage customs still survive in old English and Scottish families. One notable tradition of this sort still kept green by the Dukes of Atholl and their heirs is that of the bridegroom carrying the bride across the threshold of Blair Castle, it being in accord with an ancient tradition that it is unlucky for a bride who enters the castle for the first time to walk in the ordinary way. This is only one of the many quaint old feudal customs that are observed upon this estate, which the Duke of Atholl holds from the crown by one of those strange tenures which are occasionally to be found in Great Britain. Upon fear of forfeiture the owner has to present his sovereign with a white rose whenever he or she visits the castle.

Since last year's cholera epidemic the St. Petersburg authorities have had under discussion the plan for getting the city's drinking water from Lake Ladoga, nine miles away, the source of the Neva River. "It is one of the finest fresh-water lakes in the world," writes Consul Ragsdale. "The water is pure and the supply inexhaustible. The altitude of the lake is sufficient for supply by gravitation, and the plan, if carried out, will prove of great value to the city."

The walls of the old church of Notre Dame de Lorette, in the heart of Paris, are cracking, and the cause is alleged to be the underground railway which passes beneath it. The authorities consider the church unsafe.



## COQUELIN, COMEDIAN OF FRANCE.

Memories of His Gifts, His Art of Expression, His Triumphs, and His Humanity.

Paris mourns the loss of a great actor not alone, but the passing of a genius in art, a brave, loyal, and generous comrade. Coquelin aîné held a unique position in the affection of the people, and he will remain a heroic figure in chronicles of the time, even aside from his glory of the theatre. His death, almost without advance warning, three days after the celebration of his sixty-eighth anniversary, touched the emotions of his countrymen as has no similar event in many years. When Sardou died, a few months ago, the world of literature and art appreciated its hereafter, the people sighed and spoke their regret that one who had ministered so well to their instruction and pleasure would labor no more, but the sorrow was impersonal if profound. For Coquelin there is a grief more intimate, more moving, more self-pitying, for he was truly one of the centres of humanity. Elevated to the highest rank among artists by his ability and his effort, he was never any the less a genial friend, a sympathetic companion, an unselfish, earnest, and effective worker for the good of associates and contemporaries. His passing is marked by the respectful and ceremonious attention of the government, as by the conventional though sincere recognition of the brotherhood of art, and the unstudied melancholy of the citizens.

Recognition of Coquelin's gifts and power came early in his career, and it is nearly fifty years since he first ventured in a calling for which nature had fitted him, though with individual classification. He was the son of Coquelin, a baker at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and intended by his father to maintain the family traditions and vocation, but the boy, Benoit Constant, at eighteen decided otherwise. The theatre attracted him, and he felt his capability in declamation, and in the appreciation of dramatic expression by the poets and playwrights. He became a student at the Conservatoire in 1859 and on graduating won the second prize in comedy, but his talent was marked in many ways and he was given a place in the Comédie Française. In four years he was elected a sociétaire, and for more than a quarter-century he was one of the most diligent, progressive, and capable members of that famous association. He had created forty-four parts during that term of service and preceding his first rupture with the management, in 1886.

The limitations that held the sociétaires exclusively to the service of the Théâtre Français were not patiently to be endured by an actor who felt that they fettered his growth, and that the public was firm in his support and would rejoice in his independence. He left the Comédie and toured Europe, always with success. In 1888 he visited America for the first time, and the enthusiastic appreciation of his efforts there made ineffaceable impressions upon his tablet of happy memories. Soon after his return to Paris, a brief engagement with his company at the Théâtre Porte Saint Martin intervening, he was reconciled with the management of the Comédie and returned to his old place. The concession of a six months' vacation each year was made to him, with permission to appear in other theatres, but even this unprecedented loosening of the traditional bonds was not sufficient to induce his permanency. Three years brought an end to this arrangement, and a second break occurred. In 1893 he made his second American tour, with Jane Hading. Again in Paris, he accepted an engagement at the Théâtre Renaissance, which caused the management of the Comédie to take action to restrain him. The suit resulted in a judgment against the actor, and he was required to amend his error with a penalty of 30,000 francs. He was also expected to return to the Comédie, but he never carried out this part of the sentence.

With Sarah Bernhardt the comedian went to America in 1900—his third visit. He shared with her the pleasure and profit of that tour, though the arrangement was not altogether fair to him, in that he was obliged to play some parts which were not suited to his distinction. In recent years he has often visited England, and his appearances in London have achieved little less popular interest than those of his greatest English-speaking contemporaries.

Coquelin's distinct talent lay in comedy, though, as has been intimated, it was undoubtedly because his face and figure were not of the classic mould that is associated with tragedy. He was not tall, but stout in structure, yet with unequalled and inimitable lightness and swift movement. His features were of the inquisitive, irreverent cast, yet almost wonderful in mobility, and capable of the most delicate shades of expression. He was a realist and yet a romanticist, a scientific, yet an emotional actor. It seemed that there was no subtlety of thought in the dramatist's lines that was beyond his insight or his power of expression. In him the amusing rogues of Molière's comedies and the eccentric yet touching heroes of Rostand's more modern plays, lived and moved and spoke with convincing art. Not content with providing authority of his judgments in the-

atrical presentation on the stage, he wrote many essays on dramatic topics and published several books devoted to such subjects. His "Molière et le Misanthrope" appeared in 1881, and his "Les Comédiens" a year later.

The comedian's first appearance in the Comédie Française, in December, 1860, was as Gros-René in "Dépit Amoureux," and it was also his first success. He never failed, though when he assumed the part of Figaro in "Le Mariage de Figaro" he was not himself during the first three acts, seeming to have lost his self-possession; but he summoned all his strength in the last act and amply atoned for his weakness in the earlier scenes. During those earlier years he had many triumphs, as in Don Anibal of "L'Aventurière," Anatole in "Le Lion Amoureux," in Gringoire, and as the Duc de Septmonts in the "L'Etrangère" of Dumas the younger. Of the later greater successes were his creation of the rôle of Lahuisserie in Sardou's "Thermidor," in 1891; Cyrano de Bergerac in 1897; Flambeau in "L'Aiglon" in 1900. For the past months he has been busy in the study and preparation of Rostand's widely heralded but mysteriously guarded play, "Chantier."

Critics and dramatic historians will agree in placing Coquelin aîné at the head of all French actors. It is doubtful if the world has ever seen a finer comedian. It was as surely his power to sound the depths of pathos as to ripple the surface of humor. He made his own the character presentations hurried with tradition, from Racine, Molière, Beaumarchais, Marivaux, and Regnard, and created with as sure a hand the varying rôles from the pages of Dumas, Sardou, and Rostand.

Coquelin leaves a son, Jean, to hear the family name and continue its pride in stage history. Coquelin's younger brother, Ernest Alexandre, or Coquelin cadet, as he was known, was also an actor of more than ordinary powers. The three Coquelins were seen together on the stage of the Théâtre Français in 1890, in Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire." Coquelin cadet has been in a sanatorium for a year, and probably will never act again. Indeed, the care and anxiety given to his illness, mental and physical, made a great draft on the vitality of the elder Coquelin, and perhaps affected him seriously.

Coquelin died at Pont-aux-Dames, where he had established a home for aged actors, and he will be buried in the cemetery there. He will need no monument. ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, January 27, 1909.

## A Play by Kipling.

Here is a curious tale, from a London newspaper, of a play that Kipling made from "The Jungle Book" and that no actor-manager would undertake. H. H. Kay Cameron, a manager who has mounted several fairy plays for children, in 1899 suggested to Kipling that he should write a play suitable for youngsters, but Kipling regretted that engagements would not permit him to accept the commission. In the following year, however, Kipling agreed to dramatize "The Jungle Book" for Mr. Cameron. "I was delighted with the play that Kipling had written," says Mr. Cameron, "and I felt sure that I should get somebody to try it. It turned out to be a beautiful bit of work, and he had written twelve new lyrics for it. They have never been published. I took the play to several managers, but they feared that the difficulties of performance would prove insurmountable. In the jungle scene I should have had the curious animals of the book wandering about in the moonlight, with their heads now and then appearing. I should have had fireflies flitting about. I should have had Oriental music from the orchestras, with a suggestion of tomtoms; and, above all, I should have had Oriental perfume in the house, for I believe that we are influenced through the nose as well as by the eyes and ears. Much to my regret, I could find no manager sanguine enough to undertake the piece. Every manager who read Kipling's play admired the poetic beauty of it."

Postmasters have been notified that the department will issue a two-cent postage stamp of special design to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. This stamp is of the size and shape of the regular issue of postage stamps; color, red. The subject is a profile, within an ellipse on end, of the head of Lincoln from Saint Gauden's statue. A spray of laurel leaves appears on either side of the ellipse. Above the subject appears the words, "U. S. Postage." Below, the ellipse is broken by a ribbon containing the dates of Lincoln's birth and of its one hundred anniversary, "1809, Feb. 12, 1909," with the denomination in words, "Two Cents," beneath. They are to be placed on sale February 12.

San Francisco's Edwin Stevens reached Boston recently as the star of the Henry Savage company that has been playing "The Devil" since last summer. Of course he was made the feature of illustrated interviews by the dramatic reporters of the New England capital, and, quite as much a matter of course, the "chief argument" offered for interest in the comedian was the hitherto unrecognized facts that he is a lineal descendant of John Alden and inherits the classical family beauty.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Fame.

One strove and fought unceasingly for Fame,  
And at the end he died without a name.

Another for the laurel caring naught,  
Achieved a Fame with hairs undying fraught.

Fame hath a way—quite like a woman she!—  
Of spurning those who woo too ardently.

No doubt she finds it pleasant to be wooed,  
But would he tempted rather than pursued.  
—John Kendrick Bangs, in *Smart Set*.

## The Princess in the City.

I lie awake and think of quiet hills  
And many woods and waters, all asleep,  
All dreaming in the silver of the night;  
Of silent empty woods, of waters deep  
And grassy meadows full of resting sheep,  
And over them the moon with steadfast light.

My father has a castle in the North  
And from the battlements I saw the hills,  
Bare and tree-covered, white with fallen snows,  
Green with the waking spring and brown and gold  
When with her melancholy Autumn fills  
Men's hearts, and touches everything that grows.

I listen to the never-ceasing feet  
And hear men's voices raised in rage or fear  
All through the night. May it not chance again

I shall go North and from my tower-room  
Look out and see the hills and only hear  
The passing of the winds, the voice of rain?

I loved the city. Once her many lights  
Were jewels shining on the hidden throat  
Of some divined enchantress. Now, alas,—  
Let me go North, far North again, and find  
My father's castle, cross the guarded moat,  
And from its safety watch the last years pass.  
—*Westminster Review*.

## The Voice.

"Come out from the house of brooding,  
Where Life sits dumb and drear;  
Come out from the shadow's menace,  
From the sweating and the fear!  
Come out from your fruitless waiting  
The end of the world's despoil!  
There is a gleam across the heath  
Which beckons through the night."—  
"Little one, what of the dark,  
The quaking hog and the clutching stream!  
Little one, what of the bones so stark  
That hang from the gallows beam!"

"Christ welcomed a thief in heaven,  
Though the crows might eat his flesh;  
The dead swings free on his windy tree  
While you writhe here in the mesh.  
Better to dare the darkness,  
Better the clutching stream,  
Than never to know through wail and woe  
The secret of the gleam."—  
"Little one, what of the mist;  
Darkling and drear, still home is home.  
Nay, go not, little one! Little one, hie!  
I'll come! Wait while I come!"

The small voice sang through the darkness,  
And a child gleamed white at the door;  
He knew not whose—nor what drew him  
As he followed it out to the moor.  
And there was a sound of groaning,  
Of water and earth at strife,  
Yet never and never and never before  
Had he felt such lust of life.—  
"Little one, is it far?"  
He looked for the child, and he was gone;  
Only a moving spark like a star  
Beckoned him on and on.

Headless of swamp and shadow,  
Headless of rock and thorn,  
He followed the gleam through the clutching stream,  
Weary and wild and torn.  
The dead laughed out on his gallows—  
And, lo! the ridge of a down,  
And the spark he had traced by wind and waste  
Was a star swung over a town—  
Over a sleeping town  
It swung in a silvery mist of light,  
And straight, in a mood he never had known,  
His tears fell fast at the sight.

For now he could read the secret  
Hung up there in the skies—  
'Twas the little window through which Death looks,  
The wonder that never dies.  
Oh, what, could we gauge the meaning?  
Oh, what, could we comprehend?  
So the gleam, the gleam were no longer a dream,  
But dust and death and the end!—  
Little one, hail to the dark,  
The quaking hog and the clutching stream!  
Little one, hail to the bones so stark  
That hang from the gallows beam!

"Oh, the spirit of all flies on,  
And no end is ever found.  
No ring on a weary ring are we,  
Traveling round and round,  
But ever by death and darkness  
We pass to the newer light—"  
He kissed his hand to the merry star,  
And he turned him home through the night.—  
His hand to the star he kissed,  
And he went through the night and the rain;  
And, lo! his own window through the mist,  
And there was the gleam on the pane!  
—Bernard Capes, in *The Athenaeum*.

A peculiar custom obtains in an English regiment, the Twelfth Lancers—the playing of the Vesper hymn, the Spanish chant, and the Russian national hymn every night after the "Last Post" has sounded. It is said that the playing of the Vesper hymn originated in one of the officers' wives presenting the regiment with a new set of instruments on condition that the hymn he played every night. The playing of the Spanish chant is as a penance for the sacking of a convent during the Peninsular War. No reason is assigned for the playing of the Russian national anthem.

A new novel of Dartmoor life, by Eden Philpotts, is one of the latest publications by the Macmillan Company.

# LA MARQUISE

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Man in the Light of Evolution*, by John M. Tyler, Ph. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.25.

This book might have been longer to the advantage of the subject and without relaxing its hold upon the reader. A reasoned treatise might then have taken the place of a sketch which, though provocative as it is, seems almost to clamor for more extended treatment.

The author protests against the application to man of the evolutionary forces which act as a spur to the lower kingdoms. Man, considered in the light of evolution, must not be regarded as only animal or as subject wholly to the same evolutionary impetus that safeguards the survival of the animal world. He has religion and morals, a sense of right and wrong, and we have no reason to believe that these are developed from brute appetite or corollary to it. They may be an invasion of the evolutionary current at some point in its progress. They may ultimately assert themselves, if they have not already done so, in the reversal of the forces prevailing below them.

Every one believes in the survival of the fittest, but the author invites us practically to consider who are the fittest. Among animals we know that the fittest are those with the longest claws and the sharpest teeth. But does this apply also to man, or are there not indications that it will not always apply to man? Is self-assertion the universal law of evolution or may we believe that above a certain point in ascension self-sacrifice has taken, or will take, its place? Some such questioning is suggested by the author, and although he covers a much wider range than the ethical, it seems the most suggestive of the inquiries that he undertakes.

*In Calvert's Valley*, by Margaret P. Montague. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of distinct strength. We know at once that Hester Rymal is far too good to marry James Calvert with his commonplace and overhearing mind, and when Page Emlyn comes on the scene we think we see at once the end of the story. But it gathers unexpected dramatic power. Emlyn is convinced that he actually murdered Calvert while half-intoxicated, and the picture of his remorse, his struggles with his conscience, and his efforts to make amends is well drawn. But the culmination of dramatic description comes in the little Methodist church as sinner after sinner rises to the heights of experience and confession, and Page Emlyn, lawyer and man of the world, is forced into the mysterious current of self-revelation. Perhaps his acceptance of the story of his guilt is a little too ready. He would hardly have succumbed so quickly to the story of a sinister old woman while knowing that his intoxication upon the fatal day was by no means to the point of oblivion. But the psychological doubt is in itself an interesting feature.

*Open House*, by Juliet Wilhor Tompkins. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author's books are always readable, even when her skill in character drawing falls a little short, as in the present case. When that haughty young beauty Cassandra takes refuge in the house of Dr. Diman and accepts a salary as his secretary, after being spoiled by wealth and adulation, she gives us every reason to think her a most disagreeable young woman. And she is. While her character is slowly modified by contact with the manly generosity of her employer, we still do not see why so fine a man as the doctor should fall in love with her. The poles of Cassandra's character are set a little too wide apart. She should have been less unpleasant to begin with and more lovable to end with. But we are grateful for Dr. Diman. Here the author is at her best, and while we do not like Cassandra and feel that we never should, we like every one in a book of vigor and human interest.

*The Magician*, by W. Somerset Maugham. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Lytton was the only novelist of modern times who could write an acceptable story of magic and spells, charms, necromancy, and sorcery. After reading "The Magician" we must maintain that Lytton still holds the field. But the author writes interestingly along lines of extraordinary difficulty. If he should make a further attempt he would do well to draw more upon his own imagination and less upon the records of Paracelsus and the hermetic philosophers.

*The Last of the Plainsmen*, by Zane Grey. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

This book forms a valuable part of the history of the Great Northwest. The last of the plainsmen is Buffalo Jones, whose story is now partly told with interesting enthusiasm. Celebrated as a humanitarian and as a preserver of the buffalo, he is still more

renowned as a hunter and as a daring and intrepid guide and pathfinder. The author tells us that in 1907 he was the companion of the old plainsman on a trip across the desert, and he now relates experiences that have an unusual importance from the general and archaeological points of view and for the light that they throw upon an unique personality. Dr. Grey is unusually felicitous in his manner of telling a story. He knows the full value of incident and dialogue, but he never allows these to preponderate over the information that will be of permanent value. The full-page illustrations are an attractive feature of the volume.

*The Spell*, by William Dana Orcutt. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

The story begins with the honeymoon of Jack and Helen Armstrong in Italy. We have the usual ideal situation, and its disturbance by Jack's devotion to the study of the humanists, a study that occupies most of his time, that leads him to neglect his wife, and that throws him into undue companionship with Helen's friend, Miss Thayer. How the rift widens and its ultimate result may be left to the reader for discovery.

The weakness of the story is in its character exaggeration. We can understand enthusiasm for intellectual research, but Jack Armstrong is almost a monomaniac, while his selfishness is naked and unashamed. That he should awake finally to the fact that humanism should have a bearing upon personal conduct is satisfactory in its way, but the author fails to make us love any of his characters. His book is a cultured production, and it fails only in its lack of warm blood.

*Waterloo*, by Thomas E. Watson. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.50.

Mr. Watson tells a great story in a fascinating way, but he leaves an impression upon the mind of seeking more for dramatic effects than for accuracy. He displays also a disposition to a hero-worship of Napoleon which may be permissible enough in general but not to the historian. An estimate of his accuracy may be formed from the fact that he represents Wellington as saying, "Up, Guards, and at 'em" before the final move in the struggle. Now surely Mr. Watson ought to know that Wellington said nothing of the sort, if we may accept his own denial and that of the officers surrounding him. Presumably the error was repeated for what Mark Twain calls "general literary gorgeousness," a style that we suspect Mr. Watson of falling into pretty frequently.

*Sappho in Boston*. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

So much good writing might have been reserved for a better plot. Even an irresponsible Englishman on his travels like the Hon. Derek Wapshot would hardly allow himself to fall in love with an unconventional young lady who almost forces herself upon him first in a railway train and then at the theatre, and a few hours later asks him to make a public pretense of being her lover for some personal reason that she is reluctant to disclose. We feel that the Hon. Derek Wapshot, in spite of his chivalry, gets no more than his deserts when he discovers, too late, the unpardonable subterfuge of his Sappho. If he had allowed himself to exhaust the possibilities of the language in explaining to Sappho just what he thought of her, we should not feel quite so limp as we do upon the last page.

*Phrenology*, by J. G. Spurzheim, M. D., with an introduction by Cyrus Elder. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$3.

The position of a scientific phrenology today is very different from the place that it occupied a century ago. It is indeed hard to realize the storm of opprobrium that greeted the first theories that special mental functions must be associated with certain brain areas. Perhaps we do not like the word phrenology much more than we did then, but it is undeniable that much of its substance has been incorporated into the medical knowledge of the day.

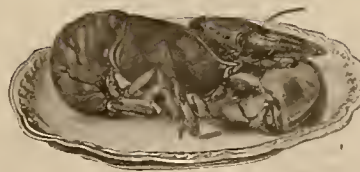
This reissue of a book that has been out of print for many years should therefore find a welcome. It is well printed and its many plates well produced, while its form is substantial and dignified.

## The Wisdom of the West.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, are responsible for a valuable series of handbooks on Oriental religions. Seventeen numbers have already been issued of convenient size, tastefully bound, and edited with much care and a ripe scholarship by L. Cranmer and S. A. Kapadia. Rightly believing that a presentation of the world-faiths, free from theological bias of every kind, would go far to mitigate religious acerbities and would conduce to the charity that is the essential of all religion, they have devised a scheme whereby a general survey may be obtained without the theological glosses that in all cases have diluted the original teachings. If the little volume

"Brahma-Knowledge," now before us, is representative of the series, the editors and authors are to be congratulated upon a valuable addition to our knowledge of the Orient. The use of Sanskrit terms is reduced to an indispensable minimum, while the philosophy

is set forth with a clear accuracy leaving nothing to be desired. Other volumes of the series are devoted to Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and the various religions of China, Persia, Egypt, and Arabia. The price is 60 cents per volume.



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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Emotionalist*, by Stanley Olmsted. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

We are not captivated by the characters of this story. Speaking with the diffidence becoming to the unmusical, we can not quite understand why Victoria Furman's ultimate success as an opera singer should depend upon her acquisition of a "temperament," to be obtained apparently by a kind of immortality. When she repays—in coin—the money that has been lent to her we understand that "temperament"—with the accent on the last syllable—is impossible to her, and willingly acquiesce in a conventional marriage with her admirer and her desertion of the stage. Aldrich, the hero, is a spineless and inoffensive young man, a sort of tame cat, and Miss Low is a gentle nonentity. The picture of musical life in Dresden and Vienna is strong and accurate and goes far to redeem the narrative.

*Selected Poems of Francis Thompson*. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

There was need of some such volume as this, clearly printed, of pocket size, and with the *Athenaeum* appreciation, the best that has yet been written. Francis Thompson died at the age of forty-eight and so recently that no reference need be made to a tragic life that knew so little of the sunshine that should be the inspiration of poetry. To no other poet of the era was given so tremendous a power of mystic vision, and that we have less than fifty of his writings, including hardly any of his prose, and that we know nothing of a conversation said by Patmore to be greater than either prose or poetry, must be one of the regrets of an age not wholly unappreciative, although nearly so, of a star of the first magnitude.

*A Florentine Tragedy*, by Oscar Wilde. Published by John W. Luce & Co.

The rehabilitation of Oscar Wilde as a permanent literary force will be advanced by the publication of this play, while extraordinary interest attaches to the introductory note by Robert Ross. The play would, indeed, have been lost but for Mr. Ross's energy, while it would have remained a mere fragment but for the opening scene, missing in the original manuscript and worthily supplied by Mr. Sturge Moore. Of the play itself, let it suffice to say that the *dramatis personae* are four in number, and that while the text hardly represents the author at his best, it is a fine piece of work and its preservation a matter for congratulation.

*The Speaking Voice*, by Katherine Jewell Everts. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.

This admirable book is intended to help in the cultivation of the speaking voice and the eradication of the faults due to neglect. We have a series of exercises for overcoming defects of speech, and especially the hard intonation to which Americans are supposed to be prone. The author has evidently given a very careful attention to the subject, and her book is worth reading by those who wish to make the best of themselves.

## New Publications.

A simple and directly told story of some charm is "Betty Pemhroke," by Elizabeth Hazlewood Hancock. It is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. Price, \$1.50.

"The Other Sara," by Curtis Yorke, is a novel showing considerable imaginative power in spite of a somewhat hackneyed plot. Sara is erroneously supposed to be the missing heir of a wealthy man, and her incursion into aristocratic circles has amusing and revolutionary results. It is published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

The philosophy of self-help has rarely been better told than by Henry Frank in his "The Mastery of Mind in the Making of a Man." Mr. Frank's book may be classed among New Thought literature, but it is wholly free from superstition and from unwarranted theorizing, while the extent of the power of self-help that he discloses is something of a revelation. The book is published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Price, \$1.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published a new edition of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," by Sir Edward Creasy, M. A. Originally published in 1851, the book has been brought up to date by the inclusion of Quebec, Yorktown, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Sedan, Manila Bay, Santiago, and Tsu-Shima. A number of maps form a useful addition, but these should have been better executed. The price is \$1.25.

The Houghton Mifflin Company have published a translation of "Peter Moor's Journey to Southwest Africa, a Narrative of the German Campaign," by Gustav Frenssen. The translation is by Margaret May Ward, who undertakes the task in the cause of peace. It has been successfully bungled over German military operations in Africa, although we get a ghastly glimpse of what goes on.

This little book is therefore especially valuable for its authenticity and freedom from exaggeration.

"The Reaping," by Mary Imlay Taylor, is a smoothly written story of political life in Washington. The people are commonplace and some of them are not very nice, but the book contains some political interest and the general effect is pleasing. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson, who has long occupied the chair of poetry and criticism in the University of Chicago, has gathered into five volumes the best of his verses in epic and lyric fields.

Maarten Maartens, the Dutch novelist who writes in English, has written a new volume of short stories of Dutch peasant life. "The Dutch peasant," Maarten Maartens says in a letter, "is a Saxon, with the religion of the Lowland Scotch. He is a cousin—but distinctly twice removed—of the Boer. He is as absolutely unlike his Flemish brother as two sons of one father—and different mothers—can possibly be."

The Authors' Club of London, of which George Meredith is president of the general council, will commemorate the centenary of Poe's birth by a dinner to be given on March 1, the date being deferred because owing to the Christmas holidays and other circumstances it has not been found practicable to select the actual birthday for the celebration. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will preside, with Charles Garvice as chairman of the executive committee of the club. Whitelaw Reid has accepted an invitation to the dinner, provisionally on his being in town at the time, and it is expected that many other distinguished guests will also be present.

Owen Seaman, editor of *Punch*, has collected some forty pieces, mostly of his recent humorous verse, into a volume called "Salvage," which Henry Holt & Co. will soon publish.

An article is forthcoming on "The Poetic Inadequacy of the Twentieth Century," by T. Watts-Dunton, as high an authority in criticism of poetry as England now has. It is recalled that pessimism concerning the future of poetry in this age was no part of the philosophy of the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who in writing to Madison Cawein, the Kentucky poet, author of works that have just been published in a five-volume edition *de luxe*, expressed hopefulness that a new generation of poetic interpreters of life will succeed the present versifiers.

## Last Mackenzie Gordon Concert

The last of the Mackenzie Gordon concerts will be given Sunday afternoon at Christian Science Hall, when the popular tenor will again present one of those varied and interesting programmes he so well knows how to build. His first group of songs will be in French and include Hahn's "Si mes vers" and an aria from Massenet's "Werther." The German group will be by Rubinstein and J. Schmitz, and the English group by Chapman, Oscar Weil, Clutsum, and Victor Harris. The final group will be Irish and Scotch, and by general request Frederick Cowen's "Border Song" will be included. The big operatic arias will be the test pieces for tenors, "Una furtiva lagrima," by Donizetti, and the charming "Flower Song" from "Carmen."

Mr. Blanchard will play the brilliant transcription of "The Blue Danube Waltzes," by Schulz-Evler, and by request the "Organ Concerto" in D minor by Wilhelm Friedmann Bach, arranged for piano by August Stradal. Seats may be obtained at the box office of the hall Sunday after 10 a. m.

Blanche Bates appeared in "The Fighting Hope" for the one hundred and fiftieth time on February 1.

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# VAUDEVILLE'S STEADY ADVANCE.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

When a San Franciscan, spoiled by a free allotment, in the past, of many beautiful winter days, becomes impatient of being played with by the present astonishing weather, he heads for the theatre. For we are not a people who are prone, even in this same profanity-inducing weather, to

Gather around the fire,  
And pile the wood on higher.

So in spite of toy cloudbursts, and playful exhibitions of an almost feminine perversity in the clouds, the San Francisco amusement-purveyors remain in excellent spirits.

They have been having banner attractions at the Orpheum, one after the other, notably among them being Harrison Hunter in "The Van Dyck." There is no doubt that there is, of recent years, a marked improvement in the quality of the attractions presented in vaudeville. It arises partly from the recruiting to the ranks of vaudeville of many excellent actors who are not averse to resting a little from the more taxing demands made on time and strength in the regular drama, by making appearances of half an hour or less in houses on the vaudeville circuit. The presence on vaudeville programmes of well-known and sometimes famous names naturally has a tendency to raise the rank of the remaining attractions.

This week's Orpheum bill, however, boasts of no renowned attractions; nevertheless, it contains several of solid merit, while the routine song-and-dance comedy acts have rather more than the usual proportion of fun.

True, "The Morning After" is one of those skits that, once seen, is never remembered. I can recall absolutely nothing of it except a young thing with rather billowy charms who pirouetted gayly, while twinkling with tinsel. True again that the humor of "The College Girls" does not strike very deep—the principal impression remaining being that of gorgeous lingerie, lots of make-up on the orbs of the college girls, and puffs of false hair strewn the stage as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. I wonder, by the way, when these capillary delusions and snares are picked up afterward, if the right puffs go to the right girls.

But the Farrel-Taylor Company gave an out and out funny performance. The members are billed as burnt cork favorites, and whether or not they were before their performance, they were firmly fixed in the favor of the house at its conclusion. Their act is suggestive of a minstrel show in miniature. The two comedians, especially the one with the talented mouth, and additionally the one with the accomplished laugh, have the blessed gift of humor. Besides, their riddles and guessing matches and conundrums were snappy, and original, and new. There were no Joe Millerisms, and the points were always caught up hilariously by the house. Besides this, both Taylor and Carter have a pretty gift of music. When the latter suddenly begins to sing in a soft, magnetic, darkey-mellow tenor, it is like the old minstrel voice come back again. The audience was enchanted. And it was good to mark the ready and markedly enthusiastic response of the house to a voice of really musical quality.

Dick Crolus, the original Biff in "Peaches," is to the fore again in a piece entitled "Shorty." It goes without saying that there is quite a quantity of juicy slang of the race-track to tickle our ears in the piece, and Mr. Crolus's calm, expert acting is highly acceptable as a grateful contrast to the athletic and very obvious comedy efforts of the rule-of-thumb vaudeville comedian; but "Shorty," which is authored by Mr. Crolus himself, is, except for a neat surprise in the dénouement of the little piece, a rather perfunctory and uninteresting piece of work.

Frank Byron repeats his clever study of the dude detective, who is represented as a finicky, sissy youth of the I'll-slap-you-real-hard type, that mightily tickles the audience in the most sensitive spot under the ribs. Mr. Byron has a masterly make-up, the weedy youth he impersonates being represented as shabby, red-nosed, unshaven, small-eyed, with timid blonde hair, and the shrinking attitudes and nervous fidgetings combined with the flashes of self-assurance of the kind of egotist who is like nothing so much as a human chicken with the pip. The audience instantly recalled the sportive competition in hand-clapping at a certain point in the song "And I Lost Another Chance to Be a Hero,"

and entered into the game again like the great, good-natured baby that it is.

The furnishing of the novelty element in the programme fell to Leon Roger, who, as "the human orchestra," made various imitations of well-known instruments. He actually made musical sounds while thus engaged, repeating the deep, musical note of the 'cello, the shrill trilling of the piccolo, and the long-sustained notes of the trombone, in a manner that showed admirable breath control.

Paul Seldom's living marble statuary furnished the æsthetic element of the programme. A series of remarkably beautiful poses, representing famous groups in statuary, were given by a company of three men and one woman. The composition or covering which is employed by the posers to imitate marble is a wonderful simulation of the stony whiteness of the marble surface, and, except at the last, when they became slightly fatigued, and moved a little, the performers were so immobile that it would have been easy to make people believe they were actually statues.

The leading dramatic feature of the bill is the representation of Israel Zangwill's play, "The Never Never Land." It is an intensely interesting piece of work, strange and unusual, in that the first of its three scenes shows an aged woman, an English duchess, honored for her life of practical philanthropy, suddenly seized with the vertigo of death. The second scene, as is indicated to the audience by an announcement thrown in luminous letters upon a screen, represents the vision of the most dramatic and significant episode in her past life, which is reenacted in the mind of the dying woman with that clearness which visits the last conscious images of those who are approaching the gates of death. This episode has happened in "the Never Never Land," the arid region in the north of Queensland that, by its monotony, its isolation, and its lack of verdure and beauty, drives the exiles from England into that condition of mental recklessness which induces crime. All in a moment we are caught and clutched by the absorption of this intensely dramatic scene, which shows the duchess as the beautiful girl-wife of fifty years before, tempted from her allegiance to her husband by her passionate love for Harold, an English stockman, who, as we are to infer, subsequently became the Duke of Maldon. How the wild and startling problem worked itself out may be left for people to discover for themselves. But the main issue may be deduced from the name and title of the dying woman in the first act. This striking piece was adequately represented by a little company consisting of Helen Grantley, Harry Hilliard, James Colville, and one or two minor members. While no marked talent was perceptible in the work of the little group, they did not fail to throw themselves with sufficient abandon into portraying the main scene, and held the audience in a state of aroused and fascinated interest. Helen Grantley's celebrated attractions are not quite up to the press agent's eloquence, but the young lady, if she were only gifted with a stronger and clearer voice, would be a very acceptable figure in the rôle of the wife.

The play is so vital, so compelling in interest, and so concise and masterly in construction, that it leaves a strong and lingering impression on the mind. It gives one more reminder of what we are always learning from the printed news, namely, that pregnant and guilty secrets are closely guarded in many lives that are apparently blameless. In this case the secret was never discovered, unlike that of the honored matron in Guy de Maupassant's "Pierre et Jean," which strange, inevitable chance revealed in time, putting her to shame and discredit before her own children, when all that was left to her out of the burned-out ashes of the past was their love and reverence. Truly, out of such materials are built those strange dramatic contrasts in human lives which, when seen in fiction or the drama, force us to the realization that mere prettiness can not catch and hold us as does the wild play of human passions.

Somebody who claims to know says that the full name of the famous dancer, Mlle. Genee, is as follows: Anna Margareta Kirstine Petrea Adeline Genee. It is recorded that eleven years ago Mlle. Genee began her first engagement at the Royal Opera in Berlin, taking the place temporarily of the leading dancer, a somewhat adipose lady of forty-one. The intendant tried to persuade Mlle. Genee to enter upon an engagement of five years at the opera, assuring her that the old dancer would be compelled to retire within a season or so, thus elevating the young woman to the position of premier. Mlle. Genee refused the engagement, and the woman who eleven years ago was forty-one is still the leader of the Berlin ballet.

The next great piano virtuoso to appear here, on March 7, will be Josef Lhevinne, a Russian, whose playing is said to recall Rubinstein's individuality of interpretation.

Alice Nielsen has been engaged for the Metropolitan Opera Company to succeed Mme. Sembrich, who sang her farewell in New York on February 9.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mace Greenleaf, the new leading man at the Valencia Theatre, has more than "made good" in "The Prince Chap." His appearance and his method are both worthy of commendation. The play has been well done in every way, little Bebe Daniels, the child actress, and Blanche Stoddard, especially, being received with every mark of favor. The last performances will be given Sunday afternoon and evening.

Next week, for the first time in this city by a stock company, George Ade's rollicking comedy, "The County Chairman," will be presented, with a congenial cast. Mace Greenleaf will be the hero, young Wheeler; Robert Homans will play the name-part; Blanche Stoddard will appear as Lucy Rigby; and the numerous character parts will be interpreted by Beatrice Nichols, Lillian Andrews, Peggy Monroe, Charles Dow Clark, Gerald Harcourt, Thomas McLarnie, and others.

Do you remember how Elizabeth Tyree and her sisters used to vault the high gate in "The Amazons"? Well, you may forget it, for if you see the twenty-five or more chorus girls jump the wall in the first act of "Lonesome Town" all other memories of feminine acrobatics will be useless. The revival of the Judson Bros. play by Kolb and Dill at the Princess Theatre is one of the happy events of their long engagement. They have improved the piece by the addition of many bits of incidental illustration, and the whole performance floats serenely on a strong current of humor. Kolb and Dill were never more entertaining than in the rôle of students of the simple life. Sidney de Grey makes a capable third figure in the scheme of getting something for nothing. Adele Rafter has at last an opportunity for dramatic expression in the part of a dashing and wily widow, and also sings the most taking songs of the piece. Carlton Chase leads the chorus in a handsomely costumed and well posed spectacular presentation of "The Yankee Soldier Boys." The show could easily fill the theatre for a month, but it will have only one more week, when "Playing the Ponies" will be revived for the closing offering of Kolb and Dill's season at that playhouse.

"A Stubborn Cinderella" at the Van Ness Theatre is justifying the advance notices. It is a big, bright, and tuneful show, that runs as smoothly as a drawing-room Pullman. The leading comedian, Homer B. Mason, has won high praise for his quiet but effective style in laugh winning, and is fully equal to his opportunities. Grace Edmund, the prima donna, is already a favorite, and Ethel Dovey is a notable figure in the musical comedy. The chorus is large in numbers, attractive in appearance, and harmonious in vocal efforts. Best of all, the piece itself is worth considering, as it is much more than a jumble of bright colors, good music, and up-to-date stage management. It will run another week, and there is a performance Sunday night.

A dramatic episode of the prize-ring, entitled "At the Sound of the Gong," and requiring a company of twenty-five people, is the head-line attraction of the bill at the Orpheum for next week, beginning Sunday afternoon. Tom (Soldier) Wilson, Elsa Berold, Arthur Sullivan, and Bill Russell are the prominent people in this sensational production. Imro Fox, a European conjurer, will present some marvelous illusions, among them being "The Box of Cagliostro." Tony Wilson and Mlle. Heloise are gymnasts, dancers, and comedians. The Amoros Sisters, Parisian music-hall singers and dancers, are announced as very attractive in their specialties. Frank and Adele Astaire, juvenile singers and dancers, will also appear. Next week will be the last of the Farrel-Taylor company and Leon T. Rogee, "the human orchestra." It will also finish the engagement of Helen Grantley and her company in Israel Zangwill's thrilling episode, "The Never Never Land."

The Princess Theatre new musical comedy company will make its first appearance on Monday evening, March 1, in Harry B. Smith and Ludwig B. Englander's celebrated musical comedy, "The Rounders," which ran for an entire year at the Casino Theatre, New York. The personnel of the new company is as follows: May Boley, principal comedienne; Frank Moulton, principal comedian; Helen Darling, prima donna; Ethel Du Fre, contralto; Zoe Barnett, soubrette; Fred Mason and Bud Ross, comedians; James Stevens, baritone; Oscar Walsh, tenor; Bert Phoenix, basso. The stage director will be Edward B. Temple, who produced nearly all the most successful musical productions of Henry T. Savage. Selli Simonson will again be the musical director, and a better selection could not possibly be made.

"The Red Mill," which has been so great an attraction in the East for two seasons that there seemed to be no hope of its coming to the Coast, is at last on its way. It will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre following "A Stubborn Cinderella."

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PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



VANITY FAIR.

If women would only take some notice of the hygienic advice showered upon them so prodigally there would be some satisfaction to the critic. But they take no notice at all. They neither repent nor reform. They give no sign that they are even aware of the solicitude evoked upon their behalf. But they will not be so indifferent to a movement now started in the shoe trade to mark all foot-wear legibly with its actual size, and no longer with the perplexing hieroglyphics that may mean anything the purchaser wishes them to mean. Hereafter she will have to tell the truth about the size of her foot. Hereafter the shoe clerk will not palm off "Size 6-D" for "Size 2-A." The experienced eye of the clerk knows at a glance that 6-D is his customer's size, but were he to tell her so when she asks for "2-B," if she did not feel sufficiently insulted to demand his discharge, she would turn her back upon that establishment forever. When she asks for "2-B" she knows that she wears 6-D and she knows that she is fooling no one. The clerk has learned his business and quickly assures her that the goods she is inspecting belong in the 2-B size, and she knows as well as he does that he is lying. Now, it is proposed to correct the lying propensity of both seller and buyer by obliging the clerk to submit the size asked for. If the buyer wishes to wear her purchase she must ask for the size that will best fit her foot. This edict comes from the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association, which represents a capital of some \$400,000,000—powerful enough, financially speaking, to enforce its vagaries. The idea is, it is said, to enforce the habit of truth-telling upon wearers of No. 6 size who call for No. 2 size, and also to relieve shoe clerks of the necessity of lying like pickpockets, but while all this may be true and the shoe manufacturers really want to run an ethical culture annex, they may be reminded that the horrible shapes into which they turn good leather almost justifies women in lying. May our women folk be sustained by all truthful men in their right to cram their No. 6 feet into a No. 2 shoe, if they wish to do so and irrespective of the hieroglyphic marking. The arrogance and tyranny of the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association is something that should be resisted.

Mary Mortimer Maxwell writes a sentimental appeal in the London *Daily Mail* in the hope that through its instrumentality she may be able to reach the hard heart of the American customs official. Little she knows how hard that heart is or how far beyond the reach of her blandishments.

The trouble arose in this way: The American parcel post law demands a declaration of the contents of packages for England, with a statement of their value, and these interesting particulars must be affixed to the outside of the parcel. "But," says Mary Mortimer Maxwell, "we do not like our friends before open-

ing the packages to read on the attached label just what is inside and what it cost."

The average and unredeemed man will wonder what can be the objection. His sordid mind will revert to the parcels that he himself is in the habit of receiving, samples of cotton, machinery parts, and similarly uninteresting material. Personally, he finds the "declaration" to be somewhat of a convenience as an indication of importance or unimportance, and why it should be an embarrassment to any one is a perplexity to him. But it takes a woman to understand these things, and Mary Mortimer Maxwell is good enough to explain.

Just at present, she tells us, there is many a love affair being carried on between ocean-separated lovers. And fancy the American man, engaged to a girl across the sea, walking past a confectioner's in Broadway suddenly thinking, "I'll send her a box of candies! How she'll enjoy them, just because they come from me in New York!" So he buys a five-pound box, price a dollar a pound, and on the outside must hang the label:

From John Smith, 10,987,643 Nine Hundredth Street, New York City, to Miss Mabel Jones, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London. One box of candies, being chocolates, cream mints, stick candy, "kisses," and preserved melon skins, at one dollar a pound. Total, five dollars, or one British sovereign.

Is there a fiancée so unimaginative as to take the slightest pleasure in an offering so ostentatiously labeled as this?

But the grievance has two sides, and here is an illustration of the other: An American girl in New York wants to send her fiancé in London a token of her tenderest regard. So she buys a pair of silk braces, or "suspenders" as we here denominate them, and spends days and nights in embroidering blue forget-me-nots upon them in finest silken threads.

She thinks of his surprise upon receiving them, and his pleasure in wearing them, as she wraps and wraps the tissue about them and ties them with bébé ribbon in true-lover knots.

Then steps in the Customs Law directing the maid to declare their value, and, enraged, she writes upon the label:

To Sir Henry Carshamfort, Bart., Carlton Club, London, from Annabel Gregory-Smithson, Fifth Avenue, New York. This package is declared to contain one pair of silk suspenders, valued at 98 cents, equal in English money to four shillings.

Yes! Valued at four shillings! For who takes note of the loving labor in embroidering, or rather who could compute the value of the time and the love thus expended?

And what about poor Sir Henry at the Carlton when a servant, solemn-faced, yet grinning in his heart, hands him the box containing the braces, and somehow all the clubmen get to know what he has received from Miss Annabel Gregory-Smithson, his bride-to-be?

This matter has been brought home personally to Mary Mortimer Maxwell. She herself has lately sent a parcel to a respected relative in England, and this is what the inquisitive parlor-maid will read as she takes the package from the postman:

The contents within this package are declared to be as follows:  
1 Harvard College cushion cover.....\$.25  
1 box special smooth American face powder......32  
2 half-pound boxes American candies..... 1.50  
1 American-made handkerchief......19  
1 American patent flat-iron holder......05  
6 strips Stickerman's court plaster......06  
12 yards American-made linsey wolsey..... 3.00  
Total, \$5.37, or about one guinea.

Is she not right in her contention that this would be a perfectly fascinating box for her relative to receive and to explore but for this garrulous and impudent label that thus brutally dissipates the mystery that is so important an element in a present? She says:

Now, I contend that the above would have been a perfectly fascinating box to open except for the information on the outside, which reduced my loving greeting to commonplace shillings and pence.

I took the greatest pride, when I sent off the particular package mentioned, in so wrapping that patent American wooden flat-iron handle, that cost only the equivalent of twopence-halfpenny, that when it was first received there could not be the faintest notion of what the tissue paper contained.

Has not my relative been wanting that particular thing for three years, and unable to obtain it in London?

Yet there is that hated "declaration" on the outside of the box, and, really, she has no pleasure at all in opening it. She knows all the contents, what they cost me. And as for the parlor maid, when she breaks that precious flat-iron holder in the act of ironing out some specially fine lace not to be trusted to the laundry, she will regret that it wasn't of much account any way, having cost but twopence-halfpenny.

This matter ought to be attended to. Life contains so few privacies that we are unwilling to lose any of them.

Allowing a vagrant eye to wander at large over the pages of the newspaper in the hope of finding some indication that the lot of humanity may presently be alleviated, the following dispatch from Salem, Oregon, arrests the attention:

A bill prohibiting the wearing of hatpins more than ten inches long was passed by the Oregon house of representatives yesterday.

It is evident that the Oregon House of Representatives is sadly in need of something to do. The next thing will be a bill requiring women to keep their finger nails within a defined limit of length or regulating their conversation by a gas meter. If we were inclined to be disrespectful of the Oregon legislators, which, of course, we are not, we should say that the genus ass is by no means extinct up north.

Presumably this bill is intended to prevent the hatpin from protruding on the off side so far as to be a danger to life or limb. But surely a ten-inch hatpin may be entirely harmless in one case, while being a lethal weapon in another. So much depends upon the thickness of the woman's head—an ungraceful expression be it confessed, but let that pass—upon the amount of hair that she wears or owns, and upon the kind of hat. Would it not have been wiser to enact that the hatpin should not project more than, say, two inches beyond the circumference of the headgear. But even two inches of hatpin is more than we care to hospitably entertain in the centre

of the eye. We do not mind it so much elsewhere, but we are all of us a little sensitive about our eyes in these degenerate days when fortitude and manly endurance are among the disappearing virtues. It would have been still better to forbid any projection at all of the business end of the hatpin. It is really surprising what discomfort can be caused by even an eighth of an inch of hatpin inserted with precision into the flesh of the face, and then jerked briskly to one side.

Some of the finest pearls in the world belong to the government of the United States and are on exhibition at the National Museum at Washington. They weigh about thirty grains each, and are in a necklace of 148 pearls with an aggregate weight of 700 grains. These were a present made in 1840 to President Van Buren by the Imam of Muscat. They lay forgotten in the vaults of the treasury for more than sixty years, and were recently discovered and transferred to the custody of the National Museum.

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Krewe of Proteus.....	February 22
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lord Esher, who, when president of the Court of Appeal, used to keep up a running fire of "chaff" on learned counsel, sometimes got a Roland for his Oliver—as when a young barrister, in the course of argument, stated that no reasonable person could doubt one particular proposition. "But I doubt it very much," said the judge. The youthful advocate, not one whit abashed, replied, "I said no reasonable person, my lord." The Master of the Rolls could only gasp, "Proceed, sir, proceed."

A Boston painter who died not long ago was a broken-down wreck in his later days. Some feeling of pride and shame clung to him to the last, however, and, although he lived upon the charity of his friends, he never asked for money outright. In the crown of his hat he pasted this request: "Please lend me a quarter," printed in big, staring letters. When making a call he would doff his hat with much show of dignity, and there would be the mute appeal staring in the face his intended victim. The scheme never failed.

Buffalo Bill, who says that with hard work a man should live to be a centenarian, talked, at a reunion of Kansas cavalymen, about straight shooting. "It is hard work to learn to be a good shot," he said. "We Americans are better shots than most," he continued. "A French prince visited me on my ranch once, and we went out after birds. I came back with a full bag, but when I asked the prince what he had killed, he said proudly: 'Of ze bairds, none; zey are too difficle; but of ze wild cows and calves, I 'ave nine ovair ze fill.'"

On the eve of leaving London for Canada, Mrs. Brooke, who wrote "The History of Emily Montague," the first novel written in Canada, gave a farewell party, Hannah More, Johnson and Boswell being of the company. Dr. Johnson was obliged to leave early, and apparently departed after wishing his hostess health and happiness. Shortly after a servant whispered to Mrs. Brooke that a gentleman was waiting below to speak to her. Running down stairs, the fair novelist found the venerable lexicographer. "Madam," said he, ponderously, "I sent for you down stairs that I might kiss you, which I did not choose to do before so much company."

The rigid observance of English rules in South Carolina courts, and the neglect of the same on the part of a barrister well known in his day, gave rise to the following passage: "Mr. P—" said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You can't speak." "May it please the bench," said the barrister, "I conform strictly to the law. Let me illustrate. The law says the barrister shall wear a black gown and coat, and your honor thinks that means a black coat?" "Yes," said the judge. "Well, the law also says the sheriff shall wear a cocked hat and sword. Does your honor hold that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?" He was permitted to proceed.

Kinglake, the author of "Eothen," was afflicted with gout, and he had a fancy to try a lady doctor, and wrote to one to ask if gout was beyond her scope. She replied: "Dear sir, gout is not beyond my scope, but men are." It was Kinglake who uttered one of the neatest of mots on the peculiar character of the Times. He had little fondness for that journal, in spite of personal friendships which might have been expected to soften his view of the question. The paper was still to him a sort of juggernaut, irresistible and fateful. On seeing the announcement of the new editor's marriage, he exclaimed: "Heavens! that brings the Times into relations with humanity."

A prestidigitator, in the course of an exhibition in New York recently, had one of the audience select one card from a pack and then he handed a sheet of paper to another spectator, a timid-looking blonde man. The professor, who did not see the card, announced that after it had been returned to the pack the description of it would be found written on the paper. The card was the eight of hearts. It was taken out by the professor. "Is that it—the eight of hearts?" asked the professor. "That's all right," answered the timid-looking man. But he was a very conscientious man, and later he insisted on telling the audience that the professor had written on the paper, "Please say 'That's all right.'"

Believing with Solomon that to spare the rod is to spoil the child, an earnest parent keeps in a certain closet a leather strap with which he administers punishment to his offspring when they commit any misdemeanor. A few days ago he had occasion to need the strap, but it was missing from its usual place, and a thorough search of the entire flat failed to discover it. Then he offered a reward of five cents to whosoever of his olive branches could tell him what had become of the lost article. "Gimme the nickel," cried four-year-

old Ben; "I know where it is." When the coin was safely stowed away in his trousers pocket he said with much pride: "I frowed it down the air-shaft."

The Comptroller of the Treasury is an autocrat whose decision overrides even that of the chief magistrate of the nation. Some years ago the then incumbent of the office refused to sign a warrant for money which General Grant thought it proper to expend. "That is right," the President said; "I admire your firmness. Where your conscience is concerned, never permit yourself to be coerced. You may consider yourself clear in this affair, for I shall appoint a new comptroller tomorrow."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Woman.

Oh, woman, you are charming,  
And poets long have sung  
Their sweetest verses to you  
In every written tongue;  
But none of them has ever  
Told why it is that you  
Will always leave a street-car  
.ot dne gnorW

—W. J. Lampton, in Success Magazine.

The Mulberry Kind.

I have got no end of schemes,  
Money makers, I may state;  
Wealth beyond the wildest dreams  
Soon I could accumulate  
Were it not for cruel fate,  
Well I know I could succeed.  
Long I would not have to wait;  
Capital is all I need.

Midas had the golden touch;  
I can't touch folk for a cent;  
Not that I would ask so much—  
Bled them to a great extent.  
All should carefully be spent,  
So it would return with speed,  
Ways enough I can invent,  
Capital is all I need.

Hard it is to have the brain,  
Hard to have the master mind,  
Hard to see such chance of gain  
When the world's so very blind;  
Hard to meet rebuffs unkind  
When for timely help I plead.  
El Dorado I can find—  
Capital is all I need.

—Chicago News.

The Nervous Child.

He harried the household cat,  
He worried and whipped the dog,  
He sat on his auntie's hat,  
He caught and he killed a frog,  
He lamed with a sizzale stone  
The best of his uncle's chickens,  
He broke the bed, and it may be said  
With truth, that he raised the dickens—  
Till grandmother raised her eyes, she did,  
And murmured, "The Lord preserve us!"  
But mother remarked as she kissed the kid:  
"The poor little dear is nervous."

He fidgeted, sulked, and fussed—  
So dainty about his meat,  
He screamed that his mother must  
Have something a fellow could eat,  
He answered his auntie hack,  
He snapped at his uncle, too,  
He tortured and teased and did as he pleased  
And not what they wished he'd do,  
Till grandmother raised her eyes, she did,  
And murmured, "The Lord preserve us!"  
But mother remarked as she kissed the kid:  
"The poor little dear is nervous."—Life.

My Machine.

Rich men are tooting around today  
In their machines;  
Six-cylindered demons of red and gray  
Are their machines.  
Mine is smaller and not so fast,  
But it always gets me there at last,  
And perhaps some day it will take me past  
The big machines.

Many's the land I have traveled through  
On my machine,  
With many a stalwart man and true  
On my machine.  
Lovers a-many, in sorry plight,  
On roughest road and darkest night  
I've carried safely through storm and fight  
On my machine.

I've speeded on Africa's sandy shore  
On my machine,  
I've heard the Arctic breakers roar  
From my machine.  
The Alps and Andes heights I've scaled;  
Through every continent I've sailed;  
At never an obstacle have I quailed  
On my machine.

Time and labor are easy to save  
On my machine.  
The work is plain (and the errors grave)  
On my machine;  
But just the same I hammer along,  
Putting the R's where the E's belong—  
Please, Mr. Editor, hury the song  
From my machine.

—Boston Transcript.

An Irish tenant who had just bought under the purchase act boasted to the agent that his landlord was now "God Almighty" and that he need fear nothing. "Don't you be too sure, Pat," was the reply. "Remember God Almighty evicted his first two tenants."

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2:00p	10:00a	1:36p	12:20p	1:32p	12:18p
*4:40p	11:20a	3:00p	1:40p	4:34p	1:36p
.....	12:40p	4:40p	3:05p	*8:50p	3:01p
.....	2:00p	.....	4:45p	.....	4:41p
.....	3:20p	.....	6:06p	.....	6:01p

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

As the close of the season draws near the number of social events increases rapidly, and the coming fortnight will be indeed a gay one. Plans are being made by many to leave town immediately after Ash Wednesday and the early Lenten days will witness many fittings.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, to Paymaster Walter A. Greer, U. S. N., now stationed at Yerba Buena Island. Their wedding will be celebrated in the fall.

The wedding of Miss Eva Castle, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Castle, to Mr. A. P. S. McQuisten of Glasgow, Scotland, will take place on Tuesday evening next at the home of the bride on Steiner Street. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss Edna Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Davis, to Mr. Pierce C. Moore took place on Tuesday evening of last week. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Ernest Bradley of Trinity Church. Mr. and Mrs. Moore are spending their honeymoon in Belvedere.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Hartson and Captain Thomas Caldwell Turner, U. S. M. C., took place on Wednesday evening last at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Judge and Mrs. Walter Cope, on Union Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Prendergast. Mrs. Walter Cope was matron of honor and Miss Julia Dixon of Merced and Miss Marguerite Butters were bridesmaids. Lieutenant Charles Kerrick, U. S. N., was the best man, and Lieutenant Church, U. S. N., and Mr. George Fuller were ushers. After a short wedding journey Captain Turner and his bride will be at Mare Island.

The wedding of Miss Edith Esberg, daughter of Mrs. Matilda Esberg, to Mr. Joseph Sloss, took place at the home of the bride on Pacific Avenue on Monday last. Rabbi Nieto was the officiating clergyman. Only relatives were present.

The Misses Dorothy and Ruth Boericke will entertain at an informal dance on Tuesday evening next in honor of Miss Louise McCormick of Chicago.

Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague will entertain at a luncheon on Tuesday next.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark will entertain at a dinner on Friday evening next at the Fairmont in honor of the Honorable and Mrs. Guest of London.

Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick will be the hostess at a tea on Monday next in honor of Miss Louise McCormick of Chicago.

Miss Clara Allen will be the hostess at a tea on Thursday next at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., will entertain at a bridge party on Wednesday next.

Mrs. Joseph Trilley will entertain at bridge on Tuesday next at her home on Fillmore Street.

Miss Maud Wilson will entertain at bridge on Thursday evening next in honor of Miss Louise McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin entertained at a bridge party and dance on Friday evening of last week at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly entertained at an informal dance on Saturday evening last at their home in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. Casserly's brother, Mr. Cudahy of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, going afterwards to the Irwin dance.

Mrs. Francis J. Carolan entertained at a

lecture by Mirza Ali-Kuli Khan, Persian consul at Washington, on "Persia and Things Persian" on Thursday at the Fairmont.

Mr. Henry T. Scott entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week at the St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills. Seventy guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained at a dinner and theatre party on Thursday evening of last week.

Miss Mary Keeney was the hostess at a dinner on Friday evening of last week before the Irwin ball.

Mrs. Ansel Easton was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at the St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott was the hostess at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Mrs. James L. Flood entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday last at the Fairmont in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. About forty guests were present.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a luncheon yesterday (Friday) at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Mrs. Thomas Eastland entertained at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont on Monday.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy entertained at bridge on Friday of last week at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. Joseph Chanslor was the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Willis Polk entertained at an informal tea on Friday of last week at her apartment at the St. Xavier in honor of Miss Katrina Page-Brown.

Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman entertained at an informal tea on Tuesday last in honor of the Misses Edith and Josephine Marshall of Kentucky.

Miss Cora Smedberg was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton Worden entertained at an informal tea on Thursday of last week in the Laurel Court at the Fairmont.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

M. and Mme. de Dampierre (formerly Miss Marie Christine de Guigue), who went to Napa Valley for their honeymoon, were detained there by the storm, but left last week for a stay in Santa Barbara before going abroad.

Professor and Mrs. Jerome Landfield were the guests of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst at her Pleasanton home last week. They expect to leave in the near future for a trip to Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan spent the week end at their country place at Burlingame, having as their guests Miss Katrina Page-Brown and Miss Mary Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock have returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mr. Lawrence McCreery has arrived from London.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Templeton Crocker, and Mr. Duane Hopkins left on Saturday of last week for Yosemite, where they will remain for about a week.

Miss Julia Langhorne spent the week end at San Mateo as the guest of Vicomtesse de Tristano.

Mrs. James A. Robinson has returned from a visit to Southern California and Arizona.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith and her son, Mr. Bayard Hyde-Smith, returned on the *Mongolia* last

week from Honolulu, where they were visiting Mrs. Harold Dillingham (formerly Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith).

Mrs. George M. Bowman has returned to her home in San Jose, after a few weeks in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ring, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. King, have left for Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight expect to spend the summer abroad and will leave early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and Miss Frances Martin, who have recently returned from New York, have taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent sailed last week from New York to Naples, whence they will go immediately to Algiers.

Miss Louise McCormick of Chicago is the guest of the Misses Boericke at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin are in Paris for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellman and their niece, Miss Anita Mailliard, expect to leave for New York tomorrow (Sunday). After visiting the Eastern cities, they will sail for Chili, where they will remain for six months.

Mrs. Veronica Baird and her daughter, Mrs. William Sproule, are in New York, and expect to sail shortly for Europe.

Mrs. George A. Moore will leave shortly for the East to visit her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Geissler.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Calvin, with their daughters, have taken apartments at the Lafayette for the winter.

Miss Kathleen de Young has returned from Santa Barbara, where she was the guest of Mrs. William Miller Graham.

Mrs. Frank Freyer sailed on Friday of last week to Guam, where she will join her husband, Lieutenant Freyer, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith are contemplating a trip to the Islands during Lent.

Mrs. Ella Hotaling of San Francisco is spending the winter in Territet, on Lake Geneva.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thornton Lally and Miss Marian Lally are in New York, and will visit for several weeks in the Eastern cities, returning in March to San Francisco.

Mr. C. E. Spaulding of San Francisco was at Del Monte for a few days during the past week.

Mr. Hermann Barth, architect, has recently returned to this city from Europe, where he spent nearly six months visiting many places of architectural interest.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills were among a number of guests who came up for the Scott dinner last week and remained at the St. Francis for a brief visit.

Mr. W. T. Garby is now at Del Monte.

Mr. Walter C. Smith, on his return from China, was joined by his wife at Del Monte, where they will remain for some time before going to their home in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Gay Lombard of Portland came down to the city for a visit last week and registered at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kerr are now at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Duncan, with Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Davis of Portland, stopped at Del Monte for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Wilcox of Portland with their family, Miss Claire Wilcox and Mr. T. B. Wilcox, and Miss Morrison will be at Del Monte for the rest of the winter.

Among those presented at the Court of St. James this season will be Mrs. Newton Booth Knox (Miss Bessie Blossom). Mr. and Mrs. Knox are spending some time in London.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, who have just returned from New York, have taken apartments at the St. Francis for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Putnam were at Del Monte the latter part of the week.

The following San Franciscans registered at Del Monte during the past week: Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Felix, Mr. M. E. Pinckard, Mr. D. Boon, Jr., Miss M. S. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. V. J. A. Rey.

A few of the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mrs. J. E. Brown, Mr. C. K. Bonestell, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Gallagher, Mrs. R. Heinam, Jr., Mr. Alexander R. Baum, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Pierson, Mr. A. R. M. Blackhall, Mr. John M. Ponnett, Mrs. L. Ziegler.

## The Philippines Constabulary Band.

Owing to the delay in the sailing of the transport *Buford*, the famous Constabulary Band of the Philippines will not open its tour in this country until Monday night, instead of this Sunday night, as was previously announced.

The organization, numbering eighty-five splendid musicians and including a symphony orchestra of sixty-two, will play both Monday and Tuesday nights at the Dreamland Rink, and seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner of Kearny and Sutter Streets.

Tuesday afternoon the band will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, and on Wednesday evening at the Clunie Theatre in Sacramento.

Seats for these events will be \$1 and down to 50 cents.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Daniel H. Brush, U. S. A., who has been ordered recently to the Philippines to assume command of Fort McKinley, did not sail on the transport *Sheridan* on Friday of last week for Manila as he was ordered, his train having been delayed by the storms en route from Vancouver Barracks, his former station. He will remain here until the sailing of the transport on March 5.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus were in town this week from the Presidio of Monterey.

Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Davis, Medical Corps, U. S. A., recently relieved from duty as chief surgeon, Department of Missouri, sailed from this port on Friday of last week on the transport *Sheridan*, en route to Manila.

Major Euclid B. Frick, Medical Corps, U. S. A., upon his arrival at Newport News with the troops returning from Cuba, will accompany the troops to the proper stations and will then be relieved from duty at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and will then proceed to Fort McDowell, Angel Island, for duty.

Captain J. C. Gilmore, U. S. N., was promoted to his present rank, his commission to date from January 7.

Captain Samuel D. McAlister, U. S. A., retired, sailed on the transport *Sheridan* on Friday of last week for Honolulu, where he expects to engage in business.

Captain Thomas Caldwell Turner, U. S. M. C., has been granted leave of absence from February 1 to March 14 inclusive.

Captain John T. Nance, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., to the Second Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain E. Holland Ruhottom, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Second Cavalry, U. S. A., to the Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain Haldimand P. Young, quartermaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Miller, quartermaster-general at Manila, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Captain James K. Parsons, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort Shafter, Honolulu, has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey, reporting to the commanding officer at that post for duty as regimental quartermaster.

Commander E. W. Eberle, U. S. N., has been promoted from lieutenant-commander to his present rank.

Lieutenant-Commander C. T. Jewell, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Denver* and ordered to command the *Araya*.

Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Caldwell, U. S. N., when discharged from the Naval Hospital at Mare Island, is ordered to proceed to the *Milwaukee* as navigator and ordnance officer.

Lieutenant E. H. Campbell, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty at the Naval Station, Cavite, and ordered to the *Charleston*.

Lieutenant W. R. Sayles, Jr., U. S. N., has been relieved from duty on the *Charleston* and ordered to the *Denver*.

Lieutenant Jarvis J. Bain, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved at the Engineers' School, Washington Barracks, Washington, D. C., to take effect at such time as will enable him to proceed with Companies E and H, Second Battalion of Engineers, U. S. A., to sail for the Philippines on the transport sailing from San Francisco on or about June 5, to report to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for duty.

Lieutenant Thomas P. Bernard, U. S. A., recently promoted from second lieutenant, Third Cavalry, was promoted to be first lieutenant on November 27 and assigned to the Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Walter Harvey, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Alcatraz Island for duty at the military prison, relieving Captain Ross I. Bush, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., who will join his regiment.

First Lieutenant Dean Halford, U. S. A., was promoted from second lieutenant to his present rank and has been reassigned to the Twenty-Second Infantry.

Lieutenant Henry du R. Phelan, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty at Fort Baker on arrival of Captain William H. Taft, Medical Corps, U. S. A., and will proceed to Honolulu for duty.

Ensign A. C. Scott, Jr., U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence*, Mare Island, and sailed on February 5 to join the Pacific fleet.

Caruso was engaged, under his last contract, for eighty performances at \$2000 each, making \$160,000. Of these eighty performances, sixty are to be given in this country, besides some extra performances outside of the contract, and the other twenty in Europe, and it is doubtful if the full twenty can be given in Europe at the price demanded.

Maude Adams will soon begin rehearsals of Schiller's "Joan of Arc," which she is to act in the Harvard Stadium on June 22. A company of several hundred players will be engaged in the production.

The Langendorff Concerts.

Next Thursday evening, February 18, at Christian Science Hall, Manager Will Greenbaum will introduce Mme. Frieda Langendorff, a mezzo-soprano with a voice of such remarkable range that she can sing the contralto or dramatic soprano operatic rôles with equal facility. This is the artist's first American tour and she is almost unknown here, but Mr. Greenbaum feels that after her first appearance before a discriminating audience her success will be as great as in the Eastern cities.

The programme for the first concert will include three splendid operatic arias, "Give Alms" from "The Prophet," "Mitrane" by Rossi, and "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from "Samson and Delilah." An interesting novelty will be the dramatic work, "The Cry of Rachel," by Turner Salter, and songs by Beethoven, Rubinstein, Hildach, MacDowell, DeRigo, Hammond, Hugo Wolf, and Eckert will complete the offering.

Mme. Flora Karp Heilbron will be the assisting pianist, and will play Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasie, Chopin's "Berceuse," Op. 37, and the rarely heard variations of Chopin's Op. 12.

The second and last programme will be given Sunday afternoon, February 21, when two of Tchaikowsky's operatic arias will be given with songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Gluck, Grieg, and Henschel. Fred Maurer, Jr., will be the accompanist.

Seats will be ready Monday, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store, Sutter and Kearny Streets, where complete programmes of the concerts may be obtained.

Next Friday afternoon Mme. Langendorff will repeat the opening programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

Wednesday evening, February 17, Mme. Langendorff will furnish the programme for the third concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

British Humor in Pantomimes.

A French visitor in London made the rounds of the pantomime shows to discover the reason for these essentially British products. He sums them up as gorgeous exhibitions of sentimentalism, romance, and fairy love, but says that the Englishman also insists on humor in the pieces: "They do not require essence of wit, dazzling aphorisms, and unique 'bons-mots.' Not even British stolidness could stand three hours and a half of subtle repartees. The English ask for fireworks, for jovial humor, farcical jokes, and nonsensical ditties. It does not matter how absurd the humor is as long as there is plenty of it. What is wanted is quantity, not quality; speed, not genius. The audience get what they require, and they enjoy it. And I do not blame them. Rahelais is quite as amusing and more hygienic than Voltaire, and laughing whole-heartedly is better than smiling, however cunningly.

"Although not used to this particular kind of humor, I reveled in it. Like the children around me, I laughed when I read on the programme such names as Sarah Slapp, Captain Keel, Lord Chestnut, the Duke of Foxhrush, and Lady Sweetthriar. I laughed at remarks of this kind: 'I know her frightfully well; we are terribly friendly.' I laughed when a comedian called another, 'You bird's-eye view of the Alhert Hall' and pronounced 'cow-yard' for coward. I even laughed when a fair person in tights innocently remarked: 'I have a pain in my stadium. . . . I laughed when Wilkie Bard, unctuously and with a mellow voice, sang 'She sells sea shells on the seashore.'

"After an hour at a pantomime one feels so happy that one is ready to accept anything, even dialogue of the following description: 'Shall I skin this rabbit?' 'No, shave it.' or 'Where is London?' 'A place near Croydon.' The audience roared.

"Who said the English took their pleasures sadly?"

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**THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.**

"How old is Belle?" "Twenty-four her last six birthdays."—*The Gossip.*

*Waiter*—Be careful of the soup, gentlemen. It is so hot that it has scalded both my thumbs.—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

"What a tremendous following that statesman has!" "Those are not constituents, my friend; they are detectives."—*Newark News.*

*Helen*—Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him. *Myrtle*—Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something.—*Puck.*

*She*—Don't you think that her playing shows remarkable finish? *He* (yawning)—Yes; but she was a deuced long time in getting to it.—*Town Topics.*

"The time, the place, and the girl. How seldom we see them together." "And another rare combination is the man, the scheme, and the coin."—*Washington Herald.*

*She* (at the musicale)—Miss Schreecher sings with wonderful realism, don't you think so? *He*—Yes; you can almost see the crack in her voice.—*Detroit Saturday Night.*

*Mr. Popp*—Hurray! For once in my life I know where my cuff links are. *Mrs. Popp*—Where are they now? *Mr. Popp*—The baby's swallowed 'em!—*Cleveland Leader.*

*Little Willie*—Say, pa, what is a ripe old age? *Po*—It's the age, my son, at which a man is willing to admit that he's not the only dried apple in the pantry.—*Chicago Daily News.*

*He*—Your milliner's bill has cost me last year as much as the salary of my two bookkeepers. That is more than I can afford. *She*—Well, discharge one of them.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

*Distorted Mother* (opening the door of the playroom)—What are you boys making all this terrible racket about? *Her Youngest*—We're playin' Congress, maw. We've just had a message from the Pres'dunt!—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Women must consider it a dreadful fate to be old maids," mused Mr. Chugwater. "They do, Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater. "Look what terrible noodles they sometimes marry to escape it."—*Stray Stories.*

*Merchant*—So you want a job as office boy, eh? Any previous experience? *Boy*—No, sir. I don't know bow to do anything in an office.—*Merchant*—I guess you won't do.—*Boy*—I don't even know how to whistle. *Merchant*—Hang up your hat.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"Do you like a nice bird?" asked the Johnny as they sat down to the table. "Oh, yes!" responded the ingénue immediately and enthusiastically. "You ought to call on my sister," explained the other. "She's got one of the

finest canaries you ever saw. Well, what kind of a sandwich do you think you can eat?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

*She*—The new winter color is called messenger boy blue. *He*—Why so? *She*—It's guaranteed not to run.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

*First Landlady*—If you allow tipping it reduces wages. *Second Landlady*—Yes, but the boarders get too much to eat.—*New York Sun.*

*She*—I heard you singing in your room this morning. *He*—Oh, I sing a little to kill time. *She*—You have a good weapon.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"The alligator swallowed him." "An' did they kill the 'gator?" "No; they thought that swallerin' him was punishment enough!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"I thought young Puffy was studying to be a surgeon." "He gave it up; he couldn't bear the sight of blood." "But he owns an automobile."—*Newark Evening News.*

"What, Heinrich! drinking again? I thought you intended to quit." "Ach! dot is so, yes. But in der vords of der saying, 'Der ghost was villing, but der meat was feeble.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

*Scribble*—What is Rhymer doing now? *Dribbles*—Writing advertising jingles for a sausage manufacturer, I believe. *Scribble*—Poor old Rhymer! I never thought he would get down to doggerel.—*The Literary Page.*

*Returning Husband*—Oh, and I say, Laura, before I left town, Mrs. Hugh Wilson gave me three enormous pears for you. I ate one in the train, sat on another, and gave the third away. Don't forget to write and thank her!—*Punch.*

Once, when Daniel Webster was addressing a political meeting in Faneuil Hall, the standing multitude within the hall, pressed by those who were endeavoring to enter from without, began to sway to and fro, a solid mass of human bodies, as helpless to counteract the movement as if Faneuil Hall were being rocked by an earthquake. The orator was in the midst of a stirring appeal, urging the necessity of individual exertion and unflinching patriotism to avert the dangers that threatened the political party whose principles he espoused, when he perceived the terrible swaying of the packed assembly and the imminent danger that might ensue. Webster stopped short in the middle of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, extended his arm in an authoritative attitude, and, in a stentorian voice of command, cried out: "Let each man stand firm!" The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm; the great heaving mass of humanity regained its equilibrium, and, save the long breath of relief that filled the air, perfect stillness ensued. "That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self-government!"

# The Crocker National Bank

## OF SAN FRANCISCO

Condensed Report of Condition at Close of Business February 5, 1909

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts .....	\$12,148,896.19
U. S. Bonds .....	1,100,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities.....	2,243,078.69
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	6,059,422.95
	\$21,551,397.83
LIABILITIES.	
Capital .....	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	2,182,448.64
Circulation .....	1,000,000.00
Deposits .....	17,368,949.19
	\$21,551,397.83

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## THE SAN FRANCISCO NATIONAL BANK

From Report Made to the Comptroller of the Currency at the Close of Business February 5, 1909

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$2,445,747.80
U. S. Bonds.....	1,285,000.00
Premium on Bonds.....	49,025.00
Stocks and Bonds .....	10,575.00
Bank Building .....	368,158.66
Cash on Hand and Sight Exchange.....	1,167,479.64
Total.....	\$5,325,986.10
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock Paid in.....	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus .....	250,000.00
Undivided Profits .....	132,181.33
National Bank Notes Outstanding.....	1,000,000.00
Deposits .....	2,943,804.77
Total.....	\$5,325,986.10

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Mr. Taft and the Negro—Schurman and Direct Primaries—The Unions and the Japanese—A Word for Dr. Wiley—New York and a Censorship—The Panama Report—Socialism in England—Dr. Jordan's Fiat—The Recall in Los Angeles—Editorial Notes . . . . .	113-115
CURRENT TOPICS . . . . .	116
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . . .	116
ADVENTRESS AND AUTOMOBILE: The Interesting Miss Charlesworth Shows a New Way to Pay Old Debts . . . . .	117
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World . . . . .	117
OLD FAVORITES: "Forever and a Day," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Resigned," by General Charles Graham Halpine; "Mora Benefica," by Edmund Clarence Stedman . . . . .	117
THE WOMAN IN THE MOON. By William Lightfoot Visscher . . . . .	118
A ROMANCE OF THE SEA: Alfred Ollivant Writes a Stirring Story of a Midshipman Who Saved Nelson . . . . .	119
AT REGGIO, SCYLLA, AND MESSINA: Appalling Magnitude and Fatality of the Disaster—First Aid to the Sufferers . . . . .	120
TOLSTOI ON LINCOLN: Greatest of All Presidents and a Saint of Humanity . . . . .	120
CURRENT VERSE: "Praise the Good Day at Its End," by Una Artevelde Taylor; "The Village in the Lake," by K. L. Montgomery . . . . .	120
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn . . . . .	121-122
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications . . . . .	122
DRAMA: The County Chairman. By Josephine Hart Phelps . . . . .	123
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT . . . . .	123
VANITY FAIR . . . . .	124
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise . . . . .	125
THE MERRY MUSE . . . . .	125
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy . . . . .	126-127
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day . . . . .	128

### Mr. Taft and the Negro.

The reappointment of Mr. Crum as collector of the port of Charleston has received more attention at the hands of the Senate than the importance of the matter seems to justify. The explanation lies in the fact that Mr. Crum is a negro. He was first appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, and the real point of the present dispute is whether his reappointment shall come from the present executive or whether it shall be postponed until after March 4 so that the onus shall fall upon Mr. Taft. The President-elect is said to be unwilling that one of his first official acts shall be practically a declaration of policy on the eternal color question, and for this reason the Republicans in the Senate have put forth unusual efforts to have the matter disposed of at once. In this they have failed. The Democrats are determined to ascertain by this appointment just what Mr. Taft means by instituting a "new policy" for the South, and the case of Crum is too good a chance to be lost.

It is doubtful if Mr. Taft has expressed himself one

way or the other on the matter of Crum. It is still more unlikely that his "new policy" means a disregard of the negro upon the ground of his color. Mr. Taft will not conciliate the South except by broad measures for the general welfare, and whatever course he may follow with this particular appointment will be dictated by general and not sectional motives.

### Schurman and Direct Primaries.

President Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell University is on terms of personal and political friendship with Governor Hughes of New York, and with the candor that should distinguish friendship he urges him to be cautious in the matter of the Direct Primary. President Schurman speaks as one having authority, and not as the pedagogues. He has traveled through the Western States, conversing with every one who had anything to say that was worth saying, and he warns Governor Hughes that the Direct Primary has been weighed in the balances and found wanting, that it has done the things that it ought not to have done and left undone the things that it ought to have done and that there is no health in it. No doubt Governor Hughes can see for himself that wars and rumors of wars have followed in the wake of the new political patent medicine, but it is just as well that the matter should be pressed home by President Schurman. He does it, too, with sweet reasonableness and with scholastic logic.

No one will quarrel with his statement of the case. It is claimed, he says, that the Direct Primary will give us better officials for the public service, awaken public interest in public affairs, and thwart the usurping ambitions of the bosses. All of these are admirable aims. We all wish to see them accomplished. No moral issue is involved, and therefore there is no need for an exchange of missiles between those who would take different roads to the same end. The opponents of the Direct Primary do not necessarily love the political boss any more than do its advocates, but they recognize that the disease is one that must be traced to its source in the folly of the voter and that you can not change a bad workman into a good one by giving him a different set of tools. The fault is in human nature, and this always acts like a dash of cold water in the face of the reformer, whose only conception of his mission is to "pass a law." Then he begins to make faces and to call names.

Now, President Schurman says that his only objection to the Direct Primary is that it will not do the things that are claimed for it. On the contrary, it does their opposite. So far from improving the quality of the public service, it "discourages independent and self-respecting men" from entering it. So far from abashing the adventurer, it gives heart of grace to "the demagogue, the self-advertiser, and the reckless and unscrupulous soldier of fortune." We are reminded of a well-known jurist who was asked if he would rather be tried upon a criminal charge before a judge and a jury or before a judge without a jury. He replied that if he were guilty he would insist upon a jury, but that if he were innocent he would prefer the judge only. That is the attitude of the candidate for public honor. If he is a political mountebank he would rather appeal to the wide audience that can always be moved by mountebank tricks, by oratorical fireworks, a reckless prodigality with money, and sensational movements. Upon the other hand, if he has real graces of head and heart, a genuine capacity, and a genuine character, he would rather appeal to a selected body of men who can appreciate these things and discount everything over. The part of the voter is to see that the convention is made up of men qualified to judge the genuine from the false. If the voter sends bad men to the party convention, he will send bad men to the Senate or anywhere else.

President Schurman dashes cold water straight in the face of the "pass a law" reformer. He asks him to

look straight at the facts, and this is always a hateful procedure to the political pill vendor. Let us confess, he says, that existing evils are not due to machinery at all, but entirely to the voter. Let us confess, he says, that they are caused by "our neglect as citizens . . . of the political duties devolving upon us."

Confession is not much in the line of the reformer, and so we have small hopes in that direction. He prefers assertion and moral rock-throwing. It is more spectacular to pass laws and make speeches and to send the unmeaning catch words of the day hurtling through the air. It would not be nearly so interesting, nor so popular, merely to implore the voter not to make a fool of himself and to use the same discrimination in convention nominations that he would use in hiring an office-boy. Then, too, there are some of the reformers who know that their own chances of preferment would be instantly nipped in the bud by an unsentimental convention and that their only hopes lie in the amusing tricks that they could perform on the public platform, in which the astounding coin-vanishing feat would form a prominent part.

President Schurman does not believe much in the power of the boss. Nor do we. But we believe firmly in the power of the voter, who creates the boss, sustains him, nourishes him, and perpetuates him. Where would the boss be if it were not for the great volume of public folly to which we are now asked to give still further powers? We are not suffering from bosses, but from human nature and from original sin.

Take the case of Mr. Hughes himself. He has been twice elected as governor of New York, but we are not aware that the bosses had anything to do with that election. If reports speak truly, the bosses moved heaven and earth to defeat Governor Hughes. They caballed, they caucused, they fulminated, and they conspired, but they might just as well have protested against the sunrise. President Schurman does not say so in so many words, but he strongly hints that Mr. Hughes would have stood a very poor chance under a direct primary. Of course, he would have stood no chance at all. He has no money. He is not an orator. His personality is of the frigid type. Who can doubt that he might have been beaten by some glib young orator, shifting his sails to every wind and kissing every baby within sight? It was the old convention system that elected Mr. Hughes, and we have yet to hear of the rejection of any one like Mr. Hughes in favor of the nominee of a boss.

### The Unions and the Japanese.

Now that the Japanese bills have been more or less decently buried, we can take stock of the situation with a view to action in the right way and at the right time. Orders have already been given for a census of the Japanese throughout the State, and this will give us reliable figures. The statistics that we have now are little more than guesswork, as they do not include arrivals by way of Canada or Mexico. With all due respect for opinions that are unsupported by either observation or facts, it may be doubted if there has been any diminution in the Japanese population of the State, although the direct arrivals and departures by sea may point that way. Certainly San Francisco as a city has no reason to believe that the tide is ebbing.

The legislature changed its mind about Mr. Johnson's bill, as it was intended that it should, and with an easy rapidity suggestive of a light weight. Three weeks ago it was of the opinion that the bill should pass, and it did pass. Exactly seven days later it was of opinion that the bill should not pass, and it was defeated. We may be thankful that there was no third opportunity for a *volte face*, as such rapid revolutions tend to giddiness.

And yet there was a method in the madness. We do not know if the whole business was planned, but we suspect that it was. A good many . . . men owe their seats to the labor unions, or do . . .



do, which is the same thing. If the bill had been defeated at its first presentation there would have been the usual complaints and threats from the noisy little ring of walking delegates and their dupes who call themselves "the people," and a good many names might have been entered upon the blacklist. By first of all allowing the bill to pass and then recalling it for reconsideration and defeat the labor nominees and clients were allowed to strike a resounding blow for the cause and the blow was then neutralized by the action of a week later. It was rather a clever move. Its consonance with legislative dignity is a matter of taste.

The labor unions have been well to the front in this matter and the usual crop of mischief was the result. Their objection was not so much to the Japanese as to competition of any kind. They were actuated by exactly the same spirit as that of the New York unions that recently demanded the return to their own country of a few diamond cutters who had come from Belgium on the chance of getting employment here. Whatever interferes with the privileged caste of labor is branded aloft as an attack upon the integrity of the country. In one place it is Belgians and in another Japanese. Tomorrow it will be Germans, Scandinavians, or Jews.

The insincerity of the labor union agitation is shown in this particular instance by the fact that the Japanese are able to make good their foothold in San Francisco. They could not do so unless they were sustained, and we may reasonably assume that they are sustained by the classes to whom a low price is the main consideration. The Japanese shoe-repairing trade has probably more vitality than any other. It is said to be financed by a single Japanese capitalist, who has elaborated a system by which every cobbler who is started in business must take an apprentice, who in turn will become a beneficiary of the system and the payer of interest upon a loan. Now from what class does this army of Japanese shoe-menders get its support? In other words, whose shoes do they mend? In what part of the city are they to be found? It is very certain that the great bulk of the patronage given to them comes from the labor-union element and that we owe the success of the Japanese invasion, so far as the city is concerned, to the very class whose outcry is the loudest against the evil which they themselves have created and sustain. San Francisco is the most union ridden city in the United States. No white workman can get his living without the consent of the unions, and yet we are told that large bodies of Japanese can set at defiance a self-constituted authority that has the power almost of life or death, and certainly of banishment, over their own countrymen who do not hold union tickets. This, of course, in no way affects the Japanese question as a matter of public policy and one to be settled deliberately upon its merits when those merits have been ascertained. But it does affect the credentials of the unions and their claim to represent the people.

#### A Word for Dr. Wiley.

If Dr. Wiley should allow himself to be sneered and jeered out of his position as chemist to the Department of Agriculture, he is not the man the *Argonaut* takes him to be or the man that he should be for such a place. He has received nothing that does not belong inevitably to his day's work. We have already too many officials appointed to correct abuses who find it more pleasant to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness than to fight with it, and the fact that Dr. Wiley has stirred up a host of resentments is proof that he is not living in vain. No doubt his work is "bad for business"—a phrase, by the way, that is used to palliate more concentrated abominations than any other of our day. We may well hope that Dr. Wiley's duties will become more and more obnoxious to the particular business against which they are directed, the business of the public poisoner and the adulterator. The outcry raised against Dr. Wiley is his certificate of competence and the measure of his success. We hope it will have continued cause to increase.

The tin-plate trade is the latest addition to the pack of pursuing hounds. Their business has been hurt by Dr. Wiley's warning that tin cans are sometimes so thinly coated that their contents become impregnated with arsenic, antimony, or lead. The coating is so ineffective that it is eaten away by the acids of fruits and vegetables, with the result that the contents become poisonous. To make these cans in a proper and safe way would be slightly more expensive and dividends would be slightly less, so the tin-plate makers are up in arms at this unwarrantable interference with their

vested right to poison the public. In the interests of "business" Dr. Wiley must be muzzled at all costs.

It may be that Dr. Wiley was a shade too precipitate in the matter of the benzoate of soda preservative, but the methods used to confound him are so ludicrously childish as to be unworthy of the name of science. The same remarks apply to his condemnation of the use of sulphur in fruit preservation. Dr. Wiley did not contend, as we understand him, that sulphur and benzoate of soda are powerful and virulent poisons like prussic acid or bichloride of mercury, but only that their regular and systematic use must ultimately be prejudicial to health. This may be true, or it may be false. It is a matter for science to determine, but it must be done by scientific methods, and not by the grotesque exhibitions of "poison squads" and the like that seem to be nothing more than attempts to hoodwink and bamboozle the public. Why not carry out a similar set of experiments to prove that alcohol is not a poison? Science all over the world is in pretty general agreement that the habitual use of alcohol even in small quantities is deleterious, and that the human body is better without it, but it would be quite easy to find a dozen men as a "poison squad" who would imbibe very considerable quantities of alcohol every day for a month without showing any discernible signs of physical deterioration during that period. Most of us eschew mince pie and ice cream at midnight for good and sufficient reasons, but there would be no difficulty, none whatever, in finding a dozen fine young high school boys who would cheerfully undergo the test for a month and emerge from it triumphantly and begging for more. We seem to have heard enough about poison squads.

The public would do well to stand by Dr. Wiley in this matter. He is about the only dietetic friend they have anywhere in sight. He may be somewhat opinionated and dogmatic, but there never yet was a physician in authority who was otherwise. In the ideal community, if we ever reach it, we shall keep the expert, and particularly the medical expert, in his proper position as governmental adviser, but under no conditions shall we give him governmental executive authority. He is not to be trusted. But as things are, at present it can not be avoided, and it must be said for Dr. Wiley that he has done his duty conscientiously, bravely, without fear or favor, and if we are to be governed exclusively by business considerations, then the business of the human stomach is not without its sadly overlooked claim to attention.

#### New York and a Censorship.

Some good persons in New York seem anxious for the appointment of a dramatic censor in addition to all the other officials of high and low degree who now regulate the domestic lives of a free people. It appears that there are three or four improper plays now running in a city of four million people and press and pulpit are engaged in the congenial task of denunciation. Incidentally they are giving these naughty plays a free advertisement that fills their managers' hearts with joy and their treasury with money. That, of course, is a small matter compared with the delight of regulating other people's business by law, appointing new dictators, creating new crimes, and manufacturing new criminals. It is the craze of the century, this gleeful invitation to irresponsible tyrannies to come in and possess us. While Europe is painfully shaking herself free from her petty and persecuting bureaucracies we are adopting them as fast as we can and so earning the reputation of being the most governed nation in the world. It means long years of tiresome legislative repeal when the pendulum swings back toward personal freedom, as swing back it certainly must.

It need hardly be said that no defense of the indecent play is possible or thinkable, but where is the man among us who is wise enough to say what play is, and what play is not, prejudicial to public welfare? Is the censor to confine himself to a watchfulness against sexual immorality, which is almost the least of the immoralities, or must he also guard us against political and religious improprieties? This would certainly follow, and we might soon find ourselves in the position of London, where the plays must conform more or less to the general susceptibilities of a conscientious, narrow-minded, and unimaginative gentleman who is about to be abolished as a laughing stock and a public nuisance.

It is not surprising that there should be a certain number of indecent plays in a city of four million people, no more surprising, indeed, than that there

should be a certain number of lewd and gross-minded people in a city of that size. The evil is to be found in the state of mind that calls for that sort of entertainment, and the only possible remedy is in moral education, rather than in the surface suppression of an outward manifestation. Let decent people stay away from the indecent play, avoid all advertisement of it, show their appreciation of real drama by making its production profitable, and the evil will wane and disappear. A censor, unless we can borrow one from the number of just men made perfect, would inevitably suppress the play that is merely gross, while licensing others that are not gross but insidiously immoral and abominable.

Socially considered, there are two classes of people who go to see the indecent play—the highest and the lowest. The crowd that recently gathered at the Manhattan Opera House in New York to see Miss Mary Garden in "Salomé" was said to be the most brilliant ever seen under that roof, and "Salomé" is probably the most hideously revolting production ever put upon the stage, unnatural, immoral, and depraving. At the other end of the scale are the gross and frankly indecent plays that draw their audiences from the gutters and the red light districts. The intervening classes of a great city are made up of relatively clean-minded people, and the most clean-minded among them, from the theatre-going point of view, are to be found in the artisan and laboring classes. These, at least, will tolerate no improprieties upon the stage. They wish to see virtue and vice in sharp conflict, and there must be no doubt about the result. Virtue must win every time, and even though the "villain still pursues her" well into the fourth act, the curtain must fall rapturously to his utter discomfiture.

It is only in the largest cities and from very restricted classes that such nasty and worthless productions as "Salomé" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" can get an audience. The play that is subtly and insidiously immoral appeals to the highest social circles, while the play that is brutally or grossly indecent appeals to the lowest, and it is only the great city that has enough of these kindred classes to make the productions possible. The masses of the people are indifferent or hostile, while in country towns the undesirable play stands no chance whatever.

The evil is therefore not a widespread one. It will be intensified by interference, while contemptuous neglect will tend to its eradication. Anything in the nature of a censorship would be an aggravation and would probably develop first into irritation and then into scandal. Superhuman wisdom is needed for such a duty, and until the supply of that commodity is larger than it is today even in New York we had better be content with things as they are unless some worse thing befall us.

#### The Panama Report.

The determination to adhere to the lock type of canal at Panama and to carry on the work along its present lines will at least reassure the country as to the stability of the Gatun Dam. It will be remembered that some time ago the "toe" of this great dam sunk twenty feet into the mud and there was some consequent uneasiness as to its ultimate stability. It seems that the same thing happened with the Wachusett Dam in Massachusetts, but the trouble was remedied and the structure seems to be all that it should be. If the Gatun Dam had been condemned it would have meant an end to the lock canal and the adoption of the sea level plan.

Without venturing upon uninformed strictures of the Gatun Dam, the *Argonaut* is by no means sure that the country is easy in its mind as to the wisdom of the lock system, while it is fairly certain that no great weight will be attached to the report of the engineers who have just returned. It is devoutly to be wished that those engineers had been chosen by Mr. Taft rather than by Mr. Roosevelt. The temptation to sustain at all costs a theory that has become a fetish is necessarily strong, and particularly so with one of Mr. Roosevelt's temperament. We may well believe that had the selection of the commission been left to Mr. Taft he would not have invited any man, however eminent, who was already wedded to an opinion or any man whose engineering reputation was already staked upon a given theory. Mr. Taft himself is not an engineer, and he must necessarily sustain the verdict of those appointed to accompany him. But it is unfortunate that he could not choose them for himself.

Things being as they are, and with the knowledge that the engineers reached their conclusion upon this vast and complex problem within a few hours of their



arrival, it is inevitable that the public should look a little askance upon the whole business and that the composition of the commission should be criticized. It will be remembered that three years ago President Roosevelt called together a number of the most eminent engineers of all countries and that the report of the majority advised a sea-level canal. But the minority report was accepted not because of its engineering virtues, but because a lock canal would be more speedy, while a triumphant conclusion of the undertaking would have been a magnificent finale to a second presidential term. Congress consented to the lock plan not because it was convinced, but because the President would have his own way.

Now three of the engineers who signed the minority report of three years ago advising a lock canal were among those invited to accompany the present commission. Mr. Noble, Mr. Randolph, and Mr. Stearns are all committed to the lock project and are on record to that effect, and yet they are invited to visit Panama again and to say whether they were not mistaken in their previous judgment. Now that is a very hard thing for any man to say. The bias of an expressed and weighty opinion upon a colossal project is very real, and it is quite compatible with a conscientious recognition of duty. If these gentlemen were of opinion three years ago that a lock canal was the right thing, we may presume that they still hold the same opinion, and its reëxpression is a matter of supererogation. But since the alternative was again in the air, since there was still time to make a needed change, since public opinion was asking for competent guidance, surely it was a matter of the simplest common sense to send men whose minds were entirely open, whose opinions were unformed, and who would face the problem without the faintest possible bias. It may be said also that two other members of the commission are government officials, honorable and conscientious without a question, but still government officials.

No one but an engineer has any right to an opinion as to the relative merits of the two types of canal. The average man can know hardly more about it than about the other side of the moon. We must depend wholly upon the expert, and it is because we are so entirely at his mercy that we are forced to remember the majority report of three years ago. For the same reason we are compelled to deplore the composition of the latest commission. Had it been left to Mr. Taft we should now have a report that would be final and satisfactory, but as it is we can hardly be surprised if public uneasiness is deepened rather than relieved. But at least we know where lies the responsibility, and it will not be with Mr. Taft.

#### Socialism in England.

The extent to which Socialism has become the question of the day in England may be judged from the fact that the *Times* has devoted a series of articles to an examination of its propaganda and organization. We may also note the appearance of the *Anti-Socialist*, a monthly periodical which evidently intends to be taken seriously, as it numbers among its contributors such well-known men as Yves Guyot, René Bull, Lord Avebury, and W. H. Lever. The need of the day has, moreover, called forth a formidable number of separate publications to be sold at popular prices, all of them by writers of distinction and all of them directed to the same end of warning the nation that even the frying-pan is better than the fire and that it would be better to endure the ills they have than fly to others that they know not of.

It is not easy to measure the exact strength of the English Socialists. It is certain that large numbers of persons have been influenced who are quite outside of the classes to which we naturally look for the Socialist strength. It is a significant fact that an avowal of Socialistic principles is nowhere regarded as a mark of extremism, that it may be heard in the drawing-room as well as in the saloon, and that it is no more distinctive to be a Socialist than to be a Methodist or to have brown hair. Socialism, in other words, has become commonplace.

A great many agencies have contributed to produce this result. The best known and the most influential is the Social Democratic party, which has recently proved its ascendancy over the Trades Union Congress. The Social Democrats have two hundred and fifty branches throughout the country and its members are usually all-powerful in the various labor unions. They are Socialists pure and simple, without ulterior motives, consistent and straightforward. H. M. Hyndman and

Belfort Bax are their leaders, and John Burns was once prominent in their councils before the burdens of an executive position helped to modify his views.

The influence of the Fabian Society is hardly less than that of the Social Democrats, but the Fabian Society does not appeal so much to labor unionists as to the educated classes, and among these its work is very marked. Journalists, clergymen, and professional men in general are its victims, and while it makes no noisy propaganda, it was strong enough to control the government of London for a long term of years. Bernard Shaw is a prominent Fabian, as was H. G. Wells until quite recently.

Socialism is far more dangerous in Great Britain than it is in America, not only because it is far more popular, but also because the government is more sensitive to the popular will than is our own. A sudden wave of extremism throughout the country might easily produce a Socialist majority in the House of Commons, and this would mean a Socialist prime minister and a Socialist cabinet. With the exception of the House of Lords, there would be no check upon such a government, and so far as fiscal matters are concerned there would be no check at all, as the House of Lords has no power over the budget or over taxation. Great Britain has none of our elaborate system of checks and counterpoises. The whole House of Commons is chosen at a general election and the mandate of the people thus conferred goes into effect as fast as the necessary legislation can be passed. Socialism is therefore a living question in England, and perhaps the most living and the most imminent of all others.

#### President Jordan's Fiat.

Dr. Jordan's intimation to the fraternities deserves universal commendation. He points out to them that their scholarship is by no means what it should be and he proves it by statistics that must be unpleasant reading. The fraternities themselves are said to be "surprised," and it would be interesting to know why. Are they surprised that their scholarship should be found deficient or are they merely annoyed by a reminder that the object of the university is to impart knowledge and not to minister to social freaks and caste follies?

By this intimation President Jordan has made a substantial contribution to the fraternity discussion. He shows that the members of these silly organizations have a lower standard of efficiency than the students who are not members and that the fraternities have a distinctly prejudicial effect upon education. Of course, we knew this before, but authoritative and statistical information is always a useful addition to mere conviction. We now have something definite and unanswerable and something that should surely stimulate parental interference. It may also be remembered that what is true of the university is true also of the high schools. Whether the fraternity nuisance has yet reached the grammar, the primary, and the kindergarten schools we do not know. Judging from the fitness of things, it might be thought that the kindergarten would be its fount and origin. But wherever the fraternities are to be found, there we have an enemy to education, and President Jordan deserves our thanks for making this so clear and for his determination to civilize and to humanize some of the sadly unpromising material with which he has to deal.

#### The Recall in Los Angeles.

The successful recall of Mayor Harper of Los Angeles will send an exquisite thrill down the backbones of the reformers. Here, we shall be told, is an object lesson calculated to strike terror to the hearts of officials who betray their trust. Here, at last, we see an emancipated people rising in their majesty to assert the principle of civic purity. What we actually see is a direct premium placed upon what may be called the trial marriage in politics. Mayor Harper was a wholly untested man. He was a bank cashier who had never held public office and one of the last men in the city who ought to have been pitchforked into the mayor's seat. If his removal is a gratifying act, how much more gratifying it would have been had he never been elected and had the voters acted cautiously under a sense of public responsibility. But why should there be a sense of public responsibility, after such an apparent demonstration that carelessness and apathy do not matter at all and that the mistakes of ignorance can be repaired while you wait? Los Angeles is now plunged into the turmoil of a municipal election, the misdeeds of the mayor are advertised to the world at

the cost of the city's reputation, and the voters are invited to try again on the lucky-bag, hit-or-miss, nickel-in-the-slot system of politics which we are asked to dignify by the name of reform.

#### Editorial Notes.

There is a good deal of talk in the East as to the methods of the police with suspected criminals, and representatives of the force are being quoted to the effect that such terms as the "sweat box" and the "third degree" have no reality behind them. On the other hand, a judge has recently refused to accept as evidence certain statements by a prisoner which he believed to have been obtained under pressure, while we are unpleasantly reminded of cases where prisoners have confessed to the commission of crimes of which they were proved subsequently to have been innocent. It is certain that the "sweat box" and the "third degree" are terms of familiar use in the daily newspapers, and it would be interesting to know exactly what they mean. We strongly suspect them to mean gross illegalities, and it would be well to have some authoritative ruling as to a prisoner's rights in the matter. In every other civilized country a prisoner is warned by the police to hold his tongue, and it is usually supposed to be an axiom of criminal procedure that a suspected man shall be urged to say nothing that can incriminate himself. The thing needs looking into and it needs it badly.

Reports from eastern Europe speak of the feverish preparations for war now in progress by Austria. And yet we have been told at least six times that the last possibility of trouble has disappeared and that the political sky in that part of the world is without a cloud. As a matter of fact the situation has been growing steadily worse ever since Austria's seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Half-hearted attempts have been made to settle some of the problems then created, but the greatest problem of all is the stirring of the fierce fires of national ambition and independence that are never far below the surface of the Balkan principalities. It is easy to laugh at the Servian army, but that is a thing that its enemies have never done. There are no fiercer fighters in the world than these eastern Europeans, as the Turks once found to their cost, and if fighting should come it will not be of the opera bouffe variety.

The egregious Sunday observance bill is to come before the legislature this week, and if informal canvasses are to be relied upon, it has almost as much chance as a snowball in a certain place that can not be politely mentioned. California legislatures have passed a good many foolish measures at one time and another, but at least they have rarely been guilty of hypocrisy, which is not a California failing. The Sunday bill is nothing more or less than a measure for the relief of impecunious churches and a snatch at temporal power that should be hotly resisted. It is our old enemy religious persecution under a new name, and if the religious organizations were well advised they would disassociate themselves from a measure that is justly regarded as hateful by the great mass of Californians.

The recent "trial marriage" incident in San Francisco has caused the usual fluttering in the dove cootes of the unco guid. It is hard to see why it should be so. It would seem to be the name alone that offends, seeing that the experimental marriage has been an institution for these many years. The laxity of our divorce laws is a standing offer of release from a tie that has become burdensome, and a great many marriages would never occur at all but for the anticipated complacency of the courts. But the moment we call the institution by its right name there is an outbreak of resentment, honorable and proper in its intention, but showing a singular inability to appreciate facts.

The vote of the Senate that one-half of the United States navy shall be kept upon the Pacific Coast is so obviously a matter of propriety that it is hardly open to discussion. It may be safely predicted that even that force will be insufficient after the opening of the Panama Canal. No one supposes that the Pacific Coast is in any danger, but then neither is the Atlantic coast, and it is therefore eminently proper that the naval forces of the country should be divided in a time of security rather than in some future time of stress when a movement of the kind might accentuate difficulty.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

The National Tariff Commission Convention to assemble at Indianapolis on February 18 will be one of the big political events of the year, bigger in fact than the great political gatherings that precede a presidential election. Whether it will have any actual weight is another matter. The forms of democratic government persist long after the substance has passed away, and half a dozen men who have enormous interests at stake can exercise a silent but a far greater influence upon actual legislation than a hundred monster conventions with their shouting and their votes. It is the whispered colloquy behind the speaker's chair, the "private and confidential" letters, that determine these things to a greater extent than the *vox populi*, in spite of the majesty with which tradition has invested it.

But the Indianapolis convention will at least be heard. There will be more than three thousand delegates, representing a formidable capital. There will be spokesmen for every manufacture in the country. Congressmen, governors, State legislators, mayors, and boards of aldermen will all be represented in a modern Babel, and the confusion of tongues will be greater than anything upon record. The standpatter will lie down, but not in peace, with the free-trader, and we may assume the presence in force of the usual contingent of fearful interests who will be wholly unable to pay their workmen an additional five cents a week without the preliminary privilege of taxing thirty millions of people. Altruistic speeches will be the order of the day, and the laboring man will rub his eyes in amazement at the number and the eloquence of his champions.

The main object of the convention is to consider the advisability of creating a permanent advisory or recommendatory tariff commission, which will, of course, have no power to make rates, but only to collect information and to offer suggestions. But the whole case for and against protection will be open to debate, and almost any one who wants to make a speech will have the right to do so. Prominent among the list of speakers already arranged for are: Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor; Senators Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana; Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa; Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma; Norris Brown, of Nebraska; Thomas R. Marshall, governor of Indiana; Congressman Bourke Cockran; J. W. Van Cleave, president National Association of Manufacturers; Henry R. Towne, president Merchants' Association of New York; John M. Stahl, president Farmers' National Congress; C. B. Firstone, of the Builders' National Association. Fifteen congressmen will also speak. And what a good time it will be for the Indianapolis hotels.

Some two years ago Mr. Root made a speech that was supposed to be an attack upon State's rights. He said that inasmuch as government had to be carried on by some one, a failure of the States to do their duty would throw that duty upon the Federal government. Mr. Root made no threat. He did but point out an evil and showed the inevitable results of that evil and that one calamity must necessarily follow another. His last speech before the New York legislature is a sequel to the address of two years ago and he shows now that his apprehensions were well founded. He says that the machinery of the national government is likely to break down under the burden placed upon it. The country is too large, its people are too numerous, its interests are too varied, and its activity too great for one central government:

The mass of business that is now pressing upon the legislative and executive and judicial branches of our government in Washington seems to have come about to the limit of their capacity for the transaction of governmental business.

The other danger is the danger of breaking down the local self-government of the States. After all, the thing that we have government for is ultimately the preservation of our homes and our individual liberty. And we ought to be at liberty to regulate the affairs of our homes in accordance with our own ideas.

The tendency to vest all powers in the central government at Washington is likely to produce the decadence of the powers of the States.

Mr. Root takes an opportunity to protest against the "quack" legislation, the political "cure-all pills" that are now so much in fashion. There is no cure for any political evil except in an increased sense of responsibility on the part of the individual voter. If the individual voter is a fool he will vote for either a fool or a knave, and you can not make him less of a fool by giving him a new kind of political machine to work with. If he will vote for the kind of legislature that will result in a bad senatorial selection, he will vote "direct" for a bad senator:

You can not take power away from public bodies without having the character of those bodies deteriorate. For this reason I am opposed to the direct election of senators, as I am opposed to the initiative and referendum, because these things are based upon the idea that the people can not elect legislatures whom they trust.

They proceed upon the idea of abandoning the attempt to elect trustworthy and competent State legislatures. But if you abandon that attempt, if you begin to legislate or to amend constitutions upon that theory, what becomes of all the other vast powers of the State legislatures, in maintaining the system of local self-government under the Constitution?

In other words, you can not do any more for a man's political enfranchisement than to give him a vote. If he uses that vote badly in one direction he will in another. If he can not be trusted to elect a decent legislature, no more can he be trusted to elect a decent senator. The advocates of the direct primary, referendum, and such like expedients are in the same position as the man who consults a doctor not as to how he may best obey the laws of health, but rather how he may escape the consequences of breaking them. He can't escape them for very long. The Philadelphia *Ledger*, commenting upon Mr. Root's speech, summarizes it with admirable

the people of my State are not satisfied to trust their own faults, for any successful government must rest on the due performance of the citizens' duty at the

polls. Even if it were any easier for them to elect a senator by popular vote than to elect a legislature competent to make the election—the recent experience in the West shows that it is not—the legislature none the less remains the constitutional agency of popular government, and the people wrong themselves when they weaken and discredit it and abandon their own duty "of making their State legislatures able and honored bodies competent to perform the great duties of legislation for these great commonwealths."

The New York *Times* speaks in a similar way:

Senator-elect Root said nothing about the governor's plan of direct nominations, but his words by their plain import condemn it. He exalts the representative institution, the legislature, and adjures the people to see to it that their representatives are worthy. That is the old way, the better way, of choosing senators, and of disposing of great matters of public business. Mr. Root occupies a position of great dignity and influence. We are glad that he has spoken just now, and just in this way. He is the leader of his party in this State. We hope his party will diligently ponder his wise words, and give its support to the views and the policies he has put before the people.

The Eastern press continues to scold California for the Japanese agitation. Editorial topics are scarce and the sins of others are always provocative of eloquence. The Chicago *Daily News* says that "clearly California can not safely permit swarms of Japanese to buy land within its borders and turn the State into an annex of the island empire." But we are assured that "the wave of Japanese immigration has become a reflux wave" and California can not afford to shut out millions of capital:

That would be too high a price for any State to pay for cheap politics. California has vast resources, a great and growing population and exceedingly bright prospects. It does not need sensational advertising. Possibly the case of Nevada is different. In any event that State, which recently saw its own government break down to such an extent that it felt constrained to call for United States troops to maintain order and protect lives and property, is still toying with its blood and thunder resolution directed against the Japanese.

One must think, however, that there is enough sound sense in Nevada to squelch its legislative clowns and kill the ridiculous resolution.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* writes from a very superior standpoint after sending for the office atlas and discovering that California is really in the United States and that the Pacific Ocean is America's western frontier:

If it had not been for the hubbub raised outside, it is not probable that anybody in the United States or in Japan would have known whether the young Japanese in San Francisco went to the common schools or were provided with special schools for themselves. It does not seem a very great matter in any case, but so much fictitious prominence has been given it that the whole country has been thrown into alarm.

There is very much reason to hope and to expect that the Californians will abstain altogether, as they have in large part, from any action that will require explanation or apology. But clearly the policy of the government of the United States is to minimize, not to magnify, the significance of local feeling in San Francisco, which the Japanese would not otherwise imagine to represent the sentiment of the country.

The New York *World* does not like the recrudescence of war talk. Behind the Japanese agitation it sees the bogeyman of bloated armaments and deplores the encouragement that is given to the jingo politicians and the navy contractors:

The anti-Japanese agitation in California has brought about a renewal of the loose talk as to the probability of Japan's making war on the United States. Even if Japan's attitude were unfriendly—which it is not—there could be no better answer to such nonsense than the state of Japanese finances.

This reckless talk of war with Japan only serves to inflame the agitation against the Japanese on the Pacific Coast. Our jingo politicians and navy contractors who continually rant about the need of more and bigger battleships, and the hotheads of the California sand lots, all belong in one class as mischievous disturbers of international peace.

The Boston *Transcript*, by no means a sensational newspaper, prints the following dispatch from its Washington correspondent as to the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by United States Steel and the possible effect of that transaction upon the recent financial panic:

According to stories current in the capital, quoted from official sources, the real purposes of the investigation by the Judiciary Committee of the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by United States Steel is to ascertain whether the currency panic of 1907 was manufactured. In 1902 John W. Gates astounded the Morgan interests by acquiring control of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Alarmed by the possibilities of the new situation, Mr. Morgan and his associates, who were already in control of the Atlantic Coast line and the Southern, moved to protect these interests and finally were compelled to buy the road of Gates at a profit to him estimated at about fifteen millions.

With the money thus secured, Gates became active with the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and was rapidly bringing it into a position of rivalry with the United States Steel. It was at this juncture and while Gates was abroad that the currency panic of 1907 set in, as a result of which and apparently in conformity with a deep-laid plan of revenge, that the famous midnight conferences were held in the Morgan library in New York and, after the interview with President Roosevelt, the Gates men were compelled to transfer their interests in Tennessee Coal and Iron to the United States Steel Corporation.

The inside purposes of the investigation, which may not be without its political aspects, is understood to be to verify the strong impression current that Morgan and his associates, in their fear of Gates and the bitter rivalry he had forced upon them, carried their pressure so far as almost to undermine the whole financial system of the country.

A quaint touch of Oriental ingenuity to harass the persistent users of opium has been invented by the superintendent of police at Canton, says the *Lancet's* correspondent in China. This official has issued 20,000 wooden licenses, ten inches long by eight inches broad and three-fifths of an inch thick. On the front of these boards are characters giving the smoker's name and address, and the quantity allowed him per diem, and on the back are the opium regulations. The licensees are not allowed to cover their boards when going to buy opium, but must wear them conspicuously so that all may see them. Next year these wooden licenses are to be two feet long by one and a half broad and three-fifths of an inch thick.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

C Is Happy, if A Is Not.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 12, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—A meets sudden and overwhelming misfortune, B is touched with sympathy and sends to A material aid in money and food, C steps in and seizes the gift. There you have the San Francisco relief fund situation in a nutshell. True, some of the money and food was doled out to A by C, but only as C thought proper to give it.

Now, I want to ask, what right had C to interfere in this matter? B did not appoint him a governor. B may have addressed his package of gifts for A to C, but only because C had advertised himself as willing to receive and distribute.

There are in this world so many people who itch to meddle in the affairs of others, that it is not surprising to find a few in San Francisco. When money to the amount of millions is to be given away, it is to be expected that greedy, officious, self-appointed managers would present themselves and strain every nerve to get possession of the funds. Having secured them, it follows, as a matter of course, that they would let go grudgingly and with all possible delays.

A may suffer unheeded. B may wonder and criticize. C is serene in possession of gifts which he did not inspire nor deserve nor secure by right.

It is a queer prospect, isn't it? I was a loser by the fire to the extent of all I had, except the clothing worn by me that April morning. I have never received or asked anything from the relief fund. But I know of many unworthy who did receive, and of many worthy who were refused aid.

J. C. R.

## Balloons in War.

LOS GATOS, CAL., February 14, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—Referring to one of your editorial notes on page 99 of the *Argonaut* of the 13th instant, would say that had Mr. Macon of Georgia been with me at one time when I was lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-Eighth New York Volunteers he would not have made the remark he did. I am a living witness—and there are probably many others—of the fact that balloons were used in the Civil War, as I was sent up in a captive one several times.

On my first ascension I had not been up more than two hours before the enemy drew a field piece out of some woods within range and fired at the balloon twice. I could see them distinctly through my field glasses. The first time the ball came near enough for me to hear it pass by. The second time, I saw the flash of the cannon, but the shot went so wild I did not even hear it. But, seeing a cannon trained upon one's balloon when a thousand feet in the air, made an impression that is still very vivid, although I am now nearly eighty-three years of age.

At another time I saw a large cloud of dust rising beyond a patch of woods quite a long distance away, and immediately sent down my message telling of the fact, giving my opinion that it was caused by a body of soldiers moving along a dusty road, although I could not see any. This proved to be correct, and gave our general time to head off a flanking movement which the enemy had hoped they were making unbeknown to him.

I wrote my messages on pieces of paper, tied them around a heavy bullet, and dropped them. There was always an aide on horseback ready to carry them to headquarters.

Yours truly,  
JAMES C. STRONG,  
Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General.

## A Question of Etymology.

BERKELEY, February 14, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—Your etymology of the German word "apfelsine," orange, as having been coined early in the nineteenth century and derived its name from the city of Messina was one prevalent in the early part of that century, although the second component, "sine," was likewise attributed to Siena. The name "apfelsina" appears about 1700 in Hamburg, which city and Amsterdam were the principal importers into northern Germany of the orange. Originally it was brought from China and Cochinchina by the Portuguese and therefore called "de Sina," i. e., from China. One of the German dialects shows this clearly through the form of applesine, pomme de Sine, Chinese apple.

J. H. S.

The Countess Ferdinand de Lesseps, widow of the promoter of the ship canals at Suez, Corinth, and Panama, died last month at the Chateau de la Chesnaye, which is about three miles from Vatan, in the department of l'Indre. This chateau has been the summer home for many years of De Lesseps, and it was at that place that Count Ferdinand died in 1894. The countess was a native of Mauritius, the great-granddaughter of the "Waterloo Waif," a woman who, as a baby, was found on the field of the battle of Waterloo by an ensign named Helliger, who afterward married her. The great-granddaughter was a beautiful girl, and when only seventeen fell in love with the Count de Lesseps, who was then over seventy and broken down, as a result of the Panama scandals. She proposed to him, after the fashion of Mauritius, by offering him some flowers. The baron, amazed, thought the offering was meant for his son, until told by the girl that it was for himself. They had eleven children. She nursed him until his death, and then went into retirement for some time. In 1901 she reopened her salon in Paris to introduce her second daughter to society.

For many years the Acropolis of Athens was much of a mystery. Twenty years ago the Greek Archaeological Society conducted extensive excavations upon the historic mount, delving especially behind the great retaining walls which served to enlarge the superficial area of the summit of the hill. The results of these excavations were startling, opening up a long-lost era in sculptured art, and serving to settle many of the problems of history which long had vexed the scholar. In the course of its long and varied history, the Acropolis has been the fortress, the sanctuary, the treasury, and the repository of the art of the Athenian people, as well as the residence of its rulers.

Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, president of the University of Chicago, says that the university has received, since its beginning, gifts amounting to thirty-one million dollars.



## ADVENTURESS AND AUTOMOBILE.

The Interesting Miss Charlesworth Shows a New Way to Pay Old Debts.

There is probably no case on record quite like that of Violet May Gordon Charlesworth, whose disappearance and reappearance have furnished England with a nine days' wonder. There have been other women adventuresses and there will be many more. Mme. Humbert in Paris and Mrs. Chadwick in America have shown what clever women can do and how bankers and lawyers may become as clay in the hands of the potter when the woman financier camps upon their trail. But Mme. Humbert and Mrs. Chadwick were experienced. They were women of a "certain age," versed in the ways of the world and skilled in detecting the weak points of human nature. Miss Charlesworth is a girl hardly out of her teens, of lowly station, and without the background of worldly wisdom and aplomb that would be thought essential. But then Miss Charlesworth is beautiful, and perhaps beauty is the most useful of assets in the capital of an adventuress.

The trouble began with the report of the terrible automobile accident in North Wales. The machine containing Miss Charlesworth, her sister, and a chauffeur had run violently into a wall skirting the sea cliff and the "young heiress" had been thrown into the waves over a hundred feet below. No trace of the body could be found, but this was thought to be natural enough, as the currents were swift and uncertain. The occurrence created a painful impression upon the public in general, but it is safe to say that the most painful impression of all was aroused among Miss Charlesworth's creditors. These were found to be so numerous and their claims were of so extraordinary a nature as to give rise to an uneasy suspicion that possibly Miss Charlesworth's death was of the diplomatic kind. Suspicions became certainties when a partially destroyed telegram picked up at random disclosed the fact that the lady herself, alive, well, and quite dry, was in quiet retirement in the north of Scotland. Then her whole story became public property.

Miss Charlesworth is the daughter of an English mechanic who was reduced to want as a result of a strike. Thus thrown upon her own resources, she found that she had none of the ordinary kind. That she had some of an extraordinary kind is shown by the fact that she called personally upon certain well-known bankers and asked for small loans. She had no security to offer and affected a guileless surprise that a god-child of General Gordon of Soudan fame should be asked to enter into mercenary details. Was she not the heiress of that mighty warrior with \$2,500,000 of his money ready to be paid to her at the age of twenty-five? The story was, of course, a sheer invention. General Gordon had never heard of her, and as for possessing two and a half million dollars, he died worth hardly that number of cents. And yet the bankers believed that story, believed it with a simple-minded sincerity that is not usually supposed to be among their virtues. They swallowed the whole of it, the relationship and the heirship, too. The bootblack at the corner would have known better, and yet these innocent and confiding bankers gave Miss Charlesworth what she asked for almost without hesitation and wholly without inquiry.

Thus furnished with a small capital Miss Charlesworth began to speculate on the Stock Exchange. She knew nothing of the business, but she found some susceptible broker who taught her the ropes. At first she was successful. Then she lost, lost steadily and heavily. When she was asked for cover she explained her innocence of such matters and trotted out the old story of General Gordon, and it was just as successful with the brokers as with the bankers. They seem to have competed with one another for the honor of financing her, and so the game went on apace.

Tradesmen could hardly be proof against blandishments that had fascinated the money magnates. Dress-makers, milliners, jewelers, furriers, automobile manufacturers hastened to lay their offerings at her feet and were satisfied to wait for their money. They are still waiting. She leased four country houses, one in Wiltshire, one in Rosshire, one in Wales, and one in London, and she went from place to place with her retinue of servants, her splendid hunting horses, and her dogs. By way of giving the bankers a vacation, she borrowed money from the jewelers. They were just as complacent. Far be it from them to ask any kind of security. The General Gordon myth was enough. No one asked for documents, no one made inquiries, no one had suspicions. The fact that a young girl was living at the rate of \$200,000 a year was enough. The mere detail that she paid for nothing, that everything was upon credit, was overlooked.

Some of the creditors did begin to press, but Miss Charlesworth was ready for them with a variation of the Gordon myth. The money was in the hands of trustees, who in the ordinary course would pay it to her when she reached the age of twenty-five. But the trustees had certain discretionary powers. If they suspected of her extravagance they could postpone payment. Now, if these creditors made trouble there would be publicity. The trustees would hear of it, there would be inquiries, payment would be postponed, and then where would the creditors be? This story did just as well as the former one. Still there was no suspicion and not one among this band of innocents

had the enterprise to ascertain that General Gordon owned at his death no more than his last pay warrant.

The crash had to come sooner or later. Every game has its end, and Miss Charlesworth saw it coming. She owed \$50,000 to one broker alone. How much she owed to others, how much to the banks, how much to the army of tradespeople, how much to house owners and horse dealers will probably never be known. Financial magnates especially have a certain reluctance to confessing that they did things financially of which a village schoolmistress would be ashamed. They do not wish to admit that they were dazzled and hypnotized by a pair of beautiful eyes. They could certainly explain their behavior in no other way, and some of them may be married and curtain explanations might be even more embarrassing than the legal. There seems no likelihood that Miss Charlesworth will be greatly inconvenienced except by bankruptcy proceedings. On the other hand, she might be made chancellor of the exchequer. National deficits would have no terrors for her.

LONDON, February 2, 1909.

PICCADILLY.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Forever and a Day.

I little know or care  
If the blackbird on the bough  
Is filling all the air  
With his soft crescendo now;  
For she is gone away,  
And when she went she took  
The springtime in her look,  
The peachblow on her cheek,  
The laughter from the brook,  
The blue from out the May—  
And what she calls a week  
Is forever and a day!

It's little that I mind  
How the blossoms, pink or white,  
At every touch of wind  
Fall a-trembling with delight;  
For in the leafy lane,  
Beneath the garden boughs,  
And through the silent house  
One thing alone I seek.  
Until she comes again  
The May is not the May,  
And what she calls a week  
Is forever and a day!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Resigned.

Never again on the shoulder  
To see our knightly hars;  
Never again on the shoulder  
To see our lordly leaves;  
Never again to follow  
The flag of the Stripes and Stars;  
Never again to dream the dreams  
That martial music weaves.

Never again call "Comrade"  
To the men who were comrades for years;  
Never to hear the hughes,  
Thrilling, and sweet, and solemn;  
Never again call "Brother"  
To the men we think of with tears;  
Never again to ride or march  
In the dust of the marching column.

Never again be a sharer  
In the chilly hour of the strife,  
When, at dawn, the skirmish rifles  
In opening chorus rattle;  
Never to feel our manhood  
Kindle up into ruddy life  
'Mid the hell of scenes and noises  
In the hot hours of the battle.

Crippled, forlorn, and useless,  
The glory of life grown dim,  
Brooding alone o'er the memory  
Of the bright, glad days gone by,  
Nursing a bitter fancy,  
And nursing a shattered limb;  
Oh, comrades; resigning is harder—  
We know it is easy to die!

Never again on the jacket  
To see our knightly hars;  
Never again on the jacket  
To see our lordly leaves;  
Never again to follow  
The flag of the Stripes and Stars;  
Never again to dream the dream  
That young ambition weaves!

—General Charles Graham Halpine.

Mora Benefica.

Give me to die unwitting of the day,  
And stricken in life's brave heat, with senses clear,  
Not swathed and couched until the lines appear  
Of Death's wan mask upon this withering clay,  
But as that old man eloquent made way  
From Earth, a nation's conclave hushed anear;  
Or as the chief whose fates, that he may hear  
The victory, one glorious moment stay.  
Or, if not thus, then with no cry in vain,  
No ministrant beside to ward and weep,  
Hand upon helm I would my quittance gain  
In some wild turmoil of the waters deep,  
And sink content into a dreamless sleep  
(Spared grave and shroud) below the ancient main.

—Edmund Clarence Steadman.

From the oldest known coin bearing inscription, 1200 B. C., to the latest products of the mint, the dates, emblems, and inscriptions form a continuous history, corroborating and correcting written history, and give us the only likenesses we have of some of the great men of ancient times.

Rioting has been common in the neighborhood of the Chinese city of Amoy, following the refusal of natives to obey an order prohibiting the planting of opium poppies.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent surgeon, in view of the fact that a Radium Institute is to be opened in London, warns the public to accept with caution too sanguine reports of the efficacy of the new treatment.

Daniel Davis, of West Royalston, Massachusetts, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birthday February 2. He is still vigorous, physically and mentally, and contributes regularly to the columns of the village paper.

Mrs. William H. Taft, wife of President-elect Taft, has been elected to membership in the Connecticut Society of Colonial Dames of America. Mrs. Taft is a descendant of Thomas Welles, who was governor of Connecticut from 1655 to 1658.

Mrs. Nancy C. Bush, postmaster at Charlotte, Vermont, has just celebrated the seventy-eighth anniversary of her birthday. She has been in the postal service for thirty-eight years, beginning as a telegraph operator and assistant postmaster.

Captain Roald Amundsen has been voted an appropriation of \$18,000 by the Norwegian Storting and will start next year on another polar expedition. He will refit his famous ship, the *Fram*, for the voyage and expects to be absent five or six years.

Robert T. Lincoln is not only permanently out of politics, for years he has preferred private to public life. He is now sixty-six years old. He attended none of the Lincoln celebrations, although he deeply appreciates the honor done his great father.

J. Donald Cameron of Pennsylvania is the oldest living ex-member of the Cabinet, at least so far as priority of service goes. After him come Goff, Robert T. Lincoln, and William E. Chandler, and Teller. There are now about thirty living ex-Cabinet members.

The Kaiser has decided to sell five of his castles. The estates to be sold are Jaegerhof, near Dusseldorf; Benrath, in Westphalia; Stolzenfels and Bruehl, in the Rhenish provinces; and Castle Erdmannsdorf, in Silesia. The price of the last named, including the estate, is \$450,000.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra of England arrived in Berlin February 9 for a three days' state visit to the German emperor and empress. It was the first time that the king had set foot in the imperial capital since his accession and the first visit he had paid the city in twenty-five years.

The King of Italy has just accepted an honorary membership in the American Numismatic Association. The convention at Philadelphia last September voted this membership and sent the king a letter of congratulation on the new and beautiful coinage of Italy. Victor Emanuel is the author of an authoritative work on the coins of Italy from the earliest days.

Dr. Tekla Hultin, a member of the Finnish Diet, says that in that assembly the women and men are seated not according to sex, but according to their political affiliations. The women immediately changed the status of the sex by voting together in favor of laws for their good. A woman could not leave the country formerly without asking her husband's permission, and that was changed.

Mrs. Alma V. Lafferty, the only woman member in the Colorado House of Representatives, is said to be receiving an enormous mail from all parts of the country. The bulk of this mail consists of freak bills which she is urged to introduce. She pays no attention to these beyond turning them over to her young masculine colleagues, who seem ambitious to make themselves famous by introducing unusual measures. Mrs. Lafferty declares that she means to stick to bills intended especially to benefit women and children.

William T. Brewster, professor in English at Barnard College, is mentioned as the probable successor of Miss Laura Drake Gill, the dean, who resigned more than a year ago. He has been the acting head of the college since that time. It is said that there is some friction in the board of trustees, caused by the desire of some members to have a man at the head of the institution. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, of which Barnard is the woman's under-graduate department, is said to have recommended the election of a man.

Miss Ethel M. Arnold, sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and niece of Matthew Arnold, now in this country on a visit, recently lectured on Dr. Thomas Arnold, the great Rugby schoolmaster, and her grandfather. The portrait she presented was not that of a scholar, but of a stern, religious schoolmaster who did his greatest work in subduing the rough boys of Rugby, who had kept their hunting dogs and their guns in their dormitories and had deserted their classes for cross-country runs, who persecuted younger boys with their roughness. Miss Arnold has not written much in fiction, though she is the author of one novel, "Platonics," which has run to several editions in England. Her work has been more particularly in reviews and in the lecture field. It is a piquant fact that she is on the opposite side from her more famous elder sister on the issue of woman suffrage. Mrs. Humphry Ward does not believe in it except for municipal affairs; Miss Ethel Arnold is a firm believer in "votes for women," but does not approve of the methods of the present sisterhood known as "suffragettes."



## THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

By William Lightfoot Visscher.

When there were sand lots near the city hall and Kearney was raising things there, irrigated with beer—one thing like that which somebody said too much was raised in Texas—that is to say, something more than thirty years ago, in San Francisco, Jim Hamilton and Tom Jones were boys together. They were small boys then and Dave Belasco was a big boy at the same school.

However, Belasco has nothing to do with this story—notwithstanding he has had much to do with a lot of other stories—further than to be used in the establishing of a more or less indefinite date.

Jim and Tom have always been friends. Sometimes they, in boyhood, fought over peanuts, but they more frequently divided apples, and they grew up with different ambitions.

That often strengthens friendship between playmates who grow through adolescence and to manhood together.

Tom Jones had the commercial instinct and so became "a traveling man." He became such an adept in that line that he reached clear across the continent and became the all-out-of-doors representative of a great New York house.

Jim Hamilton had a poetic nature and painted pictures. He also wrote verses and thought they were good, just as all persons do who write verses—their denials of this conceit to the contrary notwithstanding.

Jones frequently "makes" San Francisco, and he hurries to Hamilton, first free moments of his flight, and perches a little while on a seat in the artist's studio.

A visit of this sort happened lately and there were reminiscences plenty—they had not seen each other for five years.

"Do poetry much these days, Jim?" the traveler asked.

"Oh! it does me a little, now and then. Robs me of time that I might be using more profitably otherwise," was the response.

"Spiel something late, Jim—if it's short. What's this? Looks like poetry, way its put down with the lines bobbin' in and out at the start of 'em. Read it, Jim."

Thus the loquacious Jones, taking a bit of manuscript in the artist's quaint chirography from the table and offering it to the author.

"Read it yourself."

"But I can't. That hand of yours always was funny."

"Never mind; I'll read it." And he read:

## "THE WOMAN OF THE MOON."

"There's a portrait of a woman on the moon;  
It is graven on the shining, silver disc.  
'Tis a face that has the tint of lily roon,  
And the bas-relief's as cameo, or bisque.  
She's as handsome as a rose in early June,  
This fair and lovely woman of the moon."

"A mystery's this portrait on the moon,  
That was graven by the master-hand above;  
'Tis a mystery as deep as ancient rune,  
And perplexing as the woman that we love.  
She is fairest in the autumn night's high noon,  
This pure and lovely woman of the moon."

"It was erst a man we pictured in the moon;  
It is better that a woman should be there,  
With the roses and the lilies round her strewn,  
And the light of heaven shining in her hair.  
When the one we love is absent we may croon  
To the lovely woman graven on the moon."

"Why, Gee! that's good, Jim. How'd you come to do it? Moonstruck?"

"Moonstruck? Of course I'm moonstruck. So would you be if you were in my place. There's a little story connected with this, old fellow. Some day, when you have more time, I'll tell it to you—if you like."

"Spiel it now. Got plenty of time. How long is it?"

"Oh! about one good cigar, I reckon."

"That's just about the right length. June will expect me in about an hour."

"June will expect you? Where?"

"At the Oakland ferry."

"At the Oakland ferry?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, say, Tom, you've got a better story than mine. Tell it to me, please, and I'll tell you mine afterward."

"I don't mind. My story is only about four whiffs—if that—and if you will cut yours that much we can get them both in on time. Mine is simply this: I met her at the Hotel del Monte when I was there last summer. Finest woman I ever saw. Stunner. Fine, up to date—the whole thing. Her name was Dawson—June Dawson—now it's June Jones. That's better. More alliterative and all that—see?"

"I see," Hamilton almost gasped.

"Of course I fell in love with her," continued the rattling and heedless Jones, "and in dead, hard earnest. I'm in the habit of falling in love with attractive women, but the *coup d'amour*—sounds like cussin', don't it?—I picked it up in 'N'Yark—was never a knockout till this one."

"June didn't seem to reciprocate a whole lot, and to give it to you inside, I don't believe she loves me as much now as she does some other fellow that aint on my list. But she won't ever see him again—at least never will unless it's an accident, and I'll keep the pretty well outlooked."

"I, she married me and I intend to be so good to

her that she'll forget the other fellow in time, and hurry-up time at that."

"We were married last fall and have been going some since. She's got some cousins and things over in Oakland, and she's seeing them today. I had a few little things on here and I wanted to run in and see you. She's going to meet me at five and we are going to get away tonight for good old New York."

"That's my story. Pretty good one, aint it?"

"Yes. Quite to the point, at least. Have you told your June anything of me—that is to say, of our friendship?"

"No, my dear old boy; I've been saving you for dessert—so to speak. I want to spring you on her later. Fact is, I'm courting her yet, and I don't want her to think that I care a little bit for anybody else in the world but her, until I've won her good and sure. Then I want you to come and see us, up there on the Hudson, and paint and poet-ate, till you've just got to come back to California—like everybody has that isn't driven like a 40-H. P. buzzer by business—that is, if he ever got a good taste of the old goose that lays the gold eggs—Why, what's the matter, old man? Are you groggy?"

"No, it's just the pipe. It's too strong. Often does me that way. I must quit it."

"Good idea. I never could stand a pipe. But can't you go on with your story? I've told mine."

"Really, Tom, it doesn't amount to much, and since I come to think, it's hardly worth telling. But it may be of some advantage to you one of these days, so I will tell it."

"I've been in love with a woman even before I ever saw her—loved her when you and I were boys and she was a little girl. But I never mentioned her to you. She lived up at Sacramento. Her folks were pioneers there and they were intimate with my people out in the States."

"I've been running up there to see her for years. We've been sweethearts ever since she was twelve and I twenty. Even before that, probably, but we were too young to know it. We were to have been married last spring—about a year ago—but a financial affair prevented and we put it off."

"I had about five thousand saved up, but my sweetheart's father, who was a very well-to-do man, wanted to use that amount in a proposition of some kind, and I loaned it to him. He invested it with a large sum of his own in a land deal, he said, and—well, he hasn't got it back yet."

"That's just like you, Jim. You can paint and poet-ate, but you haven't got as much business sense as a fishin'-worm."

"Thank you, but you are using up my time. I want to finish my story."

"Have you got any security for that money?"

"No."

"Have you got anything to show where it went?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's something."

"I think it is worse than nothing, but I will show it to you presently. I have not seen my sweetheart since last spring. She and her father—they are the only ones left of the family—went away on a trip together, and when my sweetheart and I parted we agreed to think of each other at eight o'clock every evening, certain, no matter how much at other times, and talk as if we were talking to each other."

"To catch my train I had to bid her good-bye at that hour and it happened that the full moon was shining. I outlined to her the face of the woman on the moon and showed her how much the face was like her own. Since then I have sketched and painted that face, and I will show you that also. Besides I have written the verses that I read to you just now. The picture and the verses are bad, I know. No painter could do justice to the face in the moon, or to that of my sweetheart, but I did both when in a happier mood than I am in right now."

"That's about all there is of it, Tom, except the receipt for my money and the portrait I spoke of. But the receipt is in the shape of a letter, and I won't read it to you unless you agree not to ask me what its post-mark is and the name signed to it. That is another man's secret."

"All right, old man. Whatever you say goes."

"Here it is:

"MY DEAR JAMES: I have not only gambled away all of my own money and all I could raise on my property, but I have also gambled away what I borrowed from you."

"My daughter has been led by me to believe that I loaned you my money and that you have beggared me by losing it at the gaming-table. I make to you this humiliating confession because I am on my deathbed. It shows what gambling will lead to, in even as old a man as I am. But before I die I shall tell my daughter the whole truth, and you will be reinstated in her good graces. I give her to you, and I hope and pray that she will be, in some measure, a restitution to you. I can say no more. I am too weak to write further. Please forgive me.  
Yours in all penitence."

[This letter was dated at the Hotel del Monte on a day in August of last year and was signed "Charles Dawson."]

"My God, Jim! do you think the old man died without telling your sweetheart the truth?"

"No, of course not. He told her, and I shall hear from her soon."

"I hope so, my dear fellow. I am sure you deserve to be happy."

"And here is the picture on this easel," said Hamilton as he removed a cloth that had covered the canvass. "Isn't she handsome?"

"Great! Why, Jim, that is a portrait of my wife."

"Impossible. I painted it from the woman in the moon. But if you think it resembles your June, I will

give it to you. I can paint another. Tonight we have a full moon. Look at my model with an opera-glass and you will see how faithful the likeness is."

"I won't say I hate to rob you, old fellow, for I don't. I know you can paint another, and this will so delight my glorious June—Hello! you must be anxious to get rid of it to have wrapped it up so quickly. I know—you don't like to part with it and you hurry so you won't want to hedge. Gee! but some day June will show you how thankful she is to have this—and from my lifelong friend."

"I am anxious for you to have it, Tom, if it will make you and your wife happy—especially if it pleases her—you don't count."

"What a glorious old fellow you are, Jim. But time's up. Good-bye, old man."

"Good-bye, Tom. Write me all about yourself, and if you ever need me, let me know. I think I would almost make a sacrifice at any time to serve you."

"I know you would, Jim, but you haven't got a monopoly on that."

They parted as the friends that they were. Tom Jones hurried away, whistling a jolly tune, keeping time to his happiness.

James Hamilton, philosopher, poet, painter, and hero, twisted Charles Dawson's letter, scratched a match and burned the piece of paper to a small end, then threw the charred bit in the grate.

"I must submit to all this for the sake of my friend," he said. "Tom is happy; that will do for us both. And I—I have the woman in the moon."

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1909.

## Arrow Flights.

There are lots of things about Venezuela that lead us to regard it as the Boni de Castellane among nations.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Maybe the President should have a larger salary, but it is to be remembered that the government furnishes the typewriter ribbons.—*Chicago News*.

There is a mild suspicion abroad that the Ways and Means Committee regrets its precipitancy in summoning Mr. Carnegie.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

With a real Turkish Parliament in full operation, there seems to be no further reason why the Sultan shouldn't have a perfectly corking time.—*Indianapolis News*.

Troops are being massed on the Servian frontier, but owing to the fact that the moving picture machines are being used elsewhere it is not likely that any serious trouble will occur.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Yuan Shi-Kai is leaving China because of rheumatism in his leg. The treatment for such rheumatism in the case of high office-holders over there is to amputate the leg near the collar button.—*Chicago Post*.

Professor Hunt of Princeton University says Esperanto may serve a utilitarian purpose, but "can never rise to the plane of language as an expression of thought for the highest ends." Why not use it for messages to Congress?—*New York World*.

An amethyst which it is believed is the largest in the United States has been sold by Alexander Meads, a pioneer prospector of Marquette, Michigan, to F. R. Vigeant of Sault Ste. Marie. It weighs 200 pounds. The stone was found in a cave on the north shore of Lake Superior forty-five years ago and it has been in Mr. Mead's possession ever since. The numerous conical projections are exceptionally well formed and are coated with an eighth of an inch of iron ore. The next largest amethyst of which there is record is in the Central Park Museum in New York City. It weighs 130 pounds.

Good progress is being made in plans for the union of the four British colonies in South Africa, the Transvaal, Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange River State, the whole to form a great federation. A compromise has been reached on the question of the location of a capital of the federation. The federal parliament will meet at Cape Town, while Pretoria will become the administrative capital. The adoption of this plan ends the deadlock that has existed for the past week among the conferees. The compromise as first suggested provided for making Bloemfontein the headquarters of the judiciary.

Chaucer held many offices about the British court and under the government, and was more actively engaged in public affairs than any poet of celebrity since his time. It is true that he started in sufficiently lowly fashion. Appointed comptroller of the customs of wool, skin, and leather in the port of London, he was obliged to keep the books and fill in commercial documents with his own hand. In due course he was promoted to be comptroller of petty customs and more than once took a distinguished share in embassies and other diplomatic missions.

Ispahan, which now holds only 80,000 inhabitants, was once girdled by a wall twenty-four miles in circuit and, as the capital of the Persian empire, provided a secure home for a million people. But all that vanished with the eighteenth century, when Teheran assumed pride of place as the new capital. Even now Ispahan proclaims in her miles of tenantless streets and tumble-down palaces how splendid she was formerly and how as the mighty central emporium she dominated the markets of the East.



## A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

Alfred Ollivant Writes a Stirring Story of a Midshipman Who Saved Nelson.

We had a right to expect something good from the author of "Bob, Son of Battle," but in his last story Mr. Ollivant has surpassed all his previous work. Indeed, we do not remember anything of its kind equal to "The Gentleman" for tempestuous incident and for a certain splendor of description that is not without its reminder of Victor Hugo.

"The Gentleman" is a naval story. The scene is the last war between France and England, when Napoleon was camped at Boulogne awaiting the psychological moment for invasion and Nelson was scouring the channel watching for his prey. There are two heroes, one a boy and the other a man. The boy is a young midshipman just appointed to his first ship, and the man is "the Gentleman," a gallant and picturesque Irish patriot who serves his country by aiding England's arch enemy and serving as spy and dispatch rider to Napoleon. It will take a close search of the world's fiction before we find so faultless a cavalier as "the Gentleman" or any gallant figure that clings so fast to the imagination.

Mr. Ollivant's peculiar and effective style, a style that might be described as of the projectile variety, can only be appreciated as it deserves by those who read the book in its entirety. Here, for instance, is a glimpse at the first fight in which the midshipman Kit engages. It is on the *Tremendous*, commanded by Captain Harding, otherwise known as Old Ding Dong, who is sitting at ease on a corpse and surveying his ship after the first cannonade and placidly awaiting the inevitable boarders:

Kit rushed madly aft.  
"Here they come, sir," he screamed.  
Old Ding-Dong sat propped on his corpse, shaving a quid of tobacco.  
"Who come?"  
"The boats, sir—boarding."  
"That's the game, is it?"  
He shut his jack-knife deliberately, and arranged his plug in the corner of his jaw.  
"Fetch me that ere boardin'-pike. Now give me a hike up. Then nip below and pass the word to Mr. Lanyon."

As Kit turned, he heard the rip of the first boat under the counter of the sloop and a sharp command in French, sounding strange and terrible in his ears.

Furiously he sped along the deck. As he bundled down the ladder, he caught a glimpse of the old commander, braced against the bulwarks, and spitting into his hands.

The boy dropped into hell.  
"Down there was no order. All was howling chaos. Each gun-captain fought his own gun, regardless of the rest. Billows of smoke drifted to and fro; shadowy forms flitted; guns bounded and bellowed; here and there a red glare lit the fog."

Through the shattering roar of the guns, the rendings of planks, the scream of round shot, came the voices of men, dim seen. Jokes, blasphemies, prayers, groans, issued in nightmare melody from that death fog.

"Cri', kill me.—My God, I sweat.—Pore old Jake's got it." On mid-deck a shadow was pirouetting madly. Suddenly it collapsed; and the boy saw it ended at the neck.

A dim figure lolled against an overturned gun. As the lad gazed it pointed to a puddle beside it.

"That's me," it said with slow and solemn interest.

The boy trod on something in the smoke. A bloody wraith, spread-eagled upon the deck, raised tired eyes to his.

"That's all right, sir," came a whisper. "Don't make no odds. I got all I want."

A hand out of the mist clutched his ankle.

"Stop this racket," gasped a voice, querulous and tearful.

"I aint well." A stump flapped in his face.

A ghost, sitting up against the side close by, began to titter.

"Once I was mother's darling. Mightn't think it to see me now."

A shot, screeching past the boy's nose, took his breath away.

He staggered back, and brought up against a gun-captain, his shoulders to the breech of the gun.

The man turned with a grin. It was the Gunner, naked to the waist, and smoke grimed.

"Sweet mess, aint it?" he coughed. "How d've like your first smell o' powder, sir?"

"They're boarding," panted Kit. "Quick."

The man leapt up.

"Boardin'," he roared. "Board ME. I'll give 'em board."

He snatched up a chain shot, and raced down the deck.

"Up aloft the lot o' you," he howled. "Heaven waits ye there."

As he flamed through the smoke drift, the crew caught fire from him.

Behind him in roaring flood they poured—black men and bloody, snatching each the weapon nearest to hand.

An awful joy seemed beating up through mists in their faces. Time and eternity warred within them. Man, the creature, hideously afraid for his flesh, strove with Man, the Creator, impregnable in his immortality.

Old Ding Dong, dying under the cliff where he has been thrown from his sinking ship, gives Kit a message for Lord Nelson, warning him that he has been betrayed through the folly of Lady Hamilton, that he is in danger of abduction, that his gunner has been debauched and his powder magazine drowned. Kit, known to be in possession of the warning, is hotly pursued by the Gentleman and besieged in a little hut near the shore, where he finds as allies the marvelous fighting parson and the old sailor, Christian and warrior, who has lost both his legs, but who can still use his cutlass at close quarters and deal out death at half a mile with his musket. In the hut, too, is the cockney soldier, ex-prizefighter and athlete, and the cherubic idiot boy who fights with a knife and loves nothing so much as to kill. And outside is the Gentleman and a company of French soldiers, and only when it seems too late does Kit escape to sea in a boat, intercepting Nelson's ship, and left to tell his incredible story, without papers or proof, to an incredulous admiral:

The silence grew upon him. He found himself listening to his own voice, and half wondering whether he was not dreaming. This almighty little man, so careless, so terrible, chilled him to the core.

He stumbled, sought his mind like a schoolboy posed for a word, sought in vain and stopped dead.

Nelson drummed upon the table.

"Is that all?"

"All, sir?"

The other strummed impatiently.

"I'm Lord Nelson."

The boy was dumb, his heart flaring.

And this was the man the nation worshipped.

Nelson turned his eye upon the boy. There was a sardonic droop about the lips.

"Mr. Carvell," he said slowly, "I've been a midshipman myself. Is this a joke?"

Kit flamed. He had given himself freely for this man, had died a hundred deaths for him—for this.

"If it's a joke, my lord," white hot and thrilling, "it's a joke for which a good many men have died."

He saw once more the lower deck of the *Tremendous*. He recalled the man in the powder magazine, and Old Ding-Dong dying beneath the cliff. He thought of Piper outside that door.

Nelson turned on the boy in a white blast.

"I am Lord Admiral Nelson. You're Mr. Midshipman Carvell. And I'll trouble you not to forget it."

He held out his hand.

"Your papers."

"There are none, sir—my lord. All burnt."

"Pah!" cried Nelson, and turned with a stamp.

On the table was a chart, a pistol at the corner of it acting as a paper weight.

He bent over it.

Kit, with bleeding heart, gazed at his back, blue coated and white breeched.

A darn in the seat of the breeches held his gaze. It seemed so odd somehow that Nelson's breeches should be darned. It was the last thing he should have suspected of the hero of Aboukir Bay. He longed to put out his finger and feel it, that darn in Nelson's breeches. Was it real?—or was it a dream darn? It was real; he could swear it. And it helped him. There was something comfortably human about it. After all, then, a hero was only flesh and blood: he wore darned breeches.

Sometimes the boy wore darned breeches himself, his mother compelling him. There was something in common then between him and his hero.

Nelson turned suddenly to find the boy's eyes brimming with laughter.

Across his face swept a great white anger.

"This is scarcely a matter for giggling, Mr. Carvell," he cried terribly. "It seems to me that you by no means realize the astounding nature of the charge you bring. If it prove true, it means the hanging of a brother-officer before the Fleet. If not—His Majesty will have no further need of your services."

"The powder magazine will tell its own story," replied Kit, curt as an insulted girl. "Ask it."

And so Nelson sends for Dark, the gunner, and with gracious apologies and assurances of trust and affection, repeats to him the story that Kit has told:

"And if you'll give me your word that it's all moonshine," continued Nelson, "why, I'll ask you to shake my hand and forgive me. And that's the end of the dirtiest bit of business I ever had to handle."

The other's voice stuck in his throat. Out it came at last like muffled drums.

"My lord, you're a gentleman."

Nelson came to him with outstretched hand and a wonderful smile.

"Forgive me," he said.

The darkness drifted from the giant's face, leaving behind it evening calm, the stars beginning to shine.

Folding his arms he bowed deliberately.

Nelson's hand dropped. He stopped short, and his smile died. In a flash the man of action, brisk and curt, had taken the place of the comrade chivalrously admitting a mistake.

"Then I must trouble you to fetch the key of the powder magazine and to follow me." He clapped on his cocked hat.

The great man turned swiftly.

"One moment, my lord," and he was gone.

There was a rush up the companion ladder, and the noise of running feet on the deck overhead.

"Great God!" groaned Nelson, ghastly, and flung open the port.

A dark mass with struggling legs shot past.

There was the plump of a body striking the sea, and crash of showering waters.

"Man overboard," roared a voice from the deck. "Back tops'ls. Here, sir."

A rope coiled out and splashed the water.

Nelson's head was through the port.

The man came up beneath him, and turned to face the ship and his admiral.

"Oh! Dark! Dark! Dark!" cried Nelson, and there was agony in his voice.

Dark looked up, the hair plastered about his forehead.

"Nelson," he shouted. "I ask your pardon."

"It's yours, Dark," choked the other. "But O! I thought—I thought you loved me—every man of you."

"Often and often I could have killed you," gasped the other, bobbing to the seas.

"Rather than than this!" sobbed the great seaman. "Murder's the braver deed."

"I was mad!" groaned the other. "She was in my blood. She was my soul. She is my soul—the Christ be kind to her. O, if any man can understand, that man should be Lord Nelson."

"No! No! No!" raved Nelson, tossing his head, stamping with his feet, thumping the port with his fists. "Myself! my wife! my friend!—but not my country! Not that, Dark! never that!"

"Lively there," roared the voice from the deck. "Lower away."

There was the splash of a boat.

Dark flung aside the rope to which he had been holding.

There was silence in the cabin.

Through it came a despairing voice from the water.

"I can't sink!—My God, my God!—I can't sink!"

Nelson swept the pistol off the table and thrust it through the port.

"Catch!" he gasped, and threw.

The man rose to it like a leaping fish, flung a high hand, and caught it. Then he sank back.

"Thank you, my lord," he cried, terrible joy in his voice. "May God forgive me as you have done."

Kit had a vision of a black mouth open, a thrusting barrel ringed with teeth, two screwed eyes, and then—

"Don't look, boy," screamed Nelson, and plucked him away.

The slamming port drowned another sound.

And so Kit and the terrible fighting Parson come back to the hut that they had defended so well and from which they had escaped at such peril. And the Gentleman, their foe, whom yet they love, is dying, foiled and beaten, but gallant-hearted to the end:

Half way up the Wish, in the hollow where yesterday Knapp had slung upon him, the Parson laid him down.

He lay long-legged, gazing towards the hills, whence came the light.

Beneath him the flint cottage, against which he had broken his strength in vain, rose sturdily.

"A nice fight, eh, Parson?"

"I shall get no better—this side of heaven," replied the Parson simply.

At the feet of the dying man he halted, and took the grass blade from his mouth.

"Sir," he said, "are you a Christian?"

At that moment, in that light, sudden though it was, the question seemed beautifully fitting.

"All men are when they are dying," came the quiet reply.

"They must be. As the world-tide ebbs, the Christ-tide flows. That is the law."

"I ask," continued the Parson in laboring voice, "for this reason: I've no doubt you're a better man than I am. Still I'm a clergyman, though I'm not much good at it. And if you've got anything on your conscience—anything you care to tell me—I'll—I'll—in duty bound I'll—"

Kit made a move to rise.

The dying fingers closed round his own.

"I forget nothing," said the Gentleman simply. "I regret nothing."

"Nothing?" asked the Parson, stubborn to his duty.

The other closed his eyes.

"One thing perhaps."

"What?"

There was a sighing silence.

"Ireland," came the quivering reply.

"Sir," cried Kit, with flashing intuition, "you are dying for her."

The other squeezed his fingers.

"Ah, thank you! thank you! how generous! how kind! how most un-English!"

"We mean well, anyhow," grunted the Parson.

"Yes," said the other slowly. "You did her to death: but you did it for the best. That's England to the core."

We shall not readily forget the Gentleman. He belongs to the aristocracy of fiction, and yet perhaps not wholly of fiction. Nor shall we forget the Parson, nor Kit. There are few books containing so many different types of heroism as this, few that contain so many characters whose mark upon the memory is indelible. How far this story is fiction and how far it is fact the historian must decide. Certainly it contains much that is new to the ordinary student. Perhaps the author foresaw some questionings, but his last words are a curt warning, as follows: [I will answer no questions about this book.—A. O.] So we will leave it at his face value, which is great.

"The Gentleman: A Romance of the Sea," by Alfred Ollivant. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Assemblyman Marks, in the New York legislature, has introduced a bill requiring, among other things, that every person who owns or operates an automobile should be insured for at least \$10,000, available for all losses for accidents caused by the operating of the machine. For the injury of one person in any one accident the insurance company is liable for \$5000 and for injury to several persons \$10,000, but the recovery of such money does not take away from the injured person the right of further recovery in a court action. All hired chauffeurs also must be insured to the amount of \$2000, which is to insure the owner for damage to the machine outside of the natural wear and tear, and for excess of the \$10,000 in case of accident.

During a hearing on the limitation of building heights in New York City the other day George W. Babb, president of the New York board of fire underwriters, declared that "should a devastating conflagration occur in the lower part of the city, there would be no way of checking the spread of fire in upper stories of the skyscrapers, which, with the assistance of the wind, would wipe out of existence the most precious part of the city." Such a conflagration, he added, is by no means impossible, and should one occur it would practically exterminate all of the insurance companies.

Dr. Giles, professor of Chinese at Cambridge, has recently discovered in the dynastic histories of China a complete specification of the mechanism of a Chinese taxicab. They are first mentioned under the Chin dynasty, A. D. 265-419. From that time down to the middle of the fourteenth century frequent allusions to such vehicles, known as the "measure mile drum chariots," are to be found. At each li, or Chinese mile, which is about one-third of an English mile, a drum was struck, while at every tenth li a bell was rung.

The use of the fez is not controlled by religious faith, for it is worn by all classes in the Turkish empire, and even beyond its limits. It is said to derive its name from the African city of Fez. In the Levant it is more commonly known under the modern designation of tarbosh. While the fez is now distinctively Turkish or Mussulman, its use is by no means ancient among the Ottomans. It is said that it was introduced to Turkish use by the Sultan Mahmud II, who adopted it from the Greeks.

When, in June, a through-train service is established between Galveston and Seattle it will exceed in length the run from San Francisco to New York. The distance is almost 3000 miles and the trains will use the Texas and Brazos Valley, Fort Worth and Denver, Colorado and Southern, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and Great Northern roads in covering it.

Berlin University celebrated Lincoln's birthday with appropriate exercises. Professor Adler presented a bust of the great American to the library.

The King of Wurtemberg is the proprietor of two hotels in his kingdom, and they add \$50,000 to his revenue.



## AT REGGIO, SCYLLA, AND MESSINA.

Appalling Magnitude and Fatality of the Disaster—  
First Aid to the Sufferers.

Among the many letters written by those who have seen the destruction in the region of the Strait of Messina by the disaster of December 28, there is none more graphic and impressive than one published by the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, from Mary MacLean. The lady was among the earliest visitors to arrive after the news had been sent out. From her account, which fills two pages of the newspaper, the following passages are selected as vivid descriptions of the scenes and conditions immediately following the catastrophe:

I got over to Calabria by great good fortune, in the torpedo boat that brought the English Red Cross people, doctors and nurses who live in Rome. The captain of the English boat at Messina had issued a call for women nurses, and the response had been immediate. At Messina they had been told of the appalling need in Calabria and a torpedo boat had been assigned to them.

Out in the middle of the strait there was fresh air and half an hour's respite from scenes of horror. But all imaginations were busy with what we were approaching, for the fate of Reggio was if anything even more frightful than that of Messina, and the condition of the wounded, through lack of care for so many days, would naturally be worse than what we had left behind. The correspondent of a Neapolitan paper had been able to get to Reggio immediately after the disaster by walking thirty miles through mountain roads, soggy with mud, carrying his provisions on his back, and what he had reported had been almost the only definite information to reach the outside world from the tomb that once was Reggio.

Reggio, like Messina, is an ancient town—or, since I am speaking of the dead, I had better say it was an ancient town—beautifully built on an amphitheatre of hills. It was proud of its more than 2500 years of history, and its museum held valuable Greek and Roman marbles. A splendid little city and prosperous a week ago, now dead without hope of resurrection.

Along the water-front the tidal wave did great damage, more than at Messina. The railway is covered with the wreckage of its cars, of boats, of houses. Under the barracks lie the corpses of 500 soldiers. Not one was saved. The ruins of the castle cover as many more. Not one was saved. There was an academy of considerable fame and many pupils. Not one was saved. Thus runs—to what a weary length—the tale of Reggio's end.

San Giovanni, almost directly opposite Messina on the Calabrian shore, was a prosperous little town of some 5000 inhabitants. Now nearly 4500 still lie beneath its ruins. I might add that there are no habitable houses left, but that fact may be understood of all these unhappy villages.

At Scylla—Scylla of the ancients, facing Charybdis on the Sicilian shore—the damage has been frightful, the more so as the town was built on terraces, very steep and narrow. The houses have fallen in so confused a heap that it is impossible to reach the upper terraces, where many dead are to be seen lying in the ruins. One house has simply split in two, and from below one sees the rooms neatly arranged and a dead man lying on his bed. The furniture is for the most part still in place. It is almost incredible that it is a house of death in its most sudden and awful form. The little villages inland are deserted except for the dead and the robbers.

It is easy to criticize from the outside and I do it with hesitation, but it seems very obvious to all of us who have been going about that those in authority have lost their heads. At headquarters, on the Duce de Genova, Messina, there is a rumble of stentorian throats and a clanking of swords, but nothing much seems to be accomplished. This is only what might be expected, however, for as far as we can see, everybody is giving orders, so, naturally, there is nobody to obey.

The soldiers are not made to work properly. They probably feel that now there is nothing to be gained by searching, and digging is only a matter of form, but this is certainly a wrong idea. It appears that some people were dug out who had found food in the ruins and thus got on quite well. There may be more of these, and, indeed, it is not impossible that many others, if uninjured and in some way supplied with a little air, may be alive.

Some soldiers are to be shot. I understand, for stealing. The prisoners who escaped when the jail fell made away with a good deal, and it was supposed that the city was now policed, but apparently this is so only in theory. The forty million lire in the Bank of Italy is being guarded, and the Russians turned over 400,000 lire, but much money has been stolen.

An Englishman came down in the interests of a company with extensive works and many employees in Messina and asked for a guard for their safe, which contained a large sum of money and valuable papers and was lying uncovered. The guard was refused—why nobody could tell, as there were plenty of soldiers. This morning he found the safe broken open and everything gone, even papers useless to the robbers. What is more, the ruffians had enjoyed the expedition, for there was a candle and bottle of wine near by. For military law this seemed odd.

It is not strange that many are inclined to find a resemblance of the San Francisco disaster in this later catastrophe, but the difference is much more than in degree or fatality. Fire and not the temblor was the destructive force here, as this writer remarks:

Among Americans I have met there has been a tendency to compare this to the San Francisco disaster, and to regard the difficulties of one situation as no greater than those of the other. As a matter of fact, there is little resemblance.

The earthquake in California destroyed little; the fire much. In Messina the fire amounted to a conflagration. Italian dwellings, it must be remembered, have no wood about them: even the floors are of tiles. The problem in Sicily and Calabria has been

to turn over a gigantic rubbish heap, searching for victims, not to build camps for the living. Again, the earth offered a refuge in California—in Messina it shook so that no one was safe on shore. It is shaking still. The only means of communication was by sea—the only place of safety was the sea. It was a situation terribly complicated. Far more so than that of San Francisco. Much confusion might have been avoided, truly, but the difficulties were great.

## TOLSTOI ON LINCOLN.

Greatest of All Presidents, and a Saint of Humanity.

Count S. Stakelberg recently visited Tolstoi at his home in Yasnaya and talked with him about Lincoln. The great Russian philosopher was stirred with enthusiasm when the American's name was mentioned and spoke at length and with deep appreciation of his life and work. A full report of his view of Lincoln was written by Count Stakelberg for the *New York World* of February 7, and from the article, which was given first place on the front page of that journal, the following paragraphs are taken.

Tolstoi said:

"Of all the great national heroes and statesmen of history Lincoln is the only real giant. Alexander, Frederic the Great, Caesar, Napoleon, Gladstone, and even Washington stand in greatness of character, in depth of feeling and in a certain moral power far behind Lincoln. Lincoln was a man of whom a nation has a right to be proud; he was a Christ in miniature, a saint of humanity, whose name will live thousands of years in the legends of future generations. We are still too near to his greatness, and so can hardly appreciate his divine power; but after a few centuries more our posterity will find him considerably higher than we do. His genius is still too strong and too powerful for the common understanding, just as the sun is too hot when its light beams directly on us.

"If one would know the greatness of Lincoln one should listen to the stories which are told about him in other parts of the world. I have been in wild places, where one hears the name of America uttered with such mystery as if it were some heaven or hell. I have heard various tribes of barbarians discussing the New World, but I heard this only in connection with the name of Lincoln. Lincoln as the wonderful hero of America is known by the most primitive nations of Asia."

Count Tolstoi told of an encounter with a Caucasian chief of the Circassians, a Musulman, who was anxious to know something of the great men of the world outside his native valley. Tolstoi spoke of the rulers of the nations and great statesmen, and was heard with silent interest by the chief and his men, but after a little the chief asked why he had not mentioned the greatest leader of all—Lincoln. Tolstoi then described the American, his life and death and the results of his labor. The Orientals were much impressed, multiplied their questions, and finally received a photograph of the martyred President with fervent expressions of gratitude and of veneration for the pictured hero.

In conclusion Tolstoi declared:

"I am convinced that we are but instruments in the hands of an unknown power and that we have to follow its bidding to the end. We have a certain apparent independence, according to our moral character, wherein we may benefit our fellows, but in all eternal and universal questions we follow blindly a divine predestination. According to that eternal law the greatest of national heroes had to die, but an immortal glory still shines on his deeds.

"However, the highest heroism is that which is based on humanity, truth, justice, and pity: all other forms are doomed to forgetfulness. The greatness of Aristotle or Kant is insignificant compared with the greatness of Buddha, Moses, and Christ. The greatness of Napoleon, Caesar, or Washington is only moonlight by the sun of Lincoln. His example is universal and will last thousands of years. Washington was a typical American, Napoleon was a typical Frenchman, but Lincoln was a humanitarian as broad as the world. He was higher than his country—higher than all the Presidents together. Why? Because he loved his enemies as himself and because he was a universal individualist who wanted to see himself in the world—not the world in himself. He was great through his simplicity and was noble through his charity.

"Lincoln is a strong type of those who make for truth and justice, for brotherhood and freedom. Love is the foundation of his life. That is what makes him immortal and that is the quality of a giant. I hope that his centenary birthday will create an impulse toward righteousness among the nations. Lincoln lived and died a hero, and as a great character he will live as long as the world lives. May his life long bless humanity!"

Grace Luce Irwin (Mrs. Wallace Irwin) has written a story of theatrical life in New York told in the form of extracts from "the diary of a pretty, piquant dancing girl," which will be published next month under the title of "The Diary of a Show Girl." The book will contain eighteen drawings by Wallace Morgan, the creator of "Fluffy Ruffles."

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Praise the Good Day at Its End.

Across the sky red petals of the dawn  
As rose leaves blown from east to west are drifting;  
On the rain-silvered copse and dew-white lawn  
The shadows in the sunrise shafts are shifting.  
Praise the good day!—Alas, those cloudlands flit,  
Praise the good day, but—at the end of it.

Above the fields a gentian sky untinged  
By any haze its noontide blue outstretches,  
The radiant green of fresh-sprung corn is fringed  
With yellow birdsfoot and wild crimson vetches.  
Praise the good day!—grass-scented and sunlit,  
Praise the good day, but—at the end of it.

The twilight gathers in the dark beechwood,  
The full moon's ring is stained with tawny amber,  
The dusk has brought her gray moth-sisterhood  
Of dreams and silence and the mist of slumber.  
Praise the good day!—Alack! why blame or praise?  
Our day is dead 'mid myriads of dead days.  
—Una Artevelde Taylor, in *Westminster Gazette*.

## The Village in the Lake.

[Lago Alleghe owes its origin to a landslide which in the eighteenth century buried three villages. In winter, when the ice is not too thick, or in calm summer weather the walls and roofs of one may yet be seen far below. Those there are, say the shore-dwellers, who have heard the bells tolling at midnight under the water for the unburied dead.]

Beneath the lake green as a wizard's beryl  
The village sleeps the centuries away,  
The bells are ringing somewhere in the sunshine  
For weddings and for burials today;  
But in the waters,  
The green, shining waters,  
The village sleeps, while life pursues its way.

The fisher in the bark winged like a swallow,  
At dawn fast flitting o'er the crystal wave,  
Will swear he sees below it brown, quaint dwellings,  
Each once a home, each long a nameless grave;  
For in the waters,  
The clear, lapping waters,  
The village sleeps, beneath the crystal wave.

Above, the figs are purpling in the summer,  
The maize gleams golden in the sun and wind,  
Around the fountains gossips laugh and prattle,  
The mother clasps the babe, lovers are kind;  
Down in the waters,  
The cool, shadowed waters,  
The village sleeps, unwarmed by sun or wind.

The storm upon the mountains drives the tempest  
Across the lake scourged into pallid rage,  
The wolves proclaim the winter, frost and hunger  
Beset the folk ashore from youth to age:  
There in the waters,  
The calm, peaceful waters,  
The village sleeps, unscathed by tempest's rage.

Throughout the ages rocky peaks have splintered,  
The world with wars has reddened to its core,  
Religions have been changed, and kings been martyred,  
Since first its place on earth knew it no more:  
Since in the waters,  
The deep, flowing waters,  
The village sleeps, and knows the world no more.

Within it brides once wed and reared men children,  
For it the world was warm, too, in its day;  
The end was swifter than the summer lightning,  
That twined the people from their work and play:  
Now in the waters,  
The kind, cruel waters,  
The village sleeps, nor dreams of that death-day.

At times some fair Undine, dimly feeling  
The human taint in the lake-gladden fall,  
May float athwart the casements, strangely eyeing  
A cradle, or the Christ upon the wall,  
Where in the waters,  
The green, secret waters,  
The village sleeps, until the mountains fall.  
—K. L. Montgomery, in *The Spectator*.

Mme. Nazimova's tour of the Pacific Coast cities this spring will include all of the larger points as far as Seattle, and down through Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles to the south coast cities. The Shuberts are directing her tour and will present her in three plays with the same strong acting company that supported her during her two years' run in New York. It is notable that Mme. Nazimova is to visit the Coast so soon after leaving New York for the first time, as there are many of the larger Eastern cities that have been asking for her appearance. Of the five plays in which she has been seen as an English-speaking star, she will bring West with her three, Ihsen's "A Doll's House," Ihsen's "Hedda Gabler," and Roberto Bracco's comedy, "Comtesse Coquette." In New York Nazimova has been the most widely discussed player of the past two years. She speaks English fluently.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln and Its Expiation*, by David Miller Dewitt. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.25.

The author has succeeded in making a marked addition to the most tragical story in the history of the United States. His object has been to extract the facts from the medley of suspicion, suggestion, and conjecture that was created by the crime and so to place the story upon an historical basis. To do this, he says, seemed like a labor of Hercules. He was confronted with legends, myths, fables, and lies, and the one feature that redeemed his task from hopelessness was the fact that every scene has been the subject-matter of sworn testimony before three different tribunals and subjected to examination, direct and cross. The only possible course was to test every statement by the proved evidence before the tribunals and to reject everything that failed to square with the record.

Into the long story that results there is no need to enter. It is a story told not only with energy and remarkable literary merit, but bearing every mark of conscientious care and intelligent research. Without attempting a summary of results that must be collected by the reader for himself, we are reminded that the "Great Conspiracy" is now conceded to be wholly imaginary, and that every person found guilty of participation now stands acquitted except the four who were executed. Jefferson Davis was never brought to trial. Thompson was publicly honored at his death. Clay was vindicated during his lifetime. Surratt is still alive and a citizen of the United States. The convicts who were sent to the Tortugas were pardoned in a few years.

And of the four who were hanged, the guilt of Mrs. Surratt was never more than a matter of conjecture. If her life had been spared she "might have been freed and restored to her children." Her trial, we are told, "was not only unconstitutional and illegal, it was not even fair." In view of the facts, "it seems that the benefit of the doubt denied the woman in life should be given her in death." The author protests against the feeling that because the injustice done her is not to be redeemed the "shame of one's country" should not be exposed. To ask that such an injustice be hurried in the grave of the victim because of her lowly station "is an insult to the manhood of the generations to come."

*India Through the Ages: A Popular and Picturesque History of Hindustan*, by Flora Annie Steel. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.25.

That the author knows modern India with a knowledge that comes only from intimate connection and profound sympathy has been proved by her fiction. That her acquaintance is not only modern and superficial is now evidenced by this elaborate history that she says modestly is only a compilation from published works, but that will probably take a deserved place as a standard book of study and reference.

It is indeed an astonishingly interesting story, and it is told with the skill of the trained novelist and the accuracy of the historian. Beginning at the days wherein myth and fact are almost indistinguishable, she traces the history of a mighty country down through succeeding ages of struggle, invasion, and admixture until east and west reach the point of conjunction, but not of amalgamation.

The history ceases with the Mutiny, although the author now and then allows herself a reference to later events. The Mutiny, she says, was "fostered by professional agitators, by disappointed claimants, even as the present unrest is fostered in India nowadays." Upon India under imperial administration she hardly touches at all. Her story ends at 1858 with the bill for the "better government of India" when that vast dependency passed forever from the control of a commercial company.

Seven admirable maps are a useful addition to the book.

*France and the Alliances*, by André Tardieu. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

No one is better qualified than M. Tardieu to show the successive steps by which France has retrieved her position lost by the German war. At the end of that struggle she found herself crushed and isolated and with a watchful enemy ready to complete by diplomacy the ruin begun by war. The Franco-Russian alliance, repugnant perhaps upon humanitarian grounds, was the first great step in French rehabilitation. It gave to her a powerful ally, while it gave to Germany a formidable enemy upon her eastern frontier. Then came the understanding with England and a friendship between two great peoples historically hostile. Forty years ago France was isolated by Germany, whose mistaken policies after the war perpetuated an enmity that should have been silenced with her invading guns. Today Germany is isolated, and largely through a French diplomacy that has moved forward pa-

cifically but relentlessly and with an astute and accurate foresight. The future lies with Germany. Will she accept the situation and the measure of power that has come to her or will she try to increase that power by a disturbance of the existing equilibrium. M. Tardieu thinks that the Franco-Russian alliance is the sole guarantee of the future, and although this seems open to some modifications, he gives us reasons for the faith that is in him by arguments based upon an admirably terse survey of the historical facts of the last forty years.

*Maurice Guest*, by Henry Handel Richardson. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This book of some 560 pages is devoted to a description of two years' life in musical Leipzig. It may therefore be understood that not much in the way of detail is omitted from the lives of the small group of students, American, English, and German, that form the *dramatis personæ*. Indeed, we have an extravagance, a riot, of detail that is often trivial and sometimes indecent. If the book is intended as a warning to parents of what may await their sons and daughters in musical Germany, the lesson might have been conveyed even better by an artistic use of suggestion than by a process of remorseless photography that includes the bedroom as well as the street and that renders the obvious and the evident with needless and nasty precision.

It may be hoped that "Maurice Guest" is an exaggeration and that its dozen or so characters are not representative. Even the virtuous among them seem to be without sense of propriety or modesty. Virtue, in fact, is no more than a matter of prudence and discretion. The heroine, Louise, is wholly without moral sense, a modern Undine, a new version of Nana. Maurice himself is a well-meaning young pianist, whose steady descent into the inferno we watch with a sort of horrified fascination. It may be possible to extract a moral from the story, as from any other set of ugly facts, but the last pages invite us to observe the ultimate triumph of heartless vice, and if a corresponding overthrow of virtue is not equally discernible, it is because there is no virtue to be overthrown. "Maurice Guest" is absorbingly interesting to those who know how to skip, but it is not a work of art.

*The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States*, by Victor Morawetz. Published by the North American Review Publishing Company, New York; \$1.

The author bases his little book upon the fact of the recent financial panic and the other panics that preceded it. That these disturbances should be peculiar to America, that they do not occur in other countries, indicates "that something is seriously wrong with the system of banking and currency in the United States." He advances a plan for cooperation between the banks and the treasury, including a note-redemption fund, this fund to be elastic and regulating the uncovered volume of notes outstanding. Without entering into an analysis of Mr. Morawetz's plan, it may be said that its presentation leaves nothing to be desired in the way of condensation and lucidity.

*Arthur Atkins: Extracts from the Letters, with Notes on Painting and Landscape. Written During the Period of His Work as a Painter in the Last Two Years of His Life*. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

Friends of the painter will welcome this tasteful little volume and will find a confirmation of their estimates in the lofty tone of the correspondence and the acumen of the artistic criticisms. The influence of Arthur Atkins will be a permanent one upon California art, but this brief record helps us to understand the impression that he made as a man upon those who came into contact with his fine and gentle character. The portrait frontispiece and the seven reproductions in monochrome from his works are worthy of their place in the book.

*Abraham Lincoln*, by George Bancroft. Published by the A. Wessels Company, New York.

This little volume is worth possessing for its high and sustained note of dignified panegyric. Nothing of its kind more worthy has been written, nothing that will better repay preservation. If anywhere a discordant note is sounded, it is in the pointed comparisons between Lincoln and Palmerston on the final pages. Comparisons are odorous, and so far as we know no one has ever thought of placing the two men side by side. Lincoln's supreme grandeur was admittedly a moral one, while even the warmest admirers of Palmerston have never dreamed of adorning his memory with the halo of the saint.

*Personality in Education*, by James P. Conover. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.25.

The author's long experience as master in St. Paul's School, Concord, has borne good fruit in the production of a thoughtful and sincere treatise on education combining theory

and practice in pleasing form. His chapters on "Discipline" and "The Playground" are particularly good. If the book has a flaw it is in its over-accentuation of dogmatic religion. We feel a certain resentment at comparisons between Christian and non-Christian teachers, while the assumption that the Episcopal Catechism and the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer should form parts of a school course is an undesirable one.

*The Angel of Forgiveness*, by Rosa Nouchette Carey. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

This smoothly written story ought to be welcomed by those who are tired of the strenuous modern novel, with its overdone concentration of incident. We are introduced to the heroine as a little girl, and although Githa would be more interesting if she were more humanly naughty, her picture is a pleasing piece of work. Githa discovers that her mother is not dead, as she had supposed, but is living apart from her father, and as both parents are lovable and admirable, we are a little dissatisfied that an early indiscretion on the part of Mr. Darnell should provoke a rancor on the part of his wife that leads to nearly twenty years' separation. If Mrs. Darnell had been as good a woman as we are asked to believe, she would have added forgiveness to her other virtues. On the whole, we think Mrs. Darnell is a prig, but we are glad that Githa's influence should eventually bring her back to a sense of duty. The author knows how to tell a simple story without jar or incongruity.

*Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.

This new and revised edition of a standard work preserves everything in previous issues pertaining to Lincoln's personality. Of fine appearance and printed in large type, it should find a place upon every Lincoln library shelf. Its contributors are Ulysses S. Grant, Benjamin F. Butler, Henry Ward Beecher, Walt Whitman, Charles A. Dana, Frederick Douglass, Elihu B. Washburne, George Sewall Boutwell, Charles Carleton Coffin, Donn Piatt, Robert G. Ingersoll, and various others.

*Our Wasteful Nation*, by Rudolf Cronau. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

One of the great topics of the day is handled by the author with graphic ability and competent information. The scope of his book is wide. He deals with forests, water, soil, minerals, animals, public lands and privileges, public money and property, and human lives. The last section, by the way, contains only eight pages, and this is probably accurately proportioned to the public interest aroused.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, has published a new edition of "The Princess and Curdie," by Dr. George MacDonald, whose recent death has deprived the children of the world of an understanding servant and friend. Twelve colored illustrations by Miss Kirk give a new interest to this fine story for children that, with its companion, "The Princess and the Gohlin," almost form in themselves a juvenile library.



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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*With Whistler in Venice*, by Otto H. Backer. Published by the Century Company, New York.

This sumptuous book is by the man who, of all others, is best qualified to write it. Mr. Backer was intimately acquainted with Whistler and enjoyed his peculiar friendship during Venetian days. That he is well qualified to tell an intimate story with biographical skill is proved again by his latest work. He shows us Whistler day by day, and always with a wealth of anecdote and of personal incident that illuminates character as can nothing else. Mr. Backer has written a distinctive book, although it covers one chapter only of Whistler's life, but the volume is still further enriched by forty-six illustrations, some of them of peculiar technical interest as showing Whistler's etched plates at various stages of their advance. The book itself, of quarto size and with exceptionally wide margins, is a fine specimen of typographical art.

*The Game of Go*, by Arthur Smith. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

This is the national game of Japan and is said to require greater skill than chess. It is played upon a board something like a chessboard, but larger, and with small stones or counters, the object being to surround the enemy's pieces and so put them out of action. The care with which the author explains the game and the numerous diagrams ought to enable the reader to become a good "Go" player, and it seems to be a game worth learning by those who like that sort of thing.

*The Devil in London*, by George R. Sims. Published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York; \$1.

Alan Fairfax, a young millionaire, accepts the guidance of the Devil on a tour through the seamy side of London. He is introduced to all the haunts of vice, from the glittering hotels and the gambling dens of the West End to the slums and the abominations of the East End. It is no new story, but it is told as only Mr. Sims can tell it, and perhaps it may serve a useful purpose.

## New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published "Essentials in Civil Government," by S. E. Forman, Ph. D., 224 pages, illustrated. Price, 60 cents.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, has published "Songs of Summer," by James Whitcomb Riley. The fifty "songs" could have been written by no one but Mr. Riley, while the illustrations upon nearly every page are appropriate.

"On a Margin," by Julius Chambers, is a novel of modern financial life and of the gigantic and fraudulent speculations with which we are familiar. It is told with some strength and is readable all through. It is published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.50.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, has published a complete edition of the poems of Richard Watson Gilder, with a fine portrait frontispiece. The typography is excellent, the binding dignified, while the reader will rejoice in the table of contents and indices of titles, and of first lines. The price is \$1.50.

Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, M. A., L.L. D., has written a "Commentary upon Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,'" and this has been published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. Dr. Shepherd is among the best known of Tennyson's commentators and his present work is marked by intense sympathy and no small amount of insight.

Henry Frowde of the Clarendon Press, New York, has published two volumes of "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century," edited, with introduction and notes, by Professor J. E. Spingarn. These volumes will be followed by "Elizabethan Critical Essays," by G. Gregory Smith; "Dryden's Essays," by W. P. Ker, and "Coleridge's Biographia Literaria and Aesthetic Essays," by J. Shawcross. The price of the first two volumes is \$1.75 each.

Two beautiful little volumes come to hand from Brentano's, New York. The first is "The Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln," selected and edited with introduction by Temple Scott, and the second is "The Wisdom of Walt Whitman," selected and edited, with introduction, by Laurens Maynard. In each case the selections are carefully made, while the table of contents and index are convenient and complete. The little volumes are richly bound in red and gold and gilt edged.

Along certain lines Dr. Henry Van Dyke is the best essayist that we have, and his "Counsels by the Way," just issued by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, are in his happiest vein. Dr. Van Dyke never gives the idea of perfunctory work. He persuades the reader of his personal well wishes for the world, as well as his power to advise practically and seasonably, and while he never

conceals a strong religious sentiment, he never contaminates it by dogmas. The price is \$1.

"The Sea of Faith," by Milton Reed, is a finely poetic appeal for a better recognition of the invincible ameliorative powers in human nature that are independent of dogmatic religion. It is published in artistic form by the American Unitarian Association, Boston. Price, 80 cents.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

George W. Cable recently read his story, "Posson Jones," at a charity benefit in New Orleans. This was, as stated by the author, a love story without a woman in it. The purpose was to deal with the great passion for the demonstration of the superb virtue of friendship.

The French novelist Georges Ohnet has taken his turn at the international novel with "Mariage Americain," just published in Paris.

Among the interesting exhibits of "Mr. Punch's Pageant," now celebrating in London, is to be seen Thackeray's MSS. of the "Mahogany Tree." It hangs on the wall beside Hood's "Song of the Shirt," which appeared in *Punch* in 1843, and a pathetic letter of Hood to Dickens which attests the struggle Hood had to meet his obligations. Another Thackeray relic is his letter of resignation from *Punch* as its critic, due to the indignation which possessed him over a cartoon offensive to the French emperor.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, who is the modern master of literary paradox, is said often to be found writing, usually in heavy exercise books, not only in restaurants, tea-shops, and public houses, but in cabs, on the tops of omnibuses, and even walking along the street. He is absent-minded to a degree almost incredible. One of the stories current in London of this erratic journalist and philosopher is that of his calling on a publisher at the hour appointed for a meeting, and placing in the publisher's own hands a letter explaining elaborately why he could not keep the appointment.

Records kept by the *Publishers' Weekly* show that during 1908 there were more than 300 volumes in excess of the production of fiction in any previous year.

In a recent volume, published in London and entitled "Thomas Pownall, Governor of Massachusetts Bay," the author ascribes to its subject the authorship of "The Letters of Junius." The book describes for the first time in detail the life of a man who was of considerable distinction in the early years of King George III. In the previous administration he had been governor of Massachusetts, being appointed to that important office by William Pitt, whom he instigated to the sending of Wolfe's expedition to Quebec. During his residence here Pownall came to acquire sympathy with the people of New England, and became the lifelong friend of Benjamin Franklin. Returning to England, he entered the House of Commons, where he opposed King George III in the policies of the king and the ministry during the years preceding and covering the War of Independence. Then it was, the author claims, that Pownall wrote the "Letters of Junius." Certain it is that he was a formidable member of the Opposition, and not only had a knowledge of the principles of government, but the ability and the courage to express himself about them.

Of the author of a new novel, entitled "Dreaming River, an Idyl of the Minnesota Prairie," the publishers, the Frederick A. Stokes Company, say: "This author is Barr Moses, who lives in a small town amid the very scenes he describes in the novel. Coming from old New England and Scotch-Irish stock, he has naturally a serious bent of mind. He has studied in two of the Minnesota universities and the University of Chicago. He has traveled widely abroad and has interested

himself in almost every line of study. He has followed no steady occupation except that of a writer. It is fortunate that he is not entirely dependent upon his earnings. His experience may serve as a warning for others, even though it has not deterred him. Here are the old figures: Eighty pieces published or accepted by thirty-one publications during six years have paid him just \$181.10."

Little, Brown & Co. are bringing out a new edition of Selma Lagerlof's book, "The Miracles of Antichrist," originally published several years ago. New interest in the work has been awakened by the recent disaster in Sicily. The author has depicted with the insight of genius the quaint superstitions, the picturesque poverty, the fierce vindictiveness, and the impulsive devotion of the Sicilians, and her word-pictures of the island itself will always stand as remarkable descriptions of a region whose beauty is largely now a matter of memory.

Manager Will L. Greenbaum announces the engagement for three concerts in this city of Josef Lhevinne, the famous Russian pianist, who is said to play more like the great Rubinstein than any virtuoso that has appeared before the public since that great artist's time. Three attractive programmes will be given at Christian Science Hall, the dates being Sunday afternoons, March 7 and 14, and Thursday night, March 11. One concert will be given in Oakland Friday afternoon, March 12, at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Mme. Eames, it seems, really purposes to leave America for some years. She made her final appearance in opera at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York a few days ago as Tosca. She will now go from city to city for a short series of song recitals, and then she will depart for Europe with no expectation of an immediate return to America. Her engagement at the Metropolitan is definitely ended. The new régime there resents the conditions she imposes, and she, in turn, as little likes its methods.

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## THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The County Chairman" is the sort of play that fills in a week when laughter has its turn. It is a cheerful, amusing comedy, and since it is one of George Ade's it follows that it is American to the backbone.

A city audience always takes kindly to a stage representation of village life. Probably in the little hour of diversion that it stole from the rush and fever of a metropolitan existence it was soothing to see the idlers congregate in idyllic *dolce far niente* about the village porch, smoking in sociable silence, or hastening to witness the daily excitement of the incoming train.

The Valencia Theatre management, which is prone to offer things with a lavish hand, has, however, a much larger number of idlers than is really necessary, which somewhat interferes with the village simplicity of the picture thus set forth.

"The County Chairman" does not heavily tax the acting capabilities of the company, except, perhaps, in the case of Robert Homans, who plays the part of the Honorable Jim Hackler, County Chairman. Mr. Homans, while not hestowing upon the Honorable Jim the strong and winning personality that made the character lovable on the occasion of the play's first presentation here, nevertheless justifies, by the painstakingness and acceptable features of the character study, the management's policy in thus bringing him forward.

Mace Greenleaf, the new leading man, has only to look ingenuous, and youthfully fervent and sincere in his love-making, and to look hothot and wear an air of juvenile indignation during the speech of the opposition at the political rallying place. He did the first very well, but a little overlooked the second.

In the character of Sassafras Livingstone, Charles Dow Clark found opportunity to do a little quiet, but very acceptable comedy, and Reginald Travers, who at last has struck out his line in filling small character parts, was an appropriately disagreeable political opponent to the village hero.

The ladies, all of whom, even including Blanche Stoddard, were necessarily partially submerged by the over-balancing interest of politics, and consequently politicians, revenged themselves by wearing costumes of the '80 epoch. They looked so very old-fashioned, so '60ish, in fact, that it was something of a reminder that 1880 was a very, very long time ago.

Says Fastidia, a fervid young thing, who responds passionately to all music that is good, "I never want to hear any one but a Latin sing love-songs, and I only want to hear them sung in the Latin tongue."

And sometimes I am disposed to agree with her. Somehow, when an Anglo-Saxon, American or otherwise, sings of love, he seems to be trying desperately hard to convince himself that he is capable of feeling the emotions of which he sings. Experiencing the emotion is of course natural to all nationalities, but expressing it is a different matter. The Latin expresses it quite simply and naturally. He is rather proud of himself, in fact, for being in that happy state, and looks with aversion on the man or woman whose blood is too cold to warm up to the degree of emotional ardor that induces an absence of self-consciousness.

An interesting instance of this fact, even if it is in fiction, may be found in Pierre Coulevain's "Eve Victorieuse," a clever story given to the contrast of the American and Latin temperaments by a woman who knows what she is talking about.

In this novel, a charming young New York matron is amorously pursued by an Italian nobleman, who misconceives her American style of flirting. The Italian is reuffed, as the lady's honor is impregnable, but, as he happens to know that she is in love with him, his own infatuation dies, so inconceivable is it to him that she should resist the promptings of her own heart.

Well, there's the Latin of it, and when I hear some athletic ex-hutcher-hoy, or promoted cooper, or evolved blacksmith, singing fervently in Italian opera, I may criticize the cut of his jib, but there is something in that stream of fervid vocalism, a warmth of coloring, an ardor of expression, to which the cooler, calmer, more prosaic, more self-contained Anglo-Saxon, or American of Anglo-Saxon origin, can rarely attain.

The Anglo-Saxon can sing most beautifully of home, of country, of God, but he can rarely

fire the heart of the listener when he sings of love.

Many, no doubt, will disagree with me, especially when I instance Nordica as an example—Nordica, who is mistress of the art of musical expression. Yet, strangely enough, Nordica, dramatic as she is, Nordica, whose crystal voice can express such a variety of emotion, always just falls short of bringing the element of romance into the operas of which she sings the leading part. She always makes a triumphant exhibition of virtuosity, but the love of which she sings is the last and least emotion in our consciousness.

Mackenzie Gordon strikes me as a tenor possessing in an eminent degree qualities that make for popularity. He has a fine voice, although he does not always produce fine notes. Sometimes he seems to contract his throat and squeeze out the notes, as one squeezes paint from a tube. At other times he produces a pure and beautiful tone, so warmed and mellowed by an appealing charm of expression as to make one almost forget the previous lapses.

In fact, he is a very uneven singer, prone to producing an occasional falsetto—which even in a tenor is to many very displeasing—and not wholly impeccable in the matter of avoiding the nasal note. But the volume and rich quality of his voice, and the variety of emotions which he energetically expresses in the abundance of songs on his well-selected programmes have won him great favor.

Although he put a little vocal trickery in "Bouton de Rose," the fine natural qualities of his voice, as well as his limitations in handling it, were shown in "Pourquoi me reveilles?"

He rendered "Ich Liebe Dich" very creditably, just stopping short of expressing all that those words should say. "Una Furtiva Lagrima" swept along to an imposing conclusion, but in "I Know of Two Bright Eyes," tenderly though it was expressed, the singer ran up against that ever-present falsetto temptation, to which so many tenors succumb. But the five little English ballads caught the house, and the Irish songs as well. These pretty little ballads, which celebrate young love in its romance and purity, are good for us to hear, in an age given to the exploiting of more meretricious and materialistic emotions, and Mr. Gordon very evidently pleased mightily with his selections.

The Irish songs, especially "The Donovans," were sung with sprightliness and some humor, the singer always paying his audience the compliment of being clear and distinct, whether the songs were in dialect or in a foreign language, although it can not be said that he particularly shines as a linguist.

Mr. Blanchard gave an exhibition of expert piano playing, although temperament seems to be lacking, the familiar "Blue Danube" waltzes being played without sparkle, or the dance spirit, and Frederick Maurer, Jr., carefully subordinating himself, with a gratifyingly matter-of-fact, business-like, non-posing air, gave satisfactory accompaniments.

The death of Sir John Moore, at Corunna, just a hundred years ago, is probably the best remembered fact in all the checkered history of the Peninsular War. For a good reason. There are poets, like Shennstone, whose fame is secured by a single quatrain. The poetical reputation of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, who, eight years after the event, wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore," rests on that one production alone. Ascribed, before its author's name became known, to such well-known poets as Campbell and Byron, the poem took firm hold of a nation's heart. Dying of consumption at the early age of thirty-two, Wolfe's memory will ever be kept green by just that one piece, which "Ingoldsby" parodied, which a million schoolboys have recited, which Lord Byron pronounced to be "the most perfect ode in the language."

The recent misfortunes of the Southern Pacific Coast Line, making necessary the expenditure of large sums of money for rebuilding certain points with cement and stone, which will last for all time, have led to statements by thoughtless people to the effect that the Potter grounds have been damaged and a number of exaggerated and wholly false assertions. The total damage done by the unusual amount of rain in Santa Barbara County is not \$5000 and consists only in washing out of mountain bridges in districts that are never traveled by tourists. In addition to this, there has been some damage by a high sea some three weeks ago in washing away the sand surroundings of the United States Signal Station, fully half a mile from the Potter Hotel.

Paloma Schramm, who has been in Chicago for five years pursuing her piano studies, and is now seventeen years old, made her debut as a pianiste with the Theodore Thomas orchestra on February 2 and was received with great favor. The music critics of Chicago make confident predictions of an eminent future for the young artist. Miss Schramm played in public in San Francisco, her native city, long before she went away.

Clyde Fitch's fiftieth play and latest comedy success, "Girls," will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre following "The Red Mill."

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Forty rainy nights since the new year came in, and yet no dampening of San Francisco playgoers' enthusiasm. It "rains them in" seemingly, instead of keeping them away, for no show that could pretend to even the slightest draught has been neglected. There has been more froth than ale in the situation several times, but the man-who-wants-to-be-amused is patient and persistent, and the lady-who-goes-with-him is complaisant. The skies are clearing now.

"The Red Mill" comes to the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night, in the hands of a Charles Dillingham company that has been receiving good notices all along the route Pacific Coastward. This comic opera, by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert, is one which Montgomery and Stone have found an apparently inexhaustible vein of success in the East, where it has been enjoyed for two seasons. It had a long run at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York, and also in Boston and Chicago. The comedians who participated in its initial success will not be seen here, but the rôles have been filled without serious loss. Walter Wells and Neil McNeil head the company, and W. H. Brown, Fred Huntly, Milton Dawson, Anna McNabb, Marguerite Fry, Sadie Kirby, and fifty others, including an iridescent chorus, support them ably. Six Dutch Kiddies, in a costume dance, furnish a feature which never fails of notice by the dramatic reporters.

George Ade's comedy, "The County Chairman," has drawn excellent houses at the Valencia Theatre this week, and it will keep up the enthusiasm to the end of its run, Sunday night.

On Monday afternoon, at a special Washington's Birthday matinee performance, William Gillette's masterpiece, "Secret Service," will begin a season of one week. The play never fails to attract, or to hold the attention, and this presentation in the best Valencia Theatre manner will be a record event. Mace Greenleaf will be the Captain Thorne, and he has appeared with distinct success in the character before. Blanche Stoddard, as the heroine, Edith Varney, will also renew former success in the part. Robert Homans as Benton Arrelsford, Gerald Harcourt as Wilfred Varney, and Charles Dow Clark in another black-face impersonation, may be relied upon to sustain their reputation. Lillian Andrews, Beatrice Nichols, and Grace Travers, with the other members of the company, are also well placed.

Kolh and Dill will withdraw "Lonesome Town" in the midst of a notably successful run for a revival of "Playing the Ponies" for their last week at the Princess Theatre. The Brusie play, which is clever and catchy, will be seen for the last time Sunday night. On Monday afternoon, at a special Washington's Birthday matinee performance, "Playing the Ponies" will be offered and continued through the week. Many will go again to see Kolh and Dill as race-track plungers, and especially for the funny china-smashing scene. Adele Rafter will be seen as the fascinating adventuress who begins the orgy of destruction.

At the Orpheum next week Frank Nelson, a character actor, will head the list. He will appear in a one-act sketch entitled "Thirty Dollars," which is said to be unusually good. Dorothy de Schelle and John C. King support Mr. Nelson in the little play. Ivan Tschernoff, an animal trainer of renown, will introduce his Unique Circus Troupe, which includes intelligent and handsome ponies, prize dogs, and a flock of pigeons. The Knickerbocker Quartet, a San Francisco musical organization, will make its first appearance in vaudeville with this programme. Goldsmith and Hoppe are comedy singers, dancers, and musicians. Next week will be the last of Imro Fox, Tony Wilson and Mlle. Heloise, the Amoros Sisters, and of the drama of the prize-ring, "At the Sound of the Gong," in which Tom (Soldier) Wilson carries off the chief honors.

The musical comedy season at the Princess Theatre will be opened on Monday evening, March 1, with "The Rounders," a concoction by Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Englander. The special interest of the occasion will be enlarged by the first appearance of the new Princess Theatre company engaged by Assistant Manager Campbell in New York. May Boley, the leading woman, has already to her credit successful appearances at the Princess Theatre, including her triumph in "It Happened in Nordland" last fall. Zoe Barnett, the vivacious soubrette, will be welcomed on her return. Frank Moulton, the chief comedian, has scored more than one big Eastern success, and will find his new engagement a congenial one. Helen Darling, Ethel du Fre Houston, Fred Mace, James F. Stevens, Bud Ross, and Bert Phoenix are others who will have prominent parts. "The Rounders" will be staged by Edward P. Temple, who has had long experience with Henry Savage's productions. Last, but not least, hundreds of loyal Princess Theatre patrons will note with genuine satisfaction the return of Selli Simonson to the responsible position at the musical

director's desk. The new season will open with bright prospects.

"A Stubborn Cinderella," one of the best musical plays seen here in months, will complete its two weeks' engagement at the Van Ness Theatre Sunday night.

Blanche Stoddard will soon complete her successful engagement as leading woman with the Valencia Theatre company. Her farewell appearance will take place on Sunday, March 7.

Among the plays scheduled for early production at the Valencia Theatre are "The Fatal Card," "Sunday," "Liberty Hall," "Shore Acres," and "Peter Pan."

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone WEST 6000.

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## VANITY FAIR.

What are we to say to Professor Gieler of Munich, who declares that the feet of European and American women are rapidly growing larger, and who does not hesitate to say that in the not very distant future there will be little if any difference between the two sexes in the matter of sizes of footwear? The learned man has made a careful study of the subject, including very accurate measurements and proportions of the feet of the beauties of the Grecian foot of the long ago as represented on ancient statues, which he assumes to be correct in in every detail. But the professor announces the gratifying information that as the modern woman's feet wax larger their proportions become more symmetrical and artistic in shape. The inference is that in time women will regard the size of their feet as of little consequence, but will devote much time to symmetry of form, which will have to be attained by careful and scientific manipulation by one versed in osteology and the massage process. But all that will be endured if it comes as an edict from the arbiters of fashion. However, the professor does not even suggest the possibility of women losing their inherent vanity, but attributes this wonderful change from the picturesque and charming No. 2 to the ponderous No. 6 or even No. 9 to necessity. In recent years, we are told, women have cultivated a taste for walking, athletics, and other outdoor exercises which not only enlarge the feet, but greatly strengthen the whole body. Hence it has come, or is coming to this: The size of the foot is immaterial, but it is of the greatest importance that it be shapely—artistic curves of hollow, instep, toes, and all. It may be interesting to our American and English sisters to know that the feet of French women are increasing in size more rapidly than those of any other country, and it is not a fad either.

The foot question being settled, let us put another authority on the witness stand, even Henri Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis," a gentleman who knows a whole lot about the ancient as well as about the women of this day and generation. The great Sienkiewicz has this to say in a comparison between European and American women:

Never before and nowhere else in the world have women had such a good time as in America. The laws make up to her, custom gives her freedom, public opinion shields her even when she is at fault, and all the men pet and spoil her. This respect for women is a general trait in the Anglo-Saxon character, but it is greater in America than in England. The American woman is a little like a spoiled child. But when you ask me if she stands higher or lower intellectually than the European woman I must ask, "With what class of European women am I to compare her?" We have differences between the different classes of women such as do not exist at all in America. For instance, with us a "drawing-room" lady, besides her own language, speaks goodness knows how many foreign ones; she plays on the piano and knows how to talk about art and literature with the greatest charm—and that is what is chiefly necessary. Her mind is flexible and developed; if she thinks fit to pose as something unusual, she knows how to cover her perfumed soul with a cloud of mystery. In the thick forest of words and feelings she moves about as if she were at home. In general she is quick and as keen in society as a razor; to speak the truth, she is not learned, but developed, both psychologically and aesthetically, to the highest point.

Personally I am far from holding American women up to their educated European sisters as an example. I would even say that they have many of their faults and are wanting in many of their good qualities.

Taking them all round, they are far less industrious, they look far less after their homes, house-keeping and kitchens. For this reason American cookery is in a deplorable state. Then they seem to dress themselves up more than our women. For this reason you will not see such dresses even in the Paris boulevards as you do in the New York Broadway or Kearny Street, San Francisco. The fashions are the same for all women, so that what a millionaire's wife wears differs from a servant's dress only in the cost of the stuff—not in the cut. To my eyes these dressed-up women look very strange by the side of the men, who appear to care nothing about their clothes. The American man's aesthetic appetite is satisfied when he dresses up his wife. He seems to want nothing for himself.

Very few American women know French or other foreign languages. I did not meet any women who were judges of art or literature, or any who knew how to paint or draw. Another thing that struck me was the mixture of Puritanism and freedom in social relationships. The relations existing between young men and women would give rise to all sorts of scandalous results in Europe. There we find nothing of the sort—partly because owing to the American woman's cold temperament, partly to public opinion, which puts all the blame on the man.

A correspondent of the New York Sun discusses the question as to which side of the woman a man should place himself when walking on the public street. He says:

I have a very clear notion about this myself. I say that the gentleman should walk at the lady's left hand, she at his right, for this reason: It is the custom in this country for people meeting to turn to the right. Now, in doing this, a man with a woman on his right arm would present himself as a shield against crowding or intrusion from any body passing from the opposite direction; if there were a collision or crowding on the passing side, the man would be there to take the shock, and the woman would be held always safely away

from it, or even from the ruffling of her apparel.

But people tell me I'm foolish. They say the man ought always to walk on the side of the woman toward the curb, no matter on which side of her that brings him, whether on the right or the left. The danger, they say, is on the curb side where the traffic is, the horses and trucks and wagons and carriages and automobiles, and the mud spatters. I think the idea is wrong, and then the man's keeping always on the curb side involves more or less changing. See what happens when they cross the street and walk on the other side. Then the man has to run around her, doesn't he? Change position then to get on the outside; and what is more ridiculous than to see a man prancing around a lady to change from one side to the other to get next the curb?

In spite of this opinion every-day people who can afford to be pioneers in reform had better be upon the safe side—and that is the outside.

We get a warning from New York that the big pot hats of the mushroom variety ought not to be worn except by women who have good teeth. The hat shadows the whole of the upper part of the face, with the result that the nose and the mouth are thrown into unusual prominence and defects that otherwise would be unnoticed occupy the centre of the landscape. So much is this the case that the cosmetic dentist has already made her appearance. Her duties are not quite the same as those of the ordinary practitioner. She tries to keep the mouth young and charming and she overflows with cunning and feminine advice. She teaches you how to show the teeth without a labored and perpetual smile and she inculcates the importance of going to sleep with a pleasant expression so that you may wake up similarly adorned. All you have to do is to pinch up the corners of the mouth, press the lips in the middle so that they are wide and rosy, then slightly part them until they barely touch each other. Do this immediately before going to sleep and the effect will remain.

A young Parisian woman has opened a "school of smiles." She says that the smile has a distinct commercial value, and she reminds us that even the butcher and the grocer can popularize their wares by meeting their customers with a smile. We are not so sure about that. It may be so with women customers, but the savage breast of the male buyer is not to be soothed by any such embrocation. His favorite tradesman is the man who gives him what he asks for and gives it to him quickly. A smile is all very well, but it must be an addition to, and not a substitute for, accuracy and dispatch. We shall be told next that a harper should ingratiate himself with his customers by the cultivation of an airy and easy conversational power. Not at all. Let the butcher, the haker, the candlestick maker and the barber pursue their avocations in unsmiling silence and they will earn patronage and gratitude.

After all, we have to go to antiquity for hearty recipes, as for most other things. Some of them, too, are delightfully simple and inexpensive. Who is aware, nowadays, that rosy cheeks may be obtained by the lady who will hurry a drop of her own blood under a rose hush? Where now is the fair one who washes her face in dew before sunrise on May Day? We don't get up early enough for that and the sun comes out he-times in the merry month of May. Then, again, we have forgotten that the flesh of a hare has wondrous effects in the way of beauty, although they only last for a week. The entrails of a crocodile are said to act like magic in the production of a white skin, but the entrails of a crocodile are hard to get even in big modern cities. So, too, is the fat of a lion, which is said to have the same effect. Even our department stores have their limits.

The Paris correspondent of the New York World sounds a note of warning to the wealthy who build monuments to themselves in the shape of art collections. He quotes the opinion of Leon Comerre, a prominent artist, to the effect that many a modern masterpiece will not resist the action of time, thanks to the inferior quality of paints and materials. Paul Signac, another artist of note, speaks even more strongly. He says: "I am convinced that certain ruin awaits the majority of modern paintings. A few artists, like Meissonier and Detaille, have spared no pains to obtain pure and durable materials for their pictures. But most painters purchase ready-made preparations that are chemically adulterated and must soon fade."

In other words, cheapness and carelessness are the curses of the day, and when these are mixed with commercial dishonesty we have a combination at which time laughs and destroys. It was different with the old painters, when there were no art material stores or collapsible tubes as traps for collapsible reputations. Indeed, the old painters would have scorned to use material that they had not prepared with their own hands, and the secret of that preparation was often reserved for favorite and tried students. Even the ancient Egyptians knew how to paint in indelible colors. We can see their color boxes in some of the European museums with the hues as fresh as ever they were and defiant of almost unnumbered years, while their illuminated papyri are nearly as bright as when they were

first painted, fifty centuries ago. The "hessings of civilization" may be real enough, but they lack stability, and the millionaire who "invests in pictures" may have to deplore a lamentable deterioration in values as the colors fade away.

The fancy dress hall has been revived in all grades of social life since the first of the year and the promise is that the craze will not abate during the present party season. It is to be observed that costumes for women folk are rather more expensive than in former years, and that gowns are cut a trifle lower at the top and conspicuously shorter at the bottom. Certainly they may not be called hathing suits, but if one's mind is carried back to the seaside summer resorts by the costuming at these midwinter entertainments it is not necessarily because the mind should be condemned without a hearing. But back of all, of course, is a vulgar commercialism. The cry of the costumers and "in trade" people of London, Paris, and Berlin became persistent because of hard times and

dull business. Royalty and high life had to do something to stop the clamor, and the expedient of new and more expensive fashions was adopted. Now at last the costumers are prosperous and happy. The power of the needs of business to make society dance and pay the fiddler is great, and society is always willing to hear and obey. So this season there are "dreams" in costumes and "poems" in hats undreamed of before. The tradesmen are happy and society has only to buy and to pay the bills.

Wagner once said he would prefer to go to Vienna to hear the waltzes of Strauss to hearing Italian opera. On a birthday of Mme. Strauss some years ago she had as guests many celebrated musicians. She passed around a fan on which the different composers and players were writing their names and excerpts from compositions of their own. When it reached Brahms he penned the first measure of the "Blue Danube" waltzes, and signed beneath, "not, I regret to say, by your devoted friend Johannes Brahms."

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bishop Shute Barrington of Durham was ill and Pretyman of Lincoln, who was thought to desire that wealthy See, was diligent in his inquiries. Bishop Barrington recovered and directed his man-servant to answer on the next occasion: "I am better, but the Bishop of Winchester has a bad cough."

Doctor Whipple, long Bishop of Minnesota, was about to hold religious services at an Indian village in one of the Western States, and before going to the place of meeting asked the chief, who was his host, whether it was safe for him to leave his effects in the lodge. "Plenty safe," grunted the red man. "No white man in a hundred miles from here."

The husband of a beloved deceased wife came to see her bust. "Look at it well," said the sculptor, "and as it is only in clay I can alter it if necessary." The widower looked at it carefully with the most tender interest. "It is her very self," he said. "Her large nose—the sign of goodness!" Then, hursting into tears, he added: "She was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"

Jefferson D. Thompson, the chairman on the Vanderbilt cup commission, declares that enthusiastic owners find merits that motor-car manufacturers dare not claim. "A young lady," he said, "once showed me proudly a very cheap, very light car that she had just bought. 'Awfully light, isn't it?' said I. 'Yes,' said she. 'Isn't it splendid? Whenever it breaks down we can always push it home.'"

A young souhrette rushed to her dentist the other day in agony. One of her wisdom teeth was ulcerated. The dentist, who, by the way, had supplied her with the most dazzling of her front teeth, told her that there was nothing for it but to pull the tooth. "Very well, doctor," remarked the actress, with a sigh, as she removed the plate; "I suppose I'd better take out my orchestra chairs so that you can get at my back rows."

Anxious to learn the secrets of the art world, a student asked a friend, to whom the ways of its votaries were more familiar: "Why does Conneray stand off and half shut his eyes when he looks at the picture he is painting? I was in his studio the other day, and he made me do it, too." "That's simply explained," replied the other. "Did you ever try to look at them near to with your eyes wide open? Well, don't; you can't stand it."

James Payn relates a story of Dean Burgoon's indignant refusal to christen a male child "Venus." The father of the infant urged that he only wished to name it after his grandfather. "Your grandfather!" cried the Dean, "I don't believe it. Where is your grandfather?" He was produced. "Do you mean to tell me, sir, that any clergyman ever christened you 'Venus' as you call it?" "Well, no, sir; I was christened Sylvanus, but they always call me Venus."

A certain youthful curate was taken to task by the new Archbishop of Canterbury for reading the lessons of the service in an inaudible tone. Whereupon the young man replied: "I am surprised that you should find fault with my reading, as a friend of mine in the congregation told me that I was beautifully heard." "Did she?" snapped the bishop, and the fair young curate collapsed. His lordship had once been a young clergyman himself, and he knew a thing or two about the "friend."

A short man with the remains of a "jag" wandered into the Midland and asked for a typewriter's studio. He lives in Kansas, and had been winning bets on the football games. He wanted to stay another week, but his wife expected him home, so he was in search of a typewriter to send home a letter to serve as an apology for his non-appearance. "Kansas City, this date," he muttered to the typewriter. "I have that." "My dear wife," "Yes," "Very important business will require my presence in Osawatimie for a few days—" "Let's see," interrupted the artist; "how do you spell that Osawatimie?" "Spell it yourself. It's your typewriter." "I can't." "Can't spell Osawatimie?" he asked, in disgust. "No." "Then I'll go to Fort Scott."

Archbishop Magee was once present at a full-dress debate on the eastward position, when doubts were expressed as to the exact meaning of the words "before the table." After a speech or two, Dr. Magee seized a piece of paper and wrote: "As to the phrase, 'The piper that played before Moses,' doubts have arisen. Some believe its meaning to be that the piper played before Moses—that is, at a period anterior to his birth. Others hold that the piper played before Moses in the sense of preceding the great law-giver when he danced; while others teach that the piper played (coram Mose) before, or in the presence of Moses, when the son of Amram dined. All these are wrong. The phrase is to

be understood as implying that the piper played at the north end of Moses, looking south." The document was handed up to Archbishop Tait, who looked grave.

It was in the hotel of a Western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of loud yells. "What in the world is that?—a murder going on up-stairs?" he demanded. "No," said the clerk, as he slammed the hooks and lounged towards the stairs. "It's the spring bed up in Number Five. That tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one o' the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt-stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there aint anything I can do for you for a few minutes."

In the Exeter days of Dr. Temple, when he was suspected of heterodoxy, a young curate came to him one day, and said: "My lord, it is rumored that you are not able to believe in special interposition of Providence on behalf of certain persons." "Well?" grunted the bishop. "Well, my lord, here is the case of my aunt. My aunt journeys to Exeter every Wednesday by the same train and in the same compartment of the same carriage invariably. Last Wednesday she felt a disinclination to go, and that very day an accident occurred by which the carriage of the train was smashed to pieces. Now, was not that a direct interposition of Providence on behalf of my aunt?" "Can't say," growled the bishop; "don't know your aunt."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## The Hints.

I like the helpful hints  
The daily paper prints.  
Suspensions lurk  
Within my simple mind,  
That if we tried, we'd find  
Some of 'em work.  
—Washington Herald.

## A Diet List.

The rivers eat away their banks,  
The tides devour the sand,  
The morning sun drinks up the mists,  
The ocean eats the land;  
Taxes eat up a property,  
And pride eats out the soul—  
But moths the diet record hold,  
Because they eat a hole!  
—Harper's Bazar.

## A Little Longer.

Oh, the cocktails they are crowing in the morning,  
And the buttermilk is flowing through the hay;  
They are waiting the return of Mr. Fairbanks  
On the banks of the Wabash far away.  
—The Gridiron Club.

## Teddy the Centaur.

Would you have a composite of human endurance,  
Gallantry, deviltry, swiftness, and grace,  
Chivalry, poetry, dash, and assurance,  
Heaven-born genius for setting the pace?  
Take all the horsemen in fable and history,  
Heroes who've galloped afield and afar,  
And you'll have a receipt for that popular mystery  
Known to the world as the peerless "T. R."

The heart of Quixote, the humor of Panza,  
The wisdom of Odin, the nerve of Fitzjames  
(To whom might be fitly devoted a stanza  
If fable and fact were not bursting with names),  
The four sons of Aymon, Orlando, Lord Marmion,  
Bonny Dundee with his bonnet a-toss,  
The Cid, Boabdil, Tam O'Shanter, Prince  
Charmian,  
The Lady who catered to Banbury Cross,  
Sir Lancelot, Rinaldo, and Young Lochinvar;—  
Take and distill 'em—the issue's "T. R."

The eye of an eagle, the voice of a stentor,  
Swiftmess of Mercury, thunder of Jove,  
The seat of Tod Sloan and the head of a centaur—  
All are combined in the hero we love.  
Barbaric front of his namesake Theodoric,  
Wildness of Turpin who straddled Black Bess,  
Daring and dash of the Highlander Roderick,  
Buffalo Bill and the Pony Express;—  
Rake all the past for the bold and bizarre,  
Lump 'em together—the mass is "T. R."

The beauty of Siegfried the mythical Norseman,  
Swagger of Gilpin the devil-may-care,  
The valor of Roland the horn-blowing horseman,  
Grace of Godiva, who rode in her hair;—  
The Noble Six Hundred, the Valkyrie ladies,  
The Gbent-to-Aix riders, the French cuirassiers,  
The trio who'd gallop from Paris to Hades  
To rescue a damsel—the Three Musketeers;—  
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Riding cap, helmet, fez, shako, sombrero,  
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All of them live in our peerless "T. R."  
—Bert Leston Taylor, in Puck.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

But a few days of social gayety remain before the Lenten season and every hour seems filled with entertainment of one kind or another. The past week has been exceptionally gay besides the Kirmess which has brought to a brilliant close the busiest social season San Francisco has ever known.

The wedding of Miss Bertha Savage, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Savage, to Mr. Harry Hephurn Wilkins, took place on Monday last at the home of the bride in San Rafael. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock in the afternoon by the Rev. Father Sardi, assisted by the Rev. Father McQuaide and the Rev. Father Phillips. Miss Lucille Wilkins, the bridegroom's sister, was the maid of honor and Mr. William Powell of Oakland was the best man. About seventy-five guests were present. After a four months' honeymoon trip to Japan, Mr. Wilkins and his bride will make their home in this city.

The wedding of Mr. Joseph Sloss and Miss Esberg took place Monday, February 8, at the family residence of the bride's mother, and was witnessed only by the immediate family. After the wedding breakfast a reception was held for the relatives and friends of both families. The young couple have left for an extended tour abroad and expect to return in the early fall to settle down permanently in San Francisco.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., will entertain at luncheon on Tuesday next.

Mrs. William Craig and Miss Olive Craig will entertain at a tea on Tuesday next at their home on Washington Street.

The Gaiety Club, of which Miss Mary Keeney is the president, entertained at a dance on Wednesday evening of last week at Century Club Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall entertained at a dance on Tuesday evening last at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of their nieces, Miss Virginia Newhall and Miss Frances Newhall. About two hundred guests were present.

The fancy dress dance of the Assemblies, under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, took place last night (Friday) at the Fairmont.

The Friday Night Club dance, the last of the season, took place on Friday evening of last week at Century Club Hall. The patronesses are Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. George Ashton, Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle, and Mrs. George A. Moore.

The Misses Ruth and Dorothy Boericke entertained at an informal dance on Tuesday evening last in honor of their guest, Miss Louise McCormick of Chicago.

Captain Thomas Q. Ashburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashburn entertained at an informal dance on Tuesday evening last at the Presidio in honor of Miss Anna Weller, Miss Floyd of Kentucky, and Miss Marcia Fee.

Mrs. Frances Carolan entertained at a luncheon on Monday last at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Katrina Page-Brown. Those present were Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Alice Oge, and Miss Katharine Donohoe.

Mrs. George A. Pope was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was the guest of honor at the luncheon given by Mrs. James Flood at the Fairmont. Among those present were Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Patrick Calhoun,

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Vicomtesse de Tristan, Mrs. Alfred Tuhhs, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. George Boyd, Miss Janie Flood, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. John Boyd, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy.

Mrs. James Otis entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week in honor of her niece, Miss Ethel McAllister.

Mrs. Francis Sullivan entertained at a luncheon on Thursday last at her home on Clay Street.

Miss Marian Angelotti was the hostess at a luncheon on Saturday of last week at the Francesca Club in honor of Miss Louise McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week for their daughter, Miss Katharine Donohoe, the guests going later to the Gaiety Club dance.

Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week before the Friday Night Dance.

Miss Dolly MacGavin was hostess at a dinner on Friday evening of last week before the Friday Night Dance.

Miss Innes Keeney was the hostess at a dinner on Friday evening of last week before the Friday Night Dance.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy entertained at bridge yesterday (Friday) afternoon at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. Gerald Rathbone was the hostess at a bridge party yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton was the hostess at bridge on Monday afternoon last at the Fairmont.

Mrs. William Porter entertained informally at bridge on Wednesday of last week.

Miss Florence Hopkins was the hostess at bridge yesterday (Friday) afternoon in honor of Miss Katrina Page-Brown.

Miss Edith Treanor entertained at an informal bridge party on Tuesday afternoon of last week.

Miss Mary Keeney was the hostess at a tea on Wednesday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Katrina Page-Brown. Assisting in receiving were Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Florence Hopkins, and Miss Katharine Donohoe.

Miss Olive Wheeler entertained at a tea on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home on Washington Street. Assisting in receiving were Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Frances Martin, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Emily Johnson, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Natalie Hunt, and Miss Anna Weller.

Miss Janet Coleman entertained at a tea on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home on California Street in honor of Miss Louise Boyd. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Russell Bogue, Mrs. Boswell King, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Miss Gertrude Ballard, Miss Persis Coleman, and Miss Virginia Newhall.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell was the hostess at an informal tea on Thursday afternoon of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Elizabeth Woods.

Miss Marian Huntington was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Clara Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening. Later the guests went to the Berkeley Assembly, returning to Mrs. Butters's for a supper. Those present were Mrs. Lordfield, Miss Jolliffe, Miss Snell, Miss Hussy, Mr. L. Lacy, Mr. A. Gowan, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Landfield.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave a large bridge party in her apartments at the Fair-

mont on Monday. Sixty guests were present. After the play tea was served in the Laurel Court.

Among the guests of Miss Jeanne Gallois in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont on Monday were Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Louise McCormack, Miss Kathleen de Young, and the Misses Boericke.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon were hosts at a dinner given in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont on Sunday. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Dr. Harry Tevis, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Florence Breckinridge, and Mr. Frank Michaels.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger have been the guests recently of Mr. D. O. Mills at Millbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, who have been in town since the first of the year, will return to Menlo Park early in March.

Mrs. Walter Hohart and Miss Mary Eyre, who have been visiting friends in Philadelphia and other Eastern cities, are expected home in about ten days.

Mrs. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, who have been in town for the winter, will return in the near future to their Menlo Park country place.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Keirsted have been spending a few days at the Fairmont, coming up early in the week from the Presidio of Monterey.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, and Miss Harriett Alexander will leave within a fortnight for a stay of three or four weeks at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. David Brown have arrived from their home in Colorado and are the guests of Mrs. Brown's parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley have returned from a visit to Portland, Oregon.

Mr. William Tilghman Goldsborough has returned, after several months' travel in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames spent the week end at San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron.

Miss Margaret Newhall and Miss Marjorie Josselyn left recently for a trip to Southern California.

Mrs. Obed Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt have returned home, after a brief stay at the Fairmont.

Mr. John M. Young has returned from a two months' visit in the Eastern and Southern States.

Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld of Sacramento, who has been here for several weeks, has gone to Santa Barbara for a stay.

Mrs. Charles Cooper of Honolulu spent several days here last week en route to Paris to visit her brother, Mr. Tarn McGrew.

Miss Cheshrough is visiting her friend, Miss Harvey, at Del Monte.

Dr. Gustav Boar and Miss Boar of Portland and Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Whiting of Seattle are at the St. Francis.

The J. D. Sherwoods of Spokane are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. J. B. Coryell and her two boys expect to remain at Del Monte for the rest of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles and Mr. Robert H. Bowles of Oakland, with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. McNear of San Francisco, were at Del Monte for the week end.

Mr. W. D. Longyear of Los Angeles is spending a few days at the St. Francis.

Major Melville J. Shaw of the United States Marine Corps has been at the St. Francis for some days.

Ex-Governor G. R. Carter and Mrs. Carter of Honolulu, who have been at the Fairmont for some time, are hooked for passage on the *Mongolia*.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman, who have for some time resided at the St. Francis, have taken the H. M. A. Miller home on Laurel Street.

At latest reports Miss Agnes Tillmann and her father, Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Jr., were in Genoa, after a visit to St. Moritz.

Mr. Herrman Barth has returned from Europe.

Mrs. Sidney Ballon, who has been at the St. Francis with her two children and maid, has just sailed home to Honolulu.

Mr. Hedley Chapman, F. R. M. S., of London, has arrived at the St. Francis.

Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen and her daughter, Miss Dorothy, have taken apartments at the Fairmont, where they will be at home for the next two months.

Charles Henry Alexander Paget, Sixth Marquis of Anglesey and second lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, arrived at the St. Francis last Thursday with his cousin, Captain A. E. Paget of the Eleventh Hussars.

Among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont is Mrs. Chester A. Arthur, wife of the son of President Arthur of the United States. Mrs. Arthur is accompanied by Mr. Chester A. Arthur, Jr., and Miss Swinburne.

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**PERSONAL.**  
**Army and Navy.**

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral A. P. Nazero, U. S. N., is assigned to duty as commandant of the Naval Station at Cavite.

Brigadier-General J. M. K. Davis, U. S. A., retired, arrived here last week for a brief visit.

Brigadier-General Ramsay Potts, U. S. A., will sail from this port on the transport leaving on May 5 for Manila and on his arrival in the Philippines will assume command of the Department of the Visayas.

Brigadier-General William H. Carter, U. S. A., will sail from this port on the transport leaving March 5 for Manila, and on his arrival there will assume command of the Department of Luzon.

Colonel David L. Brainard, deputy commissary-general, U. S. A., formerly chief commissary of the Department of California, sailed on Monday last on the transport *Kilpatrick*, from New York, en route to the Philippine Islands, via Suez. On arrival in Manila he will report for duty as chief commissary, Philippines Division.

Major H. L. Roosevelt, assistant quartermaster, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to the Navy Yard, Puget Sound, for temporary inspection duty.

Major John C. W. Brooks, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has had his orders directing him to proceed without delay to San Francisco amended to direct him to proceed to Governor's Island, New York, and report to the commanding general, Department of the East, en route to his station at San Francisco.

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Lieutenant Harold W. Huntley, Third Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Alcatraz Island and to report in person to the commandant of the Pacific Branch, U. S. Military Prison, for duty at that prison.

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Lieutenant Charles E. T. Lull, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., in addition to his other duties, will assume charge under the instructions of the quartermaster-general, of construction work at Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, relieving Lieutenant Earl McFarland, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., of that duty.

Lieutenant Harold W. Huntley, Third Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Alcatraz Island and to report in person to the commandant of the Pacific Branch, U. S. Military Prison, for duty at that prison.

Lieutenant Maynard A. Wells, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Alcatraz Island and to report in person to the commandant of the Pacific Branch, U. S. Military Prison, for duty at that prison.

Lieutenant Lucius L. Hopwood, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Henry B. McIntyre, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

**The Langendorff Concert.**

At Christian Science Hall Sunday afternoon Mme. Frieda Langendorff, the splendid contralto, will give her last concert, when Mme. Flora Karp Heilbron will again assist in the rendition of the following programme, which is one of the most novel, varied, and interesting ever offered in this city. Many of the works will be heard here for the first time.

The box-office will be open at the hall after 10 a. m.

Next Tuesday afternoon the same artists will give a special programme in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Aria, "Air des Adieux" from "Maid of Orleans," Tschalkowsky; (a) "Die Allmacht," Schubert; (b) "Lotusblume," Schumann; (c) "Holder Bluetenduft," Gluck; Mme. Langendorff, Piano solos: (a) Grand Gigue, J. G. Haessler; (b) Impromptu, F. Minor, Schubert; Mme. Flora Karp Heilbron, Aria, "Ah Mon Fils" ("Le Prophète"), Meyerbeer; (a) "Still as the Night," Bohm; (b) Cradle Song, Brahms; Aria, "Dich Theure Halle" from "Tannhäuser," Wagner; Mme. Langendorff, Piano solos: (a) Nocturne, Op. 55, No. 2, Chopin; (b) Polonaise, Liszt; Mme. Flora Karp Heilbron, (a) "Morgenhymne," Henschel; (b) "Je l'aime," Grieg; (c) "Der Schweinehirt," Swedish Folk Song; aria from "Pique-Dame" ("The Queen of Spades"), Tschalkowsky, Mme. Langendorff.

**Third "Pop" Concert.**

Sunday afternoon, February 28, is the date of the third Lyric Hall "Pop" concert, given by the Lyric String Quartet, with Nathan Firestone, viola, and Eugene Blanchard, pianist. The programme will include two novelties, one of which will be a string quartet by Mme. Teresa Carreno, the famous pianist, and the other a sonata for viola and piano by Anton Rubinstein. It is seldom that the viola as a solo instrument is heard, and as Mr. Firestone, the viola player of the Lyric Quartet, is an exceptionally fine artist, this number, which he will play in conjunction with Eugene Blanchard, pianist, will be greatly enjoyed. The Rubinstein Trio in B flat minor will complete the programme.

Seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Sutter-Street store next Thursday morning. The prices are 50 cents and \$1.

The fourth and last concert of the season will be given Sunday afternoon, March 28, and it will be an afternoon with Schubert.

**For Traveling Readers.**

Readers of the *Argonaut* will be pleased to learn that, beginning with the present week, they will find the paper on file in the library on certain of the overland trains, viz:

Overland Limited, trains 1 and 2, San Francisco-Omaha.

Oregon Express, trains 15 and 16, Oakland Pier-Portland.

Owl Limited, trains 25 and 26, Oakland Pier-Los Angeles.

Sunset Express, trains 9 and 10, San Francisco-San Antonio and Houston-New Orleans.

Golden State Limited, trains 3 and 4, Los Angeles-El Paso.

**At Out-of-Town Hotels.**

Among the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. J. Macaulay Ponnett, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Edward A. Hey, Mr. L. B. Luppen, Mr. and Mrs. Manford S. Kohlberg.

The following San Franciscans were at Del Monte the week just past: Mr. H. W. Ogden, Mr. George Dunmans, Mr. W. H. Ellis, Mr. A. H. Williams, Mrs. Ann Wolff, Mr. Carl Wolff, Mr. A. W. Jackson, Miss Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Webb, Mrs. H. W. Seale, Mrs. J. C. Franks, Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. Fred Kline, and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Nichols.

Laurence Irving, Sir Henry's son, and now playwright and actor in his own right, and Mahel Hackney, his wife and often a member of his father's companies, are soon to appear in American theatres in a version of "Gringoire." Miss Hackney will play the wandering poet, and Mr. Irving, Louis XI.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She (indignantly)—You had no business to kiss me! He—But it wasn't business; it was pleasure.—*Detroit News-Tribune.*

"Do you believe in the superhuman?" "I used to, but I don't any more." "Why?" "I married him."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Knicker—Did Jones lose control of his auto? Bocker—Entirely; his chauffeur won't let him use it at all.—*New York Sun.*

Knicker—What is the secret of success? Bocker—Be the fellow your wife could have married if it hadn't been for you.—*New York Sun.*

"There goes the most talked about man in this community." "You surprise me. Who talks about him." "He does."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Maisie—I'll only marry a man whose fortune has at least six ciphers in it. Morton—Then I've got a cinch. Mine is all ciphers.—*Milwaukee News.*

Knicker—Why did you discharge your chauffeur? Bocker—He persisted in taking his friends out when the cook wanted the auto.—*New York Sun.*

Him—How does she manage to keep her looks? Her—Keep her looks? Why, she can't get rid of 'em, or she would, I suppose.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Blobbs—Tightwad claims that when charity is needed he is always the first to put his hand in his pocket. Slobbs—Yes, and he keeps it there.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"I sometimes think," remarked the regular patron, "that the snare drummer should be the best musician in the theatre orchestra." "He usually is," said the drummer.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Her Mother—Mabel, dear, do you ever feel timid about asking your husband for money? The Bride—No, indeed, mamma; but he seems to be rather timid about giving it to me.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Weary (lying under apple tree)—Say, mister, kin I have one of dem apples? Farmer—Why, them apples won't be ripe for four months yet. Weary—Oh, dat's all right. I aint in no hurry. I'll wait!—*Life.*

City Salesman—I took old Hardcash to the theatre last night. Sales Manager—Did he appreciate it enough to give you an order afterward? City Salesman—He appreciated it enough to propose to the star and offer to adopt the whole chorus.—*New York Times.*

"I suppose," said the angular spinster, "that you never had a romance?" "Dat's where youse is wrong," replied the unlaundered hobo. "I wunst had a sweetheart wot wuz a dead ringer for youse." "And did she die?" asked the angular spinster as she helped him to another hunk of pie. "No, ma'am," answered the hobo. "When leap year come 'round she asked me t' marry her—an' I run away from home."—*Chicago News.*

Maud—Would you marry a widower? Ethel—No, I wouldn't. The man I marry I am going to tame myself.—*The Tatler.*

Hob—Would you like to see women voters at the polls? Nob—Yes, indeed. At the North and South Poles.—*Sewanee Tiger.*

"See, Fritz, we have been engaged now seven years." "Yes, dear; that means so many years less of married life."—*Megendorfer Blätter.*

"Entertaining job that chap has." "What's entertaining about feeding the lions in a zoo?" "They keep the table in a roar."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Husband—Well, say what you will, my dear, you'll find worse men than me in the world. The Wife—Oh, Tom, how can you be so hitter?—*The Sketch.*

"They say he made millions buying on margins." "How does it happen, then, that he is so hard up?" "He kept on buying on margins."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Man," declared the old-fashioned preacher, "is a worm." "And," said a man who had been married three times and who was occupying a small space in a rear pew, "woman is the early bird."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Father—It's singular that whenever I want you to marry a man you object, and whenever I do not want you to marry one you straightway insist on it. Daughter—Yes, and whenever we are agreed the man objects.—*Stray Stories.*

"College has done Lowdon a world of good." "He doesn't impress one as carrying excess knowledge." "He doesn't. But four years on the rooting squad have been great for his lungs, which used to be weak."—*Kansas City Times.*

"Yes, they are immensely wealthy." "Are they? I supposed they were in comfortable circumstances, but I never had any idea that they were to be numbered among our millionaire families." "Oh, they must be. At least they buy eggs even for their hired help."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Why don't you come in occasionally between drinks," demanded the wife, "and see the play?" "I don't need to," replied the bibulous husband. "The bartender is familiar with the plot, imitates the actors, and also knows a lot of gossip about their personal and family affairs."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"You want your son to pursue the pathway of knowledge?" "Yep," answered Farmer Cornrossel. "I want him to know more than anybody else; to be looked up to as a regular repository of wonderful information. As soon as he goes through college I'm goin' to get him a job with the secret service."—*Washington Star.*

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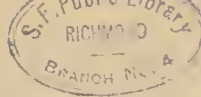
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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Conviction of Coffey—The Census and the Veto—The Color Question in Cuba—A Plain Word—Labor and Lese-Majesty—The Secret Service—How Long, O Lord, How Long?—To Prevent Floods—King and Emperor—The Mayor of Los Angeles—Editorial Notes .....	129-131
CURRENT TOPICS .....	132
POLITICO-PERSONAL .....	132
THE DEATH OF CATULLE MENDES: A Great Writer and a Strange Personality Are Extinguished in a Railway Accident .....	133
OLD FAVORITES: "Lord Lovel"; "The Tale of Lord Lovel" .....	133
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World .....	133
A GAME OF CHESS: A Letter Descriptive of a Strange Episode. By Edwin H. Clough .....	134
A STORY OF GOLD-SEEKERS: How a Mine Was Found and Lost Again and What Came of Its Rediscovery .....	135
THE MAGIC BIT OF SILVER: A Story of the Roulette Table .....	136
CURRENT VERSE: "Miniatures," by Florence Hoare; "Old Ships," by Furnley Maurice .....	136
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn .....	137
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT .....	138
DRAMA: "The Red Mill." By Josephine Hart Phelps .....	139
VANITY FAIR .....	140
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	141
THE MERRY MUSE .....	141
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy .....	142-143
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day .....	144

### The Conviction of Coffey.

Satisfaction at the conviction of Coffey, one of the "good dog" supervisors, is marred by the fact that the poor wretch is punished not on the score of his crimes, but because he would not commit other crimes obedient to the wish of those who now for two years have held a whip over him and his boodling associates. Coffey was one of the official thieves given a wholesale immunity bath with leave to retain their plunder provided they would give such testimony as Messrs. Phelan, Spreckels, Heney, Burns, *et al.* should demand. The poor wretch did again and again tell what he knew, but because his testimony was not "seasoned" to suit the purposes of the prosecutors, his ticket-of-leave was canceled.

Prosecution in this case was not so much a matter of vengeance against Coffey as a warning to the other subsidized boodlers—a definite notification that when they appear before the court as witnesses they must "give up" whatever may be wanted of them. Hereafter, we

suspect, the "output" of this precious crew of subsidized witnesses will be fully up to the mark. Whatever is required will promptly be forthcoming. The vision of poor Coffey in stripes at San Quentin and wholesomely employed in the jute mill can not fail to stimulate the memories of his associate boodlers. Whatever Mr. Heney or Mr. Burns may want hereafter they will get—no doubt about that.

Incidentally the easy conviction of Coffey shows what might have been done by the prosecution if at the beginning it had undertaken to deal with criminality in honesty and thoroughness. There never was the slightest need of giving immunity to the whole brood of supervisors. Every worthy effect achieved by that wholesale jail delivery could have been gained by limiting the immunity grant to two or three of the eighteen. The Coffey case sufficiently illustrates the point.

Of course, the real purpose of the immunity bath was not, as we are forever being told, for the sake of developing testimony against the "higher-ups," but for the purpose of controlling the politics of San Francisco. What was wanted was a group of supervisors who would do what they were told to do—in other words, a kennel of good dogs. The claim that immunity was essential to the development of evidence has from the beginning been mere pretense and fraud. Again the Coffey incident illustrates the case.

### The Census and the Veto.

The President's veto of the census bill is an act that will be counted unto him for righteousness. It means, of course, the postponement of the measure, as a new bill can hardly be passed until next session. It may mean, also, that the objectionable patronage clause will be passed again by a two-thirds majority over the veto, but this is hardly likely. The House will be painfully aware that in this matter the President has the whip hand. The Revised Statutes are unequivocal and the President can do what he pleases in the appointment of civil service officials and in the regulation of their qualifications. Perhaps the House would be pleased to stultify the President, but it will think twice before it stultifies itself.

The merits of the case are quite simple and no one but the professional politicians will admit that there can be more than one side to it. The time has come for taking the census and a small army of officials will be needed for the work. Perhaps no exceptional intelligence is needed, but the clerks must be educated, they must be of good address, and they must be able to explain the nature of the information to be obtained, which is sometimes of a complicated nature. The bill passed by Congress provided, it is true, for an examination, but it was to be a non-competitive examination and the selection of the applicants was to be left to political patronage. No matter what striking qualifications a man might have, no matter how highly educated, no matter how intelligent or conscientious, he would be excluded from the examination room unless he had first found favor in the eye of some local political machine and the recommendation of that machine to an assemblyman or a senator. Because we followed this vicious plan at the last census, thus seriously injuring the work and adding immensely to its cost, is no reason why we should return to our vomit in this unblushing way. The census is an important undertaking and we want to have it done in the right way and we want to have it done cheaply. No one in his senses will maintain that it is as likely to be done properly under the spoils system as under the civil service rules created for just such purposes as this. After all, there is something more important than feeding the hungry camp followers of political parties or finding remunerative work for the obliging young men who sing comic songs or provide the brass music for the clubs. The proper taking of the census is more important.

We have yet to hear the enunciation of a single

respectable opinion in favor of the application of the old system to the taking of the census. No doubt there are a great many people who "need the money," but that plea has worn a bit thin when the money is from the public pocket. On the other hand we have a unanimity of testimony that the work of the last census was gravely marred by inaccuracy and that its cost was grossly excessive because of the very system against which the President has now effectively protested. No one can be more competent to speak upon this point than Mr. Robert P. Porter, who took the census of 1890. Mr. Porter says:

The efficiency of the decennial census would be greatly improved and its cost materially lessened if it were provided that the employees should be selected in accordance with the terms of the civil service law.

Equally authoritative is the opinion of Mr. Frederick H. Wines, the assistant director of the census of 1900. Mr. Wines sketches the plan followed upon that occasion and concludes with a judgment that must commend itself to those who have not been mentally afflicted by Providence. Mr. Wines says:

A mathematical scale was worked out by which the number of "assignments" to each senator and representative was determined in advance, so many appointments to a senator, a smaller number to a representative, half as many to a Democrat as a Republican, and in Democratic States and congressional districts the assignments were made to the Republican State and district committees. The assignees named in the first instance the persons to be examined. They were afterward furnished each with a list of those named who had "passed," and requested to name those whom they desired to have appointed. Vacancies were filled in the same manner. This system was thoroughly satisfactory, to the majority of the politicians interested, though there were a few who refused to have anything to do with it. The effect upon the bureau was, as may readily be imagined, thoroughly demoralizing.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, who had charge of the census bureau after the census of 1890, is just as emphatic. He makes the disquieting estimate that the census cost \$2,000,000 more than it would have done had it been managed under civil service rules, and it must be admitted that \$2,000,000 is quite a sum of money when it is used in the deliberate purchase of incapacity. Mr. Wines continues:

I do not hesitate to say one-third of the amount expended under my own administration was absolutely wasted, and wasted principally on account of the fact that the office was not under civil service rules. . . . In October, 1893, when I took charge of the census office, there was an office force of 1092. There had been a constant reduction for many months, and this was kept up without cessation till the close of the census. There was never a month after October, 1893, that the clerical force reached the number then in office; nevertheless, while these general reductions were being made and in the absence of any necessity for the increase of the force, 389 new appointments were made.

The loss of the money is bad enough, but there are plenty of opinions as weighty as those that have been quoted and to the effect that the last census was so inaccurate as seriously to impair its value and that this inaccuracy was due to the system under which the force was appointed. The present suggestion, vetoed by the President, is even more fatuous than those that have preceded it, inasmuch as it gave the advantage to no one particular party, but distributed it among them all. All the daughters of the horse leech, no matter in which camp they were to be found, were to benefit equally. Very properly the President has spoken of it as a fraud upon the people.

### The Color Question in Cuba.

Rumors of revolution in Cuba are again well to the front. An insurrection in the province of Santiago is said to be brewing, and predictions are made freely by the white population that the new government will not last two years.

Perhaps the wish is father to the thought. Before the recent elections it was clearly foreseen that the colored element would be victorious, and the whites



made no secret of their resolution to resist. The negroes and the mulattoes are in a large majority throughout the island, and it would be almost impossible to devise any system of franchise that would keep the control of affairs out of their hands. Mr. Fassey Stewart of Oregon, who has just returned from Cuba, describes the prospect as very threatening. He says that the best people of Havana are "praying for trouble," so that the American government may be compelled to interfere. They say that annexation is the only way out of the difficulty and the only thing that can save Cuba from falling into the condition of Hayti.

Seeing that the colored population is dominant, as was inevitable, it is evident that whatever revolutionary trouble may ensue will be due to the whites, and this throws a heavy responsibility upon their hands. The Cuban President shows every desire to hold the balances true and to act fairly toward all parties. It does not seem that the whites have any definite cause for complaint so far, and if they are determined to foment insurrection in order to forestall what may never occur it shows that they are rather less fitted for the duties of citizenship than their colored opponents. Nor can we see why these impossible people who thus admit that they can not govern themselves nor submit to the arbitration of the ballot box should be allowed to govern us.

#### A Plain Word.

Before the Japanese incident passes entirely out of view, somebody ought to say a frank word or two about the part played in this matter by the government at Washington. It was a part made up of about equal measures of blunder, buncombe, and vanity. In plain truth, there has not at any time been a serious Japanese issue in California; that is, there has been no moment when it was probable or possible that by its ultimate action the California State legislature would embarrass the policies of government. There has always been common sense enough, calm judgment enough, patriotic purpose enough, to bring legislative action in its finalities into harmony with legitimate national purposes.

Now, if the President of the United States had been a man of poise, willing to coöperate with those in California who are politically and socially responsible, and without the vice of personal vanity or the wish to make an exhibition of a big stick in action, there would never have been more than a ripple upon the surface of the waters. All that was necessary on the part of the President was either himself or through the proper executive channel, quietly and in civil terms to set forth the facts in the case and ask for coöperation. What the President did was to agitate the mind of the country by inflammatory correspondence, making it appear that California was in a state of rebellion calling for the hand of the only truly strong and good man in the world to bring her into the course of patriotic obligation and duty. California was pilloried before the world in order that a man exulted by vanity and conceit, and wishing to go out of office with a bang, should in the presence of the world and with due applause from the galleries, beat her over the head with the big stick and so reduce her to submission.

The final action of the California legislature was not in any wise aided by the President's excited and explosive utterances. On the other hand, the adjustment was made exceedingly difficult because those who really carry the responsibilities of legislation were compelled in the face of difficulty and under the nominal reproach of executive enforcement to do what they would have done of their own motion without being badgered and bullied from Washington.

It is not pleasant to say these things, none the less it is due to the simplicity of history and to the dignity of California that the truth shall not be utterly lost in the furor of a melodramatic grand-stand play.

#### Labor and Lese-Majesty.

Mr. Gompers is beginning to find that the task of governing the United States is an arduous one. He is constantly running his head against executive officers who do not seem to realize that they exist by grace and not by right, and who persist in carrying out their appointed duties without reference to the labor union dictatorship. This must be very galling to Mr. Gompers. Only a few weeks ago he was forced to reprimand the immigration department for permitting a dozen diamond cutters to land after he had ordered them to be deported, and now Mr. Strauss's labor council is similarly rebellious. One of the functions of the council is to find work for the unemployed, and

it seems that men have been supplied to take the place of others who were on strike. It is, of course, hard to believe that the United States government labor council has acted thus precipitately or that it has ventured to reprieve those whom Mr. Gompers has sentenced to starve for lack of work. There must be a misunderstanding somewhere. It is well known that no man can be allowed to get his living or to support his family unless he belong to a union, and that if any union man leaves "his" job no other man shall be allowed to take it, even though the alternatives for the other man are idleness or crime. The labor council could hardly have overlooked these axioms of freedom and we may therefore expect a public apology to Mr. Gompers and an undertaking upon the part of the United States government to refrain from further encroachments upon his sovereignty. It is not seemly that he should have constant grounds for complaint.

#### The Secret Service.

The inquiry undertaken by the Senate into the mysteries of the Secret Service has not yet finished its work, but it has done enough to show the formidable nature of an organization whose duties should be peculiarly safeguarded and restricted simply because they are necessarily secret. Official duties carried out in full public view carry their guaranties with them, whereas secret organizations are peculiarly liable to abuse simply because they are out of sight of public censure.

The result of the inquiry so far as it has gone is not reassuring. The country is a big one, but it is not big enough to need the service of three thousand Federal detectives, and we are assured that at least that number, and possibly many more, are now upon active duty. The significance of these figures becomes still more apparent when we learn that under the McKinley administration the total force consisted of only 167 men. Where is the need of this startling increase? Are criminals more numerous than six years ago? We may ask still more pertinently if convictions for breaking the law are more frequent than six years ago? If we had the satisfaction of knowing that the law is now a greater terror to evil doers as a result of this regiment of detectives we might feel some satisfaction at their existence, but so far as the naked eye can discern we are getting nothing of benefit in exchange for a system of espionage and surveillance that is certainly hateful and that may easily become dangerous.

In two instances we have been allowed to peep behind the scenes at the detectives on the trail. In one case Senator Tillman was "investigated," his private letters intercepted or otherwise obtained, and his desk overhauled. Nothing was discovered except evidences of disingenuousness and of the modern speculative spirit. In the other instance we find a secret service man deliberately falsifying the evidence of a Brownsville soldier and twisting a confession out of a piece of irrelevant gossip.

A secret service is probably a necessary part of the machinery of every government, but it is a thing that every good government reduces to its smallest possible dimensions. The worst periods in the history of European countries have been invariably marked by a powerful and ubiquitous secret service professedly created for the detection of crime and rapidly degenerating into an instrument of revenge, oppression, and tyranny.

#### How Long, O Lord, How Long?

Day by day, week by week, month by month, the outside world—by which in this instance we mean the world apart from California—gets through various agencies some reflection of the wearisome and hateful contentions enacted in Judge Lawlor's court. Every second news item from California published away from home recites an incident tending to our discredit and shame. The shocking exchange of insults between Witness Leake and Prosecutor Heney last week has been widely reported, to be read by tens of thousands. In the mind of every reader it stands fixed as a mark of the degeneracy of California, illustrating the vulgar audacity of the parties to the quarrel and the supine weakness and incapacity of one who shames the name of judge.

How long, O Lord, how long must we endure this injury to the good name of our State, this unspeakable humiliation? How long, O Lord, how long are the business rivalries and personal hatreds of opposing cliques of street railway owners and promoters to render foul the social atmosphere of California and to make her very name a by-word and a reproach? How

long, O Lord, how long are fraud and farce, melodrama and buncombe to plague us at home and shame us abroad?

#### To Prevent Floods.

The California legislature has passed a bill appropriating \$400,000 for dredging operations in the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and Feather Rivers. It is somewhat like locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen, but perhaps something will really be done before many more winter floods have piled up a still more colossal aggregate of loss.

But the measure is only conditional. The money can not be spent until the Federal government shall have appropriated a like sum and as this can not be done during the present session it must await the regular routine a year hence. Perhaps the Federal government has not quite the full conviction of sin that it should have in this matter, seeing that it authorized the kind of mining that is responsible for the silting up of the channels. But for this action the river channels might now be as deep as ever they were and as competent as ever to carry away the floods and so save the adjacent lands from inundation. But there can be no dredging until the full amount is voted and that will not be for a year.

The dredging of the channels has, however, nothing to do, except in an indirect way, with the extensive reclamation work recommended by the Dabney Commission. It is obvious that the work of reclamation and drainage must be immensely simplified to an accompanying effort to deepen the river channels, but the two undertakings are legislatively separate and distinct. The work outlined by the Dabney Commission involves an expenditure of something like \$20,000,000, and it is therefore a task hopelessly out of our reach without Federal aid. There is every reason to believe that the government would do something in the matter if California should first show herself in earnest and the magnitude of the stake is worth the effort. But it is something to have got the vote for channel dredging even for the remainder of the money. Every yard of debris removed means so much additional accommodation for flood water that would otherwise spread itself destructively over the land.

#### King and Emperor.

It would be interesting to know what the king and the emperor talked about during the recent meeting in Berlin. If we may judge from the reports of public functions and festivities here can have been but little time for private conversation at all but there were midnight conferences that the world knows not of. History never divulges her real secrets. We are rarely allowed to know what we really wish to know about the inner affairs of state. Even the intrusion of women into the field of diplomacy has seldom led to a violation of its privacy, although we are reminded of a certain English cabinet minister who was considered by his colleagues to be unsafe because of his known habit of repeating everything to his wife. Lord Palmerston was equal to the occasion. "It is evident, gentlemen," he said, "that we must take it in turns to sleep with them." But we shall never know what the king and the emperor said to each other nor shall we ever be allowed to read the innumerable letters that are said to have passed between President Roosevelt and the emperor. These are the things that really make history and change the frontiers of the world, but we have to be satisfied with the screen of outer events that were themselves results long before they became causes.

There is no reason why the king and the emperor should love each other. The English monarch is said to hold his nephew in genial derision and if his present attitude is indeed warmed by anything like genialty it only proves the softening touch of time. The emperor, on his part, could endure open affront more easily than ridicule and it is easy to imagine his sentiment toward an uncle who laughs at him, who is wholly without military pretensions, and who has yet surrounded him on all sides with an impregnable rampart of bayonets.

There was a time when the king's feeling toward the emperor was not one of genialty. Twenty-one years ago Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited Berlin at the earnest entreaty of his sister, the Empress of Germany. Her husband, Frederick, was on his deathbed but suffering less severely from the malady that killed him than from the persecutions of Bismarck. Not satisfied with the torture of the best man



who ever sat upon the Prussian throne, the chancellor turned the whole force of his native brutality upon the empress, subjecting her to humiliations without number and to indignities from which her womanhood and her wifehood should have saved her. In her extremity the Prince of Wales, now the king, gave her the moral support of his presence and in return received no small amount of insult from Bismarck and from his cub son, Prince Herbert. That the present emperor approved the treatment accorded to his mother is proved by the continuance of that treatment after he came to the throne, and it is said that even Bismarck himself advised the young emperor to moderate his behavior upon the ground of public policy. However that may be, it is an open secret that King Edward left the German capital in 1888 vowing that he would never again set foot therein, and Queen Alexandra, who accompanied him, was of the same mind.

Now to what extent these events may have had an actual bearing upon current history is a matter for conjecture. Nations as well as individuals are subject to a strange law of suggestion, and if there has been personal animosity between the two rulers for twenty years it is not strange that the sentiment should slowly seep through to the masses of the people. The warlike vigor of Germany must necessarily wane without some potential enemy in sight, and the animosities of the emperor would naturally supply the needed menace. It is equally natural that the threat of German preparations should be felt in England and should be intensified by the impalpable atmosphere of the court. There is no such thing as democratic government upon earth, nor will there ever be. Wherever two men meet, one is in command, and nations are controlled by the force of an individuality more than by the force of laws. This is the most true where the deception of self-government is the strongest. The rulers of Germany and of England, opposite as the poles though they may be, have yet the faculty of appealing to the popular imagination, of applying that subtle, perhaps unintentional, suggestion that is unfortunately so much stronger for animosities than for friendships. Whether these insidious personal rancors are actually responsible for the volcanic rancors that now exist can not be said with certainty. They may at least be contributory and if they can be removed or instigated by personal intercourse it must be to the advantage of the world.

### The Mayor of Los Angeles.

The long-haired reformers of Los Angeles in their enthusiasm for the recall seem to have got themselves into a tangle that is likely to end in rebuff to themselves and discredit to their system. As anxious to experiment with the new method as a child to play with a new toy, they decided to recall Mayor Harper, whose worst fault seems to have been an utter and hopeless inexperience and a too great readiness to listen to evil counsel. No one suggests that the mayor was corrupt or that he profited to the extent of a single cent by the misdeeds of his officials. In fact, he did no more than might be expected from a man wholly unused to official life and unversed in its wiles. But the recall principle had been established. It was the political philosopher's stone that would turn all dross into gold and an opportunity to use it was not to be neglected.

Now, it might have been thought that the aforesaid reformers would reverse the usual maxim and get on with the new love before getting off with the old—in other words, that they would be ready with a fit substitute for the delinquent mayor before their appeal to the people. Nothing of the sort. They seem to have thought that suitable mayors were as thick as blackberries and that another dip into the lucky bag would surely produce a prize. Perhaps they were astonished at their own success with the recall petition, but, however that may be, there was a good deal of a flurry, which has now ended in the production of Mr. George Alexander, otherwise known as "Honest Uncle George." He is the choice of the "Committee of Fifteen" and the "Municipal League," and it may be remarked in parenthesis that these committees of irresponsible bosses are always to be found as parts of the machinery of reform. The difference between them and the common or garden variety of boss is perhaps more apparent than real.

The amusing part of the situation is to be found in the fact that Mayor Harper intends to run again. The election has been fixed for March 25 and both candi-

dates will strain every nerve to be first at the post. It is evident that Mayor Harper has not quite that conviction of sin that the "Committee of Fifteen" might wish. He does not admit that he has done anything seriously wrong or given sufficient cause for a withdrawal of the confidence reposed in him four years ago and he believes that the majority of his fellow-citizens will be of the same opinion. His summary recall gives him a certain halo of martyrdom, and it is well known that nothing can be more profitable than this.

And, indeed, it is not easy to see why the voters should have any very marked preference for "Honest Uncle George." Large cities nowadays are not greatly impressed by honest uncles, and when we turn to Mr. Alexander's record it is not exactly of a kind to fire the breast with a holy enthusiasm. Mr. Alexander is, of course, eminently respectable, but he has been seventy-two years in this vale of tears without being anything more than eminently respectable. He has a good record as a supervisor, but he has never shown any startling originality, nor, indeed, any of the qualifications other than moral, that are so indispensable in the mayor's chair. It is, indeed, as we have said, another plunge into the lucky bag, another nickel in the slot, another toss of the coin. That is the sort of thing we get from the new kind of reformer, who never thinks of educating the voter, but only of giving him a new kind of ballot box.

Now, suppose Mayor Harper is reelected, as it is quite upon the cards that he will be. Los Angeles has had time for second thoughts. The signatures upon the recall petition represent only a small fraction of the electorate. A certain feeling of sympathy is being extended toward a man whose faults were largely of the heart and not of the head, while there is also a feeling of rebellion against the little cliques and coteries of heaven-born reformers, who are always so ready to agitate and to nominate in the cause of purity and to stand forth as shining champions of the Ten Commandments. If Mayor Harper should be reelected the recall system will stand out in its true light as a mere opportunity for the busybodies who are anxious to display their superior brand of civic righteousness by plunging a city into ill-will and turmoil. Perhaps the advantages of such an object lesson would outweigh the disadvantages.

### Editorial Notes.

For some inscrutable reason the good people of New Orleans have been taking what they call a religious census and now we are asked to deplore the discourtesy with which these efforts were sometimes met. In one instance, we are told, the lady census taker "called at the palatial home of an honored officer in one of the most aristocratic clubs of the city" and she was not only refused an audience but her question card was actually returned to her blank. It is surely a strangely perverted sense of duty that leads these ladies to inquire thus impertinently into the most personal and private affairs of life and even to demand a signed statement upon the sanctities of a man's conscience. So far from there being any lack of politeness in this instance it would seem, on the contrary, that courtesy had been pushed to its utmost limit and that the rebuff to insolence was both dignified and well deserved.

Speaker Wadsworth of the New York assembly is the latest to raise his voice against the Direct Primary. Speaking before the Lumber Dealers' Association, he warned his audience that it would do none of the things claimed on its behalf and that it could be followed only by a train of perplexities and disappointments. He might have given many instances of lamentable failure, but he contented himself with showing how minorities under a direct primary system could override the will of majorities and so misrepresent the political complexion of the electorate. Minorities have their rights, but we are not yet prepared to give them precedence over those of majorities. Speaker Wadsworth went on to point out that direct nominations would prevent fusion between two minority parties to combat a strongly entrenched and corrupt majority, and that the great cost connected with a candidacy must necessarily have the effect of throwing government into the hands of a wealthy caste. So far as the boss is concerned, he would flourish under a system of direct nominations even more than he does now, because he would be freed from public responsibility. While Governor Hughes is more or less committed to the general principle of some kind of direct primary, he is using the utmost deliberation in advancing a definite measure, and we may be sure that his

difficulties do not diminish upon a closer acquaintance with the disappointments of other States.

Secretary Root must be rather more than human if he does not experience a certain satisfaction in handing over to Mr. Knox the conduct of affairs relating to Manchuria. The question of Russian evacuation in accordance with the terms of the Portsmouth treaty is evidently becoming acute. The sovereignty of China over Manchuria was not only the original cause of the war, but it was expressly guaranteed by the treaty of peace, and nothing more was needed than a withdrawal of the armies and a restoration to the Chinese of the machinery of government. Secretary Root emphasized the position of America over a year ago by instructing the consular service in Manchuria to recognize China as the sovereign power, but now come reports that Russia is as insistent as ever, that she is in control of the local government, and that she is generally carrying things with a high hand. Mr. Knox will have abundant and early opportunity to show the diplomatic stuff that is in him. If Russia continues to exercise authority in Manchuria the war might as well not have been fought or it might as well still be going on.

The long-continued quarrel in the English navy between Lord Charles Beresford, Admiral Sir John Fisher, and Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott seems to have ended in the extinction of Beresford, if we may judge from the announcement that he will no longer command the Channel fleet. So far as appears on the surface, the dispute had no very serious grounds, but was simply a case of fostered jealousies between Beresford and Scott, in which Fisher as Admiral of the Fleet and First Sea Lord of the Admiralty took the part of Scott. But, however trivial may have been the causes of the quarrel, its results began to be serious when naval officers in general were found ranged upon either side. The discipline of the service was at stake, and if it came to a choice between Beresford and Fisher the government could hardly hesitate to retain Fisher, whose qualities as a fighter, as a tactician, and as an administrator are of the highest order.

On a small island off the Alaskan coast is a blue fox ranch, where animals are bred to produce rare furs. Started as an experiment, it is proving successful. In the fall of 1904 Harry Pryde, who was living at Juneau, Alaska, heard that a man living on an island near Juneau had secured a few blue foxes and had raised a small number of the animals. Knowing the scarcity of these animals and realizing the value of their fur, he believed that he saw an opening for a profitable venture and determined to raise blue foxes on a large scale for the fur market. Pryde at once made an investigation and selected Hound Island as a suitable site for such an enterprise. He then leased the island from the United States government for ninety-nine years. This island stands a short distance from Admiralty Island, on which Sitka, capital of Alaska, is situated, and five miles from the town of Kake, on Kupreanof Island, which is the nearest port. It contains about 800 acres at high tide and approximately 900 acres at low tide. It was in the fall of 1905 that Hound Island was stocked with twenty pairs of blue foxes. The next spring there were 110 young foxes on the island, and they have been increasing rapidly ever since. It is now estimated that there are from 1000 to 1400 foxes. A fine blue fox skin is worth not less than \$30.

When, previous to the election of 1864, Lincoln's attention was called to the carping spirit of some of the professed friends of the government who, distinguishing between the administration and the government, condemned the former while pretending to defend the latter, he said: "There is an important sense in which the government is distinct from the administration. One is perpetual, the other is temporary and changeable. A man may be loyal to his government and yet oppose the peculiar principles and methods of the administration. I should regret to see the day in which the people should cease to express intelligent, honest, generous criticism upon the policy of their rulers."

There are ten European museums of safety and sanitation, located in Berlin, Munich, Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Milan, Stockholm, Zurich, Moscow, and Budapest. The Berlin Museum of Safety covers 34,000 square feet of floor space, where are exhibited devices for the protection of the dangerous parts of machinery or processes in all trades and occupations.

Deposits of pitchblende have been discovered in the old Cornish tin mines, while a new and quicker way has been found to extract radium from the pitchblende. The yield of radium from 200 tons of pitchblende is only a grain or so. If the pulverized ore can be made available by science in curing disease, the thing will be enormous.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

There is no doubt that Senator La Follette can make himself very unpleasant if he is so minded. The senator does not like a hack seat but he has had nothing else since he first began to run amuck against established precedent. A senator's progress in the esteem of his comrades is marked by the increasing importance of his committee appointments, while on the other hand he may incur the penalty of being excluded from the committees that really amount to anything. Perhaps Senator La Follette is dissatisfied with the recognition given to him. Perhaps he has the reform bee in his bonnet, but however that may be, he intends to make himself felt.

His latest incursion into a policy of filibustering was in connection with Senator Hale's naval bill. When the bill was ready for discussion and probably for passage La Follette blocked it by insisting upon a first formal reading, and he withdrew his demand only upon a promise that the bill should be postponed to allow for debate. This is only one of the innumerable ways in which a senator may be a nuisance and La Follette promises that he will use them all.

Walter Wellman, writing to the *Chicago Herald*, says that La Follette has supporters:

Senator La Follette is not the only member of the upper branch who is discontented with the rule of the elder statesmen. There are many of the younger men who would like to start a revolt and secure a new deal which shall give them a chance to exert more influence upon the affairs of the Senate by reducing the power of the ruling coterie. Following the lead of the House "insurgents" some of the new Republican senators, headed by Mr. La Follette, probably will make an earnest effort to obtain a reorganization of the present methods of appointing committees in the next Congress.

At a dinner held recently at Mr. La Follette's home it was proposed to the dozen or more senators present that they insist upon the appointment of a committee on committees, consisting of one Republican senator from each State having Republican representation. While this plan met with favorable responses, it is said, it has not been adopted as a platform by the Senate "insurgents." The principal thing from the standpoint of the insurrectionists is to serve such notice upon the leaders as will convince them the younger men are in earnest and that their demands must be heard. This might be effectually done if the Wisconsin senator were to wage a determined and successful filibuster against one or more of the hudget bills.

It is indeed strange that such legal lights as Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox should have overlooked a clause in the constitution that seemed for a time to veto Mr. Knox's appointment as Secretary of State. And yet the constitution is as explicit as the language will permit. It says:

No senator or representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased, during such time.

Mr. Knox became United States senator in 1907, his term extending until 1911. In 1907 the salary of Cabinet officers was raised from \$8,000 a year to \$12,000 a year. It made no difference whether Mr. Knox supported or opposed the increase. The increase was made and Mr. Knox's present appointment comes directly under the constitutional clause that has been quoted. And there can be no doubt that it is a good clause. It was intended to prevent members of Congress from making profitable places for themselves and from voting appropriations with a keen prophetic eye to their own interests.

Mr. Taft was seriously discomposed when he heard of the difficulty. He telegraphed to Senator Hale, urging that Congress rectify the matter. The text of the telegram was as follows:

I sincerely hope that Congress will pass a bill to remove any doubt of Knox's eligibility. I have no doubt that a bill to repeal the bill increasing the salary of the Secretary of State will effect this purpose, and I sincerely hope that it will pass. I should regret the loss of Senator Knox from the first place in my Cabinet as a public misfortune.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

As a result the Senate Committee on Judiciary took the matter into consideration and declared that Senator Knox would be eligible for appointment as Secretary of State, provided the salary of the office was reduced to its original figure of \$8,000. The committee was anxious to avoid any appearance of subterfuge and as a matter of fact it was not unanimous, Senators Kittredge and Overman having some doubt as to the propriety of the proposed action, but they decided not to make a minority report nor to oppose the passage of the bill. The bill passed without debate, although some members shook their heads dubiously. "There is a plain constitutional inhibition against this kind of thing," said John Sharp Williams, "and the repeal of the offending paragraph now does not change the situation. The increase was voted during Mr. Knox's term, and nothing is said about its subsequent repeal in the constitution."

The *Boston Transcript* voices a current opinion in the following terms:

While the plan of circumvention arranged by the Senate leaders may serve for immediate purposes, there loom in the future questions so fundamentally important that sober second thought today is taking them into account. The view Congress takes of the constitutional prohibition may be one thing and that of the Supreme Court another; and it is pointed out that it is wholly within the possibilities that the legality of the acts of Secretary of State Knox might be questioned on constitutional grounds. In the making of treaties, the promulgation of tariff acts and other official functions, the signature of the Secretary of State is necessary. Senators who are not yet openly voicing their doubts are strongly of the opinion that problems like this, which have been raised by the Knox episode, should be pondered carefully before final action is taken in Congress.

The situation is almost unprecedented, and is regrettable to the last degree. The selection of Knox by Taft was regarded at the capital as the wisest that could have been made. Any other outcome than Mr. Knox's acceptance of the position might have disarranged all the tentative Cabinet plans far made, and embarrassed Mr. Taft exceedingly. Constitutional prohibition would not affect Senator-elect

Burton, who wanted a place in the Cabinet, or any other member of the House, but would apply to about thirty senators.

Severally speaking, the press of the country takes a common sense view of the matter. The spirit of the constitutional clause is clear enough and no one could possibly say that it has been violated. The *New York World* speaks words of truth and soberness when it says:

If Mr. Knox were an administration senator who had been repudiated by his constituents and whose term expired March 4, he would then be eligible to any office within the gift of the President. Mr. Roosevelt has rewarded with appointment at least a dozen congressmen who voted "right" and were subsequently defeated for re-election. Yet Mr. Taft can not lawfully make Philander C. Knox Secretary of State unless Congress reduces the salary of that office to \$8,000, where it was when Mr. Knox's term as senator began.

The *World* assumes that Congress will show no hesitation about enacting such legislation as may be necessary to enable Mr. Knox to enter Mr. Taft's Cabinet. Such action is compatible with the most scrupulous respect for the constitution of the United States, and there is every reason why the country should not be deprived of the services of a capable Secretary of State merely because Mr. Knox as senator voted to increase the salaries of wretchedly underpaid Cabinet officers.

An amusing incident occurred in the presence of the House and Senate when the electoral votes for President and Vice-President were being counted. Vice-President Fairbanks had already ruled applause to be out of order, but something like a scene occurred when Senator Burrows inadvertently read the eight votes of Nebraska into the Taft column.

"The certificate of the State of Nebraska," he announced, "is in proper form and seems to be properly attested and shows that the eight electoral votes of that State are cast for William Howard Taft of Ohio."

Senator Bailey pulled furiously at the coat tail of the standing senator and whispered hoarsely, so that every one could hear, that the vote was for Bryan. But Senator Burrows did not understand. He re-read his certificate, looked at the prepared tally before him, readjusted his spectacles, and finally conceded the vote to the Nebraskan. Senator Bailey, who had risen to make his point clear, resumed his seat, flushing hotly.

Several States were then disposed of without incident. Representative Gaines announcing the vote of his own State of West Virginia. Then came Wisconsin with another entanglement. Mr. Russell of Texas read the certificate first and announced, without noticing the discrepancy, that the votes of that State were cast for "William Howard Taft of New York." Mr. Sherman got his votes in due order, being properly recorded as from New York.

As soon as the vote had been read, however, and put back in the box, the error was noted. Senator Bailey and Senator Burrows and the clerks searched the box for the certificate, hoping the mistake had been made by Mr. Russell in the reading. The error was confirmed, however, and the tellers held a hurried consultation while members on the floor craned their necks to see what was the matter. The teller's decision was announced by Senator Bailey, the senior minority teller.

"Mr. President," he said slowly, "the tellers have discovered what is evidently a typographical error in the certificates of the State of Wisconsin, assigning the votes of that State for President to William Howard Taft of New York. Your tellers realize that the Constitution provides that no votes shall be cast for a Vice-President and President from the same State, and we feel sure that the officials of Wisconsin were aware of that fact. In view of these things, the tellers are agreed to overlook the error and to ask the President to put the question to the two houses now in joint session."

Vice-President Fairbanks then put the question, declaring that, unless objected to, the typographical error would be corrected and the vote counted. There was no objection. The vote then was announced, and the Vice-President thereupon declaring that "the great business which had called the two houses together in joint session had been concluded," dissolved the joint session.

The incident of the Wisconsin vote has raised a serious question that is puzzling many of the lawyers of both Senate and House. What would happen in case such an error should occur when there is a close vote? The error today was passed over by "unanimous consent," but if the issue were at stake some supporter of the losing candidate would undoubtedly withhold his consent and precipitate a constitutional and parliamentary snarl of far-reaching consequences.

The constitution provides that should no candidate receive a majority of all votes cast the House shall proceed to elect a President, but the date of the official counting of the vote is left to statutory regulation. It is suggested, then, that in case of such an error the final count would probably be postponed by joint resolution in hopes that the other two copies of the State's certificate would prove properly drawn.

The vote is always in triplicate. One copy is sent to the Vice-President by mail, another is sent to him by special messenger, and the third is filed in the nearest Federal court to the place of holding the meeting of the electors. In case all three copies contained the clerical error it is considered certain that the erroneous certificate would be thrown out.

Of course, the only case where such action would affect the result would be where the vote was subtracted from the winning candidate when the subtraction would reduce his vote below the needed majority. In that case there would be no majority for anybody, and the House would have to elect the President. As it has often happened that the outgoing House is of different politics from the incoming President, the possibilities of such a situation are easily foreseen.

Concrete itself is, of course, very old. The concrete stairs of Colchester and Rochester castles still show the marks of the encasing boards; the dome of Agrippa's Pantheon, which is a hundred and forty-two feet in diameter, is of concrete; and fragments of concrete buildings are found in Mexico and Peru.

## POLITICO-PERSONAL.

President Zelaya has released forty prominent business men of Granada, Nicaragua, whom he imprisoned for celebrating Mr. Taft's election.

Alfred Picard, named French minister of marine in succession to M. Thomson last year for the purpose of reorganizing and carrying out reforms in the French navy, has presented to the Cabinet an extensive plan of development which, not counting new ships, involves an expenditure of \$45,000,000.

Justice William J. Gaynor of the Supreme Court of New York is quoted as saying, in a public address in New Rochelle the other night, that "the law's delay is scandalous," and that, while more cases are disposed of in a year in London than in New York, a case can be heard in London immediately after it is brought.

It was Mr. McKinley who made John Hay Secretary of State, Elihu Root Secretary of War, Philander C. Knox Attorney-General, and William H. Taft governor-general of the Philippines. Mr. Roosevelt's own jewels (remarks the *New York World*) are Robert Bacon, Jimmie Garfield, George B. Cortelyou, and Bonaparte.

Governor Patterson's veto of the bill prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicants in Tennessee was supported by cogent economic considerations, but the State senate repassed the bill at sight over the veto, 20 to 12. It will reduce Tennessee's revenue \$1,000,000 annually in three counties. It affects capital values of \$10,000,000 invested, and the wages of heads of families numbering 12,000.

In the little white stone Grace Reformed Church, which he has attended ever since he has been in Washington, President Roosevelt, on February 15, was given a farewell reception by the members of the congregation. After a few remarks, in which he spoke of the pleasure he had found in attending the services there and referred to the fact that he had not been absent from a single communion service when he was in the city, the President shook hands with all present. The little church was filled.

William Day has been selected by Mr. Knox for the position of under Secretary of State. Mr. Day was an assistant in the Department of Justice when Mr. Knox was Attorney-General. When Paul Morton went from the Navy Department to become president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, he took Mr. Day with him as one of the vice-presidents of the insurance company. Mr. Day is giving up a \$30,000 position with the Equitable to become under Secretary of State at \$10,000 per year. His duties with the Equitable have been largely those of a general counsel, though he holds the rank and title of vice-president. As under Secretary of State Mr. Day will have large control and supervision over the affairs of the State Department, leaving to Mr. Knox the shaping of policies and the really big affairs. This arrangement is Mr. Knox's, and he made his acceptance of a Cabinet place conditional upon such a plan being made effective.

William Loeb, Jr., who for six years as private secretary has handled the correspondence of Mr. Roosevelt with admirable regard for its difficulties, will become collector of customs at the port of New York under the Taft administration. This is one of the most important and best-paying positions outside the Cabinet, and in this instance it is to carry with it the rôle of official representative of the administration in New York. Mr. Loeb's elevation, following so closely on the lines of Mr. Cortelyou's and Mr. Vanderlip's, is another proof that careers of almost startlingly rapid brilliancy are still open to talent. Mr. Loeb was born in Albany of German parentage. Like his predecessor, George B. Cortelyou, who was secretary to President McKinley, Mr. Loeb is one of the most efficient shorthand writers in the country. He has been a newspaper correspondent and at one time was Bishop Doane's amanuensis. Then he became a law reporter. Later on he was chief secretary for Governor Black, and he occupied the same place with Governor Roosevelt and also with Vice-President Roosevelt. He became chief secretary to President Roosevelt on February 18, 1903.

Underground passages for pedestrians are to be built at various points beneath the Champs Elysées, which the constant stream of motor-cars now renders impassable from morning till evening. The congestion of other Paris streets also has grown to an alarming extent, and all thoroughfares round the Opéra are blocked with traffic for hours, morning and afternoon. If the Champs Elysées tunnels prove a success, others will be excavated in the centre of Paris, and foot passengers will in future cross not over streets, but under them. It had been hoped to build the approaches to the Champs Elysées underground passages in inclined planes, down which perambulators could have been rolled easily. But this has been found too costly, and only staircases will be provided.

J. Alden Loring, the field naturalist selected to accompany President Roosevelt on his African expedition, says that the party will not leave New York until about April 1.

An experiment station to investigate the resources of Guam will be established there by the Department of Agriculture.



## THE DEATH OF CATULLE MENDES.

A Great Writer and a Strange Personality Are Extinguished in a Railway Accident.

It is a strange fate that extinguishes the life of Catulle Mendès in a railway accident and through his own "imprudence"—for such is the result of the investigation. He had dined with his friend Baron Opperman in Paris and was on his way back to his home at St. Germain. Baron Opperman accompanied him to the train in Paris and he says that Mendès was tired and melancholy. The St. Germain station is at the end of a long tunnel and there can be no doubt that Mendès opened the carriage door before the end of the tunnel was reached, and that he slipped and fell between the train and the wall. Death must have been almost instantaneous, for the wheels passed over the body and the mutilations were of the most frightful kind.

Catulle Mendès was sixty-eight years of age, but he was much younger than his years. The fire of his youth had, of course, died down, but he had acquired a settled and plodding habit of work that was responsible for an immense output. Already some one hundred and forty volumes stood to his credit and although age and experience had brought new mental traits, perhaps even eccentricities and affectations, there was no change in his industry. He wrote because it was his trade to write and he was proud of his trade. Not for him was the fashionable folly that would hide the man of letters under the foppery of the boulevardier, or that would place the caste of the leisured idler above that of the author. Perhaps it was his contempt for such affectations that led him into an accentuation of their opposites. If he was photographed it was always at his writing table and with the tools of his trade about him. No matter how he was engaged a printer's proof must always have precedence, and in the midst of a dinner or a supper party he would absent himself to answer the trade calls of his profession. And only the most cursory apology was needed. Business, of course, came before pleasure, and an author should feel himself no more at liberty to delay the reading of a proof than a doctor to ignore the summons to a sick bed. Mendès was a standing rebuke to the literary insincerities of the day, a reminder that literature is a jealous mistress and can be won only by devotion and by whole-hearted service.

Among the traits of his later years was a tendency to mysticism. It was, of course, said to be an affectation by those who can not conceive of sincere belief, but his frequent conversations upon the mysteries of life and death bore at least every mark of profound and unusual thought. An inclination to mysticism is not unusual among the Jews of the South and Mendès was a Jew and he was born at Bordeaux. Mendès expressed his mysticism in "Saint Theresa," and here and there throughout his works we find traces of bold reflection upon mysteries that only strong thinkers perceive to be mysteries. Perhaps Mendès was not always sincere. Perhaps his very straightforwardness had something of a pose about it, but it was at least a more tolerable pose than that of many of the writers about him.

It is strange that so prolific a writer should have worked with so much difficulty. The machinery of his mental processes worked only after vast persuasions. He approached his task with dread and an almost overwhelming sense of incapacity, an experience that may be not without its comfort to younger writers who are disposed to think that literary ability should be necessarily marked by a perpetual gushing from the founts of inspiration. He said himself that he would lock himself in his study soon after noon. Then he would smoke and idle for an hour hoping vainly that the ideas would come unforced. But they never did. Then for another hour he would sit at his desk, the words coming with an infinite unwillingness:

It seems as if I can never get to the bottom of the page. Afterward it goes along better. I stop at five or six. And the remarkable thing is that writing becomes harder for me the older I grow and the more I write. Now tonight I am to do thirty lines for the *Journal* about a little play at La Cigale. You can not believe how those thirty lines haunt me. I do not feel now that I can possibly do them. I have not the slightest idea what I shall say. I assure you I am thoroughly unstrung about it.

He knew that literary inspiration is not of one's self, not at least of one's normal consciousness, and that we do not know the laws by which that inner door swings ajar, filling the mind with the strange light that never was on land or sea.

The youth of Catulle-Abraham Mendès was not a tranquil one, although he had the advantage of his father's help and approval, at least up to a certain point. When he was twelve years old he wrote the "Bailliff's Garters," which had a short success at Toulouse. When he was fifteen he had a theatrical paper of his own. Then he went to Paris, sold his sketch to a well known author and had the dubious satisfaction of seeing it produced at the Palais Royal under the name of its purchaser. This second-hand triumph persuaded the elder Mendès that his son had a career before him, so he gave him \$4000 and his blessing and the young man found himself launched on the sea of literature.

In 1860 he produced the *Revue Fantaisiste* and he certainly attracted an astonishing amount of ability to its columns. Gautier wrote for him and so did Richard Wagner, Baudelaire, and the two Daudets. But the police were on the watch for a writer who was

*persona non grata* to the authorities and now came their opportunity. He wrote a poem that was said to be indiscreet and he was arrested upon the ground of public morals, fined \$100 and committed to prison for a month. That was the end of the *Revue* and the end also of the paternal aid. Genius should always recognize the conventions, especially when its father is a banker, and although the elder Mendès relented it was only upon condition that his son go to Germany, perhaps in the hope that the austerities of the Teutonic atmosphere would correct the effervescences of the Gallie.

Mendès's works are too numerous for a mention and too well known to need it. They make an immense catalogue, an amazing monument to his industry and the fertility of his imagination. He represents literary France for half a century and that France should lose two such men as Mendès and Coquelin in the course of a single month leaves her with the sadness of an irreparable intellectual loss.

PARIS, February 10, 1909.

ST. MARTIN.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Lord Lovel.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle-gate  
Combing his milk-white steed;  
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,  
To wish her lover good-speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,  
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;  
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,  
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said;  
"Oh! when will you come back?" said she;  
"In a year or two—or three, at the most,  
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,  
Strange countries for to see,  
When languishing thoughts came into his head,  
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,  
Till he came to London town,  
And there he heard St. Pancras's bells,  
And the people all murmuring round.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,  
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;  
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,  
"And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,  
And the shroud he turned down,  
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,  
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,  
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;  
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,  
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras's church,  
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;  
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
And out of her lover's a hrier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple top,  
And then they could grow no higher;  
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,  
For all lovers true to admire. —Anon.

### The Tale of Lord Lovel.

Lord Lovel he stood at his own front door,  
Seeking the hole for the key;  
His hat was wrecked and his trousers hore  
A rent across either knee,  
When down came the heauteous Lady Jane  
In fair white, draperie.

"Oh, where have you been, Lord Lovel?" she said;  
"Oh, where have you been?" said she;  
"I have not closed an eye in bed,  
And the clock has just struck three.  
Who has been standing you on your head  
In the ash-harrel, pardie?"

"I am not drunk, Lad' Shane," he said,  
"And so late it can not be;  
The clock struck one as I entered—  
I heard it two times or three;  
It must be the salmon on which I fed  
Has been too many for me."

"Go tell your tale, Lord Lovel," she said,  
"To the maritime cavalree,  
To your grandamma of the hoary head—  
To any one but me;  
The door is not used to be opened  
With a cigarette for a key." —Anon.

Unter den Linden is the centre spot of Berlin and the hub of the German empire. This magnificent boulevard is 198 feet in width, and under the shade of its lime trees the Berliners have a meeting-place which is equal in architectural beauty to any in Europe. It is lined on either side with magnificent hotels, restaurants, and palaces. At the east end of Unter den Linden, where it enters upon the Opera House Platz, stands the magnificent monument of Frederick the Great, which is worthy of the real founder of United Germany. To the right of this monument is the palace of the Emperor William I, now occupied by Prince Heinrich. The north side of the Opera Platz is occupied by the buildings of the University of Berlin, and next to it stands the Royal Library, which rivals that at the British Museum both in its size and the number of volumes it contains. The opera house itself is on the south of the platz, and is a building worthy of a nation of music-lovers like the Germans.

The Dutch will celebrate the centenary of the reestablishment of national independence by a world's fair at The Hague in 1913.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Bokor T. Washington is endeavoring to have the United States give assistance to Liberia, and recalls its efforts in aid of Cuba and Santo Domingo.

Mrs. Russell Sage is said to pay the heaviest tax of any person in the city of New York. The tax books show that twenty New York women are assessed for upward of \$17,000,000, and more than a score of others are required to pay from \$250,000 to \$100,000.

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford will give up the command of England's Channel fleet on March 24, and probably will retire from the service on half-pay. In the ordinary course he would have retired under the age limit in 1911. Vice-Admiral May, second Sea Lord of the Admiralty, will succeed Lord Beresford.

King Alfonso of Spain recently visited the youthful King Manuel of Portugal, and it is said that he devoted most of the time to urging King Manuel to ask in marriage Princess Beatrice, King Edward's niece, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, afterward Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Princess Beatrice is first cousin to King Alfonso's spouse.

President-elect Taft addressed a gathering of seven thousand colored people at Pelican Park, New Orleans, on February 12, and joined in the singing of "America" with "a magnificent bass voice." The latter phrase, from the reporter's description of the event, will be reassuring to the many who have never heard Mr. Taft speak, and who may have apprehended his possession of a tenor or even falsetto singing voice.

Professor Arthur Korn of Berlin has perfected an invention which proves the theories of gravitation. He fills a metal globe with water and imparts rapid vibrations to the contents with an electric motor. He has thus found it possible to construct an exact working model of the solar system in water, in which the planets all move in their appointed paths without any visible support, or externally applied power.

Miss Mabel E. Sturtevant of Brookfield, Missouri, will start on a tour around the world next summer with the money gained by her through winning the Braun prize in competition with other students in American and European universities. Miss Sturtevant was born and brought up on a Missouri farm, is a graduate of the University of Missouri, is the Secretary of the National Teachers' and Students' Association, and has spent one summer traveling in Europe. The Braun prize is something more than \$2500.

Colonel Scott, superintendent at West Point, in submitting his report on the admission examinations of last spring, shows that a remarkably small proportion of applicants answered both the mental and physical tests and were found qualified to wear the gray and black. The corps of cadets is now 121 short of its authorized strength. It should have 530 members, whereas it has but 409, and the authorities of the Military Academy recommend, to prevent a continued deficiency, that the number of cadets be increased by providing for the appointment of two at large from each State in the Union.

Guglielmo Marconi, the wireless telegraph wizard, is only thirty-five years old, as he was born in Bologna in 1874. He produced in 1896 the first wireless telegraph capable of sending and recording electric waves across long distances. In that year he could send intelligible messages 200 feet. By 1900 he had perfected the process so as to be able to transmit messages 200 miles. In 1902 his ship, the *Carlo Alberto*, kept in touch by wireless with a station on the coast of England at distances up to 2300 miles. In December of that year wireless messages were exchanged between England and Canada. In 1907 a regular transatlantic wireless service was inaugurated.

Vratislav Mudroch, professor of music in Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, who was a classmate of Jan Kubelik, was induced to come to Columbia through the theft of his valuable violin in Chicago, four years ago. He was on a tour of the world, and stopped at Chicago to give a concert before the Bohemian colony in that city. The violin was stolen from a room in a hotel where he was staying. The violin was made by Alessandro Gagliano, a famous Italian violin maker of the eighteenth century, and was considered to be superior to any Stradivarius now in existence. He had refused £1000 in English money for the instrument while in Australia. Detectives in all the large cities of the country have been notified to look for the violin, and Mudroch still hopes to find it.

J. Velasquez de Leon, a Philippine student at the University of Missouri, recently was awarded a government scholarship in the United States by the Philippine government. Five years ago De Leon came to the United States as a government student. By the contract he was required to take the medical course, but De Leon desired to take the academic course in addition, and consequently he was compelled to return to the Philippine Islands last summer before being able to complete either of his courses. He was refused further funds to return to this country, but, with a determination to continue his studies, he went to work and earned enough money to return to the United States. By dint of great economy he has been able to continue his studies. On New Year's Day he was awarded another scholarship and will be able to complete his studies. The scholarship gives him \$600 a year.



## A GAME OF CHESS.

## A Letter Descriptive of a Strange Episode.

[Written by Edwin H. Clough, special correspondent, to his friend, Dr. Ernest Morrison, resident correspondent of the London Times at Peking, China.]

SHAMEEN (CANTON), December 8, 1907.

DEAR DOCTOR: Your letter of introduction to Ling Ching-kwong of the Military and Naval School led directly to the Old Pottery through the House of the Silver Dragon. It was written, as you know, to put a little money in the purse of a roving newspaperman by giving him an opportunity to get first-hand information concerning some of the inside politics of the Reform Party here in the Province of Kwang-tung. I fear that it served as the death warrant of one or two persons in nowise concerned with my affair. You will readily understand from my first sentence that I found my man in the House of the Silver Dragon; but you will not know how I came to the Old Pottery. I will therefore begin at the beginning.

I presented your letter to Mr. Ling. He accepted your signature without question and at once suggested, after hearing my request for authentic information concerning the reform conspiracy, that I interview one of the leaders of the movement. He smiled as he made the suggestion (you know the smile of Mr. Ling, no doubt); and he smiled again when I announced my strangerhood in Canton and my lack of acquaintance with any of the statesmen now engaged in the patriotic work of ousting the usurping Manchus from the throne of the Mings.

"Go back to your hotel," he advised in the dialect of Queen's College, Hongkong, "and you will be later directed how to get what you want." I went back and waited two days. I was just turning in after a deoch-an-dorus of brandy and soda with Major Carmany of her majesty's Colonial Corps, when a disreputable looking coolie handed me a card on one side of which was the advertisement of an American insurance company and on the other these words:

House of the Silver Dragon. Alone.  
Seven nine. 23. Wait.

There was no signature, and when I looked for the coolie to question him he had disappeared. I turned to the major, who was quite sober, notwithstanding his long recital of adventures in her majesty's service in India and China.

"Here is a puzzle, major," I said; "see if you can solve it." He adjusted his eyeglasses and taking the card studied it a moment. Then he removed the glasses from his nose and tapping the card oracularly he construed the mysterious message thus:

"My dear fellow, this looks very much like an assignation, don't you know. The House of the Silver Dragon is one of the famous flower boats of Canton. Its fame has even reached the Army and Navy Club where I have tried to enhance it myself—the House of the Silver Dragon is the Red Bazaar of Kwang-tung, the Yoshiwara of South China; you will have no difficulty in finding it; any sampan man will lead you there. I observe that the lady says you must come alone, or I would gladly act as your cicerone. You are to be there between seven and nine o'clock—let me see, this is the twenty-second, isn't it?—yes, you are to be in the House of the Silver Dragon between seven and nine o'clock tomorrow night; and you are to wait until somebody speaks to you."

"How do you know that the time is evening?" I asked.

"Because, my dear old chap, the flower boats are empty until evening; besides, if it had been a morning tryst the message would have so stated. It's plain enough, my boy; and I wish you joy. Never mind the story now; the adventure's only begun; I'll hear it complete after you return. Good night." And the major swung off to bed on a somewhat unsteady military gait.

Of course you know the House of the Silver Dragon. I had heard of it, vaguely, before I came to South China—as I had heard of Number Nine before I had been out of Honolulu two hours west bound for Yokohama. You know that it is in the Street of the Seven Pirates (commemorating a wonderful legend of the Opium War); that it is a structure three stories high with carved balconies on the front and an entrance for mysterious goings and comings at night in the rear overhanging the Canal of the Dead Mandarin; that the lower floor, which is only a few inches above the waters of the lagoon, is occupied by a dealer in Chinese confections and by a restaurant; that the stairway leading to the second story is narrow and slippery from the tread of feet that have been going up and down for nearly half a century; and that the great reception apartment on the second floor is a nightmare of glitter and grotesquerie after the barbaric manner of Chinese mural art—a phantasmagoria of tinsel and feathers and hideous masks and lanterns of every hue and shape, and great tablets inscribed with golden characters, and on the south wall, under the massive beams of teak, a monstrous dragon, five-clawed, with silver scales, belching flames from jaws that threaten to devour everything within sweep of the reptile's fatal coil—a carved horror with eyes of red jade that hold you fascinated by the malignant intensity of their gaze.

Do you recall your first visit to the House of the Silver Dragon? If so, try to revive your impression of that sinister abode of pleasure and crime. You, like me, oppressed by the odor of sandal-

wood and the pungent fumes of opium until, imperceptibly, you had absorbed the atmosphere of dread that permeates the place, and feeling the intangible presence of a furtive horror lurking in those dark recesses and behind those curtains of brocade arabesqued with figures and outlines that leave everything to the imagination already sick with suspicion and cowering in abject fear of imminent and impending evil?

The place was full of men and women when I entered, guided by one of the sampan men who had sculled me over the river from the Shameen and through the tortuous water alleys of the city of boats. As I was commanded to come alone I dismissed the boatman at the outer door and went in with a bold front, albeit I was uncomfortable enough under the sudden and unanimous stare of all those curious eyes, in some of which I thought I saw a lurking menace, as if the gazers were mentally appraising the value of this foreign stranger and measuring the risk of his murder. I made my way to a vacant seat at one side of the room and beckoned one of the women to whom I pantomimed an order for something to drink. She laughed in my face—a leering, scornful laugh—and went away. I looked around. The men frowned upon me; the women sneered at me, chattering in strident voices about me and pointing their fingers at me, their jade anklets tinkling as they shrugged their disgust at the foreign devil, and their pearl-beaded head dresses quivering with their malicious laughter. Those horrible painted creatures were more terrible to me than the sullen-featured men grouped about the pi-gow tables, lolling at the refreshment stands, or reclining on the opium couches. I knew in my heart that if evil came to me it would be at the hands of one of those women, purple clad and bedizened in the tawdry fashion of the Cantonese courtesan.

Presently, however, I was apparently forgotten; the men resumed their pastimes of eating, drinking, gambling, smoking, and dallying with the daughters of the dragon; the women pursued their brazen coquetties; and through the heavy, incense-laden and smoke-filled atmosphere of the bagnio came the shrill cries of the sing-song girls and the crash of the tempestuous orchestra of gongs, cymbals, snakeskin drums, and ear-piercing piccolos. I was alone in that Oriental lupercalia—alone in the devouring jaws of the Silver Dragon.

At the table adjoining the one where I was sitting was an old man playing chess. He was very intent upon his game; his face was bent close to the red and white ivory figures, his narrow shoulders raised almost level with his fox-terrier ears, the lean fingers of his left hand, with long, talon-like nails, hovering over the board like the claws of the silver dragon on the wall, reaching out from the cavernous sleeve of his blue, quilted coat with a lambent movement that reminded me of the tongue of a python. My interest in this old man was first excited by the immediate discovery that he was playing the game with himself. The chair on the opposite side of the table was empty, and I surmised at once that he was either endeavoring to solve a problem or that he was testing an end game from memory. Then I noted that nobody approached him except when he raised his face and smiled—the most peculiar smile that I have ever seen on the countenance of a human being; a lifting of the muscles at the corner of the mouth and a quick upward movement of heavy wire-haired eyebrows that compelled responsive action by the cheek and nasal teguments, converting a face that in repose was a dried mango slashed crosswise and spotted with rot of the tropics, into the idiotic expression that hints of a developed intellect in the orang-utang of the Sumatra lowlands. But the dominant thought as I traversed my mental menagerie of comparative zoology in psychological inspection of this queer old man, was of unclean birds with long, wrinkled necks and curved beaks—of vultures and buzzards. The smile was accompanied by a sweeping glance from a soft black eye that utterly belied the malevolent expression of the sardonic grin—so benignant, so appealing that it was almost pathetic.

Twice the old man smiled in this way while I watched him, and each time there was a sharp, shrill cry from half a dozen of the women who had kept the unwelcome guest in furtive observation. And each time, in response to that petulant call, an aged hag issued from one of the dark recesses at the rear of the hall bearing on a lacquered tray a tall goblet filled with liquor which the chess player drank leisurely as he bent over his game.

As the second libation was poured for this satyr by the hideous Hebe my own drink was brought to me by the sneering Venus who had interpreted my pantomime order into a tumbler of brandy, upon the presumption, probably, that all foreign devils drink the hot and paralyzing stuff that puts courage into the hearts of English sailors and American beach-combers.

When I looked again at my vis-à-vis of the chessboard a tall Chinese, dressed in a brown blouse and trousers, with a broad-brimmed hat drawn down over his eyes, was standing beside the table, and another Chinese in a coat of light blue brocade over a flowing skirt of blue silk was sitting in the chair at my side. The noise in the House of the Silver Dragon had suddenly ceased; the voices of the sing-song girls were still; the deafening brasses of the orchestra were silent; only the mournful melody of the piccolo in minor staccato sounded at intervals, like a halting dirge played by a mourning musician who paused to

weep for the dead. All eyes were on the group at our tables, and I knew by this observation that the newcomers were familiar to the habitués of the place—as familiar as the strange old man who sat alone playing his game of chess with a phantom antagonist. For a moment the tall Chinese looked down on the chessboard. Then his hand reached out and he moved one of the pieces; a mandarin that I believe answers to our bishop in the game. The old man, without lifting his face, moved a white warrior mounted on a spirited Mongolian pony caparisoned in the war-fashion of the ancient Chinese—a pawn in the Occidental game. The newcomer moved the elephant at the corner of the board, and the old man lifted his face—smiling; the problem had been solved by the stranger. Neither of the players spoke, but the tall Chinese seated himself in the chair across the table from the old man, the pieces were arranged and a new game began. Then the man at my table spoke—in precise and distinct English.

"This is the person you have come to see in the House of the Silver Dragon," he said. "What is your question? I will answer. He does not speak your language. If I can not answer I will ask him and I will retell to you. Speak low. Speak fast. We can not stay long." The words dropped from lips that scarcely moved, and the eyes of the speaker were on the silver dragon.

"I wish to know," I answered, imitating the manner of the other, "all that can be told regarding the reform revolt in Kwang-tung. You know who I am."

"You are a letter-writer for American newspapers; I know—he knows. We are willing to give you the information. But it is too long to tell here. We will make another meeting—in Hongkong. It is safer. We have a little more time. You may ask another question."

"Who is the leader of this revolt?" I ventured, thinking that I would grasp as much of my brief opportunity as possible.

"That also is a short question for a long answer," he returned. "There are many leaders. It would not be safe to name them."

"Will there be another outbreak soon?" I asked.

"The patriots are always busy," he answered. "They never sleep. They are in action in the west. Much blood will flow soon. I can not tell when. Ask still another question. We have more time."

"When shall I see you in Hongkong?" I inquired.

"You will not see me," he answered. "But you will see somebody. You will know him when he says he comes from the House of the Silver Dragon. I see that the chess game is ended. Perhaps we must go."

I looked over at the table of the chess players. The tall man had risen and the old man was smiling up into his face. He said something in Chinese and the other replied almost under his breath.

"What did the old man say?" I asked.

"He said it was a quick game and it was well played," was the answer.

"And what did the tall man say?"

"He said he was proud to win the game against such a good player, and he said also that if he did not lose his head he thought he could win another when they should play again."

"Who are these chess players?" I asked.

"That old man is the—"

My question was not answered. Some one in the street cried out and the cry was repeated by some one on the balcony. Instantly the place was a furious pandemonium—the women shrieked, the men howled and rose to their feet, the orchestra resumed its horrible clamor, some of the tables and chairs were overturned by the stampede of the crowd and some of the lights were extinguished. What happened after that is very dim in my recollection. Something began to stupefy me—it may have been the liquor I had sipped with disgust, or it may have been the fumes of an incense jar that the woman who had served the liquor had placed on the low shelf beside my table; I don't know what it was, but my head grew heavy and dizzy, the confusion and clamor became indistinct, I tried to rise but my limbs refused to aid me. A nameless terror came upon me and I thought, in a vague, uncertain, illogical way, that I had been lured to this place to be murdered. My last memory of that frightful scene is of soldiers or police, scores of them, armed with swords and guns, filling the great apartment and driving the crowd backward to the balconies and to the stairways. Then I lost all consciousness and knew no more until I awoke in my hotel at Shameen surrounded by persons, some of whom I recognized as attachés of the American and English consulates, and one of whom I knew to be the local physician. As I regained my faculties I heard the doctor say, "Drugged with hashish; he drank it or inhaled it from the punk-sticks."

I opened my eyes and the consuls congratulated me on my lucky escape from the House of the Silver Dragon.

"I shouldn't have let you go there alone, old chap," said Major Carmany; "but I thought it was a safe adventure on a lady's invitation; I reasoned from my own experience, and I can assure you, my dear fellow, that there's not the slightest danger for one who visits the House of the Silver Dragon if he is expected." Then the American consul explained: He had been told by the chief of police that on information received, to the effect that the famous rebel Pun Kwong-lun and his scarcely less dangerous ally, Chi Wong-tsai, leader of the revolutionary society known



as the White Lilies, would be in the House of the Silver Dragon that night, he had attempted to capture them.

"His information," the consul continued, "was accurate, but as usual the mob was wholly in sympathy with the conspirators, and when the soldiers entered the place they were obstructed until the criminals had escaped. They found you, however, senseless in your chair, and brought you away. It was a fortunate rescue, I am thinking; the Canal of the Dead Mandarin is very convenient to the House of the Silver Dragon—and nobody, to this day, knows how or why the dead mandarin got there."

"Then it was Pun Kwong-lun who played chess with the old man?" I suggested.

"And Chi Wong-tsai who talked with you," the consul responded. "Chi is a wily scoundrel. When the Chinese government placed a price of 10,000 taels on the head of the reformer Kang Yu-wei, it was Chi who posted a proclamation on the walls of Canton offering a million taels for the head of the Empress Dowager."

"And the old man?" I inquired; "who was he?" My friends laughed in a peculiar way and looked at each other, and Major Carmany said: "Our friend here has never been to the Old Pottery, and of course he doesn't know the best known citizen of Canton." A light broke in upon me.

"Oh," I exclaimed; "I understand; the old man was—"

"The official headsman of Canton—the public executioner." And the consul's explanation was greeted with another laugh by those at my bedside—as if some subtle humor resided in the remark.

Well, my dear doctor; my story ought to end here; but it doesn't. I have yet to relate that I went to Hongkong and stayed there three weeks. One day a dapper little Eurasian, who said he was a teller in the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, which wasn't true, of course, called upon me and announced that he would be pleased to answer the questions which he had been informed had been interrupted during an interview in the House of the Silver Dragon. I asked my questions and got my "story." Chi Wong-tsai had kept his word.

The next day I read in the papers that Pun Kwong-lun and Chi had been captured in Swatow and returned to Canton for trial. Two days after I received a note from Major Carmany informing me that if I would like to see the end of that game of chess I must come to Canton immediately, as the last moves would be made at the Old Pottery. The major never misses an opportunity to frame up his little jest in his characteristically English fashion.

I hurried to Canton and waited two days before the chief of police sent word that the execution would take place on the following day. We reached the Old Pottery about noon and at two o'clock the coolies came bearing the condemned in the pig baskets. There were twenty of them—pirates and rebels. They were dumped, pinioned and hobbled, into the dust of the pottery yard. A great crowd surrounded the place of execution, jostling and howling until a little old man, with a face like a wrinkled, rotting mango, came out of the crowd and stood in full view smiling satirically. He was dressed in white, with a crimson sash around his middle. I recognized him at once as the chess player of the House of the Silver Dragon. His attendants lifted the condemned men to their knees and one of his assistants handed him a long sword with a broad blade. Five men clad in jackets and trousers of dull gray and bearing swords stood beside the victims of justice. The chief headsman signaled and two more baskets were brought in containing their burden of doom.

"Your friends, Pun and Chi," the major whispered to me; "and it's the old man's move." I scrutinized the faces of the two men as they knelt for the final stroke and turned to the major in surprise, intending to ask him a question, but he moved closer to the scene of slaughter which began an instant later. Almost before I could realize the import of what I looked upon, the heads had rolled from the bodies and the dust of the Old Pottery was soaking the gushing blood of the corpses.

I turned away sick with the horror of it. As we went back to our chairs the major spoke to me, persisting in his grim joke: "It was checkmate for Pun," he said. The remark seemed to alleviate somewhat the sense of horror that oppressed me.

"No," I answered; "only a stalemate."

"Stalemate?" the major questioned in surprise.

"Yes," I rejoined; "neither of those men was Pun or Chi."

The major was silent for a moment; then he said: "Pun was certainly justified in saying that he could beat the old man if he could keep his head. I suppose it cost him 10,000 taels to play that false move. I wonder how much my friend the governor got—and the chief of police, and the head jailer. I know how much the old man got; it was his regular fee of fifty cents Mex."

So there's my story, my dear doctor; and thanking you again for your kind assistance, believe me as ever,  
Fraternally yours, C.

Chicago University is to have an \$800,000 library building as a memorial of the late President Harper.

The chief ingredient in a new secret preparation for filling life-preservers is said to be common soot.

## A STORY OF GOLD-SEEKERS.

How a Mine Was Found and Lost Again, and What Came of Its Rediscovery.

We do not know if there was ever such a mine as that of the Lost Cabin, or even if it has a shadowy reality in the imaginative myths of an imaginative people. But it is certain that in the great mining territories of the West some strange stories may be heard, stories of fabulous treasures that have been found and lost again, stories of dauntless efforts to find mysterious Eldorados, stories of famished men who have told with their dying breath of marvelous mines, of golden hoards, that no human eye has ever seen again. Sometimes there is a touch of the mystical about these yarns and then they are repeated in a whisper, but believed in all the more. Perhaps some of them are true—who knows?

We have such a story in "The Lost Cabin Mine," by Frederick Niven. A worn out, dying man is brought to Baker City. Although starving, he is rich beyond the dreams of avarice, for he and his companions have found their hearts' desire far away up in the grim mountains. They have delayed their departure too long and now there can be no hope of succor, for the messenger himself lives but a day or two.

But to whom did he tell his secret? Did he tell it to Conlan, who brought him in, or did he tell it to the two men who were alone with him at the end, Apache Kid and his strange partner, Donoghue? And so they watch each other, each hesitating to start forth alone for fear of pursuit, ambush and sudden death. But finally Apache Kid and Donoghue determine to risk it, and securing the aid of the young tenderfoot Francis to act as a buffer between their quarrelsome natures, a furtive start is made with every effort to mislead a possible watcher.

It can not be done. In those vast solitudes information seems to be independent of the spoken word, and throughout the whole of that terrible journey the footsteps of the gold seekers are dogged remorselessly and they leave a trail of blood to mark their path up the mountains. On their first day out and before Donoghue has joined they are held up by two desperadoes, who know better than to kill them and their secret with them, but who propose to torture them as an aid to loquacity:

"We might find other means to get the right of it out of you," said the man with the Winchester. "I've seen a bit of the Indians from whom you take your name, and I reckon some of their tricks would bring you to reason."

"What!" cried Apache Kid. "You'd threaten that, would you? You'd insult me—coming out with a hog like that to hold me up, too," and he pointed at the man with the revolver.

"Come! Come!" cried he of the Winchester, "easy with that hand. If you don't come to a decision before I count three, you're a dead man. I'll run chances on finding the Lost Cabin Mine myself. Come now, what are you going to do? One—"

"Excuse me interrupting," said Apache Kid, "but are you aware that the gentleman you have brought with you there is an incompetent?"

"Ha?" said the Winchester man. "What do you mean?"

"That," said Apache Kid, and, leaping back and wheeling his horse between the Winchester and himself, he had plucked forth his revolver and—but another crack—the crack of a rifle—rang out in the forest. I am not certain which was first, but there, before my eyes, the two men, who had a moment earlier stood exulting over us, sank to the earth, he with the revolver falling second, so that as he sagged down I heard the breath of life, one might have thought, belch out of him. It was really the gasp, I suppose, when the bullet struck him, but it was the most helpless sound I ever heard in my life—something like the quack of a duck. Sorry am I that ever I heard that sound, for it, I believe, more than the occurrence of that night itself, seemed to sadden me, give me a drearier outlook on life. I wonder if I express myself clearly? I wonder if you understand what I felt in my heart at that sound? Had he died with a scream, I think I should have been less haunted by his end.

The next attempt is by a party of seven. A fierce fight ensues and Francis, falling from his horse, is captured and held as prisoner upon a little bluff that the attacking party have turned into a fort. Disbelieving his assurances that he knows nothing of the whereabouts of the mine, they place a huge rock upon his back so that he is firmly secured and then—

And then they all stepped back from me, and I, lying with my chin in the dust, saw what the man had been about; for directly before me was the point of the stick, thrust into the ground, with the snake noosed by the tail to the end of it.

No sooner had the man who fixed it in leaped back (and he did so very smartly, while the others laughed at him and caused him to rip out a hideous oath) than the reptile coiled fiercely up the stick; but the hand was gone from the end of it, and down it slithered again.

Then it saw me with its beady eyes, rattled fiercely, again coiled, and—I closed my eyes and wriggled as far to the side as I could.

But something smote me on the chin. I felt my heart in my throat, and thought I to myself, "I'm a dead man now"; but before I opened my eyes again I heard another rattle, opened my eyes in quick horror, saw the second leap of the snake toward me, and shriveled backward again.

"Close shave," cried one of my tormentors; but this time after the tap on my chin I felt something moist trickle down upon the point of it, and I bethought me that I was close enough to get the poison that it spat, but not close enough to allow of its fangs reaching me.

"But if this stuff should reach my eye it might be fatal," thought I, heedless now of headache or weariness, or anything but the terrible present. My mouth, too, I kept tight closed, as you may guess.

"Will you tell us now, kid?" cried Farrell. "Will you spit it out now?"

Thought I to myself: "I must die now for certain. I trust that even if I knew, I would not reveal this that they ask. But assuredly, to reveal it or to keep it secret is not mine to choose. I must even die."

It came into my head that soon the thin string would, at one of these leaps, cut clean through the snake's tail, and then—Then it leaped again.

"I do not know," cried I. "I can not tell you."

"Then you can just lie there," snapped one of the four, and went back to his place of outlook on the ledge. And the other, who had been watching the valley, came and stood by my shoulder, irritating the snake, by his presence, to fresh efforts.

"You're a fool," he said. "Your partners have deserted you. They're off. There ain't hide nor hair to be seen of them. If they'd leave you in a lurch like this, you're a fool not to let us know the location. We'll follow 'em up again and take vengeance on 'em for you—see?"

And just then, as though to refute his remarks as to the heedlessness of my partners, I heard a faint snap of a rifle, and the man with a squint, who had taken his turn on guard at the place this fellow had located, turned round and said he: "Boys, O boys, I'm hit!"

The death of that man is an opportunity for a horribly dramatic incident:

But, as I say, the tone of the man's voice breaking in on my thoughts and terrors was peculiar, and, with my head still as low on my shoulders as I could manage to hold it, I laid my cheek to the hot sand and looked at him. He had turned to the man who had been standing by me, but at the sound of the shot had dropped to his knees.

"Does it look bad?" said he, drawing his finger across his forehead, where was a tiny mark, and then holding out his hand and looking on it for traces of blood, raising up his face for inspection by the man beside me at the same time, and a question in his eyes, very much as you have seen a child, "Is my face clean, mother?" Yes, and with a very childish voice, too.

"It don't look bad," was the reply—and neither it did.

But when he turned away again to the other sentry who lay further off, repeating his question to him in that simple voice I saw the back of his head. And his brains were dribbling out behind upon his neck. A terrible weakness filled my heart. I heard him say with no oath, as one might have expected, but in a soft voice: "Dear me!" and again "Dear me! How very dark it is getting."

The Lost Cabin Mine is found at last and upon the sleeping shelves of the ruined shack are the bones of the men who built it neatly arranged in symmetrical piles by the mountain rats. The mine itself is disappointing. The ore is a grade too low to pay for freightage to the foot of the mountain, but a compensating treasure is found in the *caches* of the dead miners, their "banking accounts" in the terminology of Apache Kid. Incidentally we get a lecture on the peculiarities of the genus prospector:

It was when thus employed that in a cranny near the eaves I saw a piece of what looked like gunny-sacking protruding and catching hold of it it came away in my hand and there was a great scattering to the floor—of yellow rain-drops, you might have thought; but they fell with a dull sound. I looked upon them lying there.

"What's that?" I cried. But indeed I guessed what these dirty yellow things were.

Apache Kid scooped up a handful and gave them but one glance. He was excited, I could see; but it was when he most felt excitement that this man schooled himself the most.

"Francis," said he, "there is, as many great men have written, compensation in all things. I think our journey will not be such a folly after all."

"These are gold nuggets," said I. "Our fortunes are—"

and then I remembered that I had already received my wages and that none of this was mine. "Your fortune is made," said I, correcting myself.

He smiled a queer little smile at my words.

"Well," he said, "if this indicates anything, my fortune is made in the only way I could ever make a fortune."

"Indicates?" I said. "How do you mean?"

"Pooh," said he, turning the little brass looking peas in his hand. "These would hardly be called a fortune. Even a handful of these such as you have unearthed don't run to very much. There is more of this sort of stuff in our cabin," said he.

I was a little mystified.

"Search," he said. "Search. That is enough for the present. If our labors are rewarded, then I will give you an outline of the manners and customs of the genus prospector—a queer, interesting race."

We thought little now of filling up the holes in that cabin. It was more a work of dismantling that we began upon, I probing all around the eaves, Apache Kid picking away with one of the miners' picks, beginning systematically at one end of the cabin and working along.

"Here," I cried, "here is another," for I had come on just such another sack and quickly undid the string.

"Why, what is this?" said I. "What are these?"

He took the bag and examined a handful of the contents—the green and the blue stones.

"This," said he, "is another sign of the customs of these men. This was Jackson's little lot, I expect; the man the Poorman boys picked up. Jackson was a long time in the Gila country."

"But what are they?" I said.

"Why, turquoises," replied Apache Kid.

"Turquoises in America?" I said.

"Yes," said he, "and a good American turquoise can easily match your Persian variety."

He went over and sat down upon his stool.

"I don't like this," said he, disgustedly, and I waited his meaning. "Fancy," he cried, and then paused and said:

"Fancy? You don't need to fancy. You see it here before you. When I say fancy, what I mean is this: Can you put yourself, by any effort of imagination, into the ego of a man who has a fortune in either of his hoot soles, a fortune in his belt, a fortune in the lining of his old overcoat, and yet goes on hunting about in the mountain seeking more wealth, groveling about like a mole? Can you get in touch with such a man? Can you discover in your soul the possibilities of going and doing likewise? If you can, then you're not the man I took you for."

"They didn't get these turquoises here, then?" I said.

"Oh, no. I don't suppose that there is such a thing as a turquoise in this whole territory. Don't you see, we've struck these fellows' banking accounts? Did you ever hear of a prospector putting his whole funds in a bank? Never. He'll trust the bank with enough for a rainy day. The only thing that he'll do with his whole funds is to go in for some big gamble, such as the Frisco lottery that put thousands of such old moles on their beam ends. In a gamble he'll stake his all, down to his pack horse. But he doesn't like the idea of putting out his wealth for quiet, circumspect two and a half per cent interest. He'd rather carry it in his boot soles than do that any day."

Three hundred pages of almost continuous incident justify the writing of such a book as this. The author certainly knows the men of whom he writes, he knows their lives, and he knows their country.

"The Lost Cabin Mine," by Frederick Niven. Published by the John Lane Company, New York. \$1.50.

Works at Hiogo have just completed the first form locomotive ever built in Japan.



## THE MAGIC BIT OF SILVER.

A Story of the Roulette Table.

"I want to ask you a question, Gomez."  
 "Well, my dear boy, what is it?"  
 "Where did you get your money?"

The question was an abrupt one—it was almost impertinent. But Gomez de Bonilla was an intimate friend of mine, a good fellow, and—we had dined. To say truth, we had not only dined but wine, and it was over some excellent post-prandials in the shape of further wine and fragrant cigars that I had asked the question. But I had long wished to do so, and I will tell you why.

Some two years before Gomez was poor as a church-mouse. He was always a good fellow; but then, you know, there is a difference between good fellows rich and good fellows poor. And, to my shame be it spoken, I think I liked him better rich than poor. Well, as I said, he was almost destitute. He had a profession, it is true—he was a journalist; but in Spain the gains of the fraternity of the pen are not large. What little he did earn went to the bad, for he was an inveterate gambler.

But from a poverty-stricken journalist he suddenly blossomed out into a man of wealth. He had the finest horses, he belonged to the most fashionable club, he had the most luxuriously fitted town house, he had purchased the country seat of a decayed grandee, he had the best cook in Madrid, and he moved in the best society—for, alas! even in Spain the golden key is beginning to open all portals. But do not think from what I say that Gomez was not a gentleman, for he came of an excellent family.

Well, as I said, we had just finished an excellent dinner, and over the walnuts and the wine I put my question:

"Gomez, where did you get your money?"

He looked at me thoughtfully, and knocked the ash from his cigar. "Where did I get my money?" he repeated, slowly. "And what says Dame Rumor concerning it, Pedro?"

"There are all sorts of stories," I replied; "some probable, some wildly impossible; some good-humored, more ill-natured. You will pardon my frankness if I tell you that I have heard some people call your wealth 'ill-gotten gains,' whisper of retired highway-men, and the like. There are others who hint darkly at counterfeiting. Among the lower classes there is a widespread belief that you have sold yourself to the devil. And I have even met intelligent people who hinted at supernatural means."

"Perhaps they were right," was his laconic reply.

I stared at him.

"Listen, and you may perhaps tell me whether the means were supernatural or no. I have never been able to decide. The reason that the source of my fortune has never been discovered was because the only man who knew of it left the city the day after—"

He paused.

"The day after what?" I queried.

"Well, I will begin at the beginning. The story is a curious one, and should be told in sequence."

He lit a fresh cigar and then began:

"You knew me two years ago, when I was poor. You also knew, as did all my friends, that I had a passion for gaming. You would all of you chorus, when speaking of me, 'Poor Bonilla! He has the worst of vices—he is a desperate gambler.' You were all wrong. I did not play simply for love of it. I played because I was poor. I was not a gambler. I was a speculator. I had fixed upon a certain sum which I considered a competence. I saw no way of acquiring it by my profession, so I devoted myself to the green cloth—how assiduously you know."

He smiled at the expression of assent which involuntarily flitted over my countenance, watched the smoke-wreaths curling over his head for a moment, and continued:

"One evening I was feeling unusually blue. I never drank, as you know—that is, never to excess—and certainly never to do what is called 'drowning sorrow.' My resource was the gaming-table. Unfortunately I had in my possession a considerable sum of money which had been intrusted to me by a friend for the purpose of paying some debts; he had been suddenly called away from the city. I entered the gambling-hell, and seated myself at the roulette table. Fortune was against me; the few *duros* that belonged to me were soon gone. Something seemed to possess me that night; I was not myself. I did what I never should have dreamed myself capable of doing—I staked my friend's money. I staked it, and I lost it all."

I was about to speak.

"Do not condemn me," he interrupted; "you could say nothing severer than were my self-reproaches. Long I sat there, glaring at the other players. As I watched the ivory ball spin round, my brain seemed to spin round, too. My senses seemed to be leaving me. I felt as if life were no longer dear to me. Penniless and dishonored, what was there left to live for?"

"As these thoughts passed through my working brain, the night wore on. The players dropped off, one by one. The tables were gradually deserted. Soon there was but one left—the roulette table before which I sat, and at which one persevering gamster

was trying his luck. Finally he, too, wearied, and I was left alone with the banker, who was the proprietor of the gambling-hell."

"Oh, I remember," I interrupted, "José Herrara, who disappeared so suddenly a couple of years ago."

"The same," replied Bonilla, fixing his eyes keenly upon me.

"I do not know why, but I began to feel uncomfortable. However, he continued:

"The banker looked at me inquiringly. I half rose to retire. I had fully determined to blow out my brains in the street, and that I did not do so is owing to one of the strangest of circumstances—so strange that you will not blame me for wondering whether it was supernatural. I half rose, I say, and as I did so, I saw upon the floor a round, bright object which had a silver shimmer as the gaslight fell upon it. It was a coin, a—"

"A *peseta*," I interrupted, breathlessly.

"Yes," he went on, "a little bit of silver coin—only a *peseta*. But it saved my life. I placed my foot upon it, and, motioning to the banker, said:

"'A *peseta* on the seventeen!'"

"The banker knew me well—he had cause to—and without making any inquiries he repeated my wager after me, and set the ball a-whirling. It stopped in the seventeen."

"Seventeen wins," said he, and on the seventeen clanged seven silver *duros*.

"Do you leave it there?" said he.

"I nodded."

"Again the ivory ball spun round, and again it stopped at seventeen."

"Seventeen wins," said the banker.

"Again I left the glittering pile upon the seventeen, and again it won. Seven several times did the goddess Fortune smile upon me. And when I stopped, it was not because I feared to venture further, but because I had broken the bank. The poverty-stricken wretch who a few moments before had contemplated suicide was now wealthy."

"And the *peseta*," said I, "you have that still, of course?"

"No," he replied, with a strange smile.

"Why!" exclaimed I, with surprise, "had I been you, I would have kept it all my life."

"No," he replied, with the same peculiar smile, "you would not have kept it."

"And why not?"

"When I stooped to pick up the coin, I found—nothing."

"Nothing!" I echoed. "Why—what—where—"

"That which I had taken for a *peseta* was not a coin. The round, silvery object on which the light had fallen and deceived me was—"

"What?"

"A drop of water."—Adapted for the Argonaut from the Spanish.

It is probable that London has the distinction of being the only port where ships lying at anchor are privileged to have their letters delivered to them by river postmen, it being customary at other ports for sailors to apply personally for their letters unless the ship is in dock. The Thames is divided into two postal districts, each under the control of a river postman, who delivers letters and parcels every morning, in a craft which resembles a fisher boat more than anything else. Of these districts the first extends from the Custom House to Limehouse, and the second from Limehouse to Blackwall. The river postmen start on their rounds punctually at eight o'clock every morning, and, needless to say, there is only one delivery a day. The mail bag may include as many as five hundred letters, but this number is largely increased about Christmas time. As he glides from ship to ship the postman calls out, "Aboy there!" and hands up the letters attached to a boatbook to the waiting crew. It only takes from four to five hours to deliver the mail, so that the postman does not waste much time. In foggy weather, however, it takes considerably longer, owing to the difficulties of finding the various ships, and of steering between the large vessels as they lie at anchor.

Last winter, when Mr. Damrosch's series of concerts of Beethoven's music won large and eager audiences in New York, all the sages, who regard modern composers as so many musical malefactors, expatiated upon this evidence of the "real" public taste. This winter, as it happens, the similar concerts are thinly attended by indifferent audiences, and the sages are mute, observes the Boston *Transcript*. The only real moral, after all, is the uncertainty of the public—and the unwisdom of large deductions.

Persons returning from church in Nashua, New Hampshire, saw a buck deer leap through the window of a bank. The animal was so severely cut that it had to be killed.

There is a growing demand for American pearls. Those taken from the Western waters last season were valued at \$500,000.

Eighteen new musical shows have been presented for approval before Manhattan theatregoers during the present season.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Miniatures.

When a twilight mystery  
 Fills the summer air,  
 In her primrose hroiderie  
 Comes my lady fair,  
 From the tarnished frame of gold,  
 With her witching grace of old,  
 Like a dainty rose in bloom,  
 Stepping thro' the silent room.

Then like silv'ry music stored  
 In a silent shell,  
 Doth my lady's harpsichord  
 Waken at her spell,  
 From the shadowland doth float,  
 Tinkling from its rusty throat,  
 Love-songs that she sang maybe  
 In a bygone century.

Faded roses at her breast  
 Fragrance shed around,  
 Like the breath of roses pressed  
 In some missal found,  
 Then the music seems to die  
 With the trembling of a sigh:  
 From her tarnished frame of gold  
 Smiles my lady as of old.  
 —Florence Hoare, in *Pall Mall Magazine*.

## Old Ships.

If men could learn what you ships know,  
 Leaning along the quay—  
 Old giants crippled by the loud  
 Wild anger of the sea—  
 Surging in awe and wonderment  
 The souls of men would he!  
 Could you but tell the stately joy  
 Of your effectual day,  
 When worked by anxious hearts you swung,  
 Sounding the channel-way,  
 Under a sun-splashed foreign head  
 Into an unknown bay!  
 Oh, that some master caught the song  
 Sung round your flashing wings,  
 Your coppered prows, and found the full  
 Calm sense of awful things  
 You ships have felt who made the road  
 For faiths and men and kings!

Heading out for the dark world ends  
 Where fate with the human wars,  
 Your every plank was a story brave,  
 Song spoke from your hending spars,  
 Your halliards rang to the morning wind,  
 Your topmasts frightened the stars!  
 We've seen the summer horizon take  
 On white ships going South  
 Fair dreams and desires of stranded men  
 Into its flaming mouth;  
 Ships drive far over the rich, bright sea,  
 Men droop in a land of drouth.  
 They watch your goings and muse in awe  
 Of all that the high ships know  
 Of mammoth hulls that rise and wreck,  
 Of jagged rocks, grinding slow,  
 Of unknown wonders, away, beyond,  
 Where never the landsmen go.

The salt that burns and the dreadful death,  
 Hoarse cries from desolate throats,  
 Ropes wrenching loud while the mountain seas

Flick men from the decks like motes;  
 Not in green fabulous isles but here  
 Romance's ensign floats!  
 Romance! That dream's a lie! You fought  
 The hideous hattle and chance,  
 Heard brown men curse at the frightful things  
 That harass a ship's advance—  
 But you've been far out where the world is new  
 You've fathomed the real Romance!  
 You set in the frowning forest oft  
 The germ of an opulent town;  
 The statesman's empire-plans have spread  
 And he's thrown the engines down;  
 Now the years come sad to you dying ships  
 Without hope and alone.

Though you have found the ocean sweet,  
 Though you have known him cruel,  
 Though your lights flared like the heacon fires  
 Your planks shall split for fuel—  
 Now you've limped up the river slow,  
 Fagged, beaten in the duel!  
 Brave death in a storm is not your doom;  
 They towed you as worn-out slaves  
 Far from the reach of your restless wild  
 Old enemies, the waves,  
 For Ocean chafes at the masterful ships  
 And black revenge he craves!  
 You found fresh worlds with your slim, swift  
 prow,  
 Learned more than the greatest shall,  
 But a shameful track to death awaits  
 Four-master and caraval:  
 You rot with the black coal-barges round  
 In a smoke-hefoggad canal!

Old ships! Old ships! It's hattle and hear  
 (The night blots out the sky,  
 A strong man offers his one shamed sob  
 And a maiden her wept "Good-by,"  
 As they turn in the dark from the hallowed  
 place

Where the old ships come to die),  
 When oft in the caverned night men muse  
 On life's locked mystery,  
 Search for the truth in place and power,  
 The has-been and to-be,  
 The answer comes in visioned death,  
 Death and the visioned sea.  
 And you have strode that opal sea,  
 Touched that enchanted sky,  
 Fought in the night and loved our sun  
 And worked your part—Good-by—  
 For all your knowledge rots with you  
 As all your sorrows die.

—Furnley Maurice, in the *Spectator*.

Miss A. E. Keeton, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* of Mendelssohn, says that anything more innately proper to the violin than his Violin Concerto has never been put upon paper, and adds to this dictum the more surprising statement that "amongst living violinists, perhaps Lady Hallé and Emile Sauret alone can bring home to us the unrivaled finesse of form and style belonging to this" composition.

Home-grown strawberries were sold in Covent Garden February 2 at five dollars a pound. The London *Express* says that the finest of these forced productions come from Middlesex.

# LA MARQUISE

## TURKISH CIGARETTES



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The United States as a World Power*, by Archibald Cary Coolidge. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.

This is a book that should not be overlooked by the student of world affairs. Owing its origin to a course of lectures delivered by the author at the Sorbonne, it gains immeasurably from an impartiality dictated as much by good taste as by knowledge. It is neutral, cautious, and judicial.

For the most part the author is content to indicate the problem and to leave its solution to the statesmanship of the day. Sometimes a tentative suggestion is made, as for example his idea that the difficulty of Japanese immigration may be ultimately solved by the imposition of a property qualification upon all newcomers alike. But as a rule he is satisfied with a survey of a field that is surprisingly large and of which any part may become the subject of diplomatic intercourse.

Starting with the general questions of American policies toward the world, the policies of tradition and of temperament, he takes by turn each of the countries whose interests impinge upon our own. In this way we have a consideration of France, Germany, Russia, England, Canada, China, Japan, and Latin America. From his sketch of existing conditions we may forecast, if we please, the difficulties that may arise and the arrangements that may be needed. It is more and more evident that the future destinies of the political world will be governed by a few great nations, perhaps even by a few great men, and this glance at mutual relationship is so clear, so unpretentious, and so illuminating as to deserve no small amount of attention and praise.

*Aubrey Beardsley*, by Robert Ross. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.25.

It is a pity that the author waited for ten years before publishing this short biography and appreciation, as the number of those who admire the artistic work of Beardsley must have sadly diminished. The work itself contains no single element conducive to prolonged vitality. It was a freakish and impish bid for popular notice and without any underlying art principle, untrue to any worthy ideal, and often gross and repulsive.

But the author has performed his task well. His appreciation has discernment and restraint. He does not overpraise and we may perhaps concede his claim that Beardsley was exempt from "the parallels of criticism." The value of the book is increased by sixteen illustrations and by the list of Beardsley drawings compiled by Aymer Valland.

*The Explorer*, by William Somerset Maugham. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York. \$1.50.

This vigorous story leaves little to be desired in the way of romance or of character variety. The stage is broad and comfortably filled all the way through with a fair mixture of tragedy and comedy. We are genuinely moved by the fate of Fred Allerton, whose besetting sin of good fellowship dissipates his estate, consigns him to a criminal prison and

leaves his daughter Lucy and his son George to the benevolence of friends. When Alec MacKenzie, the great African explorer, comes on the scene it is in the fitness of things that he should fall in love with Lucy, and when he returns to Africa he takes George with him in order that the young hopeful may have a chance to live down his father's disgrace. Unfortunately, George is very much like his father, only more so. He nearly causes the destruction of the party by the brutal murder of a native woman, but when MacKenzie gives him his last chance he dies fighting bravely, after pledging MacKenzie never to let his sister know of his conduct. On his return MacKenzie is accused of deliberately sacrificing George to save his own life and, mindful of his pledge, he refuses to reply. The consequent rupture between Lucy and himself is healed, but it would have been better had the author found some indirect way to acquaint Lucy with the facts. These she never knows, and it may be feared that her suspicions, laid to rest sentimentally, would revive at some later time. But that is a small mar to a capital story.

*One Immortality*, by H. Fielding Hall. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

We are a little impressed by the artificiality of a story told with much delicate skill and poetic phraseology. A man and a girl in the close intimacy of a long voyage are attracted to each other, but the girl resists because she does not know the meaning of love and because she can not discriminate and decide between human marriage and the mystical union with Christ as represented by a party of nuns who are on the same ship. The actual relationship between mysticism and marriage—and it is a real one, as they are poles of the same force—is finely and suggestively set forth, but we feel all the time that what the girl really needs is ten minutes' heart to heart talk with a good mother. And when she finally makes up her mind we are haunted by a fear that she has acted upon information still insufficient. The story would in any case be beautiful and of marked literary value, but we suspect it to be a parable rather than a reflection of any phase whatever of twentieth century life.

*The Origin and Character of the Bible*, by J. T. Sutherland, A.M. Published by the American Unitarian Association, Boston; \$1.20.

This is one of the very few works of its kind that is wholly free from theological bias, and that combines so much lucidity with so much scholarship. Since its first issue it has been brought up to date in every particular and may be relied upon as the last historical word upon the Bible. Especially useful are the comparisons between the Bible and the other sacred books of the world and the chronological table of dates of Biblical literature showing the literary evolution of the Bible.

*How to Appreciate Prints*, by Frank Weitenkampf. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The author is the curator of the print department of the New York Public Library.

He writes with all the enthusiasm of the expert and with a clear and easy style that makes his enthusiasm contagious. His object is to show what is worthy of admiration, and why it is worthy, the origins of the art, its progress, and its developments. The print collector should find his book of the highest value, while the practical etcher or engraver can hardly fail to delight in the wide field and the clear exposition. Thirty-three illustrations make a pleasing addition to a good book.

*Ode on the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln*, by Percy Mackaye. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 75 cents.

This ode was delivered by the author before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, during the present month. Of a form nearly faultless, its strong, resonant metre and lofty sentiment and imagery make of it one of the distinctive productions of the day, a poem to be read, reread and remembered. Let a few inadequate lines selected at random show some of its quality:

No; by that power we misname fate,  
'Tis character which moulds the state.  
Statutes are dead when men's ideals dissent,  
And public will is more than precedent.  
And manhood more than constitutions can create.  
Higher than bar and documental ban,  
Man's highest court is still the heart of man.

*The Book of Georgian Verse*, Chosen and Edited with Notes by William Stanley Braithwaite. Published by Brentano's, New York.

This handsome volume is the second to appear in a series of four designed to cover the entire range of British poetry from 1557 to the end of the Victorian epoch. "The Book of Elizabethan Verse," issued in 1906, was the first to be published in the series of which the present volume in chronological order is the third. The second is to be "The Book of Restoration Verse," and the concluding volume will be "The Book of Victorian Verse."

The care in preparation and the handsome appearance of this series should make it popular.

*Sardonicism*, by Harris Merton Lyon. Published by the Metropolitan Syndicate, Inc., New York.

We were disposed to cavil at the title, but it is justified by the contents. Sixteen short sketches are devoted to the hopelessly things of existence, the morbid and the pathetic facets that must belong somewhere to the diamond of life, though we can not understand always the why and the wherefore. The author takes as his motto the question of Job, "Can not my taste discern perverse things?" It certainly can, but clever as these stories are, there seems to be no reason why they should have been written.

*The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, for Boys and Girls, by Charles W. Moores. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; 60 cents.

While this book is intended for the young it is in no way childish. It sketches the life of Lincoln from birth to death with special emphasis on the lighter and more human characteristics, but it is invariably dignified and lofty in tone. It would indeed be hard to find anything of its kind more enticingly readable.

New Publications.

A tenth edition of "On the Heights," by Berthold Auerbach, has been issued by Henry Holt & Co., New York. This should be a sufficient recommendation of a story that gives a vivid and intimate picture of German life in court and cottage about the middle of the last century. The price is \$1.50.

A place should be found among the Lincoln literature of the day for "A Man of Destiny," by Ernest L. Staples. It is a poem in blank verse of much dignity and musical charm. It tells the whole life of Lincoln and there is hardly a page without an eye-arresting phrase. It is published by the Lincoln Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass. Prices 75 cents, \$1 and \$2.

"The Burden Bearer," by Francis Howard Williams, is an "epic of Lincoln" of very varying quality. Not infrequently the author strikes a poetic idea and a musical phrase. Some of his stanzas have a distinctly stirring quality about them but there is a great deal of inferior matter that is little more than newspaper prose divided into measured lines. It is published in fine form by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

"Modern Methods for Teachers," by Charles C. Boyer, Ph. D., is "A Twentieth Century Hand-Book for American Teachers, Normal Schools, and Teachers' Reading Circles." The author covers the whole field of modern education, writing from the standpoint of long experience and practical common sense. The condensation of his treatment, his terse and vigorous handling of his subject should commend his work to the educational world.



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#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The important theatrical event of the coming week is the first appearance of the new Princess Theatre stock company, chosen for musical comedy purposes. The Princess Theatre fell heir to the Tivoli Opera House traditions and easily attached the large section of the theatre-going public whose inclination toward comic-opera delights had made them habitués of the old Eddy-Street playhouse. The first season of the Princess Theatre was marked by wise management. It gave the best of the newer comic operas available and a number of old successes, and all with lavish care. The company was always good, often excellent, and more than once as near perfection as musical comedy organizations are made. Its productions of "A Madcap Princess," "The Belle of New York," "Florodora," "Wang," and "It Happened in Nordland" were much more meritorious than earlier offerings of the same pieces by traveling companies.

Next Monday night the new company will be inaugurated, and the musical comedy selected for the opening is Ludwig Engländer's "The Rounders," which ran several months in New York. There is said to be a real story in the skit, with clever lines, and many tuneful melodies. The scenes are placed in Biarritz and Paris, and the costumes and stage settings will be appropriately handsome. The cast is as follows: His Excellency, Maginnis Pasha, Frank Moulan; The Duke de Paty du Clam, Fred Mace; The Marquis de Baccarat, James Stevens; Siegfried Gotterdammerung, Bud Ross; Joseph (a waiter), Bert Phoenix; Call Boy, D. S. McFadden; Old First Nighter, Arthur Messmer; Footman, H. J. Capion; Thea, principal actress at Theatre des Varieties, Paris, May Boley; Priscilla, Marquise de Baccarat, Helen Darling; Stella Giltedge (an American heiress), Zoe Barnett; Mme. Seraphine (Thea's mother), Ethel Du Fre Houston.

The advance sale of seats began with a rush last Monday morning, and the first-night audience promises to be memorable in point of numbers and joyful anticipation.

At the Valencia Theatre next Monday night that famous melodrama, "The Fatal Card," by Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson, will be produced with a well-balanced cast and especial care. The scenes are laid in western America and England, and the characters include a young Englishman and a desperado whom he saves from lynchers. Afterward the adventurer repays his debt. There is plenty of comedy relief, and the interest of the story is well sustained. Mace Greenleaf will be the hero, Gerald Austen, and will give it an attractive positiveness. Darrell Standing will be the desperado. Beatrice Nichols, who has made a distinct impression of the most favorable kind in her work, will be the heroine. All the other members of the company will have opportunities. The staging will be unusually elaborate, seven scenes being shown, and the musical interludes arranged by Herman Heller, the orchestra director, will be genuine attractions in themselves.

"The Red Mill" will run all next week at the Van Ness Theatre and he followed by Clyde Fitch's late comedy success, "Girls." A long line of noted stars and brilliant productions are hooked for this theatre, and from this time there will be no break in the interest of its offerings.

At the Orpheum, beginning Sunday afternoon, a new bill of attractive novelties will be offered. Harry Foy and Florence Clark, whose success in "Under the Sea" is pleasantly remembered, will introduce "The Spring of Youth," which is the most pretentious production they have yet attempted. Bowers, Walter, and Crocker in the guise of hack-woods farmers will give an amusing performance of reels, jigs, and acrobatic feats. Agnes Mahr, the favorite American dancer, will present her creation, "The American Tommy Atkins," which is always a success. She is assisted by Florence Mahr, and she introduces a series of dances that are distinctly novel. Jack Connelly and Margaret Wehh will appear in a cyclone of comedy, melody, and action. Mr. Connelly is an acrobatic pianist and Miss Wehh a pleasing vocalist. Lloyd Scott, the famous lecturer and traveler, will deliver a brief travel talk on Egypt, illustrated by views, moving pictures, and a panorama showing the Nile, the Pyramids, and other historic places. Dick Crolus, who recently scored a great hit in the race-track sketch, "Shorty," will return for next week only, which will be the last of Frank Wilson and company, Goldsmith and Hoppe, and Jwan Tschernoff's wonderfully trained horses and dogs.

The last performances of Kolh and Dill at the Princess Theatre are on Sunday. They are packing the house nightly with "Playing the Ponies."

Cecilia Rhoda, who has had a leading part with Richard Carle in "Mary's Lamb" all through the past season, playing in all the big cities, and who will be seen with the comedian at the Van Ness Theatre in April, has been engaged for next season by Mr.

Carle and will have a picturesque rôle in his next piece, "The Hurdy-Gurdy Girl." In the latter production Mr. Carle will begin a summer season at the Colonial Theatre in Chicago on May 30.

There is to be an extra matinée of "The Red Mill" next Thursday afternoon at the

Van Ness Theatre. The musical play is one of the best drawing cards of the season, as its numerous attractions serve to make up a pleasing performance.

"Secret Service" ends its successful run at the Valencia Theatre on Sunday, afternoon and night.

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"THE RED MILL."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

We came out from the performance of "The Red Mill" and saw autos, autos everywhere; their lights would make you blink; autos, autos everywhere, yet not a thought to think. But that is what the theatre-going San Franciscan dearly loves, the thoughtless show. During Sothern's engagement, during the week's run of "The Wolf," during any attraction of a strictly legitimate nature, they sport the green curtain. But put on a musical comedy that has, as is the case with "The Red Mill," been a New York success, and out comes the prosperous multitude—the class that dresses well. huys the latest music and the last sensational novel, owns its own car, decorates its wife with diamonds, patronizes high-priced restaurants, in fact, scatters money liberally everywhere except in the churches, and perhaps some of it does that, too, since, in these liberal-minded later years, the church and the theatre are no longer irreconcilable.

Yet I fear the jovial, pleasure-loving crowd that likes to come forth humming the most popular, ear-cleaving tune and passing comment upon fascinating chorus girls, was a little disappointed, or even more than a little, in several particulars.

For one thing, the quality of the voices. "The Red Mill" is a two-dollar-a-seat attraction, and I heard mutinous murmurs among the out-coming audience to the effect that at the lower-priced Princess Theatre they had much better singers—which is quite true.

There isn't really a voice in "The Red Mill" company that is worth mention. And more—the chorus girls are deplorably homely, it's a mean thing to say, and perhaps it is because the chorus-girl crop, in spite of hard times, is short this year, but the majority of "The Red Mill" girls look as if they had been on short rations.

It seems that Montgomery and Stone, the two comedians who made the piece so successful in New York, refused to come. The result, fortunately, was not overwhelmingly calamitous, as we don't ask for anything better, or more amusing than Walter S. Mills and Neil McNeil, who filled their roles.

But it is quite impossible to believe that exigent New York accepted the female contingent of "The Red Mill" company. So we have been docked and double-docked, and yet we take it like a lamb, in our customary agreeable, optimistic way. San Francisco will take anything, including a cataclysm, good-naturedly and cheerfully. Because Wills and McNeil kept it laughing uproariously last night, it failed to pout for more than ten minutes over the weaknesses in the rest of the show.

Yet the piece warranted first-class acting material, for, as one confirmed first-nighter remarked, "the works are all right," but where are the first-class operators to run them? Well, they are probably in New York, so we will have to content ourselves with letting our amused recollections twine around Wills and McNeil, who are a joyous team, a pair of expert dancers, and highly provocative of extreme mirth.

I think Wills must be the same man I saw do some eccentric dancing some years ago in "The Prince of Pilsen." I have never forgotten the sight of this man dancing nimbly off the scene in an absolutely horizontal position. It caught the audience by storm. They were thoroughly taken by surprise, and the comic aspect diverted them hugely. I have not since then seen anything like that dance except those done by the serpentine slim Wills, who is a contortionist, a dancer, and a comedian all rolled into one.

McNeil is an excellent foil to his more nimble associate, as he does not lag far behind in the sheer fun of his antics, and is, besides, the possessor of a most humorously expressive face and voice.

There are, besides, several men in the company who make a very good showing. In speech, make-up, and deportment, Maurice Lavigne is particularly well suited to the rôle of the courtly governor of Zealand, and Milton Dawson, as the innkeeper, although he seemed to be imitating somebody, was not bad.

But there is actually not a woman in the company upon whom to hang a compliment. Now, it is imperative that every company performing a musical comedy piece should have one attractive woman principal, one really funny comedian, a voice or two, and at least three or four pretty, shapely chorus girls.

Of these four requisites, "The Red Mill" comes out successfully in only one particular; and triumphantly though the comedian standard is maintained—for the fun provided by Wills and McNeil is rich and rare—we are yet conscious of a sense of blankness when we think of the girls.

In the company at the Van Ness Theatre Marguerite Fry, who is the hurgomaster's daughter, Anna McNahh, who is quite a daughter at dancing and acts the part of Tina, the innkeeper's daughter, and Edmace de Dreux, acting as Countess de la Terre, all have high-pitched, non-carrying squawks for voices. It takes an expert, or the occupant of a seat close to the stage, to catch what they are saying, more particularly as these pretty little stage ephemera very often, as is shown by their crude accent and their carefully tutored inflections, are undeveloped in intelligence and speak parrot-like. Their whole souls are generally centred in their flounces and their heels, because they appeal to so large a constituency who never raised their eyes or their minds above the materialistic and the purely obvious. Perhaps they are right. People who like a rich, cultivated, speaking voice, refinement of accent, and the charm of individuality will not generally find it in musical comedy, except in cases of special success, and fame, as with Fritz Scheff, for example.

However, the setting of "The Red Mill" is irreproachable, the Dutch costumes are pleasing and picturesque, the business of the comedians is original and telling, and the music, if it had only been better sung, is particularly acceptable.

A very clever stage effect is given as a finale to the first act, when the sails of the Dutch windmill—within whose lower walls is imprisoned the hurgomaster's rebellious daughter—begin to slowly revolve, and, as dimly seen through the picturesque dusk, the two venturesome Americans manage, by a very dextrously contrived trick, to spirit her away, in full sight of the audience, from her imprisonment, without availing themselves of the ordinary means of egress.

Theatrical old wine is still safely held in new bottles. A dramatic critic of the London Chronicle says: "On the fifth Saturday in 1889 this writer did a double in playgoing, in the afternoon attending the matinee of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' at the Opera Comique, in the evening seeing 'Dorothy' at the Lyric. On the fifth Saturday in 1909 the same playgoer took some children to 'Fauntleroy' at the Court; in the evening, as twenty years earlier, he saw 'Dorothy' at the Waldorf."

The Lhevinne Concerts.

The next great stellar musical attraction will be Josef Lhevinne, the young Russian virtuoso, who is one of the foremost pianists of the time. Technical difficulties do not exist for this artist, and he plays with the greatest intelligence and expression. His efforts are of the Rubinstein order, and wherever he has played the critics have been unanimous in declaring him "a true artist."

His concerts will be given at Christian Science Hall on Sunday afternoons, March 7 and 14, and Thursday evening, March 11. Complete programmes may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats will open next Thursday morning at nine o'clock.

The programmes are exceptionally interesting and contain many novelties, one being Busoni's transcription of the famous "Chaconne" for violin by Bach.

On Friday afternoon, March 12, Lhevinne will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, offering a special programme made up from the gems of his three San Francisco concerts.

Third "Pop" Concert.

The third Lyric Hall "Pop" concert will be given Sunday afternoon, and there will be a slight change in the programme. The score of the Carreno quartet came too late for adequate rehearsal, so the Mendelssohn quartet, Op. 13, will be given instead, in honor of the centenary of the gifted composer's birth. The rarely heard sonata by Rubinstein for viola and piano, and the same composer's B flat minor trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, will complete the programme. Eugene Blanchard will be the assisting pianist. Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the hall Sunday.

The final concert of the series will be given Sunday, March 28, and will be "An Afternoon with Schubert," with Mrs. Celia Decker Cox, contralto, and Miss Therese Ehrman, pianist, assisting. The beautiful quintet for two violins, two cellos, and viola, will be the special feature.

Will L. Greenbaum announces that he has secured the services of Rear-Admiral Rohley D. Evans for two lectures in April. One will be his "Voyage to San Francisco with the Fleet," and the other "The War with Spain." Admiral Evans will be given a warm welcome.

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Seats 50 cents and \$1.00, at Hall

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Matinee Every Day

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VANITY FAIR.

The newest society fad, only that it is not a fad at all, is a style of serving tea. Presumably the learner is a miss of no uncertain age, for the pinched skin and honey fingers of the old maid or the chubby hands of the madam could not be trained down or up to artistic shape or formation. In fact, the hands play a very important part in serving tea. A great deal of practice is required in private before a mirror that never tells tales out of school. The little finger of the pouring hand must never touch the handle of the urn, but remain detached and he made to keep up a constant quivering—not as if the teacup girl were at all nervous, but as an innocent and unconscious exhibition of finger gymnastics. While this finger play is going on, the other hand, with fingers extended, hovers above and about the cup not wholly unlike the wings of the turtle dove when trying to make up its mind whether or not it will light upon the near-by cherry tree and nestle among the extended branches all laden with blossoms. But the tea has not left the urn. The eyes of the teapot girl have a range of observation to cover, and yet never covering, only seemingly so to give time to the observers to observe the several eye-poses. In concert with the roaming of the eyes the head has its part to play, which it does by apparently conforming to the movements of the eyes, and meanwhile the teacup girl must have a facial expression that indicates so much joy that it is but natural that she should part her lips just enough to show her pearl-like teeth as through a bank of American Beauties all tangled up in half-laughing smiles. Now the tea and the teapot are ready for service. But we give up the job. We are not proficient enough in word-painting and let an expert, an eye-witness and a woman, tell the rest of the story, which runs the ways in her own graphic style of telling the truth:

The teacup girl has the most charming hands. The fingers have very pink nails cut in the new fashion. They are short, but the flesh is pushed back to make a very pronounced moon.

This moon requires daily attention, for it speedily wanes unless cultivated. It should be a half moon and its color must be a silver, never a dull blue. This, I am told, is all a matter of care and of anointing the finger tips at night.

The teacup girl has hands covered with a velvety skin, which must be clear as cream. The brown hand is not fashionable now. The hand must be of that fascinating white which holds the eye, it is a plump, voluptuous hand, the fashionable hand, with wide deep nails trimmed close at the finger tips.

Nearly all great beauties take finger exercises. Langtry for years practiced daily the art of separating her fingers two by two until she could move them in any group of two, a difficult task. The Russian ladies curl the middle finger. French women have a trick of closing the third finger while the others curl around it. These are little mannerisms of the hands, but they are telling when one is noting the beauty of the hand.

One Southern girl in New York this winter has learned somewhere the Madrid art of making rose tea. Never have I seen this made except in Madrid.

She wears always at her left side, just over her heart, a big pink rose. It is in full bloom with spreading petals just waiting to be pulled.

At the critical time in the tea making, which is after the rock candy has been laid in the cup and the tea has been poured, she touches the rose with her finger tips and pulls off a single petal, which she lays upon the top of the steaming cup. The action is very taking and the delighted man in waiting takes his cup and stands and sips it. He is too enthralled to stir more than half a step away.

The tea table must be lower than the one who is pouring tea. Most hostesses sit very high and one woman has an ice cream soda stool such as is used in drug stores, because it gives her height and a chance to be naturally graceful. She looks almost as though she were standing; yet she is not getting tired. The stool is hung with cardinal velvet.

The hat, if a hat is worn, must be tipped toward the light. A very bright glare thrown upon the countenance will make the tea pourer look haggard even though she be a helle. A big dark hat tipped lightward takes years off the complexion.

Have your hands charming. Make them so lovely that people will want to squeeze them. Let each finger be a poem. This can be done only by constant care in front of a mirror.

Tea pourers should remember that the figure is plainly on view when one pours tea and that one should be slim in the waist, slender in the hips, and broad in the shoulders—truly directoire—if one is going to make a good appearance.

We have always said it, now we have our judgment confirmed by no less an authority than the *Lady's Pictorial*. Men are more artistic than women and they have a keener eye for effect. Never again let there be sneers at the hachelor's ménage, for here is a lady who speaks for her sex and who says that "we have most of us been abashed at some time or other at the perfection of the hachelor's dinner party—the nice judgment displayed in the dishes and wines, the austere elegance of the table and the silent and swift service."

But it is not only the dinner table, and the superior elegance of the dinner table is accounted for by the fact that "many men arrange their dinner tables with their own hands." It is the same with the rest of the chambers of a man of taste will be on the whole than the drawing

room of the average woman of taste, for the reason that he will not have so many trivial and irrelevant objects about."

But there is one thing that the man must not do. So at least we are warned by the *Lady's Pictorial*. He must not dare to introduce innovations into the social conventions. He may imitate and improve but he must not inaugurate. Innovations must be started in the feminine camp. Only the other day, we are told, the wife of the English prime minister gave a luncheon party to which women came without their husbands and husbands without their wives. For some years past it has been an understood thing that attractive and witty ladies were not expected to refuse every invitation merely because their spouses were already engaged, but that is the first entertainment of any importance at which no one except the host and hostess had a legal partner present.

If the idea circulates, as it probably will, society will be a great deal more amusing than it is at present. After all, why should a married pair always go out, two and two, like animals entering the ark? Seeing that they have the pleasure of each other's company year in year out at their own dinner table, why must they invariably go out together to sit at other people's festive boards? Moreover, few people are at their best in the presence of their immediate relatives, who judge them, occasionally, with too severe an eye. Men particularly are apt to be mute when their lawful wives are sitting opposite them. So we may find, if the new fashion becomes popular, that little Major Dumber, who always sat mumchance, is, when he is by himself quite a garrulous and amusing person, and that the meek Lady Mouseton (when the haronet is not there) is quite capable of setting the table in a roar.

Another custom which is creeping in is that of having the dinner menu written on tiny stone or marble slabs, chips from some world-famous monument being used by preference. One I had recently opposite my plate was a scrap from the Taj Mahal. Soon we shall not be content to sit down to dinner unless our menu is inscribed on a mosaic from St. Mark's, a chipping from the Parthenon, or a slicing from Trajan's arch. If this idea should ever be popularized in America, it would mean the entire disappearance of all the famous monuments of the world, for no vandal ever equaled those on this side of the Atlantic.

A pleasing result for hostesses of the present modes is that several more people can be placed at a dinner table than formerly, owing to the scantiness of ladies' dresses. A fashionable woman in evening dress takes up about as much space as a rolled-up umbrella, and if she is apt to wear things like comets in her hair this does not affect the number of chairs which can now be placed for guests.

The pleasant old fashion of scenting the breath is said to be coming once more into favor. The perfume should of course be of the most subdued and fugitive nature, for nothing is so eloquence of vulgarity as an aggressive odor. The perfume is imparted by holding a bit of some sweet herb in the mouth. Another favorite scenting device of the last century, and even of the last genera-

tion, was the nibbling of sweet seeds. The little hag of caraway hung upon the arm and there was a tiny inner hag containing the sweet seed of the cardamom, or a tiny chip of cinnamon, or aromatic clove.

No more popular scent is known than the wintergreen, and the wintergreen lozenge stands in good repute for the vanity box or the reticule. There are women who carry always tiny scented candies. Of course I do not want to be understood as advocating a strong whiff of any scent, but there are odors, rose, wintergreen, violet, and the like, that are pleasant, no matter how, when, or where we find them.

"Poor woman—she has scarcely time to eat and sleep." "Nonsense! Why, she is rich and has no duties whatever." "But she tells me she reads all the latest novels."—*Cleveland Leader*.

room of the average woman of taste, for the reason that he will not have so many trivial and irrelevant objects about."

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"Poor woman—she has scarcely time to eat and sleep." "Nonsense! Why, she is rich and has no duties whatever." "But she tells me she reads all the latest novels."—*Cleveland Leader*.

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## FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT

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### ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate, First Mortgage . . . . .	\$ 5,930,125.75
Loans to Policy Holders, secured by Policies . . . . .	2,316,126.54
Loans on Approved Collateral . . . . .	329,210.43
Bonds and Stocks Owned, Market Value Dec. 31, 1908 . . . . .	4,993,137.31
Real Estate Owned, including company's home office building . . . . .	1,141,901.30
Interest and Rent, Due and Accrued . . . . .	161,125.29
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums . . . . .	730,238.25
Cash on Hand and in Banks . . . . .	498,208.84
Total . . . . .	\$16,100,073.71

### LIABILITIES

Reserve on Policies, Legal Standard . . . . .	\$14,156,424.38
Claims in Process of Adjustment . . . . .	114,702.50
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance . . . . .	66,929.55
Amount Set Aside for Taxes, 1909 . . . . .	51,284.09
Amount Set Aside for Future Dividends to Policy Holders . . . . .	78,332.64
All Other Liabilities . . . . .	99,756.36
Total . . . . .	\$14,567,429.52

Surplus to Policy Holders Dec. 31, 1908 . . . . .	\$1,532,644.19
Increase in Assets for Year 1908 . . . . .	1,948,304.00
Increase in Surplus for Year 1908 . . . . .	215,685.00
Increase in Amount Set Aside for Dividends to Policy Holders . . . . .	78,333.00
Business in Force Dec. 31, 1908 . . . . .	104,402,879.00

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A friend was visiting Oscar Wilde one day and found him hard at work "cutting" superfluous dialogue from his new play. "Isn't it infamous?" he asked, looking up after a moment or two; "what right have I to do this thing? Who am I, that I should tamper with a classic?"

Judge Hoar and General Butler were opponents in a case of a new trial. General Butler quoted: "Eye for eye, skin for skin, tooth for tooth, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life." To which Judge Hoar replied: "Yes, the devil quoted that once before in a motion for a new trial."

A good example of the extremely courteous in public correspondence was the notice sent to Charles James Fox that he was no longer a member of the government of George the Third. It read thus: "His gracious majesty has been pleased to issue a new commission, in which your name does not appear."

A distinguished bishop of the Episcopal Church arriving late at a small town one night, found the hotel closed, and hammering at the door for admission, a neighbor stuck his head out of an adjoining window with, "Say, stranger, knock like h—!" to which the bishop replied: "I don't know how."

An author engaged a young lady typewriter to take down his new novel from dictation. At the passage: "Oh! my adorable angel, accept the confession from my lips that I can not exist without you! Make me happy; come and share my lot and be mine until death do us part!"—his fair secretary paused and ingenuously inquired: "Is that to go down with the rest?"

Among authors there are but few who take the slightest interest in social or political questions. So far as public questions are concerned, they are hardly better informed than Dante Gabriel Rossetti. During the French Revolution, one of his friends burst into Rossetti's studio with the incredible news, "Louis Philippe has landed in England." "Has he?" said Rossetti, calmly; "what has he come for?"

The first Italian music master who went to Edinburgh one day was passing the Tron Church as the service was drawing to a close. The lonely Italian drew near the door and was startled. He said to the beadle: "What is that horrible noise I hear?" The beadle, much scandalized, answered: "That's the people praising God." The sad foreigner rejoined: "Then their God must have no ear for music," and, sorrowfully shaking his head, he walked away.

The Rev. Henry N. Couden, the blind chaplain of the House of Representatives, had an idea some time ago that he would prefer to be chaplain of the Senate, and went to see Speaker Cannon about it, according to a story in *Gunter's Magazine*. "What do you want to go over there for?" stormed Uncle Joe. "The House is a flower garden and the Senate is a graveyard." "I know," replied the chaplain gently, "but one stays longer in a graveyard than in a flower garden."

Cleveland people consider the name of their town sufficient as an address without the addition of Ohio, and one protesting tells a story

to illustrate the folly of redundant particulars. "It reminds me," he said, "of the fussy Englishman who went up to St. Peter and said, 'I'm from London.' And then for fear the saint might mix him up with somebody else he added, 'London, England, you know.' That riled the good old gatekeeper. 'From London, England, eh?' he said. 'Well, Mr. Man, from London, England, you're knocking at the wrong door. Your new address is Sheol, Brimstone County, Dominion of Lucifer!'"

Admiral Robley Evans had a congressman for a guest, and, having run out of his favorite brand of whiskey, made up with some he could not guarantee. He explained this, and added: "Here, however, is some brandy that I've kept untouched for a good deal more than twenty years." "Hand me over the whiskey decanter," was the rejoinder. "Why?" asked the admiral. "What's the matter with the brandy?" "That's what I want to know, Bob," said the guest; "but if you have had it untouched in your possession for more than twenty years, there must be something pretty bad the matter with it."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

Tired Out.

To the assembled alphabet  
The letter "I" then said:  
"My master's going to Africa  
And I am going to bed."  
—New York Sun.

Revelation.

When Phyllis passed me in her sheath,  
It really made me grit my teeth;  
I've ever been her ardent wooer,  
But Gee! There is so little to her!

—Puck.

She.

She broke our big platter—she dropped it—today  
And she should have been fired for that;  
She tells our affairs to the folks o'er the way,  
And she ought to be fired for that.  
But if she should go what on earth could we do?  
We've company here and we must see it through;  
She stays out at night until all hours, too;  
And she ought to be fired for that.

She scorches the steak till it's brittle and black,  
And she ought to be fired for that;  
She cooks like a person deprived of the knack,  
And she ought to be fired for that.  
Last week we declared we would keep her no more;  
But illness occurred—it has happened before—  
Then she—well, she charged things to us, at the store,  
And she should have been fired for that.

She takes her day off when she can't well be spared,  
And she ought to be fired for that;  
The rooms in this place are improperly aired,  
And she ought to be fired for that.  
A month since we vowed that she'd have to get out,  
But there was some cleaning—that left it in doubt;  
She took some loose change that was lying about,  
And she should have been fired for that.

She lingers along, though she's impudent quite,  
And she ought to be fired for that;  
She's very untidy, a regular fright,  
And she ought to be fired for that.  
But maybe the new one would be just the same,  
Our last one spanked Freddie the day that she came;  
And this one, last night, smashed a good picture frame,  
And she—will not get fired for that!

—Charles R. Barnes, in New York Sun.

A. Hirschman

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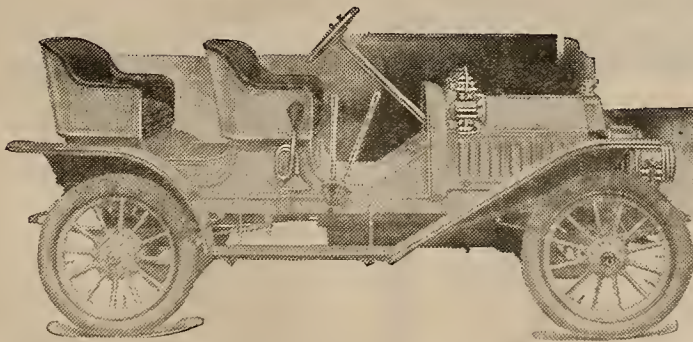
U. S. Assets . . . . . \$2,184,632

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

San Francisco's gayest social season came to an end this week with the brilliant Colonial Mardi Gras ball, and now Lenten quiet prevails. Only the most informal events will take place until after Easter, although one or two quiet weddings are planned for March. Many people will leave town at once, going south or to their country places.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alyce Sullivan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, to Mr. Frederick Lawrence Murphy. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ida Goodloe Alford, daughter of Mrs. Marie Stevens Alford, to Lieutenant Dean Halford, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie Scurlock, the daughter of Mr. W. D. Scurlock, to Mr. R. Clifford Burling. Their wedding will be an event of the near future.

The engagement of Miss Marjorie Paterson, second daughter of the late Associate Justice Van R. Paterson of the State Supreme Court, and Mr. Ira Wilson Hoover is announced. It is to be a June wedding.

The wedding of Miss Eva Castle, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Castle, to Mr. A. P. S. McQuisten, took place on Tuesday evening of last week at the home of the bride's mother on Steiner Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. J. Stark. There were no attendants of either bride or groom, and only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. McQuisten have gone to Southern California on their wedding journey. They will make their home in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Francis McComas will entertain at a tea at the Fairmont on March 10.

The Colonial Mardi Gras dance, under the direction of Mrs. C. O. Alexander, took place on Tuesday evening last at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson was the hostess at a luncheon on Monday last at the Fairmont. Her guests were Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Marion Miller, Miss Frances Newhall, and Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark entertained at an informal luncheon at the St. Francis on Monday last.

Mrs. John A. Darling was the hostess at a luncheon on Monday last at the Hotel Stewart in honor of Mrs. John F. Weston, wife of General Weston, U. S. A.

Miss Katharine Donohoe was the hostess at an informal luncheon on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. J. Parker Currier was the hostess at a luncheon on Saturday last at the Fairmont, at which she entertained thirty-eight guests.

Mrs. Roy Mathews was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week at her home on Presidio Terrace in honor of Miss Elva de Pae.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins. Their guests were Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Martha Calhoun,

Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Katrina Page Brown, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Katharine Donohoe, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. Samuel Hopkins, Mr. Arthur Cheschrough, Mr. Du Val Moore, Mr. Clarence Payne, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Captain Guest and Miss Guest of London.

Mr. Roger Boqueraz was the host at a theatre party on Monday evening last at the Van Ness Theatre.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., was the hostess at a bridge party on Thursday afternoon of last week. Her guests were Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. William Hinkle Taylor, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Allen Lewis, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Miss Jennie Crocker, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller was the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Waller E. Dean was the hostess at a bridge party at the Fairmont on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. James Carolan was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Tuesday of last week at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge was the hostess at a bridge party on Friday of last week, at which she entertained eleven tables of guests.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin entertained at a bridge party on Tuesday afternoon at her home on Presidio Terrace.

Miss Maude Wilson entertained at a bridge party on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Miss Louise McCormick of Chicago.

Miss Clara Allen entertained at an informal tea on Thursday of last week at her home on Washington Street. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Lucius Allen, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Frances Newhall, and Miss Virginia Newhall.

Mrs. Edward Tracy Allen was the hostess at a tea on Friday afternoon of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her nieces, the Misses Emma and Anna Kenyon.

Miss Alma Thane entertained informally at tea in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont on Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson entertained at dinner in the Hotel St. Francis on Friday evening. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. George W. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montegale, and Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening in the St. Francis.

Among those who entertained at dinner in the St. Francis before the Langendorff concert last Wednesday were Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury and Mrs. Templeton Crocker. On the same evening Mrs. James Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, and Miss Jennie Crocker entertained parties at supper in the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark entertained at an informal luncheon Monday afternoon at the St. Francis.

Mrs. F. B. Anderson entertained at a

luncheon at the St. Francis February 22, her guests being Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Janet Miller, Miss Edith Page, Miss Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Irwin, Miss Alice Oge, and Miss Jeanne Gallois.

Mrs. Charles Morrison Woods of Sausalito was the hostess at a tea on Thursday afternoon of last week in honor of Mrs. Spalding (formerly Miss Lacy) of Santa Barbara, who is her house guest.

The Fairmont was the scene of a number of supper parties on Wednesday. Among those who entertained were Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. William Cluff, Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. J. B. Coryell, Mrs. L. R. Mead, Mrs. James King Steele, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Mrs. Francis Carolan was the hostess at a luncheon given in honor of Miss Katrina Page Brown at the Fairmont Monday.

Mrs. W. Scott Franklin was hostess at a tea in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont at which she entertained twenty of her friends. The Franklins have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

On Saturday last Mrs. J. Parker Currier gave a luncheon to thirty-six guests in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel George L. Anderson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is retired from active service upon his own application, after more than thirty-eight years of service.

Major Edward R. Schreiner, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and will proceed to Fort Walla Walla, Washington, for duty.

Captain E. B. Underwood, U. S. N., has been granted sick leave for three months when discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Captain C. A. Gove, U. S. N., has had his promotion from the rank of commander confirmed by the House.

Captain Aubrey Lippincott, U. S. A., recently promoted from first lieutenant, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been assigned to the Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A. Upon the expiration of his present leave of absence he will report to the commanding general, Department of California, for temporary duty pending the sailing of a transport to Manila.

Captain Edward G. Davis, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has assumed the duties of adjutant of the Presidio post.

Captain John J. Bradley, acting judge-advocate, U. S. A., has been appointed inspector of small arms practice and department athletic officer of the Department of Columbia.

Captain George F. Jeunemann, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect when his services can be spared.

Captain Benjamin J. Edger, Jr., Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Division Hospital, Manila, and ordered to proceed to Camp Gregg, Pangasinan.

Captain Roderick P. O'Connor, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Division Hospital, Manila, and ordered to Fort William McKinley, Rizal, for duty.

Captain B. F. Rittenhouse, U. S. M. C., is detached from the Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Guam, M. I., and ordered to the United States.

Commander A. C. Almy, U. S. N., retired, is detached from duty in charge of the Naval Coaling Station, San Diego, and ordered home.

Commander H. C. Gearing, U. S. N., formerly in command of the Naval Station, Olongapo, arrived last week from Manila on the transport *Buford*.

Assistant Naval Constructor Sydney Henry, U. S. N., will, it is rumored at Mare Island, be detached from that yard and ordered to Bremerton Navy Yard.

Lieutenant A. S. Kibbee, U. S. N., is detached from the *Independence*, Mare Island Navy Yard, and ordered to the *Buffalo*.

Lieutenant William S. Bowen, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month, to take effect upon being relieved from duty at Fort Stevens.

Lieutenant W. L. Burchfield, U. S. M. C., is detached from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to Washington, D. C., with a detachment of marines for the Marine Barracks, and then report to the major-general commandant.

Lieutenant J. R. Henley, U. S. M. C., upon arrival in the United States, will report to the commandant, Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Lieutenant V. I. Morrison, U. S. M. C., upon arrival in the United States, is ordered to proceed with a detachment of marines from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Virginia, for duty.

Lieutenant D. W. B. Blake, U. S. M. C., is detached from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to his home, then granted sick leave for two months.

Medical Inspector J. M. Edgar, U. S. N., has been promoted to his present rank from surgeon.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cox of Philadelphia and Mrs. George T. Page returned this week from a six weeks' stay in Honolulu.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson has gone recently to Nice.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark have returned to their home in San Mateo, after a brief stay in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale of San Mateo are in town as the guests of Bishop and Mrs. Nichols.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker have returned to their home in San Mateo, after a stay of a fortnight in town.

Miss Margaret Newhall and Miss Marjorie Josselyn have returned from a visit to Southern California.

Miss Katharine Martin will visit friends in the East during the summer months.

Mrs. Ashton Potter returned last week from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. Obed Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt have gone to Santa Barbara for a stay of several weeks.

Miss Jeannette von Schroeder has recently been the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin at the latter's home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. George Toland Cameron have been spending a week in town as guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Mrs. J. Athearn Folger will leave for her country home at Woodside as soon as her daughter has sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to travel.

Miss Maude Howard has taken apartments at the Hotel Monroe on Sacramento Street for the spring.

Mrs. Le Breton and Miss Marguerite Le Breton were, when last heard from, in the south of France.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin have returned from Europe and are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Allen Lewis has arrived from Portland and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle.

Miss Alice Owen has returned from an Eastern visit.

Mrs. George Bowman of San Jose was the guest of Miss Houghton for a few days last week.

Miss Ruth Richards of San Diego is the guest of Mrs. Paul Bancroft.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch will leave next week for a brief stay in the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Dorothy Baker will leave shortly to join her aunt, Miss Kate Stone, in Europe, and will spend the summer there.

Mrs. John McMullin and her granddaughters, Miss Eliza McMullin and Miss Anna Weller, have left for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the Lenten season at the Hotel Potter.

Miss Floyd of Kentucky is the guest of Captain and Mrs. Thomas Ashburn at the Presidio.

Miss Claire Bowie, who arrived last week from the Orient, stopped here for a brief visit to her aunt, Mrs. Bowie-Detrick, en route to New York.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder and the Misses Jeannette and Edith von Schroeder will spend the spring months at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels is spending a few weeks at her country place in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watt have returned to their home in Napa, after a stay of a fortnight in this city.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anna Peters of Stockton have abandoned their Eastern trip and will spend the Lenten season at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Henry Glass, widow of the late Admiral Glass, and her mother, Mrs. C. W. Johnson, have returned to their home in Berkeley, after several weeks' stay at Byron Hot Springs.

Pay Director Ray, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ray are visiting Mr. Ray's mother in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore and Mr. Stanley Moore of Oakland have taken the Spier house at Gough and Broadway.

Mrs. J. A. Murtaugh, wife of Captain Murtaugh, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Buford* and is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorh, in this city.

Dr. and Mrs. George Hermann Powers have closed their home in San Rafael and have taken the house at 2822 Clay Street for the rest of the winter.

Judge Kenneth M. Jackson of Nevada, with his family, has taken apartments at the Cambridge, on Pine Street.

Mrs. Caesar Bertheau and the Misses Bertheau leave early in March for Europe and expect to be absent the greater part of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kruttschnitt have closed their home on Pacific Avenue and have gone to Santa Cruz for some months.

Mr. S. S. McClure is staying at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watt and their children, who have been spending some time at

the St. Francis, will leave this week for their home in Napa. Mrs. Watt was one of the active executive workers of the Kirmess.

Mr. L. L. Hyde, assistant general freight agent of the New York Central lines, is at the St. Francis.

Miss Avis Sherwood has left for New York, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Dorothy Brace of New York, who has been visiting here for the past three months.

Among the guests from Los Angeles now registered at the Fairmont are Mr. R. C. Gillis, Mr. D. C. Biggs, Mr. E. R. Baldwin, Mr. Herberth Davis, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hall.

Among the visitors from the interior towns of the State now at the Fairmont are Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Fancher of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Field and Miss Field of Monterey.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado last week were Mrs. Jane Plover, Miss Plover, Miss K. V. Plover, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Butterfield, Mr. John W. Buchanan, Mr. H. E. Mescoe, Mr. H. H. Scott, Mr. A. J. Maher; from Berkeley—Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, Mrs. N. P. Cole, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Woolsey, Miss F. Woolsey.

#### The Louis A. Robertson Benefit.

Members of the Family, Bohemian, and Press clubs have arranged a benefit programme to be given next Thursday night, March 4, at the California Club hall, for the aid of Louis A. Robertson, the poet, who has been long confined to his bed by paralysis and who is in urgent need of immediate assistance.

Among those who will participate are Haig Patigan, H. MacDonald Spencer, Dr. J. Franklin Shields, George Sterling, Herman Scheffauer, Joaquin Miller, Wharton James, Mackenzie Gordon, Charles Field, and Miss Gladys Kagen.

Tickets are to be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, A. M. Robertson's book store, and Paul Elder & Co.'s store. The price is but \$1 for an entertainment worth much more, as talent that is rarely heard in public will take part in this event for a worthy cause.

Charles Warner, the English actor, committed suicide at New York last week by hanging himself in his room at the Hotel Seymour. Warner achieved prominence in England several years ago by his interpretation of the character of a drunkard in the play called "Drink," based on Zola's novel, "L'Assommoir." This play, which ran for a thousand consecutive nights, revealed Warner as a realistic actor of the first rank. His portrayal of the last stages of delirium tremens was made the theme for sermons in pulpits in every part of Great Britain, the effects of alcoholism depicted by the actor being seized upon as a frightful object lesson. Recently, Warner went into vaudeville, achieving considerable success in a sketch called "At the Telephone."

Mme. Semhrich took leave of the operatic stage in New York and of her devoted public of the opera house at the Metropolitan on February 6. On the preceding Monday she had appeared for the last time in "a full opera"; on the preceding Thursday she had sung for the last time in opera in Brooklyn; after the performance on Saturday she received her friends and acquaintances at her hotel; on Sunday night, in turn, they entertained her at dinner, which was a brilliant affair in every way.

C. D. Hess, once prominent as a theatrical and grand opera manager, died in Laporte, Indiana, February 16. He discovered Emma Abbott, Clara Louise Kellogg, and other stars.

Prof. De Filippé, the well-known teacher of languages, and author of Spanish and French text-books, is located at 1356 Geary Street.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Have you a fireless cooker at your house?" "Um-m-m, well, something like that; we're afraid to discharge her."—*Puck*.  
"My cocoa's cold," sternly announced the gruff old gentleman to his fair waitress. "Put your hat on," she sweetly suggested.—*New York Observer*.

Bill—Ketch me a-takin' you out for an outing again! Done nuffink hut grumhle, you aven't, ever since I put the snowball dahn yer hack.—*Sketch*.

Jock—Was her father violent when you asked for her hand? Tom—Was he! Great Scott, I thought he would shake my arm off.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen twenty-three summers." "Say," he queried, "do you think it is too late to consult an eye specialist?"—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust-buster. "Then come with me," whispered the near-humorist. "I can show you some of the tracks."—*Southwestern's Book*.

Westend—Let's go in here and have something to eat. Murrayhill—But I'm not hungry. Westend—You will be by the time the waiter brings the order.—*New York Herald*.

Arthur Askem—How did you like Europe? Bertho Binhthare—Not very well. Why, actually, every place we visited was overrun with foreigners.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Author—Have you read my new book? Friend—Yes. "What do you think of it?" "Well, to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I do miss Mrs. Jones. She told me all the news of the parish." "Oh, that was only gossip—no truth in it." "Well, there, I liked to 'ear it. Truth or lies, 'twas all news to me."—*Punch*.

"He is nearly crazy because his son wants to marry an actress." "Is he so prejudiced against actresses?" "Quite the contrary." "Then what is his kick?" "He wants to marry her himself."—*Houston Post*.

Dolan—So Casey was running me down an' ye stood up for me? Callohan—Oi did; Oi siz to him, "Casey," siz Oi, "ye're honest and truthful an' ye're no coward—and ye work hard an' pay yer dihts—an' ye don't get drunk an' lick yer woife—but in other respects ye're no better than Dolan!"—*Puck*.

"Hello, old man!" exclaimed Duhley at the Literary Circle reception; "it's a pleasant surprise to meet you here." "Good of you to say so, old chap," replied Brown. "Yes, you

see, I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody hut bright and cultured people here."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

Mox—How did you happen to go to old Gotrox to borrow money? Climax—I heard he was well to do, so I tried to do him.—*Stroy Stories*.

She—What did papa say when you asked for my hand? He—Why, he couldn't say a word. She—He couldn't? He—No; your mother was there!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Do you think you could learn to love me?" asked old Gotrox. "Oh I don't know," replied Miss Younghudd. "How much are you willing to spend on my education?"—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Why don't women have the same sense of humor that men possess?" asked Mr. Tor-kins. "Perhaps," answered his wife gently, "it's because we don't attend the same theatres."—*Washington Star*.

"America will be lonesome when President Roosevelt is gone," says a Clevelander. There was a man who carved upon the tomb of his contentious wife: "I'm lonely now—but powerful peaceful."—*Ohio Signal*.

Tommy—Pop, a man is a bachelor until he gets married, isn't he? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son. Tommy—And what does he call himself afterward? Tommy's Pop—I'd hate to tell you, my son.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Constable—Now, gen'l'men, we've traced these here cloos—the futprints o' the hoss an' the futprints o' the man—to this stump; from here on thar's only the futprints o' the hoss. Now, the question is—*wot's become o' the mon?*—*Life*.

DeAuber—There is a life-size portrait I painted of Puffem, hut he refused to accept it. Brushleigh—It seems to be a good likeness of him. What was the trouble? DeAuber—It's only about half as hig as he thinks he is.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"How is your daughter succeeding on the stage?" asked a solicitous neighbor. "Fine! Fine!" replied the girl's mother. "Is she going to be starred soon?" "Oh, dear, me, no. Her talents don't lie that way at all. She's going to marry a millionaire."—*Detroit Free Press*.

**PLEASE NOTE**—This is to remind you that EDGAR C. HUMPHREY is the pioneer specialist in property from San Mateo to Menlo Park and about the Stanford University. Homes for sale and lease. Acres for sale. Offices, Call Building, San Francisco, telephone Kearny 4656; Palo Alto, telephone Palo Alto 229; residence Menlo Park, telephone Palo Alto 217.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: President Taft—Society Suffragettes—Military Expansion—Morals and the Theatre—Unhappy Portugal—The New Cabinet—Editorial Notes.....	145-147
HOW MR. HENRY HAS BEEN PAID.....	147
CURRENT TOPICS.....	148
POLITICO-PERSONAL.....	148
MORALS IN THE THEATRE: Miss Jeannette Gilder Writes in Deprecation of a Censorship of Plays.....	149
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.....	149
GREAT PAINTERS OF FLANDERS: Two Centuries of Flemish and Dutch Art, from the Van Eycks to Franz Hals.....	150
OLD FAVORITES: "Roy's Wife of Alvalloeh"; "The Voiceless," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "One of Us Two," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.....	150
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	151
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	152
DRAMA: The New Princess Company, by George L. Shoals—"The Fatal Card," by Josephine Hart Phelps..	154
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	155
CURRENT VERSE: "Yesterday," by Reginald Wright Kauffman; "A Lover's Envy," by Henry Van Dyke; "The Call," by Georgiana Goddard King.....	155
VANITY FAIR.....	156
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....	157
THE MERRY MUSE.....	157
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	158-159
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	160

### President Taft.

In William Howard Taft we have the first President of the United States chosen under the practical as distinct from the heroic principle of selection. Twenty-six men before Mr. Taft have held the executive office, every man of them—good, bad, effective, and indifferent alike—having been chosen upon motives only remotely connected with considerations of working capability. Military prestige, appreciation of service in other spheres, reverence for exalted character, identification with some immediately popular idea or purpose, sectional character, political availability—these have been the motives prompting the choice of Presidents. Until just now we have never consciously and seriously sought a man prepared by training, by individual temper, by acquaintance with men and affairs, for the high duties of the executive office.

In modern life efficiency—clean-cut capacity to do the work in hand—outweighs and outranks all other claims to consideration. Whether it be the construction of an Isthmian Canal, the building of a railroad, the

organization of a department store, or the administration of a State, the demand is for the man equipped for the job. And it is perhaps due to the enforcement of this principle that modern society, in all practical ways at least, is so much more effective than any other in the history of the race.

In the campaign of last year the people as never before studied and compared the qualifications of the men presented for the presidency by the two great political parties. In his personal character, regarded from the standpoint of sentiment and romance, Mr. Bryan was perhaps as interesting a figure as Mr. Taft. Hardly, indeed, in all its history has the country known a more gallant and winning personality. But the universal judgment looked rather at the temper and qualifications of the two candidates than to those considerations which inspire sentimental thought and action. The country saw in Mr. Taft a man who at all points was singularly prepared for the duties of the presidential office. He was in the prime of life. He had the equipment of a scholar, supplemented by the professional training of a lawyer. He had served as a Federal judge with high distinction. As governor of the Philippine Islands and as governor of Cuba, he had illustrated high capabilities and at the same time become acquainted with questions and problems vital to the country. As a Cabinet minister he had proved himself a discreet counsellor. He was personally acquainted with the great figures of the world, from the Pope of Rome to the Sultan of Sulu. Above all, he had individual character, mental poise, the optimism which while working for the best hopes for the best, courtesy, grace of mind, grace of manner. It was upon consideration of these preëminent qualifications that Mr. Taft was elected. It was the deliberate judgment of the people, free from any delusion founded in imagination or romance, that Mr. Taft was the man for the times.

While a man of high sentiment, Mr. Taft is singularly free from that sentimentalism which has marred the character of many another man upon whom large hopes have been placed. He is, for example, a stickler for purity in politics and in public life, but he is not blind to working considerations. He understands—no man better—the necessity for coöperative effort, for organization, in political affairs. He is not one so devoted to abstract conceptions of purity as to be incapable of bearing a part in the working activities of politics in an imperfect world. He will not go hungry because only half a loaf is available. He is not so solicitous to stand straight as practically to lean backwards. His aim is to get the best possible results through political action, and he is not one to cast aside a practical good on the score of an Utopian dream of something better. In brief, Mr. Taft is a strictly modern man of the best sort; he seeks the best, he aims at the best, he is content with the best possible out of every given situation, and he wastes no vitality, suffers no bitterness of spirit in sighings for the unattainable.

In his individual way of thinking and of doing Mr. Taft belongs to the new system of politics as distinct from the old. The first question in his mind is that of right and wrong. Expediency is a word writ in his philosophy, but it does not bespeak the dominant impulse of his mind. Mr. Taft has had his part, and it has been no small one, in leading the country away from that system of political thinking and doing which held carnival time half a generation ago and which was personified in the late Mark Hanna of Ohio. His politics is the politics of knowledge, of judgment, of conscience, all under the dominion of high moral purpose and plain common sense. It is the politics of Roosevelt minus the Rooseveltian equation—without bluster, without noise, with no substitution of personal for public motives, no intrusion of vanities, with an instinct for order, with a profound and even reverent considera-

tion for the law. In other words, Taft's politics is Roosevelt's politics with the rip-snort and the slapdash cut out.

There is nothing of the mincing neutralist about Mr. Taft. He has at all times a very definite notion of what he aims at and where he is going. He is a Republican of a very earnest and assured type, because he finds in the Republican party an agency for doing the things which he believes need to be done. In his conception, party is a thing to be considered and respected as a means to an end, rather than an end in itself. The Republican party under his hand will have to yield to the right as he conceives it; he will never consent that the right shall yield to the party. The name Republican, highly and dearly as he regards it, holds no charm for Mr. Taft capable of winning him from devotion to moral aims and the enforcement of moral purposes in political action. The meaning of all this in the last analysis is that the politics of Mr. Taft is that of a man of fixed character and purpose employing the agency of party in support of definite and morally approved aims, and not as a thing either of utility or respect merely on its own account.

The dominant motive in the intellectual life of Mr. Taft is what we oftentimes hear called the judicial mind. He was born with it; he was schooled and trained in it; his methods and largely his character have been formed by it. Do you understand, he said very recently to one with whom he talked freely, do you understand what you imply by declaring Mr. Blank to be a "lawyer"? When I call a man a lawyer I mean that he is a man schooled and drilled in fixed principles; I mean that he holds in an esteem bordering on reverence those principles and forms which have been developed and approved by the wisest and most effective men the world has known; I mean that he is one who may be depended upon for orderly and considerate judgments of things and for orderly and considerate doing of things; I mean that he is a member of that trained and honor-bound element in society which works persistently and even automatically for the maintenance of the thing we call civilization. I employ the term "lawyer" in a limited sense, for that man who disregards the spirit and the rule of the law is in my philosophy no lawyer, though he may have all the knowledge of a Kent in his head and even at his tongue's end. Here we have a key which enables us to look into the mind of a man whose poise under difficult circumstances, whose hopefulness under all circumstances, and whose unvarying good temper alike amaze and charm all who come into relations with him.

We may fairly judge of what Mr. Taft will be in the presidential office by what we have seen of him as a President-elect. For four months he has stood before the country in a light quite as fierce as that which traditionally beats upon a throne. Every waking hour has been under public observation, every utterance, every movement, every impulse and suggestion has been seen of all men and subject to critical interpretation. In that period his conduct has been beyond question. He has shown no exhilaration in success, no touch of arrogance in expectation. At the same time he has been duly conscious of the dignities of his position and of the obligations which it has put upon him. With easy grace he has received all with whom he has wished to confer and with an equally easy grace he has protected himself against the rude assaults which in some other instances have overwhelmed and distressed men of less poise under similar circumstances. Somewhat under suspicion in many minds of a subservient relation to his late chief, the retiring President, he has permitted no criticism or suggestion to lead him into any indiscretion of manner or speech. With admirable self-control, with perfect patience, he has pursued his path bravely, with dignity, without concealments, and yet with fine



reserve. Day by day and week by week he has grown in the esteem even of those who have regarded him most critically, and it is not too much to say that he enters upon the responsibilities of the presidential office with a more definite endowment of individual confidence than any man since the earlier days of the republic.

Mr. Taft has said in connections involving no reflection upon anybody that he inherits no animosities. The public has given to this expression a definite interpretation. It is taken in connection with the temper and character of Mr. Taft to imply that we shall have in the White House a very different temper, a very different manner, a very different method of judging and administering than we have had in the recent past. As somebody has put it, The frown is passing, the smile is coming back. We are in the way of getting off the green goggles which have colored the whole world, afflicting us with the notion that we are face to face with unsolvable problems, that we are menaced by overwhelming dangers. The spirit of fault-finding, of reproach, is no longer to have the driver's seat. The country is to have the immeasurable advantage of seeing an old-fashioned, hopeful-minded, sweet-tempered, good-humored man in the place of greatest authority and influence. It is again to be demonstrated that it is possible to advance good causes without first creating the impression that the country is rotten to its core and that one only man is possessed of all its virtues, its good intentions, its courage, and its honor.

Let us remember that President Taft comes upon a situation curiously complicated and in many respects primed to test his powers. Let us not forget that multitudes of our best intentioned people have deliberately been taught to regard him as one lacking in independent character and subject to a will other than his own. Let us have patience, let us yield time, let us make allowance for difficulties and even for mistakes. For one, the *Argonaut* is hopeful almost to the point of enthusiasm. It believes that we are to have in Mr. Taft a President whose wisdom, courtesy, and optimism are to yield us blessings which recent times have not known.

#### Society Suffragettes.

The extraordinary revival of the woman suffrage movement in the East finds its inspiration in the activity of certain aristocratic women in the English "suffragette" movement. There is an element in New York which unfailingly imitates the doings of titled people beyond the Atlantic; moreover an element intensely bored with itself and eager to find in any form of novelty an outlet for its suppressed and thwarted energies. The sincerity and depth of the suffrage movement in New York, in so far as it is affiliated with the fashionable world, may be estimated by the unflinching care taken by certain women of the smart set in sitting on rostrums of suffrage meetings to wear their very prettiest gowns. The group of fashionables with Mrs. Clarence Mackay at its head which graces the platform of every suffrage gathering, attires itself for the opera not more gaudily than for these interesting occasions. The effort apparently is to give to the movement the sanction of "society" approval, with such inspiration as may be found in it to the multitude which always imitates the rich. Viewed critically, the movement has all the earmarks of a transient fad, taken up through vanity and as an escape from ennui, destined to be dropped with a dull thud when some newer method of individual exploitation may present itself. Reformers fired with a burning zeal and possessed of unquenchable enthusiasm are not wont to make so much of mere personal trappings and so carefully to arrange their stage pictures. Next year Mrs. Mackay and her group of followers will be posing for some newer cause—still in their prettiest gowns.

#### Military Expansion.

The military appropriation bills now before Congress certainly give reasons for grave reflection, but not necessarily for condemnation. The present condition of the world makes an independent policy upon such matters an impossibility. The evil impetus that has been given to the world's armaments is felt throughout the whole of civilization almost without reference to geographical position, and it is not to be resisted by vague and irresponsible appeals to tradition or by the honorable scruples of the humanitarian. We can only hope that wherever the reaction shall first make itself felt, it will prove equally contagious. That a reaction is at present the most hopeful feature of the situation, and we may well wish it to come soon.

The figures are certainly colossal. The navy bill alone is \$137,000,000, while the expenditure for military establishment is \$103,000,000. If to these figures we add the pension bill of \$160,000,000 we have a total of \$400,000,000 for war preparations and for war results, and at a time when the country is at peace and with every reasonable expectation of remaining at peace.

It is in no captious spirit that we ask where this is to stop, for the end of the road is still out of sight. The rate of increase has been phenomenal. During the coming year we are to spend nearly as much as we spent while the Philippine War was in progress, and next year we shall spend more still. There is plenty of criticism, but there is none of the constructive kind, the only kind that statesmanship can listen to. Even the enemies of this expenditure—and in a sense we are all its enemies—can hardly point to a programme of curtailment that a responsible executive could listen to. This country and all other countries are upon an evil tide of military and naval expansion from which there can be no single escape, and we can do little more than guard rigidly against extravagance and maladministration while hoping for the better and saner days that can not be far off.

#### Unhappy Portugal.

When King Carlos of Portugal and his eldest son were murdered a year ago there was an outburst of rage against Premier Franco, who was accused of adding the crime of assassination to that of a political dictatorship. Under the pressure of popular denunciation, in which the widowed queen was so inept as to join, the premier was forced from the country, and not until he had become a permanent exile was it recognized that he was the one man who stood between the monarchy and revolution. Had he been in the carriage with the king he, too, would have been killed, and to that extent the plans of the murderers were incomplete, but he was driven from Portugal amid the forebodings of those who knew that all hope of order and stability went with him.

We are now beginning to see the extent to which those forebodings were justified. In spite of a rigorous censorship of both telegrams and letters, it is evident that Portugal has fallen completely under the domination of the men who killed the king in order that their nefarious policies might remain unchecked. The condition of the boy king and of the queen mother is pitiable in the extreme, comparable only with that of Louis XVI of France after the fall of the Bastille. They are virtually prisoners in the palace and subject to all the insult that a besotted populace can throw upon them. The murderers of King Carlos are well known, but no attempt has been made to bring them to justice, indeed they are feted and acclaimed. When the king attended the requiem mass in memory of his father and of his brother there was a rival celebration at the same hour around the graves of the two assassins who were killed upon the fatal day a year ago, and this shameful ceremony was vastly the larger and the more popular of the two. While the murderers themselves have been unpunished, the one man who stood between them and their victims has been visited with every mark of public displeasure. Lieutenant Francesco Figuiera defended the king with extraordinary courage, killing one if not both of the dead regicides, but so far from rewarding his fidelity, it was actually proposed to try him for his life, and although this was not done, the queen was compelled to discharge him from her service. The municipal council of Lisbon has decreed that all royal demonstrations must cease in order that the people may not be "annoyed," and neither the king nor his mother is allowed to appear in public without effacing all external marks of their rank.

Another catastrophe must of course come, and it must come soon. If this were an honest struggle between monarchy and republicanism, we should know where to place our sympathies. But it is not an honest struggle. The men who murdered King Carlos and who are now in control of the government are a mere pack of thieving wolves who use the name of republicanism to cajole a wholly illiterate people and who care nothing for any particular form of government so long as they are left unmolested to plunder the public treasury. Whatever pity may be felt for the king, who is said to be dying of chagrin and apprehension, we can hardly feel much sympathy for his mother except the elemental sympathy due to her womanhood. Had she thrown the whole of her weight upon the

side of Franco she might have carried the army with her and thwarted the revolutionary anarchists who supply brains to the whole movement. But whether from ignorance, or stupidity, or fear, or a combination of all, she deliberately gave momentum to the avalanche that now threatens to crush her and her son. Nothing, indeed, can stay it except foreign intervention, and it is said that protests have already been received from more than one of the European powers against a scandal without a parallel short of Serbia.

To judge the Portuguese by the standards of other nations will lead to hopeless miscalculation. Eighty per cent of the whole population are illiterate, without moral sense, lazy, and improvident. There was a time when the negroes of Lisbon were more numerous than the whites, and that this is not now the case is due to the fact that the colored elements have been absorbed through intermarriage, diffusing their racial defects throughout the country. To a great extent Portugal is isolated from the west of Europe. Spain is her only neighbor and an effective rampart against progressive ideas. Had her geographical position been different she might have excited the covetous interest of Europe long ago and been extinguished as an independent power. As it is, she bids fair to rival Turkey as a plague spot upon civilization.

#### Morals and the Theatre.

Miss Jeannette Gilder, whom *Argonaut* readers are to know more intimately hereafter, writes interestingly on another page of certain phases of the dramatic, perhaps we would better say the theatrical life of New York City. Miss Gilder sees in the sheer nakedness of its folly the proposal to establish a censorship of plays in this country, with authority to license or to prohibit in the judgment or the whim of the particular politician who might work himself into the censor's job. Her philosophy goes straight to the point by the plain road of common sense. We will have a rotten stage while there are rotten-minded people who revel in and are willing to pay for vulgarity. What the public taste or any considerable part of it demands it will have, censorship or no censorship, just as we have quack doctors, shoddy dress goods, and substituted foods in the face of restrictive enactments. Neither the stage nor the press nor any other thing of human creation will be much better than those for whom these things are provided. The way to reform, to purify, to exalt and moralize the stage, is to reform, to purify, to exalt and moralize the public mind. This, to be sure, is a tedious and inevitably a thankless business; nevertheless, there is no other way, and only those in whom enthusiasm overtops judgment ever try to find any other way.

There is a reason for the rotten element in the New York theatrical system which does not reflect wholly upon the bad taste or the bad morals of New York itself. For, be it remembered, it is not more, indeed it is much less, the denizens of New York City who support and revel in stage vulgarities than the visitor from Jamaica Plain, Keokuk, Fort Worth, and Walla Walla, not to mention the Michigan peach belt. All over the country there are people who at home never by any chance see anything in the dramatic line less innocent than Little Eva ascending to heaven make straight for the vulgarlest show on the White Way at early candle light of the day they arrive in New York. One who has known something of how the provincial amuses himself away from home remembers seeing not only once but many times respectable husbands and fathers, yea even wives and mothers, plainly from the country, making the most of Joe Weber's and of other equally refined and moralized exhibitions. There is an element of vice in the blood of nearly every human creature, and upon occasion it seeks an outlet; as in the case of the familiar rural parson whose first interest when he comes to town is to seek out and wander through the red-light district for the purpose, as he truly believes, of beholding immorality in its naked forms to the end that he may more effectively safeguard his rustic flock against the snares of world flesh and devil.

Even in the dullest time, it is said, New York has a hundred thousand visitors, and during the winter season there are times when this number is doubled. All have more or less time on their hands and are distinctly more than less disposed to be amused. Many of them, coming as agents of others, are able to make free with money other than their own; not a few are exhilarated by unaccustomed release from neighborly scrutiny and domestic discipline. There is universal disposition to see whatever may be seen, and the more lurid the invi-



tation the more likely it is to be accepted. In a smaller way we have the same thing in San Francisco. Hold your nose and go into the lowest "variety" show on the water-front and there you will find the yokel from up-country and not infrequently his unsophisticated wife, in considerable numbers, side by side with the offscourings of the Barbary Coast.

The presumption that a censorship might cure the evils of the more vulgar element of the stage is simply a stupid theory, based on a plentiful lack of observation and experience. There is no cure for vulgarity under the prohibitive principle. Gross lewdness, indeed, may be punished like any other crime, but we are bound to say that efforts to suppress gross plays, like efforts to prohibit gross books, commonly end in increasing rather than in diminishing public interest in them. Indeed, this principle is so well understood by theatrical promoters that they commonly invite "persecution" in near-by outside towns for the sake of profitable notoriety in New York. The vulgarst play of this season in New York was artfully introduced to the metropolis on the basis of a summarily-enforced suppression in the historic town of Trenton. "The play that made Trenton famous" is the legend which now screams at passers-by from the billboard which marks the entrance to Joe Weber's Broadway resort.

### The New Cabinet.

It can not be said of the Taft Cabinet that it is especially marked by personal distinction or brilliant talents on the part of its members. Mr. Knox, who is to be Secretary of State and the chief general counsellor of the President, is, indeed, a very strong man, but he will labor under the disadvantage of being out of sympathy with his chief on the tariff question, to which the energies of the administration are to be immediately addressed. He is a stand-patter of the strictest sort, whereas the tariff policy of Mr. Taft is of quite another sort. It is a pity that Mr. Taft could not have had at the beginning and with respect to so important a matter the cordial approval and coöperation of his chief of staff.

Mr. MacVeagh of Illinois, who is to take the Treasury Department, is a merchant of experience and standing, but nobody knows anything about his capabilities in the field of large finance. Presumably he is a man of parts, but this presumption rests upon the fact that after studious investigation Mr. Taft has thought him worthy of the job. Mr. Dickinson, who is to be Secretary of War, is plainly a concession to geography. The South had, for obvious reasons, to have Cabinet representation, and that is why Mr. Dickinson has been invited. Mr. Meyer of Massachusetts is a respectable furniture-picture, and nothing more. He belongs to the rich-man's-son type of statesman and in the Cabinet will supply the element of social punctilio. He knows the rules of the conventional game, always wears the right tie with the right suit of clothes and holds his gloves in the correct way. His grip-sack is duly plastered over with foreign hotel labels. He belonged to the Roosevelt "tennis cabinet," and his promotions have grown out of that circumstance. Nobody has been so much surprised at his successive advancements as those who know him best. Mr. Wilson, who is to continue in the Department of Agriculture, preëminently fits a shoe which nobody else especially wants to wear. He has been so long the Secretary of Agriculture, and is so well qualified for its duties that it would have been a pity to disturb him. Mr. Nagel, who is to be Secretary of Commerce and Labor, hails from Missouri, having been selected, no doubt, with a view to encouraging the Republican movement in that State. Above all other purposes Mr. Taft wishes to reorganize the politics of the South, and Missouri is the most promising State upon which to hang the swivel of executive recognition.

Of Mr. Wickersham, the Attorney-General, only good things may be said, although his selection may be due to some extent to personal considerations. He is the law partner of the President's brother and holds a most excellent professional and social position in New York. Those who ought to be able to speak by the card think well of Mr. Wickersham and expect important things from his service in the Department of Justice. The prestige of this department has, unhappily, been injured during the recent régime. Mr. Roosevelt has cared little about law or lawyers. What he demanded in the Department of Justice was a man who would do what he wanted done, who would find opinions to match his moods and purposes, rather than a strong man capable of resisting him. Mr. Bona-

parte precisely matched the requirements. He is neither strong as a lawyer nor as a man, and his historic name served to supply just that tone of melodrama so precious to the Rooseveltian imagination. Mr. Bona-parte's incumbency has tended to reduce the Attorney-Generalship to a mere executive clerkship; and it will fall to Mr. Wickersham to lift it out of the slough of contempt if he can and to reëstablish it upon the basis of public and private respect. From what we can learn of Mr. Wickersham we are hopeful that he will cut out the secret-service and muck-raking departments and make the Department of Justice a department of justice in fact rather than a libel upon its name.

We think Mr. Taft has made a mistake in bringing Mr. Frank Hitchcock into the Postmaster-Generalship. Hitchcock is a smart young man, infected with the spirit of political intrigue. He was the organizer and boss of the system under which the Southern delegates were controlled in the last national convention. Outside of the business of political wire-pulling under the whip of official patronage he has no distinction and no record. Probably Mr. Taft felt under some obligations to this young manipulator. Possibly he felt it necessary to do something for him. The *Argonaut* is among the many who wish that he might have found some other way to pay a rather more than less discreditable political debt. Mr. Hitchcock's presence in the Cabinet, we think, will tend to cheapen its tone; even, we fear, to cast doubt in many minds upon the sincerity and the judgment of Mr. Taft.

It is to be regretted that political conditions here have defeated the wish of the President to recognize California by a Cabinet appointment. There is, we think, no doubt that a Californian would have been invited into the Cabinet if our factions did not so fondly and so openly hate each other. To be quite frank, our failure at the point of Cabinet representation is the price we pay for cherishing even so slightly as we have that association of political malcontents known as the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. The only achievement of that organization so far as we have been able to trace it is the cutting out of California from representation in the Cabinet.

However, in casting about for a man from the Pacific Coast, Mr. Taft did well to select Judge Ballinger of Seattle. Mr. Ballinger belongs to the older group of citizens in the Puget Sound district—he is of those who bore their present names prior to immigration. He has had a busy and respectable career and has always carried himself in a way to command the confidence and good will of the community in which he lives. He served not very far back as Commissioner of the General Land Office, making a record which has now won him a larger promotion. Judge Ballinger can hardly be called a brilliant man, but he is distinctly a man of good working capabilities, of high standards, and of unblemished personal and professional character. His experience as a judicial officer and his acquaintance with Western conditions will serve him well in the Interior Department. Since Judge Ballinger is especially the representative of the Pacific Coast States, let us hope that he will very soon find occasion to visit California and to become personally familiar with conditions and interests as they relate particularly to this State.

If Mr. Taft has not succeeded in organizing a notable Cabinet, he has at least made one promising entire respectability. It is, perhaps, to his credit that on the whole he has looked for sound rather than for showy men. Time will illustrate the value of his judgment, and if in any way he has gone amiss time should enable him to set things right.

### Editorial Notes.

Mr. Taft is the first President of the United States to have personal acquaintance with what we may call the Pacific world—that is, with that region of land and water which the prescient vision of Seward saw as the theatre of the world's largest future activities. And, singularly enough, Mr. Taft not only knows the world of the Pacific, but he knows it better than any other American. He has, if we do not mistake, crossed the Pacific Ocean eight times. He passed the better part of three years in the largest administrative post in the Pacific, incidentally visiting China and Japan, frequently conferring with the leading men of those countries. Mr. Taft not only knows the Pacific world, but he has an instinctive liking for it, with full appreciation of its potentialities and its destinies. How important this fact is to the immediate interests of the Pacific States could hardly be over-emphasized. Our

future development, material and other, is dependent not more upon what shall come to pass in our immediate environments than upon what is to happen in the other countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean. It will mean much that the man in the White House is informed, appreciative of possibilities, and personally interested in affairs directly related to our fortunes.

At first glance the fact that Luther Burbank and his work have been "incorporated" strikes athwart some not unworthy sensibilities. But upon reflection it becomes apparent that a discreet and wholesome development has been achieved in connection with the practical application of Mr. Burbank's discoveries. It is given to few men to embody in themselves the imaginative, the scientific, and the commercial minds. No man who does the work of Mr. Burbank, no matter how many types of mind he may possess, can have the time or the hardihood to add to it the functions of the promoter and the distributor. It is proper, therefore, from every point of view that Mr. Burbank should cut himself loose from everything but the special work for which his genius fits him, leaving to others those things which men of other sorts of mind and training can do much better than he. Mr. Burbank's deal with the Law brothers will relieve him from administrative cares and personal anxieties. It will make him free to pursue his special work with absolute concentration of purpose. On the other hand, it can not fail through systematic promotion to extend widely the beneficent use of Mr. Burbank's creations. Altogether, it seems an admirable adjustment, since it brings into coöperation the forces of imaginative and scientific genius, the working power of adequate capital, and of demonstrated talent for making the most of things in a practical way.

Really, there seems no reason why the town should be all torn up for the Miss Crook has strewed of beads, albeit they be truly pearls which cost the tidy sum of 200,000 francs, more or less, in Rue de la Paix. There is an element of comfort in a disaster of this kind in the reflection that nobody, not even the fair party of the first part, will go cold or go hungry on the score of this loss. Nor will stress of mind sit heavily on one upon whom youth and fortune have showered such generous endowments. In spite of all the hubbub, some of us are expecting one of these fine mornings to be informed that the young lady has found her treasure either in the left-hand side pocket of a left-off petticoat or in an upper right-hand bureau drawer or in the toe of a stocking—somewhere in the precise place where in a moment of inadvertence she herself put it. Acquaintance with the feminine habit has instructed some of us not to be too quick about reckoning losses of this kind as final.

### How Mr. Heney Has Been Paid.

[From the Portland Oregonian, February 28.]

OREGONIAN NEWS BUREAU, Washington, February 27.—Francis J. Heney has been paid a total of \$65,000 to date for his services in connection with the prosecution of the Oregon land fraud cases, these payments covering the period beginning November 7, 1903, when he was first appointed "Special Assistant Attorney-General of the United States to assist the United States Attorney for the District of Oregon," down to the beginning of the present year. The last payment was made to Mr. Heney January 21, 1909.

From the Attorney-General it is learned that payments to Mr. Heney have been made as follows:

July 6, 1904.....	\$ 5,000
March 10, 1905.....	7,500
August 10, 1905.....	5,000
February 13, 1906.....	7,500
August 24, 1906.....	7,000
August 9, 1907.....	5,000
December 26, 1907.....	5,000
March 2, 1908.....	8,000
July 6, 1908.....	10,000
January 21, 1909.....	5,000
Total to date.....	\$65,000

It is evident, from a statement made by the Attorney-General, that Mr. Heney will receive further compensation, for, contrary to public knowledge, he is still retained on the government payroll, and paid out of special appropriations placed at the disposal of the Attorney-General. Since Mr. Heney retired from the active prosecution of the land fraud cases, he has been, says the Attorney-General, retained in an advisory capacity to coöperate with and advise other government counsel, in whose hands rests the prosecution of the cases still untied.

Whether Mr. Heney will continue on the payroll of the Department of Justice after March 4 will depend upon the attitude of the incoming Attorney-General. Those who are close to Mr. Taft freely express the opinion that the next President does not entertain for Mr. Heney that same regard that has been shown by President Roosevelt and, according to these authorities, the "advisory" services of Mr. Heney may be dispensed with.

Instructions to local authorities to admit the press to their meetings, in accordance with the act of last year, were sent out recently by the local government board in London, which has authority through Great Britain.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

The prosecution of the New York *World* and of the Indianapolis *News* has once more become the topic of the day. The Federal Grand Jury, sitting at Washington, has returned indictments against Joseph Pulitzer, Caleb M. Van Hamm, and Robert H. Lyman of the *World* and against Delavan Smith and Charles R. Williams of the *News*, charging them with libel in publications connected with the purchase of the Panama Canal. The persons alleged to have been libeled are President Roosevelt, J. P. Morgan, Charles P. Taft, Elihu Root, Douglas Robinson, and William Nelson Cromwell.

The return of the indictments in Washington means that the defendants will be arrested and taken to Washington, if that procedure is found to be practicable. At the time of issue Mr. Pulitzer was at sea, but it is understood that he will return at once and formally accept the warrant. All the defendants will resist the removal to Washington, and the preliminary moves are likely to be hotly contested.

In the face of these proceedings the *World* continues to be unrepentant and defiant. It reminds the public that this prosecution is a political proceeding instigated by Mr. Roosevelt against the two great newspapers in the North which supported the Democratic national ticket. Mr. Root, although now in the guise of plaintiff, was concerned in the historic case of *Noyes versus Dana*, in which he referred to the present procedure as "the same arbitrary and odious law against which Erskine fought in the days of George III." Mr. Roosevelt is now employing this same "arbitrary and odious law" against Mr. Pulitzer and his colleagues, and in a case involving Mr. Roosevelt's brother-in-law, Mr. Douglas Robinson.

The *World* is evidently determined to use "the liberty of the press" as a battle cry. Writing after the issue of the indictments, it says:

This persecution, if it succeed, will place every newspaper in the country which circulates in Washington—and there are few of importance which do not circulate there—completely at the mercy of any autocratic, vainglorious President who is willing to prostitute his authority for the gratification of his personal malice. Few newspapers make large profits. Most of them could be ruined financially by the legal expense of defending themselves hundreds of miles from the place of publication and against the tremendous resources of the United States government.

Under this procedure there is hardly an American newspaper proprietor who would not be liable to criminal indictment in Washington if his newspaper printed something offensive to the President, even though the proprietor might have been thousands of miles from his office at the time of such publication and known nothing whatever about it. There is hardly an editor or writer or reporter who would not be similarly liable to indictment at the whim of a President. In addition to this, all of them would likewise be liable to criminal indictment, as District Attorney Stimson declares, "in a number of separate and independent jurisdictions"—that is, in the jurisdiction of all the 2809 government reservations in which copies of the newspaper might happen to have circulated.

The threat of prosecution, says the *World*, was only one element in the Reign of Terror instituted by Mr. Roosevelt as soon as the election was over, for while the election was in progress he had only a pitying contempt for those who sought to hamper the progress of the great work. He had already slandered citizens and Congress and the courts. An assault upon the freedom of the press was logically the next step in the gratification of his revenge upon every one who had dared to interfere with his policies, projects, or purposes. In thus bending the powers of the government to punish newspapers which have dared to criticize him he has let it be known that Federal office-holders concerned in the case "will earn his gratitude if their efforts are successful." It is a dazzling reward even from a President whose executive power will cease within a few days. The *World* concludes:

Mr. Roosevelt is now abusing his great power as President and prostituting his great authority as President to exploit his political malice. These libel proceedings have no other object than to enable Mr. Roosevelt to employ the machinery of the United States government to satisfy his personal desire for revenge.

We say this reluctantly; but we say it without qualification, because it is true. And we say further that whatever indictments Mr. Roosevelt may cause to be brought, in however many "distinct and independent jurisdictions," against the *World* or against Mr. Pulitzer or against editors of the *World*, he will not intimidate this newspaper or swerve it in the slightest degree from the performance of its public duty.

Mr. Roosevelt is an episode. The *World* is an institution. Long after Mr. Roosevelt is dead, long after Mr. Pulitzer is dead, long after all the present editors of this paper are dead, the *World* will still go on as a great independent newspaper, unmuzzled, undaunted, and unterrified.

If these proceedings should continue, if these charges should come to trial, it needs no great political prescience to believe that we shall be face to face with one of the greatest and most destructive scandals that this country has yet faced.

The extra session of Congress is close at hand, and the Ways and Means Committee are said to be straining every nerve to have the tariff bill ready for report upon the opening day. Practically nothing is known of their conclusions, if, indeed, any conclusions have been reached. The secrecy is due partly to a desire to avoid undue pressure from the interests threatened, partly from an unwillingness to disturb business conditions, and partly to postpone until the last moment an embarrassing Democratic scrutiny.

In the meantime the Democrats are not idle. Although they do not know the provisions of the new bill, they have a very clear opinion of what they ought to be, and they are busy in preparing amendments to submit to a vote. The Republicans themselves are by no means upon a bed of roses. Conflicting interests are vociferously loud, while the task of reducing, instead of augmenting the schedules has all the difficulties of novelty. East and West are not in agreement, the Eastern Republicans having a tendency to free raw materials, while Western members incline the other way. Important reductions in duties are to be looked for when the bill comes out of committee. This will be the case in

spite of the opposition of some of the committee. It is reported from a high quarter, for instance, that the Republican caucus has voted 8 to 12 to reduce the lumber duty from \$2 to \$1. This would be cutting the tariff in half on lumber not manufactured.

On account of the present state of the treasury, and with a deficit of nearly \$150,000,000 threatened at the end of the fiscal year, the revenue-producing feature of the bill is of greatest importance. Some way has to be devised to meet this. The four propositions which are discussed for giving more revenue are the inheritance tax and income tax, one or both; the coffee and tea tax, the stamp taxes of the Spanish War period; an increased tax on beer. Of these the income tax or an inheritance tax would raise enough money to meet the deficit, even if there were no more tariff revenue collected.

The Boston *Transcript* is well nigh the only Eastern newspaper that identifies the true inwardness of the Japanese legislation with labor union pretensions. If war should result, says the *Transcript*, it could be traced to only one source—union labor. It was union labor that began the agitation for separate schools, that tried to force bills in violation of a national treaty. It has given its moral support to the hoodlumism that has persecuted Japanese in occasional instances, and encourages a rude and discourteous behavior toward them at all times. Yet what is union labor going to do in the event of war?

If war should result over bills insulting the dignity of the Japanese nation, it could be traced to only one source—union labor. It was union labor that began the agitation for separate schools, that tried to force bills in violation of a national treaty. It has given its moral support to the hoodlumism that has persecuted Japanese in occasional instances, and encourages a rude and discourteous behavior toward them at all times. Yet what is union labor going to do in the event of war?

In view of the pleas made by the legislative supporters of the Exclusion League that a national defense is needed, the labor unions have solemnly withdrawn their antagonism to the militia bill. That is to say, the unions will not place on the unfair list a legislator who supports the militia act. They will not, however, give any active support to the bill. They will not withdraw the union rules that prevents a union man from serving in the militia, and require a man to resign from the militia to become a member of a union. The antagonism still remains in this strong negative sense against an armed body that might be used to enforce peace in time of labor riots.

San Francisco at this time has the fewest active militiamen of any large city in the United States, and at the same time the greatest number of discharged soldiers. It contributed more than an entire regiment of volunteers that did active service in the Philippines and has retained discharged men of every regiment that has passed through on returning from the islands. It has thus the finest kind of material to man its coast defenses. But with the antagonism of the unions, its entire infantry regiment disbanded after doing excellent guard service during the first month or two after the fire. Even the officers became disgusted and quit. There are now left only a few companies of small credit to the city, with headquarters across the bay in another county. The present legislative bill merely aims to comply with the national Dick law. So the legislative side of the contest is pretty clear. It was an ignoble, dishonest campaign, and there is a general feeling of relief that Treitmoe and Johnson were sat upon. At least there is in San Francisco.

Andrew Pears, managing director and head of the soap firm of A. & F. Pears, Limited, died at Isleworth February 10. He was born in 1846 in the London suburb in which he died, and was the only son of the late F. Pears and a grandson of the founder of the establishment of which he was the head at the time of his death. Mr. Pears inherited most of his fortune from his father. He added to this, however, during the time that he was the head of the concern, and it was believed that he was worth many millions of dollars. He was also an extensive land-owner, most of his real estate being located in the suburbs of London. He was the last member of the Pears family to be connected with the firm.

The kilted Caledonian battalion known as the London Scottish recently gave an exhibition march before inspection in the British metropolis. Three years ago the London Scots indulged in a similar march of one hundred miles from Dunkeld to Inverness, through the most interesting parts of the Highlands, and the result was a considerable accession of strength on the return of the distinguished corps, which, among other things, sent considerably over 200 of its members to the war in South Africa.

In Lincoln, Nebraska, a few days ago the local agent of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange widely advertised the arrival of a special trainload of oranges for Lincoln. The train was composed of twenty-seven cars of oranges and had made a record-breaking run across the country accompanied by a messenger who reported by wire daily the movement of the train. This orange special had the right-of-way, passing both passenger and freight trains on its fast schedule.

A rug, said to be worth more than \$50,000 and the finest in the world, has been presented to the White House as a gift to the nation, and accepted by President Roosevelt. It will be placed in the parlors of the President's home. The donor is H. H. Topakyan, a rich Armenian of New York. The rug is of imperial silk, heavily jeweled with rich pearls, turquoise, rubies, and other Oriental stones, and will be framed as a screen.

A German inventor has managed to replace the needle in the phonograph with a jet of compressed air which follows the record without friction, and thus does away with the unpleasant scratching and buzzing which have afflicted the instrument.

## POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Count Cassini, formerly ambassador at Washington, has applied for retirement, after nearly fifty-four years in the Russian diplomatic service.

Vice-President Fairbanks has bought a \$70,000 ranch near Redlands, California, and will make it his winter home, but it is not thought (remarks the Boston *Globe*) that this will have any noticeable effect upon the climate.

Twenty-six different States are represented by native sons in the Washington legislature, while there are ten natives of foreign countries and one who was born at sea. Washington is the birthplace of but six members of its own legislature, five representatives and one senator.

Henry Vignaud has been secretary of the American embassy in Paris nearly half his life, and he is now verging on four-score. He has thought of retiring, but his salary has never been more than \$3000 a year, and he has been unable to lay up treasure out of that stipend. There is matter here for consideration.

Representative Landis of Indiana wants a summer White House constructed for the President of the United States. He has introduced a bill to appropriate \$250,000 to erect within the United States military reservation at West Point, New York, a suitable residence and office building, which shall be available as an official summer residence and executive office. The building is to be designated "the Country White House."

Representative Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, after sixteen years of continuous service in Congress, is said to be considering retirement. He has been offered the presidency of Dartmouth College, and probably will accept. Mr. McCall's honesty, independence, freedom from partisanship, and unwillingness to change his convictions or prostitute his vote to please public clamor, has been widely commented on, and always to his credit, except in some political circles.

Lars Andersen of New York is spoken of as the most likely successor to Lloyd Griscom as American Ambassador to Italy. Mr. Andersen was very popular at court when he was First Secretary of the American Embassy under Wayne MacVeagh. Queen Margherita at one of the court balls asked Mr. Andersen, who was the youngest diplomat present, to open the cotillon. He was on terms of friendship with the then Prince of Naples, now King Victor Emmanuel, and he would no doubt be *persona grata* to the government.

Governor Noel of Mississippi has announced that he will tolerate no more lynchings in his State. These are his words: "I am sorry to say it, but the time has come in Mississippi when there will have to be an armed clash between the military and the citizens. For the good of the State, conditions can not be allowed to continue as they are, for it will simply resolve itself into a contest of strength between the mob and the powers of the State. I mean to get the situation in hand, and there will be no more lynchings while I am governor, if there is any military in the State to prevent it and uphold the law."

Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago, who has been mentioned as a probable Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Taft's Cabinet, was born on a farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and graduated from Yale University in 1862, and from the law school of Columbia University in 1864. He abandoned the practice of law because of ill health, and went to Chicago, where he established a wholesale grocery business, at the head of which he continues. He was at one time president of the Citizens' Association of Chicago, which inaugurated many important municipal reforms, and is now the president of the Bureau of Charities and of the Municipal Art League, and a member of the executive committee of the National Civic Federation. His interest in politics has been chiefly in local or State issues. The Democratic party nominated him for United States senator in 1894, but he was defeated in the legislature.

Harry J. Bauman, alias Dr. Herman Brandt, said to have had fifty wives and to have swindled women out of \$500,000 in five years, was sentenced to the Joliet (Illinois) prison a few days ago on a charge of swindling. Detective Clifton R. Wooldridge, who prosecuted Bauman, says he has evidence to prove that Bauman married at least fifty women in Europe and America, robbed them of their money and valuables, and deserted them.

Switzerland might be urged, along with Germany, as a precedent for South Africa's curious division of her future headquarters; for, while German-speaking Berne is the legislative and administrative centre of the Confederation, the supreme law court is at French-speaking Lausanne.

The Panama Canal commissary sells between \$75,000 and \$80,000 worth of clothing every month to canal employees. It runs thirteen stores along the line of the canal. It sells between \$25,000 and \$30,000 worth of tobacco every month.

Mexico now has a navy of eight vessels, the largest of which is only a little bigger than a United States revenue cutter.



## MORALS IN THE THEATRE.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Writes in Deprecation of a Censorship of Plays.

There is a lot of foolish talk about a stage censorship in this country. We don't want anything of the sort. We will work out our own salvation without the interference of any one paid to look after our moral well being. I have never known of a censorship that was not a farce. Could there be anything more ridiculous than the English censorship of plays? What Mr. Redford lets get to the footlights and what he does not let get there seem merely to be matters of the moment, just how he happens to feel at the time he reads the manuscript. According to Mr. Eugene Walter, the author of the play, the Lord Chamberlain of London read "The Easiest Way" and permitted a copyright performance, so a censor did not help London much. Such a person would not help us either. We must help ourselves. If we really disapprove of such plays as "The Easiest Way," the easiest way to prevent them is not to patronize them. Managers and playwrights are out for the dollars, and if they do not get them with one play they try another. The Messrs. Mallory, the Rev. Doctor and his brother, who ran the Madison Square so successfully years ago, made their money with such innocuous plays as "Hazel Kirke" and "May Blossom." I doubt if such plays would be popular outside of Sunday-school circles today, but witness the success of that entirely decent play, "What Every Woman Knows." Though the part hardly suits Miss Maude Adams, she has seldom drawn such audiences; this because of her personal popularity and the popularity of the play.

"The Easiest Way" is merely a dramatization of life in the Tenderloin district. There is nothing new about it. We may read such things in the papers every day if we care to. There are a good many of us who don't care to and a good many more who do, but it is sordid stuff and no more real life than any other indecency.

Here is what Mr. Walter says of his play and in his own defense. I dare say he believes it; I do him the justice to think that he does. But I do not, nor do I think Mr. Belasco believes it any more than I think that he believed the same thing of "Zaza." He put on these plays because he thought there was money in them, and he would not have put them on otherwise, no matter how great he thought their moral lesson. Now let us hear Mr. Walter:

There is a tendency in New York and other large centres to deviate from a normal life. Its result is right here before our eyes. The condoning of what twenty-five years ago would have been looked upon as inexcusable crimes has become an element of positive influence which exerts itself in the political control of New York, indirectly, but nevertheless potentially. If I used the French method in treating this growing evil I would subordinate the wife and justify the mistress. If I used the English I would hide everything and pretend it didn't exist, even if it hit you right in the nose. But in using the American I go directly to the question this way: "There's something wrong here; let's find out what it is and then fix it."

I take the position that the decent people of this town are in ignorance of just what that wrong is, and how to fix it. I have written a play to show them the terrific influence of a certain element of newly rich or irresponsible rich sons who find their pleasure in playing with weak and unfortunate women as others do with their dogs and horses—it is the truth, and what harm can there be in the truth? Those whom the truth hurts in this instance need not see the play, but can look into their own consciences and their own memories, and those whom the truth does not hurt can not be injured by seeing the play, because it will show them a side of life that some time, some way, they may be able to alleviate. And if one woman's soul is saved from the human wolves of the Tenderloin, then the play has done something.

"The Easiest Way" is true to life. It is the arraignment of an evil that is virulent, as an ulcer, eating up the vitality and strength of the American nation. It is an evil that is growing with such tremendous strides that, unless properly controlled or stopped altogether, will spell destruction to the home and to the honor of our people and our republic. I had an idea that the best way to deal with this was to condemn it. "The Easiest Way" is devoted to its arraignment, not its glorification. I also believe that from the condemnation of wrongdoing, rightdoing will result.

Fudge! Do not stultify yourself, Mr. Walter. No one is going to be influenced to right-doing by this play, and those who go to see it do so from other than missionary motives. Fortunately, plays of this sort, while they have their little day, and make money during that time, are soon gone and soon forgotten. It is quite true, as Mr. John Temple Graves pointed out in an address before the American Playgoers at their St. Valentine's dinner, that the clean plays are the ones that make the most money in the long run. He cited "The Old Homestead," which has been running for twenty-one years and made \$3,000,000, and "Way Down East," which has not run quite so long, but has \$1,000,000 to its credit. Mr. Graves spoke of a play called "Orange Blossoms," which he described as "the dirtiest play ever put on in America," but which is now forgotten. I never even heard of it, though I am by way of hearing of all the new plays.

At this same dinner Rabbi Wise declared that women were responsible for the performance of salacious plays in the theatres, because so many of them went to see them, and because those who did not go failed to use their influence to arouse public opinion against them.

In the meantime preachers are preaching against "The Easiest Way" and people are writing to the papers against it, while the syndicate sits back and smiles, for it is none of theirs. They say, or at least Mr. Erlanger says, that the syndicate will not book "The Girl from Rector's" or "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." It is not necessary for them to do so, say the managers of those plays, for they have already done it.

To me the utter vacuity of these so-called musical comedies would rule them out if their vulgarity did not. It seems like a confession of imbecility to find anything amusing in them, and I wonder, not so much at the indecency of mind that can enjoy them, as the low order of intellect. Mr. Paul Potter, who is the author of these two musical (?) shows, is a man of wide cultivation and a student of the drama, but he is a cynic, and his argument is that if the public likes this sort of thing give it to them, as much and as strong as they will stand.

I have not seen people stirred up in a long time as they are about these three plays, but unfortunately all the talk only advertises them. People out of New York will not stand for as much indecency as New York will, and I doubt if, outside of one or two of the larger cities, they have any success.

It is pleasant to turn from these degrading plays to Miss Julia Marlowe's performance of Miss Mary Johnston's "The Goddess of Reason." Miss Johnston's play is not a great play, but it is dignified and decent, and that is something to be thankful for, and more than all it gives Miss Marlowe an opportunity for the displaying of some of her most attractive qualities at their best. When a performance can be praised by critics whose points of view are as wide apart as those of Mr. William Winter and Mr. Allan Dale, it must have something unusual about it. It is hard to say whose praises are the most enthusiastic among the critics. Even the *Evening Post* falls into line and thanks God for an evening of real enjoyment. "The Goddess of Reason" is written in blank verse, of which poetic form of speech Miss Johnston is not a master. But there are pretty spots in the play, lines which Miss Marlowe by her beautiful reading makes to glow as though they were indeed pearls of poetry. Had a real playwright taken hold of Miss Johnston's material and a real poet supplied the lines, Miss Marlowe would have the greatest play in her repertoire, outside of Shakespeare, for the plot and the situations are there. "The Goddess of Reason" will not be a money-maker for Miss Marlowe, it will not add to her bank account, but it will add to her reputation as an interpreter of poetic drama, and to her reputation as a courageous "star" that she should be willing to produce a play for the sake of her ideals.

I am puzzled to know why we made such a to-do about Mme. Sembrich's farewell to the operatic stage and paid no attention to that of Mme. Eames. We got up testimonials and dinners and presented jewels and wreaths and danced dances and shed tears and kissed promiscuously over Mme. Sembrich's farewell, and we let Mme. Eames go without a word of regret. Mme. Sembrich has been singing in opera longer than Mme. Eames, but that could not have been the reason for this disproportion. Personally I shall miss Mme. Eames more than Mme. Sembrich. I like her voice better, and she is so good to look upon on the stage. But, after all, both of these singers are coming back to us and we shall hear them in concert. They are not yet ready to turn their backs upon such a gold mine as these United States. They remind me of a favorite Italian opera singer of past times, who, when she took a tearful farewell of a crowded house at the old Academy of Music, said when she appeared before the curtain for the twentieth time, "Gooda bye, my friends, I come back soon and get your little dollar"—and she did.

*Jeannette Gilder*

NEW YORK, February 25, 1909.

This is the record of the American fleet's long voyage: Left Norfolk, Virginia, December 16, 1907; at Rio Janeiro, January 12, 1908; Punta Arenas, Chile, February 2; Callao, Peru, February 21; Magdalena Bay, March 12; San Diego, California, April 15; Los Angeles, April 20; Santa Barbara, April 26; San Francisco, May 8; Admiral Evans resigned, May 9; Seattle, May 23; Honolulu, July 15; Auckland, New Zealand, August 8; Sydney, Australia, August 19; Melbourne, Australia, August 28; Albany, Australia, September 14; Manila, September 29; Yokohama, October 17; Tokyo, October 19; Amoy, China, October 29; Manila, November 2; Colombo, Ceylon, December 12; Suez Canal, January 6-9, 1909; Athens (part of fleet), January 10; Naples (part of fleet), January 10; Malta (part of fleet), January 17; Tangier (part of fleet), January 30; Algiers (part of fleet), January 30; Gibraltar (part of fleet), January 31; left Gibraltar, February 6; returned to Norfolk, Virginia, February 22.

In the year 1694 William Patterson, founder of the Bank of Scotland, conceived the grand project of planting on the Isthmus of Darien a British colony which, in his own words, "should secure for Great Britain the keys of the universe, enabling their possessors to give laws to both oceans and to become the arbiters of the commercial world." This colony was actually founded at a place still known as Puerto Escecos, but its people were subsequently forced by the Spaniards to evacuate and return to Scotland.

Viscount Wolmer, a grandson of the late Marquis of Salisbury, is to be a Conservative candidate for Parliament, though not yet twenty-two.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Joseph W. Folk, ex-governor of Missouri, is lecturing in New England, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, on "The Era of Conscience."

Harold Cox, member of Parliament, speaking before the Authors' Club in London recently, propounded this pithy question, probably inspired by the paternal legislation now growing in favor in England: "If everybody learns to lean upon the State, upon whom is the State to lean?"

Queen Helena of Italy has decided to undertake with her own private funds the construction of a town on the outskirts of Messina. The queen personally directed the work of drawing up the street plans, and the laying out of the new village will be done by sailors from the battleship *Regina Elena*.

M. Emile Ollivier, the oldest member of the French Academy, is now at his château, La Monette, and aided by his devoted wife, has just completed the correction of the proofs of the fourteenth volume of his "L'Empire Liberal." This is said to be the most important part of his history, as it deals with the declaration of war in 1870. M. Ollivier is eighty-four years of age, but he is still an active worker.

Dr. H. Charles Louis Blanc, the new principal of the University of Lausanne, was born in Lausanne fifty years ago and began his studies at one of the primary schools. At nineteen he took his degree in science, afterward going, as so many Swiss scholars have done, to Germany, first to Stuttgart, then to the University of Fribourg-en-Brisgau, where he won his directorate in philosophy with honors. Since then he has made his mark as a zoologist, and now enjoys a European reputation.

E. C. Potter, the sculptor, at Greenwich, Connecticut, has nearly completed his model of a statue of General Custer, for which the State of Michigan appropriated \$35,000. The statue is to be set up in the town of Monroe, Michigan, Custer's home. Custer is represented as bareheaded, riding a spirited horse, his long, flowing hair being a distinctive feature. He wears a military cloak, and the whole attitude is one of grace and dignity. Mrs. Custer recently visited the studio, and expressed herself as greatly pleased with the design.

Colonel Henry Watterson, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, who will soon reach his sixty-ninth birthday, is at his winter home at Naples, near Fort Myers, Florida. He was asked to speak at the recent Tampa banquet in honor of William Jennings Bryan, and sent a letter of declination, in which appeared this passage: "The death of a dearly loved daughter, followed by the appalling tragedy which took from me a son who was the apple of my eye, leaves me stranded and helpless and wholly unequal to any kind of publicity. Before I left home I canceled all of my speaking dates and resolved never to again appear before any audience."

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the celebrated English artist, recently described in an address his experience in painting the portrait of Richard Wagner without a sitting. Wagner in 1877 was introducing his music to English audiences, and he permitted the young artist to be with him at his house, see him day by day, and watch him. When Wagner was asked when he intended to sit, he replied, "He sees me all the time." That went on for a month. Then the artist started one Friday on the portrait, worked at it all day at white heat, slept badly all night, and worked again all day Saturday. By the evening it was finished, and the next day he took the portrait, glazed and framed, to Wagner. Then came a change over the great musician. He was delighted.

John J. Boobar, librarian of the House of Representatives, is preparing a card index of the *Congressional Record*. To index the speeches of the Fifty-Ninth Congress alone required more than 20,000 cards. It is faithful even to the smallest detail, and its cross-references are abundant enough to enable even the amateur to find that for which he is seeking. Mr. Boobar took up this work more as a pastime than anything else. He was appointed librarian in 1900 from Minnesota, and brought to his position a remarkable fund of energy. He says that no attaché of Congress is worked so hard as to be in danger of nervous prostration from overwork, and that he thought the best way to utilize his spare time was by doing something useful.

Dr. James Burrell Angell has resigned the presidency of the University of Michigan, to take effect at the close of the academic year next June. The board of regents at once created the office of chancellor and offered it to him at a salary of \$4000 a year with the continued use of the president's mansion on the university campus. Dr. Angell, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, has directed the phenomenal growth of the university since 1871, when he came to its presidency from the presidency of the University of Vermont. The University of Michigan then had 1100 students, while today the attendance has reached 4780. Not only has President Angell established an eminent position among educators, but twice he has been summoned to undertake diplomatic missions abroad, as minister to China in 1880, and to Turkey in 1897.



## GREAT PAINTERS OF FLANDERS.

Two Centuries of Flemish and Dutch Art, from the Van Eycks to Franz Hals.

Flanders is now merely a part of Belgium and even its name is seldom seen in chronicles of the present time, but it has a glorious though a tempestuous past. It has been at different times under French, Danish, English, Austrian, and Spanish rule. In the opening era of enlightenment it was not only distinguished in agricultural, industrial, and commercial accomplishment, but in the higher arts to a degree that has never been surpassed.

The impressive story of Flemish achievement in art is well told in a recent volume, prepared by Victor Reynolds, its chapters selected from the historical studies of Van Mander, Michiels, Campo Weyermaer, and Hofstede de Groot. It presents brief but entertaining biographies of the great painters of the Low Countries, from the beginnings of true painting in oils to the early years of the seventeenth century, and with details of artistic methods or want of method, descriptions of masterpieces, and anecdotes of peculiar interest, throws a bright light upon records that seem imperishable. Mr. Reynolds has wisely chosen to quote the language of the early authorities named, for there is a charm in their native and unaffected simplicity. This is the opening paragraph of the book, and, notable as it is in manner and in fact, it is but the prelude to a series of entertaining narratives in no less attractive dress:

Our good Flemish land has not lacked, either in past or present times, men famous for bravery or learning. Not to speak of the palms won in many divers places by the valour of our fighting men, have we not seen arise in our land that phoenix of learning, Erasmus of Rotterdam, who may be called the father in our times of the noble Latin tongue? And has not Heaven bestowed on us also the highest renown in the art of painting? For indeed it fell to the lot of the famous Jan van Eyck to accomplish that which neither Greeks nor Romans nor other peoples succeeded in discovering, in spite of all their efforts. And for this reason the Maas, on whose banks he was born, may be called the rival of the Arno and the Po, and even of the swift Tiber itself; for upon its banks shone a glory so great that Italy herself, mother of the arts, was outdone by it, and was compelled to send to Flanders the art of painting, her own nursing, there to suck from other breasts.

Hubert and Jan van Eyck are the first of the great painters mentioned, and properly so, for they were discoverers and inventors as well as artists, and their fame quickly spread to all southern Europe. They were born in a country village, but were in youth attracted to Bruges, then the great northern capital of commerce and art, and of wealth. To Jan, the younger brother, is ascribed the discovery which had the greatest influence on the painters' work. Up to that time there was no knowledge of colors mixed in quick-drying oils:

And so, abandoning altogether the white of egg painting covered with varnish, he at last succeeded in producing by his experiments a varnish which would dry in the shade and without placing even in the open air, dispensing, in fact, with the need for painters to expose their works to the sun at all. He tried in succession a number of oils and other substances, and discovered that linseed oil and nut oil were by far the most rapid in drying. This, then, boiled with other mixtures, made the varnish which he, as well as all the other painters in the world, had so long desired.

And as it is the habit of inquiring spirits never to stop half-way, he succeeded after a number of trials in proving to himself that colors dissolved in oil united and mixed in the most wonderful way, that they acquired in the course of drying a great body, that they were impermeable to water, and that, finally, oil gave a greater brilliancy without the need of using any varnish at all. What astounded him and pleased him in addition was that the colors mixed better in oil than with white of egg or glue.

Being greatly delighted, as may be believed, with this invention, Jan began a number of works, and filled his native land with them, to the exceeding pleasure of the people and his own great glory; and, increasing in knowledge and experience day by day, he continued ever to do greater and better things. The fame of the invention spread not only throughout Flanders, but not long after came to Italy and many other parts of the world; it caused the greatest desire on the part of all artists to know in what way he had given such brilliancy and perfection to his works.

Whether Van Eyck was really the inventor will never be established, but it is certain that the influence of his method was far-reaching:

If the Greek painters, Apelles, Zeuxis, and the rest, could have seen this process, their surprise would have been no less than that of the valiant Achilles and the heroes of antiquity had they heard the explosion of the powder of the alchemist, Berthold Schwartz, the Dane, in 1354, or than that of the ancient authors at the sight of the printing-press which Haarlem can justly claim as her own.

The most considerable and the most beautiful painting produced by the brothers was the celebrated retable in the Church of St. Bavon at Ghent, which was commissioned by Philippe de Charolais, Count of Flanders, son of Duke John of Dijon, whose portrait on horseback appears in one of the wings. It is said that the work, having been designed originally and commenced by Hubert, was afterward finished by Jan.

There is a long description of this remarkable work in detail, and incorporated with it are numerous quaint criticisms and comments:

As a whole, the work is exceptional and prodigious for those times, in respect of drawing, attitudes, conception, and the purity and exceptional finish of the execution. The stuffs are draped in the manner of Albrecht Durer, and the colours—the blue, red, purple—are unchangeable, and so beautiful that one would say that they were in their first freshness, and they carry the palm over every other work.

The accomplished painter of whom I am telling was one of the most scrupulous observers, and one might well believe that he had set out purposely to prove the falsehood of the assertion, that a painter who undertakes to put a considerable number of persons in a picture always some of them alike; because it is an impossibility to have a picture, who in a thousand faces never produces two

which are identical. In the present case there are quite three hundred figures, and not one of them at all resembles another.

This is the famous legend which Hans Memling, another of the great Flemish artists, celebrated with a painting for the shrine of the Hospital of St. John of Bruges:

The Shrine purported to contain the relics of St. Ursula, and round the sides of it Memling has portrayed the story of the Saint, which runs as follows: There lived once in Great Britain a prince named Theonote, who was greatly devoted to his wife. These two had but one shadow in their lives, in that they were childless. At length, however, their patience was rewarded, and the Queen gave birth to a daughter, whom they named Ursula. She grew up under the tender care of her parents and showed the most noble disposition, and all the petty kings came seeking an alliance with her; but the youthful Princess would have nothing to do with their vows. The King of the Picts, however, was determined that his son, Conan, should marry Ursula, and so importunate was he in pressing the marriage of the pair, that Ursula declared that she would depart to the Continent to escape from his importunities.

Now there were at this time in Britain an unparalleled number of virgins; never had so many been known in the land before. And so when the Princess declared her intention of setting out, eleven thousand of them presented themselves as her followers on the journey. These undertook all the work on shipboard, labouring there like common mariners, lifting anchor, shortening sail, and steering. After a successful voyage they reached the mouth of the Rhine, and followed the river as far as Cologne. On the way they gave themselves up to song and music, so that the very fishes came to the ship from all sides to listen. At Cologne there reigned at that time a British Princess named Sigillindis, and she, having learned in a dream of the approaching arrival of the maidens, went down to do them honour and to receive them. Although difficult to feast so large a gathering, she did as well as she might, and the sweet virgins consented to sojourn for a while with her. Cologne, however, was at this time threatened with a famine, and God accordingly sent to Ursula a heavenly messenger directing her to journey on to Rome, there to receive the blessing of the Pope. Arrived at Basle, they continued over the Alps on foot, feeling neither hunger nor thirst nor fatigue, and remaining always clean without the need of washing themselves. On their arrival in Rome, however, the Senate found the matter of feeding them too onerous, and they were accordingly banished from the city, though the Pope, who had taken their part, came with them. Arriving once more at Cologne, they found that it had fallen into the hands of pagans and idolaters, who had slain Sigillindis, and who forthwith launched at them a shower of arrows. They slew many of the virgins and attempted to make prisoners of the remainder, but the damsels preferred to die rather than suffer such violence. Ursula, whom her followers had protected, was placed before an archer, who shot her through the heart with an arrow.

Peter Paul Rubens gave early promise of the genius which wrote his name high on the roll of fame. At twenty-three he found a patron in the Duke of Mantua at Venice, and accumulated wealth before middle age. Returning home on the death of his mother, the Archduke Albert induced him to remain:

When Rubens had finally decided to remain in his native country, much curiosity and some jealousy arose among the painters of Antwerp, who came asking him to show them the studies he had made from the Italian masterpieces. "It would be difficult for me to show them to you," said he, "for I have not made a single sketch; all my studies are in my head." The most jealous of the painters, Abraham Janssens, thereupon challenged Rubens to a competition, in which they should both treat the same subject, in order to show which was the better painter. To this challenge Rubens made reply: "My works are well known to the connoisseurs of Spain and Italy, and are to be found both in the public and private galleries of those countries; you are at liberty to go and place your work side by side with them, in order that a comparison may be made." Envy troubled the great man but little; as he himself said, "Do well, and some will be jealous; do better, and they will be confounded."

In the year 1610 Rubens built for himself from his own designs, and at a cost of 60,000 florins, a princely house in the Italian style in Antwerp. Between the court and the large garden, in which were to be seen the rarest flowers and trees, he constructed a rotunda, lighted from a cupola above, similar to the Pantheon in Rome, in which he arranged a choice collection of antiques and pictures of the old masters which he had amassed whilst in Italy.

Now it was indirectly through the building of this house that Rubens came to paint one of his most famous pictures, "The Descent from the Cross"; for in clearing the foundations, he had unwittingly trespassed upon a piece of ground belonging to the Company of Arquebusers, who threatened a lawsuit in consequence. Rubens, with his habitual spirit, was preparing to defend himself vigorously; but being persuaded by his advocate that the right of the matter lay with his opponents, he at once withdrew, offering to paint, by way of compensation, a picture, which was, in fact, the world-famous "Descent from the Cross," for the Chapel of the Arquebusers in Antwerp Cathedral.

Rubens did not hesitate to adopt get-rich-quick methods, yet his work did not suffer as much as would be imagined:

The enormous number of commissions which poured in upon Rubens henceforth compelled him to adopt a more expeditious means of carrying them out. His practice was to make a small *ébauche*, a colour-sketch, of the whole composition, which was then reproduced in full size on the canvas by his pupils and assistants, he himself often giving merely the finishing touches to the whole. This method, however, as might be imagined, was far from giving satisfaction to all his patrons.

In England, even, Rubens added to the great honors he had already acquired:

In the following spring the Minister Olivarez determined to send Rubens as envoy to the English Court; and so, having been nominated as secretary to the Privy Council of the Netherlands, the artist left Madrid for London with full instructions as to his course, on the 29th April, 1629. There he was received with great cordiality by the King, and finally brought to a successful issue the difficult and double-dealing commission with which he had been entrusted. Among other honours bestowed upon him by Charles I was the distinction of knighthood, and he received the title of Sir Petrus Paulus Rubens at Whitehall. Among the works which he painted during this sojourn in England was the "Peace and War," now in the National Gallery.

Rembrandt's name and individuality are perhaps better known today than those of any of his contemporaries. This, of his peculiarities in method:

Rembrandt as an artist was most rich in ideas, and among his works are to be found innumerable sketches of the same subject; and besides this he was inexhaustible in his power

over expression and grouping, and also in the matter of costume. He was most painstaking in his preparations and sketches, sometimes sketching a face as many as ten times in different positions before he placed it on the canvas; and he would spend sometimes two or even three whole days on a head in order to arrange a turban or head-dress according to his liking. His pictures vary to an extraordinary degree in treatment and texture, some of the early ones being smooth and minute, while in later times he came to work so broadly and with so thick an impasto that it is said that one of his portraits could be lifted up from the ground by the nose, which projected from the canvas. Sometimes, also, he would finish one part of a picture with the utmost delicacy, and leave the rest very roughly painted, as a set-off to the head. And he was not to be dissuaded from this method of work by the many persons who disliked it, for he would say in justification of himself that a picture was finished "as soon as the master had expressed in it what he wished to say"; and indeed he went so far in this that it was said that, in order to make a single pearl stand out, he would daub a Cleopatra around it.

The stories cover with more or less intimacy the careers of more than twenty artists, and they are never prolonged to the tedious point. Eight colored plates and twenty-three half-tone engravings in black ink embellish the volume. It is one of the best numbers in the Art and Letters Library.

"Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists, from the Time of the Van Eycks to the End of the Seventeenth Century," selected and arranged by Victor Reynolds. Published by Duffield & Co., New York, Chatto & Windus, London; \$3.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
Wat ye hae she cheated me  
As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,  
She said she lo'd me best o' onie;  
But, ah! the fickle, faithless quean,  
She's ta'en the carl and left her Johnnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
Wat ye hae she cheated me  
As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch!

Oh, she was a canty quean,  
An' weel could dance the Hieland walloch!  
How happy I, had she been mine,  
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,  
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie!  
To me she ever will be dear,  
Though she's forever left her Johnnie.—Anon.

The Voiceless.

We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,  
But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?  
A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is proud to win them—  
Alas for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone  
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story—  
Weep for the voiceless who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!  
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
But where the glistening night-dews weep  
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign  
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
Till Death pours out his longed-for wine  
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses—  
If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

One of Us Two.

The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken  
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb;  
And morns shall fade, noons pale, and shadows darken  
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must some time face existence  
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain;  
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance  
Like dreams of Summer dawns in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half-broken,  
Shall read long-treasured letters thro' salt tears;  
Shall kiss with anguish lips each cherished token  
That speaks of these love-crowned, delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty.  
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;  
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty—  
O God! O God! have pity on that one.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Of Carroll D. Wright, whose death occurred a few days ago, it may be said that he made the statistics of commerce and industry in the United States so impartial that his deductions were accepted as reliable by capital and labor. Mr. Wright adopted the best European methods in the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics and succeeded in making it the standard of the world. From Boston he was called to the larger field at Washington, and did for the nation what he had done for Massachusetts. His career was a varied one. Colonel of volunteers in the Civil War, lawyer, fifteen years head of the State labor bureau, twenty years United States commissioner of labor, director of the eleventh census, and a member of the anthracite strike commission, author, and college president. He had been at the head of Clark College, Worcester, Massachusetts, since 1903.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Canadian Types of the Old Régime*, by Charles W. Colby. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.75.

The author chooses the period between the years 1608 and 1698, certainly the most interesting in the history of Canada and the richest in incident and romance. France, never a colonizing power, had made her incursion into the wilderness, and the strength of her grasp upon the new world is shown less by her military prowess than by a moral, intellectual, and religious influence that remains almost intact to the present day. She created a microcosm of herself upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, where it remains to the present day with an almost startling fidelity of detail and sentiment. At the present time a Frenchman is premier of the Dominion of Canada, and perhaps he is the most acceptable of all the statesmen who have ever held sway at Ottawa. Certainly he is the most picturesque and magnetic.

Professor Colby disavows a purely historical aim. He tries to show us the various aspects of French colonization, and as the readiest means he selects a succession of characters and examines them not so much as individuals as representatives of a class or of a specific influence. Thus we have chapters on Champlain, Brébeuf, Hébert, d'Iherville, Du Lhut, Talon, Laval, and Frontenac, all of them being types of the hardy adventurers and administrators who dreamed of founding a new France in a new world and who perhaps succeeded to a greater extent than the casual observer might admit. With all of the author's heroes we are somewhat familiar; of some of them we know a good deal, but he himself evidently knows so much of them all that we wonder at his restraint. For instance, we could wish that he had written more at length of Du Lhut and of the *coureurs du bois*, of Talon and of Brébeuf. It is from such writings as this that we may expect the kindlier feelings that should exist between the French and the English Canadians and eventually the amalgamation of sympathies that would give to the majority the fine traits of the minority, the simplicities of the habitant, his old world devotions and sincerities.

*Mad Barbara*, by Warwick Deeping. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.50.

The historical elements of this clever story are hardly enough pronounced to give it a place on the historical shelf, although we have an interesting glimpse of Samuel Pepys and of the Oates conspiracy. Barbara is the daughter of Sir Lionel Purcell, and when she finds her father's dead body in his own house and with a sword thrust through his heart she vows vengeance upon the murderer and adopts an air of sullen and apathetic melancholy as an aid in her search. It would seem that Barbara might have guessed more quickly, seeing that the amours of her mother and Lord Gore were hardly concealed, while her reasons for attributing the crime to Lord Gore's sailor son, Jack, are a little nebulous. But then Barbara was only a girl, and not a detective, and we are unfeignedly glad when she acquits Jack and allows herself to fall in love with that manly young adventurer. If Barbara had not been a girl, too, she would have looked to the loading of her pistols before firing at Lord Gore, and so have saved herself from cruel incarceration as a lunatic. Jack's rescue of his lady love just as she is about to be smothered by the orders of Lord Gore and with the consent of her own mother is a thrilling piece of work and told with all the restraint that makes for effectiveness. In fact, there are few hooks of its kind that show us virtue so thoroughly triumphant and vice so abjectly overthrown. The picture of Lord Gore alone in the ruined house that he had meant to be Barbara's tomb, hiding from his Protestant enemies, dragging himself with a broken thigh in agonizing search for food and water, is a truly pitiable one. We are inclined to cry enough and to turn to the more pleasant picture of bliss furnished by Barbara and Jack. The story is exceptionally good, smoothly and convincingly told, and giving an accurate picture of men and things two hundred years ago.

*Interplay*, by Beatrice Harraden. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; \$1.50.

This fairly successful novel has the double fault of undue length and the introduction of an inartistic tragedy. Mrs. Rivers and Margaret Tressider are delightful young women, and although Mrs. Rivers has been divorced for cause we seem to think none the worse of her for it. Nor does that celebrated Arctic explorer, Captain Bending, who falls in love with her at first sight and successfully overcomes the objections of his sister, who is a disciple of the starchiest kind of cultured propriety. Captain Bending should have married Mrs. Rivers about one hundred pages from the end of the book and eternal bliss should have been understood from that point. It is easy to see that Margaret Tressider had to be disposed of in some way, as young married women no longer need charming companions

of their own sex, but Margaret should have married Dr. Edgar, who is rather a stick but a good fellow. We don't like the way Margaret is disposed of nor the impression that the story has been needlessly spun out. The character of Margaret's spiteful old aunt is well drawn, as also is that of Paul, the weak-minded violin maker who contrives to be a genius on the one point of his hobby. "Interplay" has no definite plot. With the exception of Margaret, we see exactly what will happen to every one of importance, but in spite of a suggestion of haphazard the interest is well maintained. But the author has proved more than once that she can do better than this.

*Ideals of the Republic*, by James Schouler, L.L. D. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

In this eminently sane and moderate treatise the author tries to show to what extent the fundamental ideas upon which American government was based have preserved their force to the present day and how far they can be reapplied to conditions as we find them now. Although he gives an unenthusiastic approval to such schemes as the Direct Primary it is gratifying to find that mere legislative reform is subordinated in his mind to the need for a revival in the popular regard of the basic principles that animated the founders of the republic. Natural rights must reassume their position in citizenship, criminal procedure must once more be an ally of justice, equality of opportunity must become again a dominant ideal, governmental restraint of the individual must be recognized as an integral part of freedom, the party spirit must be attuned to national needs, the functions of government and its limitations must be better understood, and social duties must take the place of greed and the passion to surpass. In other words, there must be a reestablishment of standards in public as well as in private life, and we must act or refrain from action in the light of what is morally right or morally wrong. It may be feared that the voice of Dr. Schouler is as that of one crying in the wilderness at a time when the enthusiasm of the reformer rarely reaches a higher plane than restrictive legislation, but it is well to be reminded that the founders of the republic set up certain standards of good and evil in government and that our success as a nation depends not upon laws of the "patent medicine" variety, but upon adherence to ancient concepts of right and wrong.

*The Straw*, by Rina Ramsay. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The delights of fox-hunting, regarded as the serious business of leisured life, are a little mysterious to the uninitiated, but those who wish to gain a theoretical knowledge combined with a clever romance can not do better than read "The Straw." There are two characters of special interest, Judy Stewart and Lord Tokenhouse. Judy is a wealthy and unsophisticated beauty who finds herself under the guardianship of the worldly Mrs. Burkinshaw, who persuades her from motives of general philanthropy to marry a spendthrift ruffian named Lauder. Naturally enough, Lauder heats her, and we are relieved when he is found shot dead in his own house by an unknown hand. Lord Tokenhouse is a strangely benevolent character whose mind has been affected by a hunting accident, but who recovers his faculties under the exigencies of a race and the necessity of protecting Judy from her husband. There are lots of other characters of a pleasant variety, including two amusing young aristocrats who imagine they are farming, a lady of decidedly loose morals, and a medley of lords and ladies whose aim in life is to pursue the devious fox. The story is understandingly told, the pathos of Judy's married life is real, while the death of her husband supplies a well-handled mystery and a clever and dramatic solution. "The Straw" is distinctly worth while.

*Stories of the English Artists from Van Dyck to Turner*, selected and arranged by Randall Davies and Cecil Hunt. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$3.

This is in no sense an art treatise, but rather a biographical presentation of some two dozen artists with an emphasis upon personality rather than upon achievement. In each case the authors have selected the "striking or amusing incidents," and while this may conduce to the making of a readable hook, we are not sure that it is the best road to literary portraiture. Readable and amusing the hook certainly is, while the thirty-two colored and half-tone plates are well executed and attractive.

*The Educational Ideal in the Ministry*, by William H. P. Faunce. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

The material of this volume was presented by President Faunce some time ago in the form of a course of lectures to the Pacific Theological Seminary of Berkeley. It strikes a note that ought to be dominant in religious councils everywhere. The modern pulpit can no longer appeal to its audience upon the strength of authority. There is no longer any valid authority except that of ascertained

truth, and there is no longer any revelation except that of the human power to discover and to know. Truth does not present its credentials to religion. It is religious dogma that must clear its skirts for the passage of truth. This is the message that the ministry must learn, that it is not now a spiritual caste, nor a dispenser of heavenly secrets, and that its mission is not to conduct men to the kingdom of heaven, but to conduct the kingdom of heaven to men. It is the earthly paradise that the ministry must help to create, and they must do it by human loyalty and by human intelligence. If President Faunce will continue to give us such ethical leadership as this he will have deserved well of his day and generation.

*The Higher Life in Art*, by John La Farge. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

This series of six lectures was delivered at the inauguration of the Scammon Course at the Art Institute of Chicago. Selecting what is known as the Barhizon School for his subject, Mr. La Farge deprecates a misnomer applied to a group of men who happened to live for a time in the forest of Fontainebleau and who were thus led to look upon nature as she is rather than as she is represented by theatrical necessities. A conventional art, a government school of military precision, had demanded that a picture should be composed in the same way as a set scene, in which everything is placed where it will look best, in which the light shall fall upon the main actor, and in which there shall be no appearance of the accidental which is dominant in nature. They brought the romantic and the emotional into an opposition with the formalism that they found. They did not copy nature, but they idealized and emotionalized it. They broke away from the stereotype and from dogmatism, and in Dupré's wording, "their painting from nature was an excuse for the statement of their capacity for reverence and admiration."

Mr. La Farge devotes his first and second lectures to Chassériau, Delacroix, and Gérault. In the third lecture he deals with Millet, whose story is "a vision of emotional art." Then comes Decamps and Diaz, Rousseau and Dupré, whose record shows the futility of an imitation of formulae. The sixth lecture is devoted to Corot, whose style was the result of a desire to retain the teachings of the past while representing external nature in a manner not previously done.

The style of these lectures is beyond praise. They are lucid, persuasive, and saturated with the enthusiasm of art and the desire to impart it. There has been no more important addition to the literature of art for many years.

A full meed of praise should be given to

the sixty-four full-page illustrations that admirably combine with the text in the elucidation of the subject.

"The Temple of Virtue," by Paul Revere Frothingham, is a thoughtful and well-written appreciation of the cardinal virtues as the pillars upon which all the worthiness of human nature must rest. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Price, \$1.25 net.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Phillpotts's Latest.

*The Three Brothers*, by Eden Phillpotts. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Mr. Phillpotts has shown considerable skill in the construction of a first-class novel from commonplace material. He has, in other words, relied upon a genuine power of character analysis rather than upon the conventional aids of modern and artificial life. We delight in his characters because they are intensely human and because they are the unwarped product of simple conditions.

The scene is laid in Dartmoor, and while the *dramatis personæ* are numerous and of a delightful variety, there are three figures, those of three brothers, who stand out clear and bold against the sky line. Vivian Baskerville is a farmer, bluff and big-hearted like most physically large men, worshipping strength and toil, adoring his handsome, lazy eldest son, Ned, and hullyling Rupert, his second son. Nathan Baskerville is the innkeeper, half-fellow-well-met with the countryside, successful with his own business and so far the confidant of every laborer in the district that he has been elevated into the position of unofficial hanker and custodian and investor of hard-won savings. Lastly comes Humphrey Baskerville, curmudgeon, misanthrope, and recluse, the skeleton at the feast who is dreaded for his harsh tongue and cynical penetration into motive. These three make a curious trio and we watch with fascination the gradual unfolding of the country story, the loves and disappointments of sons and daughters, the tragedy of Humphrey's only boy, who hangs himself for love of the heartless, beautiful Cora, and Rupert's irrevocable quarrel with his father, Vivian, because the old-fashioned farmer thinks that no man should be married under forty years of age.

The surprise of the book, although it is not much of a surprise, is the discovery that Humphrey is the best of the brothers. We say it is not much of a surprise, because we recognize almost at once that Humphrey is the only one of the three who has a clear-cut and impressive character. Humphrey's disguise is a good one, but we penetrate it without difficulty, and perhaps it is a fault in the book that while we become impatient of Vivian's hurly, tyrannical good nature and of Nathan's shrewd and kindly public spirit, our interest in the uncouth Humphrey never lags. We feel that we are meant to dislike him, but we can't do it, and so we are not at all surprised when he appears in the last act as the savior of those who have been ruined by Nathan's reckless investments and as a general good angel to those in affliction. We like Humphrey from the first and can clearly see the halo behind the mask. Perhaps the disguise might have been better, but we recognize that the whole story is not only a faithful picture of actual conditions, but a subtle and delicate examination into human nature as it may be found "far from the madding crowd."

*The University of Virginia*, by David M. R. Culheth, M. D. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$5.

Dr. Culheth's book will be read with delight by the thousands of old Virginian alumni to whom his recollections will come as a breath from an old home. He shows us something of the daily routine of the university thirty years ago, and his pages are filled with pictures of classroom and debating society, social and religious functions, and of well-known professors—Venable, Peters, Smith, Gildersleeve, Mallet, McGuffey, and Minor. Dr. Culheth does not claim to have written a history. It is more intimate and personal than a history, relating to the inner life rather than to the outer, and because of this it will be received with the greater pleasure by those who place the heart above the head.

## New Publications.

A little volume chastely printed and bound comes from Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. It is entitled "Echoes of Life and Death; Forty-Seven Lyrics," by William Ernest Henley.

Duffield & Co., New York, have published a fine quarto edition of "The Tales of Edgar Allan Poe." The colored illustrations by E. L. Blumenschein are weird and startling without being exaggerated. The price is \$2.50.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have added "Sir Walter Raleigh" to their series of Heroes of American History. The book is written by Frederick A. Oher, who succeeds in giving us a good picture of the romantic figure of the Elizabethan courtier and adventurer. The price is \$1.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, have published a collection of Bliss Perry's writings for the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title of "Park Street Papers." The volume celebrates the author's tenth year of service as editor, and will be welcome to those who like to enjoy his quiet and philosophical reminiscences and ruminations or profited by his

kindly counsel. There are ten essays in all—there might have been four times that number without trespassing upon the hospitality that will be given to them. The price is \$1.25.

"The Eagle Badge," by Holman Day, is a well-told story of a city boy who joins a lumbering gang and is beguiled under the promise of a better job to throw in his lot with the smugglers and coiners infesting the Canadian frontier. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have issued a fourth edition of "Abraham Lincoln: A Poem," by Lyman Whitney Allen. It will be remembered that this poem won the prize of one thousand dollars offered by the New York Herald in 1895 for the best poem on American history. This fourth or centennial edition is a revision and enlargement.

"The Book of the Little Past," by Josephine Preston Peahody, is a volume of "poems of child life" that seem to be happily inspired by the child spirit that knows not of self-assertion. Some of the verses, indeed, are almost mystical without losing any of their appropriate beauty. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; \$1.25.

President Woodrow Wilson has done well to publish his baccalaureate address on "The Free Life." It should be read far beyond the limits of his university as an appeal to young men to go forth into the world not in the spirit of conformity with all that they will find there, but rather with an allegiance to their own ideals and a determination to preserve them. It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 75 cents net.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, have removed from us the reproach that "Robinson Crusoe" is not readily obtainable in fine library form. Their two-volume issue of this indispensable classic is everything that it should be. It is complete, it is printed from good type and upon good paper and bound in boards with leather back and label, while the sixteen photogravure illustrations by Stothard are striking and original. To forget "Robinson Crusoe" would be a national misfortune, and we may congratulate ourselves upon so worthy an edition. The price is \$5 net.

Lyman Ahcott is almost at his best in a little volume just issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. It is entitled "The Home Builder" and is divided into ten chapters: "Her Monument," "The Daughter," "The Bride," "The Wife," "The Mother," "The Housekeeper," "The Philanthropist," "The Saint," "The Grandmother," and "Alone." Dr. Ahcott never says a thing because it is conventional. He never tries to please a prejudice or flatter a vanity, and for such reasons his counsel has a weight given to very few writers of the day.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

G. Smith Stanton, the author of a new book to be published immediately under the title of "When the Wildwood Was in Flower," is the son of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the founder of the woman's rights movement.

Edgar Allan Poe is the hero of "The Poet," one of the three plays in Olive Tilford Dargan's new volume, "Semiramis and Other Plays," which Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out.

The popularity of Guglielmo Ferrero's "Greatness and Decline of Rome" has so transcended expectations that the first two volumes are now out of print. A new impression will be issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons early in March.

William Vaughn Moody, whose newest play, just issued in book form, is called "The Faith Healer," was born in Indiana, was graduated from Harvard, and was for several years a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago. Last year, however, following the marked success of his play, "The Great Divide," Mr. Moody resigned his position of professor of English literature and removed to New York. In addition to the plays mentioned Mr. Moody has published a lyrical drama entitled "The Masque of Judgment," a book of poems, and a history of English literature. He also has edited the Cambridge Milton. "The Faith Healer" is brought out by the Houghton-Mifflin Company.

A new novel from the hand of John Reed Scott, author of "The Colonel of the Red Hussars," "The Princess Dehra," etc., is in press with the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. "The Woman in Question," the new story is named.

The strange life-story of Lola Montez is related by Edmund d'Auvergne in a book which is nearly ready. Lola was horn beautiful, clever and an adventuress, since she had to reconcile a lowly birth with grand ideas. Perhaps she lived too late in the history of the world, for in the eighteenth century she would have been a Pompadour. As it was, she, in effect, ruled Bavaria for a couple of years. Dumas was her friend, and she wandered about the world like a flaming star, and died in the odor of sanctity.



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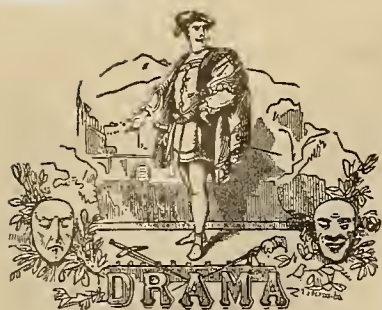
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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24th





## THE NEW PRINCESS COMPANY.

By George L. Shoals.

When the curtain goes up promptly at the appointed time, the wise First-Nighter settles back comfortably in his seat with the assurance that at least one of the indispensable elements in a theatrical success is not lacking. A punctual beginning is the sign-manual of an efficient stage manager, and he is the mainspring and the balance-wheel of the whole show.

Monday night at the Princess Theatre the curtain rose promptly at 8:10, notwithstanding the fact that this was the first public appearance of a newly organized company, and at that moment the new stage manager, Edward P. Temple, proved his ability. Sustaining, doubly convincing evidence followed steadily through the performance, and if there were no floral tributes for him among the many that were passed up over the footlights at the end, it was not because his work and his success were unrecognized.

There were many contributors to the work that earned the hearty applause of a big audience on the opening night. Assistant Manager Campbell has made no mistakes in selecting the members of the Princess Theatre Musical Comedy Company. All but two of the principals are new to the theatre and to San Francisco audiences; rather, they were strangers last Monday night, now they are acquainted and at home. They could not doubt the sincerity of their welcome.

May Boley returns to renew and strengthen the favorable impression she made here last fall in an engagement of several weeks. She is much more than a capable leading woman for a musical comedy company. Not half a dozen comedienne on the American stage possess her talent. There is poise, vigor, and intelligent expression in all her work, the effects of careful study and informing experience, aided by natural gifts. She was greeted warmly and in every scene won the applause that demonstrated general appreciation.

Zoe Barnett has reason to know the loyalty of San Franciscans to those who have earned their favor. She came back to the Princess stage after an absence of several months, and her reception was marked by an outburst of enthusiasm that the greatest of victors could not have met unmoved. Her every appearance through the evening was the signal for friendly, encouraging cheering of palms, and she was proud and happy, and almost tearful more than once. Miss Barnett deserves the place she has been given in the regard of Princess habitués. She sings with musical charm, she moves and dances gracefully, and she takes every rôle conscientiously. It is her second season as soubrette, but she has already shown her ability in many exacting parts. Her advance will be rapid.

Helen Darling the prima donna soprano of the company, has an engaging personality. She is attractive in face and figure, she acts well, and she has a pleasing voice of considerable power. Her most ambitious effort on the opening night, the song "Alice," was not so well done as most of her hearers expected it to be, but the nervous strain of a first appearance quickly passed away. Miss Darling will gain her full share of public favor.

Ethel du Fre Houston had little opportunity, none at all for vocal expression, but carried a character rôle with thorough appreciation of its possibilities. She is capable of better things.

The principal comedian, Frank Moulán, is a fun-maker of experience and assured ease, but is not well suited in the part of Maginnis Pasha. His style and his method will be displayed with better effect than in the assumption of this rôle. He has some particularly good hits in this farcical Irish character, and is never at a loss for telling business, but the portrait is not an impressive one. It lacks unctious, not bravado. He can sing, he dances with lightness and agility, and he does not repeat himself. He should wear well, and in auspicious circumstances, say in "The Sultan of Sulu," he will undoubtedly score as his efforts deserve.

Fred Mace is better fitted, and as a hlase and impecunious duke, succeeds in making a definite impression. There is a deliberate sureness in his work that counts, and a readiness that puts his novice days several seasons in the past. His voice is excellent, his manner effective. The Princess has seen nothing more finished in the comedy line.

James F. Stevens, the baritone, is notable

as a singer and no less pleasing as an actor. There will be no greater favorite than he in the company. He is a handsome fellow, of gentlemanly bearing, and eminently suited to the "straight" parts of musical comedy.

Budd Ross and Bert Phoenix are acceptable and something more in minor comedy parts. Mr. Ross is especially happy in a German handmaster character, though the surfeit of German dialect that preceded his appearance had discouraged the appetite for his work.

The chorus is—well, it is a Princess Theatre chorus; and that means that in numbers, attractiveness, and vocal ability it is remarkable. The biggest and brightest of traveling companies has never shown a chorus here to compare with this. There are a dozen familiar faces in the ranks and more than a dozen new ones, and in costuming, in stage evolutions, and in picture groupings they are a delight to the appreciative eye.

At the musical director's desk, Selli Simonsen appeared, suave, sensitive, and steady as ever. During a former season at this theatre, as in many former seasons elsewhere, Mr. Simonsen's knowledge, zeal, and executive ability have been shown, and his welcome was one of the features of this occasion.

So much for the make-up of the company which will do musical comedy in the most approved style at the Princess Theatre during the season. There could hardly be a happier outlook for the many devotees of this variety of entertainment. Whatever work of composer or librettist is offered by this organization will have a clever, melodious interpretation. The show on the opening night, fresh and unpracticed in team work as it was, is proof of this assertion.

Oh, yes, the piece—it was "The Rounders," the sort of a thing that seems indigenous to Broadway. Well, it has a Broadway cast here, and it goes with a Broadway sparkle and swing, and it has lucid moments. But the people make this show, and they are the right people. Harry Smith's somewhat intermittent wit does not suffer at their hands—indeed, it often gains in point. The music, by Ludwig Engländer, Victor Herbert, Alfred Rohyn, Dave Rose, and Henneberg, has fair treatment by orchestra, principals, and chorus.

### "THE FATAL CARD."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Fatal Card" drew a large house at the Valencia Theatre on Monday night, and everybody was happy. In the absence of Blanche Stoddard, Beatrice Nichols, who is a fairly promising and pretty young person, played the leading female character, and Peggy Monroe played the usual—the very usual—ingénue, in the usual style. Grace Travers acted the rôle of a presumably soiled dove madly in love with the master villain of the piece, and since the roughs and toughs of melodrama always seem much more life-like than the white-robed virtuous ones, I could not help but think that if I were an actress I would far rather have played the part of Mercedes, who looked the character to the life, and conveyed the idea of her infatuation for Marrable being the ruling motive of her life, than have impersonated one of those nice, dainty, fibreless, white-muslined nonentities who, in melodrama, sport harmlessly around the edges of the boiling pit in which their fathers and brothers fight and strive, and who play the golden-tressed angel in the scenes of domestic bliss.

The most striking rôle was in the hands of Darrell Standing, who portrayed a cool, resourceful villain, a masterful leader of his inferior tools, and a man who permitted himself, even while robbing for a living, to indulge in the luxury of fastidiousness concerning the degrees of crime, and boundless scorn for his most useful and most conscienceless confederate. Mr. Standing acted this somewhat Jim-the-Penman-like character with a finish that made the portrait worthy of a first-class setting. He hestowed upon Marrable the grace of imagination, so that when this gentleman-thief gazed upon the pallid face of the murdered man, one could fancy the workings of his mind: horror of the deed, dread of discovery, but most of all a sort of Hamlet-like acceptance of the net in which he was prisoned by the swift weavings of fate.

It seems to me that Mace Greenleaf has a countenance more suited to a leading juvenile than a leading man. He has a pleasant but undistinguished presence, and his somewhat guileless countenance makes his assuredly attractive earnestness and sincerity seem like the goodness of inexperience, which is un-

tested and therefore unestablished. A leading man, like a leading lady, should not be too crystalline. He should be suggestive of unplumbed depths, whether existing or potential it matters not.

The comedy in "The Fatal Card" is rather thin, but the audience seemed to take to it kindly enough, more particularly as the ever-valuable Lillian Andrews, who is always a favorite, acted the part of an impossibly giddy, gushing, girly-girly of sixty or so.

Thomas McLarnie, in the rôle of a timid lover, acted up, as well as the rather flabby comedy would let him, to the vigorous burlesque as engineered by the lively Miss Andrews, who never allows comedy of any kind whatsoever to languish for lack of cultivation.

The play is by C. Haddon Chambers, in collaboration with B. C. Stephenson and the rather commonplace dialogue would seem to indicate that its birth preceded that of Mr. Chambers' established reputation. Charles Dow Clark, the comedian of the company, had, for instance, the rôle of an Irishman. A stage Irishman with a brogue is always supposed to be funny. That goes without saying, yet Mr. Clark's powers as a comedian went to waste, as there wasn't a single laugh in his lines.

On the other hand, the two leading situations in the play are notably strong, even for melodrama, and thrillingly charged with the element of suspense. Mr. Homans, still adhering to his new line of acting character parts, gave a very good impersonation of the kind of highly disagreeable curmudgeon who, upon his demise, is always sure to leave hosannas of rejoicing behind him. "Your money will buy you everything except the approval of your conscience!" bitterly exclaims his exasperated son. But the worst of these leathery wretches who poison the happiness of the family circle, is that they never have any consciences, and so live long and unhappily. Fortunately, the paternal Austen was the man who was murdered—a neat stroke on the part of the authors, who, in removing both Marrable and Austen Senior, solved several domestic problems in a comfortably expeditious manner.

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Sunday afternoon, March 21

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Clyde Fitch's fiftieth play, "Girls," comes to the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night for a season of one week only, with matinee performances on Wednesday and Saturday. "Girls" is a bright and thoroughly amusing comedy, if the critics of the East are unbiased in their judgments. It presents five contrasting types of feminine attractiveness and allows each character to work out her own destiny according to her inclination. In the end there are some transformations, particularly of the man-hating girls. The cast of the comedy includes some well-known players, selected by the Messrs. Shubert for their success in metropolitan engagements. There is no room for doubt that "Girls" will please theatre-goers here, as it has those who have seen it in other cities. It ran many months at Daly's Theatre in New York.

At the Valencia Theatre next week Edward Rose's dramatization of Stanley J. Weyman's novel, "Under the Red Rohe," will be presented in handsome style. This romantic drama is founded on episodes in French history, and deals with Cardinal Richelieu and other prominent figures of the period. It tells a story of plots and counterplots, duels and escapes, and ends happily. Blanche Stoddard, who has enjoyed a fortnight's vacation, will return and play the part of Renée, a rôle created by Viola Allen. Mace Greenleaf will be De Berault, a part formerly a favorite with William Faversham. Darrell Standing will be the cardinal, and Thomas MacLarnie, Robert Homans, Charles Dow Clark, Beatrice Nichols, Lillian Andrews, and others of the company will have good opportunities.

The new Princess Theatre company has made a pronounced hit and "The Rounders" will go till further notice. On another page the show is reviewed at length. "The Sultan of Sulu," in which the principal comedian, Frank Moulan, won great success in the East, is in preparation.

A unique feature of next week's programme at the Orpheum will be the presentation of "A Modern Pocahontas," a one-act drama in which all the characters but two are real Indians. During the course of the play aboriginal war dancing, smoking the pipe of peace, and other ceremonies peculiar to the Indian race are depicted. Emma Rainey, a half-breed Indian, a graduate of Carlisle University, is the star of the production, and the Indians who appear in it have been released by permission of the United States government. Another novelty will be the Six Little Girls and a Teddy Bear, an act combining singing, dancing, and comedy. The dancing is furnished by six pretty girls who have been identified with several successful Broadway productions as special features. The comedian is Everett Scott, the favorite Lilliputian and famous animal actor, who impersonates a Teddy Bear with diverting results. The Kitahanzai Troupe of eight Japanese acrobats and equilibrists, a remarkable organization, and G. Herbert Mitchell, a capital haritone and an amusing raconteur, will make their first appearance. Next week will be the last of Bowers, Walter, and Crocker, Agnes Mahr, Connelly and Webb, and Foy and Clark.

"The Fatal Card," reviewed elsewhere, is nearing the end of its run at the Valencia Theatre.

Lillian Russell in "Wildfire" will follow "Girls" at the Van Ness Theatre.

Willette Kershaw, recently leading woman at the Valencia Theatre, has succeeded Elsie Ferguson in the New York company supporting Wilton Lackaye in "The Battle."

The final performance of "The Red Mill" will be given at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night. The Victor Herth-Henry Blossom musical comedy is an attractive performance.

Henry Miller will close his tour in "The Great Divide" the end of March and will go at once to London to present the play there during April.

Manager Hammerstein has withdrawn Mary Garden's "Salomé" from Philadelphia and will not present it in Boston.

The Lhevinne Concerts.

Josef Lhevinne, the young Russian piano virtuoso, who is hailed as the successor of the great Rubinstein, will make his first appearance in this city Sunday afternoon, March 7, at Christian Science Hall. The programme will be a very interesting one, including the Beethoven "Sonata quasi una Fantasia"; Schumann's "Toccata"; the "Impromptu in G major" by Schubert; a Mendelssohn "Presto" in E major; two "Etudes" and a "Nocturne" and "Polonaise" by Chopin; Liszt's "Loreley"; Rubinstein's "Staccato Etude"; and the brilliant Schulz-Evler transcription of "The Blue Danube."

The only evening concert will be given Thursday night, March 11, when Schumann's "Carnevale," three arrangements of old melodies by Godowsky, and the much discussed transcription by Busoni of the Bach "Cha-

conne" for violin will be the special features.

The last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, March 14, and the Brahms "Sonata in F minor" will attract many music lovers.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner of Sutter and Kearny Streets, and on Sunday the box-office will open at the hall at 10 a. m.

Friday afternoon, March 12, Lhevinne will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, presenting a programme made up from the three to be given in this city. Among the works chosen are the "Carnevale," the Bach "Chaconne," and a few not to be played on this side. Seats for this event are on sale after Monday at 9 a. m. at the theatre box-office in Oakland.

CURRENT VERSE.

Yesterday.

Here is Life's full calendar;  
Here are hours of rest,  
Here are days and days of toil,  
And times for tears and jest:  
"None so good as those to come,"  
So the wise men say;  
But to me the best must be  
Ever—Yesterday.

Yesterday it never rained,  
Yesterday was fair;  
Not a sorrow dimmed the sun,  
Not a tear was there;  
Underneath the cloudless sky  
In the Always-May,  
All the earth was glad and young  
Only Yesterday.

Now the difference! The hours  
All have grown so long;  
Half the flowers are withering,  
Half the world is wrong;  
All my friends are growing old,  
I am growing gray,  
Waiting till tomorrow's sun  
Rise on Yesterday.  
—Reginald Wright Kauffman, in Smart Set.

A Lover's Envy.

I envy every flower that blows  
Beside the pathway where she goes,  
And every bird that sings to her,  
And every breeze that brings to her  
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme  
That moves her heart at eventide,  
And every tree that wears for her  
Its brightest bloom, and hears for her  
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every Southern night  
That paves her path with moonbeams white,  
And silvers all the leaves for her,  
And in their shadow weaves for her  
A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires  
Of her a gift, a task that tires;  
I only long to live to her,  
I only ask to give to her  
All that her heart desires.  
—Henry Van Dyke, in Century Magazine.

The Call.

Something calls and whispers, along the city street,  
Through shrill cries of children and soft stir of feet,  
Till sunlights slant and dazzle, and airs breathe rare and fine—  
The mountains are calling, the winds wake the pine.

Past the quivering poplars that tell of water near  
The long road is sleeping, the white road is clear.  
Yet scent and touch can summon, afar from brook and tree,  
The deep boom of surges, the gray waste of sea.

Sweet to dream and linger, in windless orchard close,  
On bright brows of ladies to garland the rose,  
But all the time are glowing, beyond this little world,  
The still light of planets and the star-swarms whirled.  
—Georgiana Goddard King, in McClure's Magazine.

From Lishon comes the news that Mignon Nevada, daughter of the famous American prima donna, is following in her mother's successful footsteps. She appeared as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" at the Royal San Carlos Theatre, and introduced an aria by David entitled "The Pearl of Brazil," a difficult coloratura number, which she is said to have rendered with such fine effect as to have captivated the house. She will fill engagements in Rome and Florence after the Lishon season.

Leslie Stuart, composer of the "Florodora" music, has received from the Shuberts an offer of an annuity for life in return for an option on the American rights of all the music he may write in the future. Ten years ago a similar offer was made to Clyde Fitch by the late Sam S. Shubert. To Mr. Fitch was offered a cash bonus of \$60,000 for all his work. Mr. Fitch declined it.

Of royalties who patronize the theatre the Princess of Wales is, according to "The Stage Year Book," the most enthusiastic, as she is reported to have been thirty-one times in the course of the last year, while the queen follows her closely with a record of thirty visits, "What Every Woman Knows" and "The Merry Widow" being among the most popular plays.

The David Bispham Concerts.

The concerts by David Bispham, the greatest male singer this country has yet produced, will interest music lovers, for both words and music are given their true values at a Bispham recital. Two concerts are announced by Manager Will Greenbaum, the first to be given Tuesday night, March 16, the second on Sunday afternoon, March 21.

At the opening concert four groups of songs will be given, divided as follows: "Songs by Old Masters," "Songs by Classical Composers," "Operatic Songs," and "Modern Songs." At the second event, works by Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Franz, Hugo Wolf, and Richard Strauss are promised, besides some old Welsh, Irish, Scotch, and English ballads. The complete programmes may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Thursday morning, when the sale of seats will open.

On Friday afternoon, March 19, Mr. Bispham will give a concert in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, when he will offer a programme of entirely different numbers. For this event seats may be secured at the theatre box-office on Monday, March 15.

Mr. Bispham will furnish the fourth concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society, Wednesday night, March 17.

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Percales  
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Fancy Gingham  
Flannellettes  
Broad Cloths  
Table Cloths  
Napkins  
Table Damask  
Crash  
Face Cloths  
Towels

Turkish Towels  
Linen  
Persian Lawns  
Organdies  
Men's Handkerchiefs  
Women's Handkerchiefs  
Piques  
Men's Hosiery  
Men's Underwear  
Women's Hosiery  
Women's Underwear  
Brown Shirtings  
Bleached Shirtings  
Wide Bleached Sheetings  
Wide Brown Sheetings

Ducks  
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## VANITY FAIR.

## The Unchangeable Sex.

[The new fashion which is to follow the Dictoire style demands a smaller and much lower waist above an ample skirt.]

And so the stern decree is uttered, Phyllis!

No more in dainty sheath-like gowns arrayed, Slender and graceful as the daffodil is,

Shall I behold your classic form displayed. For you who own Dame Fashion's sway must tremble

At thought of meriting her lightest frown, Even though she may bid you to resemble

A tulip upside down!

Your waist must show a notable compression,

And must be lowered in no small degree,

And, though I do not ask for a confession

Of how the feat is done, it puzzles me.

Youth, I am well aware, is most elastic,

But you, as fashion changes her design,

Seem to be quite miraculously plastic.

I would the gift were mine!

My tailor is a man of understanding,

And I have often seen him much distressed

On finding that my figure was expanding,

For, oh, he loves to make me look my best.

But yet the fellow never pulls or pinches;

He can not mould me to his will, 'tis clear,

Only, when calling out my extra inches,

He drops a silent tear!

—London Daily Mail.

At the present time there is a good deal of discussion as to the nature of the patronage usually given to the naughty play. There have been many of these productions in New York ranging in magnificence from "Salome" down to the ten-cent drama on Broadway, and as a consequence the virtuous metropolis has arisen in its wrath and set about putting its house in order. Sermons innumerable have been preached, the public apostles of virtue have been interviewed, theatre managers have expressed their opinions, and all sorts and conditions of people have written to the newspapers. To be sure, the naughty plays go on just as usual, or rather not just as usual, seeing that every salacious person in New York has been told just where they can be found, the precise nature of the entertainment, and the amount of the admission.

But the most curious part of the whole performance is the mutual recriminations that have burst forth in a storm. Every one seems trying to prove that every one else is responsible for the scandal. First of all we are told that the stage would be all that it should be but for the women. It is the women whose passion of curiosity about the unknown leads them to the immoral play in order that they may be initiated into vice through the comparative security of the theatre. It is women who wish to gaze upon pruriency behind the bars and to peep into the lower world without the contagion of actual contact.

The assault leads naturally to reprisals. There is a chorus of indignant denial from the fair sex and the missiles of accusation are returned to their senders. Women are now so far organized into clubs and associations that they never lack the means of concerted defense, and so we find Mrs. Harriot Johnston Wood of the League of Self-Supporting Women rubbing to the fray. She says that the attack upon women is untrue and uncalled for. "It is not the women who rush to the suggestive plays. The 'bald heads' are the cause of all the trouble'."

I have been to only one of the plays that have been censured—that was to see the Princess Rajah do her sensational dance at Hammerstein's Victoria. I was invited on that occasion and didn't know what I was going to see. I must say that I was thoroughly shocked. What surprised me most was that, although it was an afternoon matinee, nine-tenths of the audience was composed of men. Just before the Princess Rajah act was put on a steady stream of bald-headed men poured into the place, and as soon as the act was over they all piled out again.

This is a new aspect of the problem and one that opens up all sorts of curious psychological and physiological mysteries. Do we understand Mrs. Wood to mean that there is some sort of connection between a bald head and a desire to see improper plays? We are not altogether without proper feeling in this matter and we should like to know if the bald head produces a desire for the naughty drama, or if it is the desire for the naughty drama that predisposes to baldness. Mrs. Wood should be more careful in her choice of language. To place the whole bald headed fraternity under suspicion in this way is no small thing. We have always supposed that white hair or no hair at all is a mark of respectability, an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, and now we are asked to reverse the judgment of age and to look askance on the bald headed man, not necessarily as a betrayer of innocence, but as one who revels in impropriety, who goes to the theatre merely to see a suggestive scene, only to "pile out again" as soon as the scene is over.

After twenty-six years of married life Mr. Charles B. Menaugh of New York has had enough of it, which only shows that the worm will turn if you give him time enough. Mr. Menaugh has deserted his wife, which seems to put him in the wrong from the start, but, although the lady has brought a suit for divorce, Mr. Menaugh is unrepentant

and defiant. He will no longer live with a woman who draws up a set of oppressive rules and compels his adherence.

Here are the rules and it must be admitted that some of them are onerous:

Banged a gong as signal for him to retire.

Locked the house at 7 p. m. If he wasn't in he slept in the woodshed.

Forced to take off his shoes at the door.

Made him pay \$10 a week board and the grocer's bill.

Made him carry water from cistern and wash his own clothes.

Gave her pet poodle, Gary, bath twice a week, denied him plunge except on Sunday.

Forced him to eat with a fork when he was taught to use a knife.

Wouldn't let him eat at table with unwashed hands.

Barred use of tobacco because it darkened lace curtains.

Forced him to walk ahead of her on the street and sit in front street-car seat to prevent his looking at other women.

This is evidently a case for compromise, but knowing the financial situation of this interesting couple we can not say if the \$10 board bill is equitable, but on the face of it there seems no reason why Mr. Menaugh should not pay a board bill. But he ought not to have to wash Gary. For a man who has so great an objection to washing himself it must be a real hardship to have to wash a dog. But let Mrs. Menaugh be firm in the matter of personal cleanliness. Let her, moreover, insist that the knife at table be relegated to its proper functions, which have no direct relation to the mouth. She had better give way in the matter of tobacco, while seven p. m. is too early for final retirement. A *modus vivendi* ought not to be impossible after twenty-six years and we may hope that conciliation will yet be the order of the day in this interesting household.

All the great dames of old French families are now in quest of daughters of millionaires or of Indian princes to bring up and educate as their own offspring and to launch on the social tide.

Countess de Pracomtal lately took as a pupil a beautiful Indian princess, aged sixteen—Princess Brenda of Jabalpur. The girl has just been betrothed to the eldest son of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, Prince Parmah Singh, who is studying at Harrow, but came to Paris on a visit with his guardian, Colonel Massey. The countess practically brought about the match, and is said to be the richer for it by \$100,000.

The parcels post has been subject lately to some adverse criticism because of the regulation that a list of the contents and their values must be displayed legibly upon the outside. Now the service has been once more in trouble through the disappearance of candy from a box sent to a lady in America from friends in Germany and specially manufactured for that purpose.

But it is fair to add that there was restitu-

tion, although it was not demanded. When the lady found that half the candy which her friends in Germany had sent to her in a huge Christmas egg had disappeared in transit, she solemnly sat down and wrote a letter to the collector of the port. "Your men have eaten half the candy which was made abroad especially for me," she said. "The occurrence must not happen again."

Her complaint was so straightforward that it impressed the collector. Usually peremptory demand is made for restitution when small loss is experienced on imported goods. There was nothing of that kind in the woman's letter. She simply desired that the collector should know that her candy had

been eaten once and that it should not occur again. "That letter sounds straight," the collector said. "I am unwilling that a lady who has paid duty on candy sent from abroad should be deprived of any of it." He summoned the men who had handled the candy package, which was valued at \$10. There was no chocolate in the corners of any of their mouths. The collector exonerated them all. Finally some one suggested that, rather than be regarded as petty thieves, the men who handled the package make up a fund and buy a box of candy to replace that which had disappeared. They did it, and the collector sent it to the woman with the compliments and best wishes of the men.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

M. Colombies, a merchant of Paris, had his revenge on a former sweetheart, a lady of Rouen, when he left her by his will a legacy of six thousand dollars for having, some twenty years before, refused to marry him, "through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor."

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist. "Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pashed your house this mawning." "Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you very much."

Once, when taking breakfast at a hotel in Richmond, John Randolph complained that the eggs were not fresh. "If you want fresh eggs, waiter, always buy them in Chesterfield" (a county just across the James). "How come Chesterfield eggs better'n Henrico eggs, sah?" "Because, you rascal, the Chesterfield people are too poor to keep theirs long."

In a London drawing-room recently the hostess said to a comfortable-looking lady, the widow of a wealthy Midland manufacturer, who had been touring during the winter in the sunny south: "Of course, you went to Rome, dear Mrs. Dash?" "Rome!" replied the widow, vaguely and meditatively, "did we go to Rome, Ethel?"—to her daughter this. "Yes, ma, you know we did, that big place where I bought those lovely silk stockings."

An old Tennessee dorky was arrested, charged with stealing a pig. The evidence was absolutely conclusive, and the judge, who knew the old man well, said reproachfully, "Now, Uncle Rastus, why did you steal that pig?" "Bekase mah pooh fambly wuz starvin', yo' honnah," whimpered the old man. "Family starvin'!" cried the judge; "but they tell me you keep five dogs. How is that, uncle?" "Why, yo' honnah," said Uncle Rastus reprovingly, "you wouldn't 'spect mah fambly to eat dem dawgs!"

There are other destructive forces in nature, and even earthquakes have rivals. This happened at the time of the temblor at Charleston, South Carolina, several years ago. A resident of the shaken city, while he felt that his duties required him to remain there to do what he might for the sufferers, sent his six-year-old son out of the danger and confusion to the youngster's grandfather in New York. Three days after the boy's arrival the Charleston man received this telegram from his father: "Send us your earthquake and take back your boy."

James K. Hackett, the actor, is always ready to assert that there are many untoward possibilities in his profession. "Really, the public doesn't appreciate the vicissitudes of an actor's life," he said, recently. "Now, there was Wisham Brown, who went touring in South Africa. I met Wisham's cousin recently. 'Well, how is Wish?' said I. 'Wish?' said the cousin. 'Why, man, Wisham's dead!' 'Dead?' I cried. 'How did he die?' 'Pelted to death with eggs at Capetown,' the cousin answered. 'But eggs don't kill,' said I. He smiled sadly, and murmured, 'Ostrich eggs do.'"

At a business men's meeting in Atlanta there was under discussion an arrangement with the railroads that allowed merchandise to be shipped to and from that inland city on a through bill of lading. There was much joyous declamation and one orator explained in enthusiastic periods that Atlanta was now the equivalent of a seaport town and able to cope with all rivals. Upon this a Savannahian, whose native city is the real seaport of Georgia, arose and said with some acerbity: "If you Atlantans were to lay a pipe line to the sea and then suck as hard as you blow, you'd be a real seaport in no time at all."

Uncle Mose, needing money, sold his pig to the wealthy Northern lawyer who had just bought the neighboring plantation. After a time, needing more money, he stole the pig and resold it, this time to Judge Pickens, who lived "down the road a piece." Soon afterward the two gentlemen met and, upon comparing notes, suspected what had happened. They confronted Uncle Mose. The old dorky cheerfully admitted his guilt. "Well," demanded Judge Pickens, "what are you going to do about it?" "Blessed if I know, judge," replied Uncle Mose with a broad grin. "I'm no lawyer. I reckon I'll have to let yo' two gentlemen settle it between yo'selves."

Two ladies, who had known each other in years gone by, met on the street. One of them, who had been married for some years, was pushing a baby carriage in which were fine triplets, all girls. The other lady had been in the bonds of matrimony a couple of

weeks. "What beautiful children!" exclaimed the newly married one with much interest, after the two friends had exchanged greetings. "Yes," replied the proud mother, "and it was the funniest coincidence. At our wedding supper the boys who played with my husband in the orchestra serenaded him and played 'Three Little Maids,' from 'The Mikado.' Isn't that queer?" The newly married one gasped for breath and turned pale with horror. "Merciful heavens!" she gasped, "at our wedding supper, a couple of weeks ago, Tom's friends serenaded him also, and they rendered the sextette from 'Lucia.'"

One of the leading comedians of the Frankfurt Theatre in Germany went to the director and asked for an advance on his week's salary. The books showed that the whole amount had already been drawn, and the director said "No." "Very good," said the actor; "then I shall refuse to go on tonight." The director saw that it was dangerously near curtain time and reluctantly gave the actor the amount asked for, but said: "Remember, sir, this is nothing short of extortion, and a cowardly one at that." "Not at all, Herr Director," said the actor, stuffing the money in his pocket, "my name is not on the bill for tonight, anyway."

On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter, remarks the Chicago Tribune. The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were in mourning and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose, and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape. "How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him. "I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other. "How did this wreck happen?" "I haven't heard of any wreck," "You haven't? Who are you, anyhow?" "I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."

THE MERRY MUSE.

This Complex Life.

Charicles loved Aglaë,  
Cleon loved her, too;  
All were in society  
Such as Athens knew.

Charicles' broad Doric tongue  
Wasn't polished—see?  
Accents soft, Athenian,  
Helped young Cleon's plea.

Cleon wore his chiton long,  
Charicles, his, short;  
E'en his chlamys put on wrong,  
Not as Cleon taught.

Solacisms weighed against  
Charicles, ah, me!  
Cleon, not so good a man,  
Won fair Aglaë.

Social element today  
Makes a complex life,  
If a villain is "correct"  
He will win a wife.

And a good man eating peas  
With a dinner knife  
Often dies a bachelor.  
Such, my friends, is life!

—Walter Beverley Crane, in New York Times.

The Ichthyosaurus.

The Ichthyosaurus was a callous beast.  
He minded not in the littlest least  
If you hammered his horny hide all day;  
He calmly nibbled his hay,  
He moved with the might of a locomote,  
He had a voice like a six-day boat,  
Whatever he said, you bet it went,  
Yet he did not care one cent.

When the former folk of the Stony Age  
Thumped his sides in their puny rage  
On finding their Country Gentleman corn  
Trampled in early morn,  
He did not care, for he did not know;  
He sensed their blows in an hour or so,  
Up in his brain, fainter grown,  
Like sounds in a telephone.

The paleontologists blandly say  
The Ichthyosaur has gone his way,  
But you and I his trail have seen  
In a door by Bowling Green  
And up by Narragansett Bay,  
Down in Washington, too, they say,  
There are ample signs, both great and small,  
That he isn't extinct at all.

—L. H. Robbins, in Newark News.

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2:00p	10:00a	1:36p	12:20p	1:32p	12:16p
4:40p	11:20a	3:00p	1:40p	4:34p	1:36p
	12:40p	4:40p	3:05p	8:50p	3:01p
	2:00p		4:45p		4:41p
	3:20p		6:05p		6:01p

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Proverbial Lenten quiet prevails in the social world, and not even a bridge party of more than three or four tables has been given thus far since Ash Wednesday. The beautiful weather has tempted many out of town, and country homes are being opened, temporarily at least, in most of the suburban places. Santa Barbara is the Mecca of the many, and a San Francisco colony has been established there which is growing daily.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Whittell, daughter of Mrs. A. P. Whittell of San Francisco, to Mr. Kurt Alhert. Their wedding will take place in Paris on Monday next.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margery Paterson, daughter of the late Judge Van Rensselaer Paterson and Mrs. Paterson, to Mr. Ira Wilson Hoover. Their wedding will be an event of June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Slate, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Slate of Berkeley, to Mr. Ernst Van Lohen Sels of Oakland. No date is announced for the wedding, but it will probably be an event of the summer.

The wedding of Miss Mahelle Bovee Toy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy, to Mr. Francis Wayland Lucas took place on Wednesday evening last at the home of the bride, 37 Presidio Avenue. The ceremony was celebrated at nine o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Clappett of Trinity Church. Mrs. Harvey Toy, the sister-in-law of the bride, acted as matron of honor and Miss Helen Dean and Miss Laura Taylor were the bridesmaids. Mr. Philip Paschel was the best man and Mr. Harvey Toy, the bride's brother, and Mr. LeRoy Lucas, brother of the bridegroom, were the ushers. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas will spend their honeymoon in Japan, and on their return will live in this city.

The officers of the Presidio entertained at a hop on Friday night of last week at the Presidio clubhouse.

Mrs. George H. Mendell was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue. Her guests were Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Robert Chester Ronte, Mrs. Carey Friedlander, and Mrs. Truxton Beale.

Mrs. Walter Martin entertained at an informal luncheon on Monday last at the St. Francis.

Miss Marcia Fee was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home on Buchanan Street in honor of Miss Louise McCormick of Chicago.

Mrs. James V. Coleman was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week at the St. Francis Hotel. Her guests were Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. Foreman, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. George T. Marye, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. George T. Cameron, Mrs. Joseph O. Tohin, Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mrs. John H. Polhemus, Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. Rothschild, Miss Lily O'Connor, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Cecilia O'Connor, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Doris Wilshire.

Miss Constance Davis entertained at a luncheon on Saturday last at her home in Ross Valley in honor of Miss Emily Johnson.

Miss Anna Weller was the hostess at an informal dinner on Friday evening of last week, her guests afterward attending the Presidio hop.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean was the hostess at an informal tea at the Fairmont on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. John A. Lundeen was the hostess at

an informal tea on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home at the Presidio.

Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels entertained at an informal tea on Thursday afternoon of last week in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont.

Mrs. Louis Sloss entertained at luncheon in the gray room of the Fairmont on Friday. Among the guests were Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. T. M. Lillenthal, Mrs. D. N. Walter, Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. George Boardman, Mrs. Frederick Castle.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at dinner in the St. Francis last Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Lewis of Portland. Those invited to meet Mrs. Lewis were Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Major and Mrs. McKinstry, Miss Janet von Schroeder, and Mr. Frank King.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, who have been at the Fairmont since their return from Europe, have gone to their country place at Burlingame for the spring and summer. Miss Katrina Page Brown of New York is their guest.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, who has been in town for several weeks from her home in the Napa Valley, left last week for Santa Barbara, where she will spend the spring months as a guest at the Hotel Potter.

Miss Mary Keeney, Mr. Frank King, and Mr. Boyd Van Benthuyssen spent the weekend at Menlo as the guests of Miss Florence Breckinridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson will leave during the spring for an Eastern trip. Mr. W. Alston Hayne has arrived from Mexico and is a guest at the Bourn home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall spent the weekend at Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman.

Mrs. William H. McKittrick has arrived from Southern California and is the guest of friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have returned from Riverside, where they have been since early in the winter.

Miss Cornelia Kempff, who has been the guest of Mrs. Edgar Bryant in this city for several weeks, will spend a part of March at Menlo Park as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer.

Miss Christine Pomeroy, who left several weeks since for the East, is at present in Washington as the guest of her cousin, Senator Kean.

Miss Peggy Simpson has been the guest of friends at Byron Springs for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge, Jr., who left recently for the East, have arrived in New York.

Miss Alice Oge has returned to her home in San Rafael, after a stay in town as the guest of the Misses Du Bois.

Mrs. J. B. Wright, Miss Laura Baldwin, and Miss Marian Miller left on Monday last for Santa Barbara, where they will be guests at the Hotel Potter for some weeks.

Mrs. Frank Lusk has arrived from her home in the East and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Findley, in Sausalito.

Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, and Miss Hazel King have gone recently to Rome, where they are spending some weeks.

Miss Dorothy Boericke and Miss Louise McCormick are visiting at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Stane (formerly Miss Bessie Center) have arrived from their European home and are the guests of Mrs. Stane's mother, Mrs. Alexander Center, in Berkeley.

Mrs. Clarence Oddie of Tonopah is here as the guest of her mother, Mrs. William H. Jordan.

Miss Avis Sherwood and Miss Dorothy Brace left a few days since for New York.

Miss Kathleen Thompson has recently been the guest of Mrs. Oscar Sutro at the latter's home in Piedmont.

Dr. de Marville and his daughter, Cora, have given up their residence in San Mateo

and rented at the northwest corner of Pacific Avenue and Fillmore Street, the former residence of Mr. C. E. Green.

Mrs. Fred Pickering and Miss Rhoda Pickering have gone to Southern California for a visit.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anna Peters of Stockton are spending the Lenten season in Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Simmons of Sacramento spent several days last week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley McQuisten (formerly Miss Eva Castle) are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte, and will remain in California until next month before leaving for their home in Salt Lake.

Mrs. Frederick Hewlett will go to Southern California in the near future to spend some weeks.

Mrs. Georgie Lacey Spalding has arrived from her home in Santa Barbara and is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. Trille will be at Del Monte for the rest of the season.

Mrs. Dean spent several days last week with her friend, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, at Del Monte.

Mrs. R. Greenbaum will be at Del Monte for the rest of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Williams, with their children, will be at Del Monte for two weeks.

M. L. de Waele, minister to Belgium, is staying at Del Monte.

Mrs. G. W. Beaver and the Misses Beaver have returned to San Francisco and will reside temporarily at 2525 Webster Street.

Mr. J. B. Coryell of Menlo Park, with his brother, Mr. W. B. Coryell, and Mr. W. H. Swift of New York, motored to Del Monte the latter part of the week.

Mrs. Arthur Letts and the Misses Edna and Gladys Letts of Los Angeles have taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Mrs. James Hume and Miss Blanch Morse of Berkeley were at Del Monte during the week.

Letters from Miss Agnes Tillmann, dated at Nice and Cannes, speak of a stay in the Riviera, and of an early return to Paris.

Mr. Frank H. Fries and Mr. Joseph A. Kreling sailed on the 26th instant on the *Tenyo Maru* for a trip of about six months extending through Japan, China, the Philippines, and India, and possibly farther west through the Suez.

Mr. and Mrs. John Casserly of Menlo Park went to Del Monte with a party of friends for the weekend.

Baron A. Van Reigersberg Versluys of Holland has taken apartments at the St. Francis for a visit of a few weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. Michael D. Weill has returned from Paris and has taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Phillip I. Hansdale, with Miss Sidney Smith, Miss Bertha Sidney Smith, Colonel John Biddle, and Mr. J. S. Severance, went to Del Monte for the weekend.

Among visitors from the Northwest now at the Fairmont are: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gugenheim, Mr. John N. Jackson, Mr. John B. Agen, Mr. F. T. Crowe, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Jewett, Miss Narcisse Jewett, Mr. W. H. Jewett, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Green and daughter, Tacoma; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Adams, Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, Miss Montgomery, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. B. Montague, Bellingham, Wash.; Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Merryweather, Spokane.

## At Out-of-Town Hotels.

The following San Franciscans registered at Del Monte during the week just past: Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Campion, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Treddwell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Sherman, Mrs. W. H. Dillman, Mr. John S. Sharp, Mr. J. A. Wilson.

Among arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado during the past week are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barker, Mrs. Jane Plover, Miss Plover, Miss K. V. Plover, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Butterfield, Mr. W. E. Bayliss, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Vanness.

Among the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. J. W. Troutt, Mrs. E. Ruprecht, Mr. A. J. Brandenstein, Mr. Daniel E. Hayes, Mr. E. C. Hutchinson, Mr. J. S. Hutchinson, Mr. David McClure, Mr. William J. Thomas, Mrs. J. D. Mouser, Mr. H. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Brandenstein, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McKee, Miss Dorothy Myers.

Lewis Waller has arranged with Maxine Elliott to close her New York season early and act the leading part in London in his new play, which is to be produced in April. His new play is founded on a story by Balzac. Miss Elliott will play the Duchess de Langeais in the drama, which is to be called "Eighteen Hundred and One."

William Burrell is in the cast of that much-talked-of naughty New York musical mixture, "The Girl from Rector's."

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Sawyer was recently frightened by the advent of a son.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted leave of absence for one month and fifteen days, to take effect on or about April 1.

Colonel Walter L. Finley, U. S. A., chief of staff, Department of California, returned last week from a tour of inspection in the Hawaiian Islands.

Colonel Charles G. Woodward, U. S. A., inspector-general, Department of California, is expected to return on the next transport last week from a tour of inspection in the Hawaiian Islands.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert L. Bullard, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has had the Presidio of Monterey announced as his station.

Lieutenant-Colonel Guy L. Edie, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from treatment at the Army and Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and will return to his proper station.

Major Henry N. Morrow, judge-advocate, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Philippines, to take effect about March 20, and he will then repair to Washington, D. C., and report in person to the judge-advocate general of the army for duty in his office.

Captain Robert D. Walsh, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., to the Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain Alexander L. Dade, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., to the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain William R. Smedberg, Jr., Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed to inspect public animals to be delivered at Ogden and Garland, Utah; Caldwell, Idaho; Ontario, Oregon, and Dillon, Montana.

Captain Cornelius C. Smith, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Three Rivers, California, for the purpose of determining needs in the way of labor and materials in the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks during the coming season. He will return to his station about April 1.

Captain Thomas C. Hanson, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed to duty in the Army Transport Service with station at San Francisco. He will report to the general superintendent of the Army Transport Service for duty as quartermaster and acting commissary of the transport *Logan*, relieving Captain William H. Tobin, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Captain Lutz Wahl, commissary, U. S. A., who has been on temporary duty in the office of the purchasing commissary at San Francisco, sailed yesterday (Friday) on the transport leaving this port for Manila.

Captain William H. Tobin, quartermaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Seattle and report to Major Winthrop S. Wood, quartermaster, U. S. A., for duty as his assistant.

Commander J. A. Dougherty, U. S. N., is detached from the naval station, Cavite, and ordered to command the *Monardnock*.

Past Assistant Paymaster J. A. Bull, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Station, Cavite, and ordered to the *Denver*.

Lieutenant Samuel B. Pearson, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, to take effect upon his arrival in the United States.

Lieutenant Copley Enos, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from treatment at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and to return to his proper station.

Lieutenant Frank T. Thornton, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Baker, has had his leave of absence of ten days extended twenty days.

Lieutenant Peter J. Hennessey, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved as judge-advocate of the court-martial appointed at the Presidio of San Francisco and Lieutenant Sebring C. McGill, Signal Corps, U. S. A., is detailed as judge-advocate of the court in his stead.

Lieutenant James R. Mount, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted leave of absence for one month, to take effect on or about April 15, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Lieutenant Henry C. Pillsbury, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from further duty in the Philippine Division and is assigned to duty in the Army Transport Service with station at San Francisco.

Ensign W. A. Glassford, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Preble* and ordered to the *Independence* at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Sergeant Frank Brezina, Troop I, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to report to the president of an examining board at San Francisco at such time as he may be required by the board of examination to determine his eligibility for the final examination for advancement to the grade of second lieutenant. Private Fred H. Westfall, Thirty-Second

Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Baker, has been ordered to report to the president of an examining board at the Presidio of San Francisco, at such time as he may be required by the board, for examination to determine his eligibility for the final examination for advancement to the grade of second lieutenant.

#### One Morning When the Rain-Birds Call.

The snows have joined the little streams and slid into the sea;  
The mountainsides are damp and black and steaming in the sun;  
But Spring, who should be with us now, is waiting timidly  
For Winter to unbar the gates and let the rivers run.

It matters not how green the grass is lifting through the mold,  
How strong the sap is climbing out to every naked bough,  
That in the towns the market-stalls are bright with jonquil gold,  
And over marsh and meadowland the frogs are fluting now.

For still the waters groan and grind beneath the icy floor,  
And still the winds are hungry-cold that leave the valley's mouth.  
Expectantly each day we wait to hear the sullen roar,  
And see the blind and broken herd retreating to the south.

One morning when the rain-birds call across the singing hills,  
And the maple huds like tiny flames shine red among the green,  
The ice will hurst asunder and go pounding through the hills—  
An endless gray procession with the yellow flood between.

Then the Spring will no more linger, but come with joyous shout,  
With music in the city squares and laughter down the lane;  
The thrush will pipe at twilight to draw the hlosoms out,  
And the vanguard of the summer host will camp with us again.  
—Lloyd Roberts, in *Appleton's Magazine*.

A metaphor does double duty in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The author of an article on "Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," discussing the Scottish school of metaphysics, asks, "Has not a cynic described a metaphysician as a blind man looking in a dark room for a black cat which is not there?" Only twenty pages further on, in an article on the "Political Situation in Europe," the writer quotes a passage from a speech delivered by Sir Edward Grey at Scarborough last November, in which he says, "There is the old warning that you should not spend too much time in looking in the dark cupboard for the black cat which is not there." Sir Edward Grey's black cat stands for the bogey of German hostility; and this seems a more appropriate use of the metaphor, remarks the *London Chronicle*, than that made in the former passage. Lord Bowen's comparison of a metaphysician to a dog chasing his own tail is both more vivid and more succinct.

Princess Trixie, a celebrated "educated" horse, which had been exhibited all over the world and was twenty years old, was killed in a railroad accident in Delaware a few days ago. It is said that Princess Trixie was valued at \$100,000, and wore a jeweled headstall, presented by King Edward of England.

Queen Alexandra is making tourmalines the rage in England by her preference for them. The queen has made quite a collection of them, and the finest is said to be one found in Australia by a washerwoman.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

**Knicker**—Does he understand the parts of an auto? **Backer**—All except the upkeep.—*New York Sun.*

**Teacher**—Johnny, what is an isthmus? **Johnny**—A narrow strip of land connecting two scandals.—*New York Herald.*

**Mather**—Tommy, are you teaching the parrot to swear? **Tammy**—No, mother; I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.—*Harper's Weekly.*

**Tammy**—Pop, what is the difference between a cook and a chef? **Tammy's Pop**—About \$20 a week, my son.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Yep, woman is certainly de cause of me heing dis way. If me wife hadn't lost her joh, I'd had a home right now."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"So, your daughter is improving in her piano playing?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "You enjoy it?" "No. But it doesn't make me as nervous as it used to."—*Washington Star.*

"I see where the manager of a typewriter exchange announces inspection days for stenographers." "Gee, I wouldn't mind inspecting a few cute ones myself."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"It is strange my husband has just returned from Paris and he didn't see half the things I saw when I was there." "I'll bet you didn't see half the things he saw, either."—*Houston Post.*

"I like to see a man take an interest in his work." "So do I. I once knew a policeman who was so enthusiastic that it positively pained him to see anybody out of jail."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"He tried to kiss his wife last night and she gave him a black eye." "Why did she do that?" "She thought he was drunk." "She certainly had grounds for the suspicion. Did you ever see her?"—*Houston Post.*

"Yes, sir. This is a house for summer boarders, and that large building next door is a sanitarium." "What's the sanitarium for?" "The folks who board with us one summer generally stay there the second year."—*Life.*

"That Englishman is a funny chap," remarked the hat salesman in the big hotel; "he hasn't been out of his room today." "No, he is a victim of circumstances," confided the coffee salesman. "Victim of circumstances?" "Yes, he put his shoes outside his door last

night, according to the English custom, and somebody threw them at a cat down the area-way."—*Chicago Daily News.*

**Mistress**—What did you tell those ladies who just called? **Servant**—Oi told 'em you was out, mum. **Mistress**—And what did they say? **Servant**—"How fortunite," mum.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

**The Artist's Wife** (in a whisper)—There's some one knocking, Jack. Shall I open the door? **The Artist**—No; it's Jahher's knock. It's a special knock I gave him, so I wouldn't let him in by mistake.—*Life.*

"All writers are not impractical, are they?" "Oh, no. One man will write a joke and sell it for fifty cents. Another will write a comic opera around it and draw \$20,000 in royalties."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

**Farmer Customer** (after a long absence)—What has become of the pretty blonde that used to feed the hungry at this lunch counter? **Dark Skinned Waiter Girl**—I'm her. What you goin' to order, sir?—*Milwaukee News.*

**The Bachelor**—Marriage is a game of chance. **The Married Man**—And you have conscientious scruples against gambling? **The Bachelor**—Not exactly, but I have against drawing a hoohy prize.—*Philadelphia Record.*

**Policeman** (to laiterer)—Now, then, what are you doing here? **Laiterer**—What are you a-doing here? **Policeman**—Can't you see? I'm doing my duty. **Laiterer**—An' can't you see I'm a-makin' the duty for you to do?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

**Near-Sighted Guest** (at banquet)—I presume the next thing will be a long and tiresome speech from some talkative guy. **Man Sitting Next**—Oh! I suppose so. I'm the talkative guy that has to make the speech.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I see you have my pamphlet on your desk," said the economist. "What do you think of it?" "It's hetwixt and between," answered the heartless friend. "It's too light as an argument and not heavy enough for a paper weight."—*Washington Star.*

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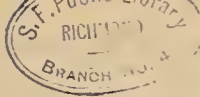
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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: A Sound and Timely Word—Mr. Heney's Pay—Mr. Taft and the Regent of China—Social Conditions at Washington—The Primary in Wisconsin—The Sorrows of Mr. Hammerstein—Editorial Notes.....	161-163
CURRENT TOPICS .....	164
OLD FAVORITES: "The Forging of the Anchor," by S. Ferguson .....	164
THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA: Mr. Huntington's Gift to New York Is a Substantial Addition to the Art Life of America. By Jeannette L. Gilder.....	165
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.....	165
THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF MR. NICOT: A Page from the Diary of a Medical Specialist.....	166
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	167
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	168
DRAMA: "Girls," and Lhévinne. By Josephine Hart Phelps .....	170
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	171
CURRENT VERSE: "A Beethoven at Night," by Leonard Hurley; "The Dream," by William Mountain; "The Idle Singers," by Folger McKinsey.....	171
VANITY FAIR .....	172
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	173
THE MERRY MUSE.....	173
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	174-175
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	176

### A Sound and Timely Word.

Mr. Taft did well right at the beginning of his administration to make plain his position with respect to the extreme demands of organized labor. It is well not only for the country at large, but for organized labor itself, to understand the convictions and principles that will control the course of the administration of the government. It is well on every account that it should be known that the President respects the laws and will enforce them, yielding nothing to the clamor of agitation or to insolent demands for special privilege. Mr. Taft says:

Take away from courts, if it could be taken away, the power to issue injunctions in labor disputes, and it would create a privileged class among the laborers and save the lawless among their number from a most needful remedy available to all men for the protection of their business against lawless invasion. The proposition that business is not a property or pecuniary right which can be protected by equitable injunction is utterly without foundation in precedent or reason. The proposition is usually linked with one to make the secondary boycott lawful. Such a proposition is at variance with the American instinct and will find no support, in my judgment, when submitted to the American people. The

secondary boycott is an instrument of tyranny, and ought not to be made legitimate.

The effect of this straightforward and calm utterance, combined with the circumstances under which it was made, ought to be wholesome. It should stiffen the courage of those who have stood firmly in opposition to demands for special privilege. Further, it should give pause to those who in the ranks of extreme labor unionism have been led away by prejudice, partisanship, or heedlessness to demand what can not be yielded without sacrificing a principle which lies at the very foundation of common equity among men.

### Mr. Heney's Pay.

That was a mighty interesting bit of information which came last week in the shape of a special dispatch from Washington to the Portland *Oregonian* with respect to Mr. Heney's "employment" by the Department of Justice, and it had the special value of being officially attested. Since the beginning of the so-called graft prosecution in San Francisco in 1906 Mr. Heney has received \$40,000 in hard cash from the government in payment for his services as "Special Assistant Attorney-General of the United States to assist the United States District Attorney of Oregon." The dates when payments were made, with the amounts, are so interesting that we reproduce them:

August 24, 1906.....	\$ 7,000
August 9, 1907.....	5,000
December 26, 1907.....	5,000
March 2, 1908.....	8,000
July 6, 1908.....	10,000
January 21, 1909.....	5,000

Ostensibly these sums have been paid to Mr. Heney for services in Oregon, which is most interesting in view of the fact that almost nothing has been done in Oregon in connection with the land fraud cases now for more than two years. One case indirectly connected with the land matters was tried by Mr. Heney something like a year ago, but in the main the Oregon indictments have been allowed to hang fire, postponement following delay, to the confusion of the public mind, to the practical denial of justice, and to the hardship of a considerable number of persons accused of crime and indicted upon presentments made by Mr. Heney. In brief, the land prosecution in Oregon has been permitted to lapse under circumstances which have made the whole business a farce and a scandal. In the meantime, Mr. Heney has been busy in California in matters in no way connected with the responsibilities of the general government, and at the same time he has been drawing fees from the government in large sums—August 24, 1906, \$7000; August 9, 1907, \$5000; December 26, 1907, \$5000; March 2, 1908, \$8000; July 6, 1908, \$10,000; January 21, 1909—only a little more than a month ago—\$5000.

These payments, aggregating \$40,000 in two years and a half, accord poorly with Mr. Heney's pretensions of disinterested, self-sacrificing, unpaid public service. They accord poorly with appeals made by the *Evening Bulletin* from time to time for contributions in support of the all-sacrificing and necessitous Mr. Heney. They accord poorly with Mr. Spreckels's touching references to Mr. Heney, designed to stimulate public generosity and charity, as a man in need and under the special stress of domestic responsibility and necessity. Really, with the sum of \$40,000 paid since the graft proceedings began, with other sums from the government within two years and a half running the total up to \$65,000, Mr. Heney would seem to have been pretty well off, even without reckoning the \$42,500 for which he receipted to the Oakland water company, even if it be allowed that \$30,000 of the latter sum did not in truth reach his pocket, but was represented by a false and fraudulent voucher.

Of course, since the exposé of Mr. Heney's double dealing and open falsehood in the matter of the Ruef immunity contract, nobody has given credit to anything

he himself may say. Nor has anybody taken his financial poses seriously since the exposure of the deal with the Oakland water company. But how about the *Bulletin* and how about Mr. Spreckels? Did the *Bulletin* at the time it was pleading the poverty of Mr. Heney and begging for contributions to sustain him know that he was in the receipt of sums aggregating nearly \$2000 per month from the government at Washington? Was Mr. Spreckels at the time he spoke so feelingly of the domestic needs of Mr. Heney possessed of this same information? Has Mr. Heney been frank with his own partners in the graft conspiracy or has he been working both ends against the middle?

But, however this may be, it is interesting to consider the splendid "nerve" of one who could listen calmly to touching appeals made in his behalf while at the same time drawing down snug sums of five, seven, eight, and ten thousand plunks from Uncle Sam's treasury. It is impossible not to admire the poise of one who could maintain a neutral attitude while these pleasant things were doing. There have been moments when we have doubted Mr. Heney's capacity to control his own emotions and passions; but all that is now happily past. Hereafter we shall applaud him as a master in the difficult art of looking pleasant and maintaining his composure under trying circumstances. One who with thousands in his pocket and more a-coming, who unmoved and unresisting could witness the frantic efforts of friends in his behalf, who could listen to their unctuous spiels on the score of his domestic needs, such an one is surely master of himself. Those little ebullitions on the part of Mr. Heney which at rare intervals spice the proceedings of Judge Lawlor's court may be taken merely as indicating the buoyant and playful side of a nature admirably capable of self-mastery when there is occasion for it.

It would be interesting to have the private reflections of the United States Prosecuting Attorney for Oregon in connection with the allowances made by the government to his "assistant." The pay of this functionary is \$4000 a year—three hundred and thirty-three and a fraction dollars per month—whereas the assistant who does not assist, but who lives and operates in another State and devotes his time and energy to other things, draws down five times as much. It would not be surprising if in his private reflections the said prosecuting attorney should recall the familiar figure of the tail wagging the dog.

When it is considered how generous the government at Washington has been with funds provided for the prosecution of land frauds in Oregon, it is not surprising that Secretary Garfield should have recently asked Congress for half a million dollars for the prosecution of pending cases. Really, it would seem that all this money and more will be needed if the methods of disbursement are to be after the model afforded by the Heney case. If anybody for whom the government at Washington may have a fancy may be paid such prodigious sums for any service anywhere, in or out of Oregon, from the Oregon land case fund, then the appropriation ought to be made great enough to cover any possible development of administrative sympathies. Of course, in ordinary business life, when funds appropriated for one purpose are diverted without authority to other uses, the procedure is called by various names, some of which are very short and ugly. To apply the ordinary and vulgar rules of honesty to public money and to high administrative officials would, of course, be ungracious and even rude. Of course, those who sit in high places at Washington have a right to practice these little subterfuges, to divert and reappropriate funds at their sovereign pleasure. What in ordinary men would be styled gross and criminal, is in their case a mark of supreme moral insight, profound moral intention, and the highest moral virtue.

At the same time the incident tends to shed some



light upon the mental mood of Congress in its closing weeks and to explain why there was so much heat on both sides in connection with the secret service appropriation.

#### Mr. Taft and the Regent of China.

The private and personal letter from the Chinese regent to President Taft is an interesting departure from the stricter forms of diplomatic etiquette. Presumably it carries no official weight and is intended only to convey the personal opinions of the head of the Chinese government upon the various points of mutual interest, but the practice of stating national politics in private letters is not one to be commended from the American point of view, however consonant it may be with Chinese ideas. If the President should reply in the same way, which he is very unlikely to do, the correspondence would become one of those exchanges of diplomatic notes that are so perilously akin to treaties and we should have a repetition of the recent informal agreement with Japan that aroused the resentment of the Senate. Fortunately, the President is well versed in the diplomacy of the Orient and is not likely to be beguiled by the seeming innocence of a private letter.

The importance of the communication seems, indeed, to demand a greater measure of formality than the regent has given to it. After explaining that the dismissal of Yuan Shi Kai was a mere matter of domestic discipline and would in no way affect the reforms to which China is pledged, the regent goes on to discuss the continued occupation of Manchuria by Russia as well as by Japan. He speaks of a Japanese-American agreement to sustain China in her sovereignty of Manchuria and to help her in the government of that province. He relies, he says, upon American aid in this matter, and he then goes on to add significantly that peace between China and Japan is dependent upon a return of the Japanese to their own islands. In other words, a failure by Japan to adhere to the terms of the treaty of Portsmouth will be regarded as a *casus belli* by China. While admitting that an evacuation of Korea is difficult and improbable, a continuation of the Japanese grasp upon Manchuria is quite another matter and must produce a serious situation that can be averted only by American diplomacy.

We are not aware that America lies under any specific obligation to enforce the provisions of the treaty of Portsmouth other than the obligations to her own commerce, which would be endangered by any closing of the trade door. That there has been a cynical and shameless violation of the treaty there can be no question. It may, indeed, be doubted if either Russia or Japan had the smallest intention to keep the pledge into which they entered at the close of the war. The pledge was clear and distinct. Both the contending powers agreed "to completely and simultaneously evacuate Manchuria" and entirely and completely to restore to the exclusive administration of China all parts of Manchuria then occupied by their respective troops, with the exception of the leased portion of the Liao-Tung Peninsula. This agreement has been broken in spirit and in letter. So far from witnessing a withdrawal of Japan from Manchuria, she is exercising a practical sovereignty over the territory, discriminating against all traders but her own, and evidently preparing to repudiate the principle of the open door as soon as it shall seem safe to do so.

Russia, upon a smaller scale, is acting in precisely the same way. True to her ancient policy, she refuses to raise her foot from where it has once been planted, and if the regent emphasizes the aggression of Japan it is only because it is more serious and more menacing. However shadowy may be our positive obligations in the matter, Mr. Root made it clear a year ago that America could not recognize any evasion of the treaty even if she was not prepared to enforce it strenuously. When the American consul at Harbin asked his government whom he should recognize in view of the establishment of a Russian municipal government he was told by Mr. Root that China was the sovereign power throughout Manchuria and that Russia had no official standing whatever. Russia received the rebuke with a shrug of the shoulders, but she stayed where she was and she continued her policy. Now the situation has become still more acute. The Russian authorities have arbitrarily closed all the Chinese stores and warehouses at the principal points in the railroad zone west of Harbin because their owners refused to recognize an administration except that of China. The American and English representatives at Peking, acting incidentally but not concurrently, have notified the Russian legation that while America and England have

no desire to interfere between Russia and China, they would be under the necessity of reaffirming their previous attitude and emphasizing the necessity of respecting treaty obligations. That is where the matter now stands, and the importance of the communication from the Chinese regent may be judged from the speed with which it has been given to the public.

Neither America nor England have any immediate interest in the quarrel except in so far as it may affect Manchurian trade. That, of course, is a good deal. If either Russia or Japan is allowed to become dominant in Manchuria there will be no trade for any one else and the open door will be nothing more than a beautiful dream. Unless the commerce of this vast region is to pass altogether beyond our reach some strong pressure must be exercised to persuade both Russia and Japan to stand in line with the rest of the world and to accept an open field and no favor. The danger of allowing China to be devoured piecemeal is another danger, and an even greater one. China must not be thrown open to a scramble of the European powers, nor must her colossal bulk be goaded to the point of despairing resistance. Both these perils would be in sight if the flagrant behavior of either Russia or Japan is allowed to go unchecked, but the immediate and pressing concern is to throw open the trade of Manchuria to the world, and this can only be done by the preservation of Chinese integrity. How much pressure will be needed is a matter for experiment, but the experiment must be made.

#### Social Conditions at Washington.

It would be judicious to take with several grains of salt the floods of stuff currently printed by the yellow newspapers with respect to reorganization of White House practice on the social side by the Taft family. The effort of the yellow papers is to make themselves attractive to those who have limited social opportunity and observation, and it has been learned by experience that the more lurid and exaggerated the story the more pleasing it is to certain classes of readers.

The social life of the White House is largely governed by considerations which apply to the general social life of Washington. And the social life of Washington, be it remembered, rests upon different standards from that of any other community in the United States. Primarily it is upon an official basis, place and rank in it being determined more by official position than by considerations which obtain in and control the social organization and practice of other cities. Sheer wealth, of course, has its uses and finds its advantages in Washington as elsewhere, but no matter how vast it may be or what its ambitions and pretensions, it is subordinate to official position. The President, though he may personally be unpopular, nevertheless in any Washington assemblage outranks any other man, no matter what his claims to consideration. And so down the list of official dignitaries the precise place of each has been fixed by usage and is accepted without question. At the White House a Cabinet secretary takes precedence of all others, being admitted to the audience room no matter what the order of his arrival may be. In like manner a foreign ambassador takes precedence over a senator, a senator over a representative, and a representative over any unofficial visitor. One waiting to see the President may have cooled his heels in the outer room half the morning and stand next on the list of those to be admitted, and yet find his cake turned to dough by some new arrival to whom preference is due under the scheme above suggested.

So throughout the whole social life of Washington the principle of official rank holds good. At the dinners of the Gridiron Club, in some aspects the most democratic of all social events, the President invariably has the seat of honor, and the entrance of the different grades of dignitaries is hailed each in its turn by a measure of applause which experience and precedent have strictly defined. Few things are more interesting to one to whom the atmosphere of Washington is novel than to note the greetings accorded at a public dinner to the "President of the United States," "His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador," "Mr. Secretary So-and-So," "the General of the Army," "the Admiral of the Navy," and so on. It is a practice, so far as this country is concerned, limited to Washington, and is in keeping with its system of classifying men in accordance with official rank rather than by other and more personal standards of recognition.

By far the greater number of those who make up

the current domestic life of Washington at any particular time may be classified as transient residents. They are in Washington under official duty; their homes are elsewhere. Directly and indirectly all are representatives of other communities, with which they remain in active affiliation. They are forever dining people "from home"; and the visitors, many of whom are seeking to impress officials of the government, are forever giving dinners. This practice carried on assiduously and under a fixed rule in the higher official rank creates an atmosphere which infects every element in Washington society. Whoever goes to Washington under circumstances involving social recognition would do well to equip himself as completely as a summer resort belle. He will do well to have "togs" for every possible occasion—for "morning," for "evening," for formal and informal wear; and in these strenuous not to say sporty days he would better be equipped for riding and for golf. It does not follow that Washington is frivolous, for that which in other communities may be reckoned as a mark of frivolity belongs in Washington to that most serious game, social and political diplomacy.

All of which us brings us back to the social life of the White House, which reflects even as it initiates the social atmosphere of the capital. The President each season gives a dinner to the leading dignitaries of the government and their wives—to the Cabinet circle, to the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries in their order, to the members of the Supreme Court, to the higher ranks of military and naval officers, etc. Official receptions, so-called, to which any respectable person may gain admission, are also given periodically. In addition to these fixed functions, the President is constantly entertaining people of all ranks and grades at the White House. Distinguished men summoned from various parts of the country for conference are invited to dine, and oftentimes members of the Cabinet or other persons of distinction are invited to meet them. Distinguished foreign visitors are, as a matter of course, bidden to dinner. Senators and the more prominent members of the House of Representatives, especially chairmen of important committees, are bidden in procession to the White House dinner table. Then there is the visiting governor, the visiting man of affairs, the visiting political magnate, the visiting editor, and the visiting politician. Any and everybody of special distinction or potentiality is in the way of polite attention at the hands of the President, and this commonly means a White House invitation. Ex-President Roosevelt made much of luncheon occasions; other Presidents have usually made more of the dinner invitation. There is no fixed rule; all depends upon the temperament and habits of the President. Mr. Taft is not likely to have about him at midday the gathering which marked nearly every luncheon hour of the Roosevelt régime. He is a man of very full habit, and his constant effort is to neutralize a tendency to too much fat. To this end he lives most abstemiously, breakfasting lightly and lunching upon a single red apple. At dinner he gives a good appetite freer rein. At dinner he is at his best and always socially inclined. The dinner invitation will, no doubt, be his favorite method of dealing with those whom he seeks to compliment.

From what has already been set forth, it will readily be understood that the motives of entertainment at the White House are not those of ordinary social life, therefore not those in which the wife of the President is likely to have a personal interest, or, indeed, to have special capability in arranging. The social management of the White House has, indeed, rarely been assumed by the President's wife, and never in recent years with any measure of propriety or grace. Mrs. Hayes, indeed, undertook to conduct the White House in the spirit of personal privilege, with the result of making herself, her husband, and the country ridiculous in the eyes of well-bred people at home and abroad. Other Presidents' wives have interested themselves to a greater or less extent in White House hospitalities, but those who are remembered with most pleasure, and who, in fact, have carried themselves with the best grace, were content to leave the main points of social administration to experts chosen for the most part from officers of the army qualified by training and experience to make the entertainment match the purpose. The part of the more recent mistresses of the White House has been to fall in with plans thus arranged with reference to diplomatic, political, or other motives, exercising no initiative excepting in connection with



those forms of entertainment and those special occasions wherein the motives are personal or domestic rather than official and public. In other words, the mistress of the White House in close review is not the mistress of the White House at all, but simply a guest in it, always duly considered at the points of privilege and dignity, commissioned through her relationship to the President to join with him in presiding over its hospitalities and amenities.

Somebody has called the relation of the wife of the President to the official life of Washington a "violet part." The phrase is happily chosen, and the more "violet" she makes it, the more approved and liked the wife of the President is likely to be. Mrs. Roosevelt has perfectly illustrated the character of a well-bred and well-mannered woman in the White House. There are widely differing estimates of her husband; there is but one opinion about Mrs. Roosevelt. In her seven years in the White House it is not recorded that she was ever guilty of an indiscreet or a tactless act. In matters pertaining to the Roosevelt family life or to her circle of private friends her authority was absolute, but in the general hospitalities of the White House, in everything relating directly or otherwise to official or public interest, she yielded with perfect grace, taking with dignity the part assigned her. It is to be hoped that the example of her modesty, and of her success in commanding public appreciation and approval, will not be lost upon those who are to come after her. There are, indeed, few posts in the world in which a woman of obtrusive personality and of imperfect taste can make herself more offensive than as the mistress of the White House. Our system gives to the wives of officials a certain rank through courtesy, but through courtesy only. Any effort to enlarge a privilege thus bestowed or to claim for it special rights, or to enforce special and whimsical social theories, speedily and certainly makes a woman ridiculous and must in the nature of things end in disappointment and embarrassment.

It is oftener than otherwise a shock to patriotic sensibilities to learn that there are a score of houses at Washington to which an invitation has a higher social value than the White House. A little reflection, however, will develop the reason for it. Anybody having the right official status, the right introduction, or a high measure of political potentiality may be invited to the White House. The motives of White House hospitality have a range as wide as the country itself, since the relations of the President are universal. One who is curious enough to note the President's visitors will not fail to observe that multitudes of people who are invited nowhere at home nevertheless and for proper reasons are bidden to the White House. In the nature of things the President may not graciously be discriminating in a social sense. Other functionaries have a freer hand. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, having a permanent tenure as well as a narrower range of social obligations, may take quite another attitude. It is the same with the Secretary of State. He is under obligation only to invite the President, his associates in the Cabinet, and foreign diplomats. The rustic congressman, the potential politician, the leading citizen of Podunk, has no claims upon him. He may invite whom he pleases, and in following this rule he commonly entertains a less numerous, but, socially regarded, a choicer lot of people than the President. Then there are the embassies maintained in more or less grandeur and always with the highest social propriety. An invitation to dine with the British, the German, the French, or the Russian ambassador has in it an element of social value which does not attach perhaps to an invitation to the White House or to any other official residence in Washington. Traditionally and in practice, an invitation to the British embassy is the most highly regarded of all the social distinctions which the capital affords.

In recent years Washington has been chosen as a place of permanent residence by considerable numbers of persons to whom affluence combined with literary or other advantage has given a special social distinction. The late John Hay, prior to his incumbency of the Secretaryship of State, was perhaps the dean of this class of unofficial but distinguished persons. For many years an invitation to the home of Mr. Hay was as highly regarded as any other in Washington. Today there are many houses wholly unconnected with official life to which something of the same *éclat* attaches. Still another important element in the social life of Washington is that formed by permanent residents

connected with the army and the navy or the scientific service of the government. An invitation, for example, to the home of Amiral Dewey has in it a kind of value which does not attach to any invitation with which the political idea may be even remotely connected.

One who goes at all in the social life of Washington can not but note one marked and wholesome difference between its general atmosphere and that of most other American cities. Society, broadly speaking, is often a competition of vanities or a marriage market, or both. Washington society is neither one nor the other. Social motives are far more serious, far more dignified, more important. Whereas in ordinary society the stars are the rich and fashionable, the débutante and the gilded youth, in Washington they are quite another type. The man or woman of achievement and distinction sits near the head of the table, the débutante and the gilded youth are placed near its foot. Indeed, there is at Washington a recognition of position and character upon standards entirely different from those of ordinary fashionable society. One who becomes familiar with it, who discovers the dignity and the charm of a practice founded in large as distinct from small motives, finds much to commend and to enjoy in a society which is rarely trivial and almost never a bore.

### The Primary in Wisconsin.

Moved by the financial scandals that have attended the election of United States Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin, an election still undecided pending a legislative investigation, State Senator Lehr has filed documents with the Supreme Court for the purpose of testing the constitutionality of the primary law under which the election of Mr. Stephenson was held. It will be remembered that Mr. Stephenson secured the nomination at the senatorial primary and that he received a majority of both branches of the legislature voting separately, but that the two houses in joint assembly refused to ratify the "people's choice." The ground of refusal is the lavish expenditure of money, Mr. Stephenson admitting that his election cost him over \$107,000, and it is the method of this expenditure that is now made the subject of legislative inquiry.

Mr. Lehr bases his appeal to the Supreme Court upon the broad ground of the legality of the senatorial primary. He maintains that the procedure for the choice of United States senators is clearly laid down by the Constitution and that the senatorial primary is a flagrant violation thereof, in spirit if not in letter. It is strange that no such action has been brought before, seeing that the constitutional provision is clear and direct. Section 3 reads:

The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each State, chosen by the legislature thereof for six years, and each senator shall have one vote.

Now the term "chosen by the legislature" does not and can not mean that the legislature shall perfunctorily ratify a popular vote. It means that the legislature, acting independently and of its free will, without direction or pressure, shall exercise its elective functions for the choice of United States senators and that it shall be subject to no coercion or mandate in so doing. The intention of the constitution is as clear and unambiguous as the language could make it. Its object was to prevent the very thing that the senatorial primary is intended to accomplish, and to that extent the primary is not merely an evasion of section 3, but its direct nullification. The senatorial primary may be desirable or it may be undesirable, but the proper road to its attainment is by an amendment to the Constitution, and Mr. Lehr's determination to secure an authoritative ruling from the Supreme Court is important not only to Wisconsin, but to all other States which imagine that moral evils can be cured by mechanical means.

### The Sorrows of Mr. Hammerstein.

Those familiar with the extraordinarily tender susceptibilities prevalent in the theatrical and operatic worlds will sympathize with Oscar Hammerstein of the Manhattan Opera House in New York. For a long time past Mr. Hammerstein's most arduous task has been to reconcile the artistic and national jealousies of his cast, an undertaking of no small difficulty at the best of times and now intensified by the feuds between the French and Italian contingents. Miss Mary Garden was educated in France and naturally throws in her lot with the French artistes. A situation already strained approached the breaking point when the Italian section was reinforced by the arrival of Mme.

Tetrazzini, and perhaps some kind of domestic cabal resulted, seeing that Mme. Tetrazzini is the sister-in-law of Signor Campanini, who now resigns his position as conductor. It needs no great knowledge of human nature and especially of operatic human nature to understand that there would be no love lost between Miss Garden and her great Italian rival, and it would look as though the brother-in-law had been put in the forefront of the battle. This does sometimes happen even off the stage. However that may be, the feud has assumed international proportions and the name of Campanini now heads the casualty list.

Of course, the public gains, as it always does from such rivalries, whether between individuals or opera houses. Mr. Hammerstein has gone to Europe to engage six new conductors to take Campanini's place, two for French opera, two for opera comique, and two for Italian opera. We shall therefore have not only an unprecedented specialization of conducting talent, but also perhaps some kind of segregation of opposing forces, and it may even be that irate prima donnas will have a diminished opportunity for the mutual and destructive criticism in which they so excel.

### Editorial Notes.

Mr. Luke Wright of Tennessee, late of the Roosevelt Cabinet and sometime Chief Justice of his State, is a good man and, we doubt not, a capable lawyer, but he has no standing justifying his appointment to the Chief Justiceship of the United States Supreme Court. If it shall fall to President Taft to name a Chief Justice he will probably pick out not only an able man, but one relatively young and therefore likely to continue in office for a long term. Mr. Wright having been born in 1847 is now sixty-two years of age, far too old to begin service as a Chief Justice. Speaking of the Chief Justiceship, there has recently been current at Washington a rather unpleasant bit of gossip relative to a sharp passage between Chief Justice Fuller and the late President, Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt is supposed to have dearly wished to name a Chief Justice, and the presumption has been that he was a good deal irritated over the fact that Mr. Fuller, although seventy-five years of age, did not retire and so create a vacancy. Gossip has it that at a diplomatic dinner some weeks ago the President directly asked the Chief Justice his age. The question and its suggestion is said to have profoundly irritated the old justice, who, looking his questioner dead in the eye, replied, "I am old enough, Mr. President, to mind my own business."

Mr. Bryan in his *Commoner* now and again gets far enough away from inane neutralities to say a really wise word. For example, he opposed the recent effort to raise the salary of the President on the ground that it would tend to quite uselessly increase the complexity and the expensiveness of life at the White House. With respect to the proposal to increase the pay of Supreme Court judges Mr. Bryan remarks:

The judge, too, lives up to his salary, and the amount that he receives largely decides in what social circle he will move. Give him \$5000 a year and his summer vacations will be spent where he comes in contact with those who, in taking a brief respite from the routine of life, seek some quiet and inexpensive resort. Make a judge's salary \$10,000 and he will select a new summer resort where he will be thrown into association with those who spend a larger sum upon their summer vacations. Raise the salary to \$15,000 and he will make another move and enter a new class; and he is naturally more or less affected by the opinion of the class with which he associates. Public opinion is a potent influence even with a judge.

There is a point here—a point worth considering.

We note a certain disposition to brag on the part of some of the young men named by President Taft for high official places. Mr. Dickinson's assurances of what he is going to do and how he is going about it and what tremendous things he intends to achieve in the War Department are quite unnecessary; and Mr. Loeb's assurances that he is going to be the best collector of customs the port of New York ever had, would just as well have been omitted. Discreet men rarely inform the world in advance of what they are going to do; and there is a scripture which informs us that away back in the days of the Hebrew prophets it was adjudged wise to beware the hazards of boasting.

Red and green side lights for vessels were first used on the Hudson River in 1862, and they were introduced by General Benjamin F. Butler, who was interested in a factory that made the lights.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

President Taft's sincerity in the matter of tariff revision has been made clear enough upon several occasions since his election. If the measure now approaching maturity should fail to be a substantial act of justice it will be no fault of his. When he says tariff revision he means revision in the popular sense of the word, in the sense of a reduction of popular burdens and not their increase. How far he may be able to impress his will upon Congress remains to be seen, but there will be no ambiguity as to his wishes.

Tariff revision must come first, and if there is any respectable features about a permanent tariff commission, that pet project of Mr. Van Cleave's, it can be considered afterward. Speaking recently in New York to a press representative, Mr. Taft said that he was inclined to favor such a commission at the right time, but the right time would come after revision, and not before it. He made it clear to his interviewer that he wanted to see the tariff revised in no niggard spirit, that he felt the existing schedules to be onerous to business, halting it with the force of a drag. Moreover, he wanted to see the thing done quickly, as quickly as the special session could do it. While he did not wish to be quoted verbatim, he did wish that his general views should be widely known, and they were to the effect that nothing should be done to delay revision. Later on, when revision was an accomplished fact, something might be done in the way of a commission that would gather data, watch the working of the new act, and suggest amendments. He reminded his interviewer of the letter recently sent to S. E. Payne of the Tariff Revision Commission, in which he said:

A tariff commission would be harmful or useful, as its functions were described in the bill. My own ideas have been that there ought to be a permanent commission of tariff experts to keep themselves advised by all the means possible of the cost of producing the articles named in the schedules in foreign countries and in this country.

I think that what we lack is evidence, and some such means might very well be used for the purpose of securing it.

I should like the last to advocate a commission with any power to fix rates, if that were constitutional, as it would not be, or with any function other than that of furnishing the evidence to Congress, upon which from time to time it might act.

Mr. Taft's intentions, thus clearly expressed, need no confirmation, and least of all from Senator Beveridge, whose elasticity remains unaffected by Mr. Roosevelt's genial threat that he will attend to the Indiana senator after the other carnivora in Africa have been disposed of. Speaking at Indianapolis, Senator Beveridge emitted a declaration of political faith in which tariff revision occupied the place of honor. "First of all we stand for tariff revision," said the senator, interrupting for a moment the frenzied applause of the assembled Republicans. "Revision will be accomplished within the next four months. It will be a better tariff than ever we have had. It will not satisfy every one, for no human work has ever accomplished that." Throwing fierce defiance at the Democrats who were not present, the senator declared that the assault upon the entrenchments of the steel, hides, lumber, wool, and sugar interests will be made by Republican senators. "We will not only make a new tariff," he said, "which shall be more accurate, just, and fair than any we have ever had, but we will inaugurate the tariff policy of the modern world—but entirely new to us. I mean that we will exact a maximum and minimum tariff." Senator Beveridge evidently intends to destroy the world and to create it again, and we can only hope that the plaudits of the political meeting have not caused this precocious young man to confuse his will and his power. Such things have happened before, and in view of the senator's further declaration that "we" propose to modify the power of the Federal courts in issuing injunctions "so that no citizen beneath the flag can feel that courts have been oppressive," we feel that this may have been the case at Indianapolis.

Four months seems a sanguine estimate for the passage of a tariff bill, but to be sanguine is Senator Beveridge's long suit. Senator Aldrich is said to have the same expectation. By obtaining the bill, or a part of it, at an early date Mr. Aldrich hopes that it will be possible for the Finance Committee immediately to report the bill back to the Senate with amendments. It is expected in the Senate that the House will not finish with the bill until the middle of April. By beginning consideration at once of the amended measure in the open Senate, it is hoped that revision can be accomplished by June 1 and the country relieved from further uncertainty. And what a world it would be without hope.

The tariff bill is to be followed by a currency measure. The National Monetary Commission has been hard at work in the European capitals, relieved, let us hope, by those recreative solacements that the giddy centres of European activities know so well how to offer to the harassed financial brain. An outline of the report has already been presented to the House, and this report gives a list of the conferences held by the commission. The leading bankers and financial writers of London, Paris, and Berlin were consulted, in all thirty-six conferences being held. Ten of the leading financial experts of England are now preparing reports for the commission. Nearly every phase of banking and currency in the United Kingdom will be covered in these reports. In Germany and France statistics are being compiled, papers written, and books and magazine articles translated by the most competent authorities in those two countries.

Wisconsin is supplying us with an apt illustration of the Direct Primary in action. A legislative committee has been busy investigating the primary election in which Senator Stephenson secured the nomination which the legislature has been reluctant to ratify. Mr. Stephenson reports his campaign expenses at over \$107,000. One of his opponents admits that his unsuccessful effort cost him \$40,000, while a third admits an expenditure of \$30,000.

curiosity. Here we have the new panacea in action, the political patent medicine that will cure all our ills of bribery and corruption and usher in a new golden age of civic purity and draconian virtue. Thanks to the legislative investigation, we know where some, at least, of this money went, and it is admirably set forth in a telegram from Madison, Wisconsin, to the Chicago Record-Herald. The dispatch is as follows:

That State office-holders, present and past, State employees, Federal office-holders, several prominent attorneys, and others were paid money for use in furthering the interests of United States Senator Stephenson in the recent primary election was shown today in a statement of election expenses filed by Rodney Sackett with the investigating committee. The making public of the list created a sensation. Among those who figured prominently in the list and the amounts received are: Levi H. Bancroft, speaker of the assembly, \$250; J. W. Stone, State game warden, \$250; L. B. Dresser, member of the State board of control, \$2100; W. G. Wheeler, United States District Attorney, \$600; John T. Kelly, city attorney of Milwaukee, \$500; Rock Flint, United States marshal, \$80; George Gordon, La Crosse, \$1600; Solon Perrine, Superior, \$3000; D. E. Riordan, ex-State senator, \$1300; C. C. Wellensgard, assemblyman, \$250.80; Hugh Lewis, doorkeeper United States Senate, \$360; T. Purtell, State fire marshal, \$175.

Others received smaller sums. Items described as "touches" show that "old soldiers" and "heelers" received \$2 each. Speaker Bancroft has been notified to be in readiness to testify upon the call of the committee.

Let us rub our eyes and remind ourselves that this political dehauch is not under the old system, but under the new; it was not perpetrated by some boss-ridden convention from which such things were to be expected, but from the divinely inspired plan that would forever place the lamb-like electorate beyond the reach of the wolf-like boss. No wonder the New York Sun would throw up its hands in disgust and in the name of democratic ideals pray that the State may be saved from the dehauch of the Direct Primary. The Sun says:

A lot of people in this State, good, bad, and indifferent, want to reform the primary election law—or think they want to reform it.

The main purpose to be accomplished, as all alike assure us, is to enable the voters to participate directly in the nomination of candidates for office.

The real object of each party to the controversy is to bring about the enactment of a law which will facilitate the nomination of its own particular ticket and place every possible legal obstacle in the way of the success of the ticket of its rivals.

For example, the Republican organization wants a primary law which will insure the nomination of an organization ticket, the Citizens' Union wants a primary law which will insure the nomination of the candidates favored by the Citizens' Union, and doubtless voters who are interested in the cause of organized labor want a primary law which will promote the nomination of labor leaders on the tickets of both the great political parties.

From an ethical point of view organized labor is just as much entitled to special privileges under a primary law as is the Republican organization or the Citizens' Union.

Any project for direct nominations which makes the candidates proposed by one body of men regular necessarily implies irregularity on the part of all other proposed candidates and places them at a disadvantage.

We confess to a high degree of sympathy with the disappointed reformer who when he found that this was the outcome of all the recent hue and cry about direct nominations pronounced it a piece of "damned impudence."

The "disappointed reformer" certainly had a gift of speech ordinarily denied to his kind. Perhaps his lapse into the vulgar tongue was due to his disappointment, but, however that may be, we thank him for it.

The debate upon salaries seems to have been an animated one. By a vote of 141 to 168 the House refused to concur in the Senate's action fixing the presidential salary at \$100,000, and it further voted to place the salary at \$75,000, with a provision that there should be no further appropriation for the President's traveling expenses, which are fixed at \$25,000 a year. All other Senate amendments in the order were rejected by the House. Speaker Cannon's salary has been raised to \$15,000, but Mr. Tawney of Minnesota announced that the Speaker was perfectly satisfied with his present salary, and this places the Speaker in an unique position among his countrymen. Mr. Champ Clark called the proposed increase of the Speaker's salary "a sop to Cerberus, a bit of soft soap to ease the ways for the adoption of other salary uplifts desired by the Senate." He said there was a mistaken idea abroad that the only thing the President got out of his office in the way of compensation was \$50,000 a year, when, as a matter of fact, he receives in one way or another for salary and expenses \$291,000 a year. Mr. Clark declared that if the proposition was figured out carefully the President of the United States lives as well as any potentate in Europe and has as much money to spend for his comfort and traveling expenses.

"The first time I clapped my eyes on the President-elect," said Mr. Clark, "I knew that he was a man of extraordinary parts. He is my friend, but I don't think that he or anybody else in the government service ought to have his salary increased 15 cents."

Champ Clark referred to the constantly increasing deficit facing the government, and said he thought this was the best opportunity ever presented to the House to make a stand against the extravagance of the Senate. The market is going off—"the first premonitory symptom of a panic" he called it—and before September, he said, it would not be surprising if the monthly deficit were as much as \$25,000,000.

"But if we are going to give the President this increase, so that he may save against the years to come after he retires, we should be doing better in giving it to him at the end of his term. It is history that every President, no matter what is his salary, spends it as fast as he gets it."

Bourke Cockran and William Sulzer were among the few Democrats who supported the conferees in their demand for agreement to the Senate amendment. Mr. Cockran's argument that the House was always willing to hold down all salaries except its own, and his statement that the House of Representatives is the highest paid legislative body in the world drew enthusiastic applause from the Republicans and a few Democrats.

It may be that the House was abundantly justified in its

rejection of these salary increases, but it should have done so without a descent into false pretense. In other words, it should not have prated about economy. A few weeks ago Congress voted a census bill upon the spoils system which would mean a two-million-dollar increase in cost and a distinctly inferior service. There was no question about the facts as to either the expenditure or the service, but the members almost with one accord pushed on to the trough, and considerations of economy and efficiency were conspicuous only by their absence. Now we are told that a few thousand dollars expended in higher salaries represent a policy of extravagance against which Congress must set its face like flint.

## OLD FAVORITES.

The Forging of the Anchor.

Come, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now;

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the forge's brow,

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound, And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round, All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;

Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throce: It rises, roars, rends all outright—Oh, Vulcan, what a glow! 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blinding bright—the high sun shines not so;

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show; The roof-ribs swarth, the candent earth, the ruddy lurid row Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe: As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow; "Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out"; hang, hang the sledges go;

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low— A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow, The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow The ground around: at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,

And thick and loud, the shrinking crowd at every stroke pant, "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out, and lay on load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad; For a heart of oak is hanging on every hlow, I bode, And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road— The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean pour'd From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board; The hulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!

But courage still, brave mariners—the hower yet remains, And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high;

Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I."

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and band keep time; Your hlow make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime: But while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the hurthen he, The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we! Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red:

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array, For a hammock at the roaring hows, or an oozy couch of clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,

For the yoo-beave-'o and the beave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last; A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast. O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me, What pleasures would thy toils reward, beneath the deep-green sea!

O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sight as thee? The hoary monster's palaces! Metbinks what joy 'twere now To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales, And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn, And send him foild and hellowing hack, for all his ivory horn; To leave the subtle sworder-fish of hony blade forlorn; And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn; To leap down on the kraaken's hack, where 'mid Norwegian isles,

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles; Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls: Meanwhile to swing, a-huffeting the far-astorish'd shoals Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove, Shell strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love, To find the long-hair'd mermaids; or, hard by icy lands, To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-arm'd Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?

The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line! And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day, Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play— But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave— A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping hand,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend?

Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

—S. Ferguson.

The smallest current coin in the world is used by the natives of the Malay peninsula. It is a sort of wafer made from the resinous juice of a tree and is worth about 1-2000 part of a cent. The smallest metal coin in circulation is the Portuguese 3-reis piece, worth 6-100th of a cent.

The total amount of capital invested in buildings at Messina is calculated at about \$16,000,000, at Reggio at \$10,000,000, and the greatest portion of this capital is irrevocably lost.



## THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

Mr. Huntington's Gift to New York Is a Substantial Addition to the Art Life of America.

New York owes Mr. Archer M. Huntington a debt of gratitude; as a matter of fact it owes him two debts of gratitude, possibly more, but the ones to which I allude are the most conspicuous. In the first place it owes him a debt of gratitude for the beautiful building in which, at his own expense, he has housed the Hispanic Society of America. Mr. Huntington's hobby is one by which the public at large may profit—he loves things Spanish and he has made a special study of Spanish history and Spanish art. He appreciates what this country owes to Ferdinand and Isabella, and he has shown this appreciation in more ways than one.

The home of the Hispanic Society is on the west side of town and is built on an eminence overlooking the Hudson River. Here are housed wonderful and rare Spanish manuscripts and antiquities and here are exhibited the paintings of Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida. These paintings, three hundred and fifty and all from the brush of one man, have given New York a sensation such as it has not had in years. Certainly the work of no one man has made people sit up and marvel as has this. And not even the work of several men, as witness the recent exhibition of German art, which has not made anything like the sensation caused by the Sorolla pictures. The exhibition was free to the public, but so were the German pictures; they were hung in a comparatively out-of-the-way place, for the Hispanic Society is lodged at One Hundred and Fifty-Sixth Street, while the German pictures were hung in the Metropolitan Museum at Seventy-Second Street, in a building well known to art lovers and others, and yet thousands visited the Sorolla pictures to hundreds who went to see the German paintings. Five and six thousand a day on ordinary days and twelve thousand a day on holidays climbed the marble steps of the Hispanic Society building.

The art of Sorolla has been known to artists and amateurs in this country for a number of years, and his pictures have been exhibited in Paris and London, where those who have not seen them in Spain have had an opportunity to admire. The latest exhibition was held in London and made a sensation, but nothing to compare to the sensation that they have made in this country. The thought came to Mr. Huntington that it would be a fine thing if the collection could be seen in America, so, at his own expense, he brought all the paintings and the artist himself to this country. That his generosity has been appreciated is shown by the crowds who have been to see the pictures and the enthusiasm that they have aroused.

Señor Sorolla is having the time of his life in New York. Nearly every one of his pictures that has been for sale has been bought, and he is working overtime to paint all the portraits that have been ordered of him. Among them is one of Mrs. Archer Huntington and one of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who was a Miss Crocker of San Francisco. Señor Sorolla gets five thousand dollars each for his portraits and he is a very quick worker. He really can do one a day, but he doesn't. As a matter of fact, I believe that he has limited his output of portraits while here to four or five. Those who have them are to be envied, for they are masterpieces of art. I do not say that he is better than Sargent as a portrait painter, but he is very wonderful and gets effects that are as original as they are admirable. How they may be as portraits I do not know, for the only ones on exhibition are of people whom I have never seen. They are apparently characteristic and they appear to be faithful as portraits.

The wonder of these Sorolla pictures is their atmosphere. They are not studio pictures, but are painted out of doors. He dips his brush in sunlight, in flowers, in the waves themselves. The effects of light and color are marvelous. You can see the sun shimmering on the sails and on the sea. How he gets the action that he does with only a few touches is another of his secrets. If he paints children running on the beach they are running; you can see the legs moving; if they are swimming you can see the strokes of their legs and arms. You wait to see them turn over and float, though floating would be almost too quiet a sport for these spirited youngsters. Such a variety of styles. There seems to be nothing that Sorolla can not paint, and he paints all equally well. One man is usually a marine painter, a landscape painter, a painter of animals or of portraits, but Sorolla is a painter of everything.

His art has been compared to that of Bastien Le Page, but he is much more versatile than Le Page ever dreamed of being. At the same time they are not unlike. They are both forceful, both intensely earnest, painting things as they saw them and as other people see them when they look at their canvases, which is more than you can say of the impressionists, and they both came from peasant stock.

Joaquin Sorolla was born in Valencia, Spain, in 1863, and was left an orphan at the early age of two years. He was brought up by an aunt and sent to school, where he spent most of his time in making rude sketches, rather than in studying his lessons. His wise uncle, instead of giving him a flogging and telling him to stop his nonsense, decided to let him follow the bent of his inclinations, and sent him to drawing school. After taking all the prizes that came his way, young Sorolla fell in with a benevolent gentleman of means, who gave him the necessary assistance for the pursuit of his art studies. This gentleman had a daughter, and,

such is the romance of art, that daughter is now Señora de Sorolla. Her portrait is one of the most striking in the collection. Perhaps you imagine that a man who paints in the nervous, picturesque manner of Sorolla is nervous and picturesque looking. On the contrary, he has a solid, serious face, and if it were not for his slightly tousled hair you would not suspect him of being a painter, particularly a painter of flowers and sunlight.

Apologos, a young lady who had spent some time in admiring these paintings, when she went out into the street found the sidewalks wet. "I had no idea that it was raining," she said. "My eyes were so full of the sunlight of the pictures that I thought that the sun must be shining."

Again my thanks to Mr. Huntington for the great pleasure that he has given me as well as thousands of others. The only time such a thing was ever done before, to the best of my knowledge and belief, was a number of years ago, when Miss Mead, now Mrs. Edwin A. Abbey, at her own expense, brought over a collection of the paintings of George Frederick Watts for exhibition in New York and other cities. Mrs. Abbey was not a woman of large wealth, but she was an enthusiast as Mr. Huntington is an enthusiast. By the way, he has planned another exhibition of Spanish art, which will follow immediately that of Sorolla. It will not be as popular as the Sorolla exhibition, as it will present the gloomy and often sordid life of Spain, not the sunshine and gayety of the Sorolla pictures.

*Flameled L. Fidler*

NEW YORK, March 4, 1909.

Dr. Goldwin Smith, in a short letter to the Cornell *Era*, tells of his ideal in athletics. This is a pithy paragraph from his statement: "I see that the number of athletes failing to pass a university examination is less than it was. The shade of Ezra Cornell will rejoice. What our founder wanted was not show of muscle, but preparation for life, in which in the case of university men muscle does not count for much. The force spent in football can not be recalled for study. Let us have games by all means, but games which exercise, not exhaust, and in which all alike can take part. Besides there is military drill, good in itself and not to be neglected if the force of the country is to be kept in the right hands. Into some universities the betting ring seems to have crept; never, I hope, into ours."

In his recently printed lectures before the University of Copenhagen, President Butler of Columbia University writes: "Almost without exception the men who today occupy the most conspicuous positions in the United States have worked their way up, by their own ability, from very humble beginnings. The heads of the great universities were every one of them not long ago humble and poorly compensated teachers."

The State University of Illinois complains that other colleges paying higher salaries are drawing away its better professors. Promptly appears a resolution in the legislature, appropriating \$25,000 to the university's annual salary fund, and there is said to be no doubt of its passage. Against State universities so supported the privately endowed institutions will find it hard to compete.

Professor Abby Leach of Vassar College has been presented with a golden cup by the Mikado, in recognition of her services to the cause of education. Miss Leach was the first student at Radcliffe, when it was an annex of Harvard, and she has studied at Leipsic, besides taking her degree at Vassar. She is a member of the fellowship committee at the American school at Athens.

Literally the word "raja" means "king"; and "maharaja," the "great king," or ruler over several kings; but, generally speaking, the titles "raja," "maharajah," and "nawab," have no greater significance than the words "feudal lords," as used in mediaeval times in Europe. Many of them have been made by the will of the reigning chief; many bestowed for meritorious acts and deeds.

Three members of the Missouri legislature have died since the present session opened. The Republicans are now without a majority in the House. Seventy-two votes are required to pass bills, and while the Republicans originally had one more than this number, they now have one less.

At the seventh annual dinner of the Canadian Camp, given at the Hotel Astor in New York recently, the menu included boa constrictor, monkey, and whale meat.

In Morocco meerschaum is so plentiful that they use it when soft and fresh for soap. It gives a plentiful and cleansing lather.

The warship without funnels has come in the British *Indefatigable*, which will be propelled by internal combustion engines.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Cipriano Castro has informed President Gomez of Venezuela of his desire to return and live as a private citizen, but has not yet received a reply to the letter.

Charles E. Hallberg of Chicago, once janitor in a bank but an artist by inclination, has had one of his paintings accepted by the art museum of Guttenberg, the city of his birth.

Dr. Mary Merritt Crawford is now head surgeon and chief of staff in the Williamsburgh Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, the first woman to hold such a position. Dr. Crawford was graduated at Cornell in 1904.

The Reverend John Eastman, a full-blood Sioux Indian of Sisseton, South Dakota, was appointed an aid on the staff of General J. Franklin Bell, chief marshal of the inaugural parade, to represent South Dakota.

Florence Alice Whaley, a thirteen-year-old school-girl of San Diego, California, has been awarded, by the Carnegie hero fund commission, a gold medal and \$2000. The act of bravery for which this was made took place at Ocean Beach, near San Diego, on August 25 last, when the girl rescued seven-year-old Bruce W. McKenzie from drowning.

The Shah of Persia is in financial straits and has made an offer to the Russian Academy of Sciences to sell the entire royal collection of manuscripts, paintings, and miniatures at a comparatively low figure. This collection has been in the possession of the Shahs of Persia for several centuries, and some of the paintings date to the sixteenth century. The Academy has recommended that the government purchase the collection, but this is doubtful, on account of political considerations.

Miss Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College, recently sent in her resignation, to take effect on September 1, 1909. Miss Irwin was appointed to her present position in September, 1894, when Radcliffe College became a distinct institution and was no longer known as the "Harvard Annex." She is the daughter of the Hon. W. W. Irwin, who was a congressman from Pennsylvania. Under her leadership Radcliffe College has taken its place in the front rank of American colleges for women. Her plans for the future have not yet been divulged, but it is supposed that she resigns in order to take a long vacation for rest and travel.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fred W. Sibley, of the Second United States Cavalry, has been appointed commandant of the West Point Military Academy to succeed Lieutenant-Colonel Robert L. Howze, who becomes commandant of the District of Porto Rico. The latter had been in charge at West Point since June, 1905. Lieutenant-Colonel Sibley is fifty-six years of age and is a native of the State of Texas. He won his first lieutenantcy in the Indian fight on the Little Big Horn River on July 7, 1876. At the time of his appointment to the post at the military academy he was stationed at Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

Lorado Taft, who has been awarded the contract for a statue of Columbus, to be erected in the plaza of the Union Station in Washington, D. C., and to cost, with a large fountain, \$100,000, is nationally known as a sculptor and has been for several years the leading authority on that branch of the fine arts in Chicago. He was born at Elmwood, Illinois, in 1860, and after being graduated from the University of Illinois studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. Since 1886 he has been an instructor in the Art Institute of Chicago. His works are numerous and he has received several medals of honor at great expositions. It is said he is a relative of President-elect Taft.

John La Farge, whose new book, "The Higher Life in Art," consists of lectures delivered at the Chicago Art Institute, is one of the most eminent of living American artists. Born in New York, a pupil of Couture, Paris, and William M. Hunt, Mr. La Farge successfully essayed a number of artistic mediums before devoting himself to the changing and reforming of the entire art of the glass stainer. The "American methods" now so popular in England, originated with this artist, whose wonderful windows may be found in many large churches of Chicago, New York, Washington, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and elsewhere. Mr. La Farge still pays much attention to stained glass designs and production. He is an honored member of several artists' societies, and has received European decorations.

Victor D. Brenner, the sculptor whose design for the new Lincoln penny was accepted, has been at work upon his model for more than a year, and for many months before that had in mind the idea of submitting this design for the coins. Mr. Brenner came to New York nineteen years ago. He was born in Russia, in a place called Shavely, in 1871, and at the age of thirteen he began to work with his father, who was an engraver of seals and a stone-cutter. Three years later he left home and took up his trade as an engraver of jewelry and later as a sculptor in a number of Russian cities. He studied here, first at the Cooper Union and then in the school of the National Academy of Design and later in the Art Students' League. He followed his profession in the daytime and studied at night. Last summer President Roosevelt sat for Mr. Brenner at Oyster Bay for the Panama Canal medal, which is given to every employee who has served for two years.



## THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF MR. NICOT.

A Page from the Diary of a Medical Specialist.

By my professional diary I see that Mr. Nicot first consulted me on the 22d of August. As a specialist in mental and nervous diseases, I am accustomed to rely largely on my own efforts in ascertaining the true symptoms of those who seek my aid, and in overcoming a reticence which is often a part of the complaint. In Mr. Nicot's case the reticence was very marked. He complained of sleeplessness by night and excessive drowsiness by day, an abnormal appetite and extreme and unreasoning irritability. I recognized from his manner and appearance that his malady was more deeply seated than such symptoms alone would suggest, and I therefore engaged him in general conversation, hoping for some indication that I might follow. He was extremely well dressed, of medium height, hair closely cropped, and face smooth with the exception of a stiff and meagre moustache, of which almost every hair could be counted at the distance of a few feet. I commented on his thinness, to which he replied that it was quite of recent date, and at the same time I observed that his breathing was very rapid and almost entirely abdominal, there being hardly any extension at all of the upper ribs. His movements were peculiarly quick and alert, and he spoke in a jerky and even snappy manner, of which he seemed to be aware and to be struggling to control. As a preliminary, I prescribed for him a sedative and gave him some general directions as to his health, recommending him to visit me again in a few days. Just as he was about to go, my dog, a very fine Scotch greyhound, pushed open the door and came into the room. His temper is usually of the best and he is particularly tolerant of strangers, even excessively so, but at the sight of Mr. Nicot he showed every evidence of anger, growling fiercely and backing toward the door. I spoke to him sternly, and he ran from the room, still growling and evidently very much disturbed. I turned to my patient to apologize for the incident and was distressed to find him in a state of great agitation, which might have been due to fear but which certainly looked like anger. He had stepped back some two or three paces and I noticed that his shoulders had taken on a sudden stoop, and that his moustache was twitching in a manner which under other circumstances would have been ludicrous. Still more remarkable, the short hair at the back of his neck was actually erect. On expressing my profound regret he recovered his self-possession at once and answered very courteously, but with an accentuation of the nervous, jerky tone which I had previously noticed. I accompanied him personally to the outer door, and then, returning to my consulting room, I opened both windows in order to free the room from the animal odor which seemed to pervade it. My dog evidently needed his weekly bath, and I remember vaguely wondering whether the natural odor of an animal was intensified by anger. Certainly I had in Mr. Nicot an interesting case, which I should do well to watch.

Three days later a singular coincidence occurred. I was summoned to the house of Mr. Nicot, not, however, to see him, but his wife, who was suffering from nervous shock caused by the *attack of a dog*. The work of a physician would be greatly simplified if patients would make fewer reservations and more confidences. The physician can himself deduct the irrelevant, and it is better to be copious than reticent. In this case I felt that the line had been rigidly drawn and that I was deprived of information that ought to be given to me.

Mme. Nicot, who does not occupy the same room as her husband, told me that she was awakened from sleep by a sound in the room and that upon starting up in bed she saw a large dog which flew at her throat, and that she then remembers nothing more. The door of the room was closed all night and the window was open only a few inches. There was no sign of a dog in the morning, and Mr. Nicot, whose manner was very strange and excited, assured me that they do not keep such an animal. This surprised me, as I thought that I heard a dog bark as I rang the bell, but no doubt the sound was from the adjoining house. Except for the certainty that something was being concealed I should have attributed the lady's alarm to a bad case of nightmare. Her condition was not merely nervous, but absolutely tremulous, almost incoherently so, while her agitation in the presence of her husband was simply pitiable. He himself said little, but seemed to watch his wife with an expression of cruel insolence upon his face, accompanied with the extraordinary and uncanny twitching of the moustache which I had previously noticed. All this I attributed to his malady. As for Mme. Nicot, I could but treat the case as I found it, and I therefore prescribed some simple remedy and enjoined complete rest.

Within a day or so Mr. Nicot visited me again in fulfillment of an appointment. His general health was markedly better, but the insomnia had increased. I urged him to resist the impulse to sleep during the day, to remain much in the open air, and if possible to travel for a time.

"Travel!" he replied. "Quite impossible, I assure you, my dear sir. What about my books, my studies, my experiments?" Here at any rate was a clue which I might follow. "May I ask the nature of your studies?" I inquired.

"They would be very hard to explain, very hard, very hard." He was glaring at me fixedly and the bristles

of his moustache seemed to move backward and forward, while a slight lifting of the extremities of the upper lip disclosed a glimpse of two strong, white, canine teeth. At this moment my dog, which as a precaution I had ordered the servant to chain up in the basement, began a furious barking and I could hear the rattling of his chain. My visitor started and turned apprehensively in his chair, so that I could once more see the curious bristling of the hair on the back of his neck. I reassured him and inquired once more if his work entailed any severe mental strain. "No, sir, no mental strain, but absorbing, yes, very absorbing." He jerked his words at me as though he were trying to bite off each one with his teeth. He continued: "I have a curious theory that I am trying to verify. Did you ever study evolution?"

"Only so far as my profession has required," I replied.

"Well, well, my theory is this," he went on. "I believe that in past ages the human mind has ascended through every kingdom of nature, always carrying with it in its sub-conscious states the memories and experiences of the kingdoms which it has traversed." Here he paused long enough for me to remark, "How very interesting," and to mentally classify the variety of insanity which was now disclosed as much by the man's appearance as by his words.

"Interesting! I should say so, and how much more interesting it would be if we could once more centre our consciousness in those ganglia in which such memories are preserved and so summon them again to the plane of our ordinary thought. We might even once more evolve the very forms, the simulacra, of those lower kingdoms, because surely memory must imply form. Fancy being able to go back in memory at will, to relive the past, and so by personal knowledge unlock all the storehouses of nature."

Here I tactfully interposed. It was no part of my duty to allow my patient to get excited, and well acquainted as I am with most varieties of mental aberration, there was something weird in the way in which the man barked these sentences at me as though rivaling the noise from below which showed that my dog was now in a perfect frenzy of rage. I got rid of my patient with some difficulty, promising to send him a further prescription by mail.

My next interview with Mr. Nicot was earlier than I anticipated, as I was summoned to his house on the following day by an urgent message. The servant merely stated that his master had been taken violently ill and that my immediate presence was required. I was received by Mme. Nicot, who was in a state of extreme agitation and tears. Her condition can only be described as hysterical, and I had, indeed, to ring for the servant before I could ascertain in what room Mr. Nicot was to be found. I directed the girl to get her mistress on to the couch and to keep her there as long as possible. On knocking on Mr. Nicot's door I heard a slight movement within the room, and on repeating the knock and receiving no reply I entered. Mr. Nicot was lying crouched on the bed, panting as though from excessive exertion, while his tongue protruded from his mouth. His eyes fixed themselves upon me with a maniacal intensity and he seemed ineffectually struggling to speak. I can only describe his appearance as that of a helpless and enraged wild animal. I saw at once that I had a serious case of mania upon my hands, and I hesitated for a moment as to the right course to follow. Suddenly his appearance changed. His body straightened, and then slowly arched backward, until I almost expected to hear the vertebrae crack. He kept his face turned toward me and his eyes upon mine, and although a convulsion of this kind is usually attended with intense pain, his expression did not change at all from the animal-like ferocity which I have mentioned. The canine teeth were fully exposed and the face was suffused with blood. The convulsion lasted only a few moments. Then the tense muscles slowly relaxed and the unfortunate man sank at once into a state of stupor. I examined him as fully as circumstances would permit, and then procured the reluctant attendance of the gardener, whom I ordered to remain in the room until the arrival of the trained nurse whom I would send. Before leaving the room, however, I opened the window in order to dispel the kennel-like odor. "Such a phenomenon, I may say, is not unknown in mental diseases."

Late that night I again visited the patient and found him sleeping, with the trained nurse in charge. This was a man named Loveday, whom I often employed and in whom I had great confidence. He reported that Mr. Nicot had slept uneasily for some hours, but that there had been one very acute convulsion. This, he said, seemed to have been induced by the behavior of a savage dog which had suddenly made its appearance from some place of concealment in the room and had attacked him with fierce growls. The convulsion had occurred while he was trying to drive the dog from the room, which he had eventually succeeded in doing with the aid of a stout cudgel. "I think I must have broken some of his ribs," he said, "but I never faced such a brute before. I sent for the gardener and asked him to see to the matter, and the fellow went as white as a sheet and declared that there was no dog about the house and never had been, and that if it came back he would advise me to pay no attention to it, as no good ever came of meddling with such things. It's the funniest house I was ever in. The servants all seem afraid to come upstairs and Mme. Nicot has not been near the room at all."

At this moment a slight noise from the bed attracted

my attention. Mr. Nicot, although sleeping, appeared to be in pain. He was breathing heavily and his hand was pressed to his side. I gently turned back the bed covering, opened the shirt, and so disclosed a livid bruise which seemed to be of very recent origin and looked as though it had been produced by a blow from a heavy club. Loveday was unable to account for it, and I directed him to apply an embrocation as soon as the patient awoke, should his condition permit it.

Upon my following visit the nurse reported to me that there had been convulsions at intervals of about four hours, each one coincident with the howling of a dog somewhere in the garden. Upon one occasion the brute had scratched fiercely at the bedroom door, growling and barking. On ringing the bell for aid there was no reply, and on descending to the kitchens he had found the servants in a state of absolute terror, for which they would give no reason. He himself was extremely nervous. He said that he must give up the case unless there was some cooperation on the part of the household, and especially in the matter of restraining the dog whose howling had such disastrous effect upon the patient. I went myself to the kitchen and asked where Mme. Nicot could be found. She was, I learned, ill in bed and could see no one. The gardener was present, a boy, and three maid-servants. I asked peremptorily if there was no means of confining the dog or of sending him away. If I ever saw abject terror upon the faces of human beings, I saw it then when I mentioned the dog. The maids looked at one another and two of them began to cry hysterically, declaring that they would not stay in the house another day. The gardener was hardly less terrified, and for a moment he was unable to find his speech. Then he stammered something about there being no dog on the place. I cut him short angrily. Did he suppose that Mr. Loveday had been dreaming, or lying? Evidently there was nothing to be done there, and I returned to the bedroom, telling Loveday that I would send another nurse to relieve him and that I would myself return later. I cautioned him to see to the ventilation, and he told me that the odor to which I referred became almost unbearable during the convulsions.

At eleven o'clock that night I came back. Loveday was on duty, but he had been relieved during the afternoon and was consequently in better spirits. The nuisance of the dog had recurred at intervals, and upon each occasion a convulsion had resulted. Otherwise the patient seemed to be better and to be resting more quietly.

I sat down by the side of the bed and for a time watched the uneasy countenance upon the pillow. The emaciation was extreme, and although the eyes were closed there was a look of furtive alertness upon the face incompatible with natural sleep and irresistibly suggesting the ruse of an animal watching its prey. Loveday was standing at the foot of the bed, and for a few minutes we watched in silence. Then suddenly we both heard a scratching and an excited whining that seemed to come from beneath the bed. I started back and at the same time saw that Mr. Nicot's body was twisted and arched into one of the most hideous convulsions that it was ever my lot to witness. His eyes were open and he seemed to be struggling to rise, while his hands were extended in my direction, not as though imploring help, but with the quick, cruel movements of an animal clawing from behind bars. Even if help had been otherwise possible it was now out of the question, for to my inexpressible surprise a big dog suddenly appeared in the room, having crawled, as I supposed at the moment, from under the bed. The events of the next minute I am hardly able to recall. The brute, stiffening with anger, stood between Loveday and me. Every hair on his body was rigid with rage, and although the room was warm I saw the breath from his dilating nostrils and the stench of it sickened me. I remember seeing Loveday step toward the corner to regain the stick that he had previously used, and then in a moment the animal was upon me. I raised my arm to protect my face and his teeth sank into my flesh below the shoulder. With the other hand I seized his throat, and even now I shudder as I recall the sensation of mangy hair and soft, yielding flesh. Under the agony of his fangs, the horror of his loathsome contact, I could yet see the frightful paroxysm that had seized Mr. Nicot. His body was twisted into appalling forms, while the animal sounds from his throat rivaled those of the hideous brute with which I was struggling. As my grasp upon his throat tightened, his teeth slowly relaxed their hold, and in another moment I had forced him backward to the ground and Loveday had seized and held his back legs, which had already torn my clothing into shreds and lacerated my skin. In a minute or two the struggle was over. Under the pressure of my fingers the panting, foetid breath slowly left the infuriated body, but I did not rise from my knees until every sign of life had departed and the black tongue hung limp from the foam-covered jaws.

Then I turned my attention to Mr. Nicot, but he had passed beyond my aid. He was quite dead, and upon his neck were the livid marks of human fingers. His face was black as though from suffocation and horribly distorted, and his tongue protruded from a mouth flecked with the foam of his last and fatal convulsion.

Such are the facts in the case of Mr. Nicot.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1909.

China has created a Navy Department, with Prince Su as chief and Prince Ching as adviser.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Araminta*, by J. C. Snaith. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Taking up this novel with some apprehension lest it should prove to be on the same lines as "William Jordan, Junior," we are pleasantly surprised to find it bright and even brilliant, with a clever plot, striking originality in character delineation, and with exceptionally strong dialogue. And yet there is a certain carelessness in composition, a certain lack of harmony and perspective that suggest a manuscript published without revision.

The heroine is Araminta Perry, the daughter of a poor country parson. We are introduced to her upon her arrival at the house of her aunt, Lady Caroline Crewkerne, who proposes to adopt her, and we are distressed to find that she is six feet in height—an impossible dimension for a lovable heroine—that she is execrably dressed and that she has "a pair of the bluest eyes and a mane of the yellowest hair that ever came out of Devon." This we feel is a bad beginning, but we are plunged into positive despondency when we find that Araminta is palpably weak-minded and that she has brought with her as inseparable pet and companion—a ferret. She is not only weak-minded, but she tells us so—unnecessarily and with tiresome iteration. "My name is Araminta," she says at every opportunity, "but they call me Goose because I am rather a sill-ly." She is not merely silly; she is a perfect idiot, with a mind wholly vacuous and the appetites of a greedy child. Good clothes work miracles upon Araminta. She develops an astonishing likeness to the picture of her ancestress, "Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, by Gainsborough," but if the duchess also was six feet in height and with the mind of a rabbit we feel that a frame is the only tolerable place for her.

And yet with such handicaps Araminta finds lovers. Lord Cheriton, an old but intellectual and cultured *roué*, wants to marry her. So does the Duke of Brancaster, another old rascal, better known as Gobo because he gobbles like a turkey. So, too, does that fine young artist Lascelles, who is commissioned to copy the portrait of the Duchess of Dorset, but paints Araminta instead. All these men want to marry the Goose Girl in spite of her colossal body and infinitesimal mind. But why? The author ought to have supplied us with a reason, but we find none. The lord, the duke, and the artist need fear no rivalry among normally constituted men.

The unattractiveness of the heroine is a serious defect to the story. So, too, is the wearisome repetition of phrases. We get absolutely sick of Araminta's stereotyped confessions of idiocy and we wish that the Countess of Crewkerne would not call Lord Cheriton a coxcomb quite so often. If the author had looked at his story with detachment he would have seen these defects and easily have remedied them. They mar a novel of much brilliance, but "Araminta" will be read to the last page by those who read the first.

*The Lord of Promise*, by Richard de Bary. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

The author is an Englishman who has spent several years in America and who now attempts "an account of the material and spiritual unity" of the country. He has written a clever and readable book and one that covers so wide a field that it may be forgiven for a certain superficiality that is evident all the way through. Some allowance must also be made for an enthusiastic courtesy that is a little over-determined to admire. The writer who says of the New York *Journal* and other newspapers of that type that "every leader is simply an oratorical, almost Shakespearean, address to humanity itself" can hardly expect to be taken seriously. When he goes on to say of these same screeds that "each one of them is clever enough to interest, to teach, to impress, to persuade, to convince a million of the great compound of real America" we must simply laugh and beg him not to talk nonsense. His sneer at the New York *Evening Post* as a "fact-recording paper of financial interest" may be taken for granted and simply goes to prove the author's feebleness in comparative valuation of influence. It may be true that newspapers written by knaves for idiots have a deplorable influence, but if these are parts of the "material and spiritual unity" we must ask to be excused from participation.

But the author is to be credited with an avoidance of politics. He tells us of our virtues rather than of our faults, and he praises us for our earnest recognition of both. He is most fortunate when dealing with generalities, but he is apt to stumble over particulars. He knows the Western part of the country and describes it well, but the real values of the great city elude him. His chapter on "American Nationalism" is good in its recognition of underlying and unifying principles that may be often submerged, but that are never drowned. He shows some keen analysis in his treatment of the woman's question, and when he touches upon American idealism he displays unexpected comprehension of the

force that makes surely for the eventual stability even by way of temporary excess and a transient license. His book is bright and readable all the way through, but he gives the impression of having held himself aloof from the men who control thought and events, from the solid and conservative forces that are not heard in the noise of the street.

*Some New Literary Valuations*, by Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.30 net.

A suggestion of hypercriticism in some of these valuations disappears in admiration of their scrupulous exactness. A volume of over four hundred pages is divided between William Dean Howells, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Stedman, John Morley, and Tolstoy, a sufficiently representative selection from modern literature and one that displays the author's rotundity of critical view. He knows how to be severe, although his severity sometimes allows the personal equation to be over-exposed. Mr. Howells's "Fennel and Rue" he calls "a thing of little worth," and he subjects Mr. Howells to a general censure for over-productivity and for allowing his "cleverness" to overmaster his more substantial capacities. He would like Mr. Howells to be more arduous and to look more heedfully to his eventual fame. He is a "great writer," but one who should be greater. But the author is even more severe upon Arnold, although he willingly recognizes the "formidable concurrence of formidable opinions opposed to my own." Arnold as critic is too "magisterial," too captious, too lacking in urbanity. He writes always for a small circle predisposed to applaud, while his style is an "example of what is to be shunned rather than emulated." Elsewhere in the book we find the same over-emphasis of criticism, the same habit of thinking in superlatives. Tennyson, we are told, is "the greatest artist in lyric verse that thus far has ever appeared in the world." That may be true. It probably is true, but a more judicial temperament would have expressed the same conviction in more cautious terms. The personal equation appears once more in the author's singularly clear appreciation of Tolstoy, who yet lacks, as the crown of his literary labors, certain theological opinions that the author himself happens to hold. It requires some confidence, even some assurance, to criticize a writer, as such, upon the ground of his adoption or rejection of specific religious dogmas. But Professor Wilkinson's book, in spite of defects of zeal, is a scholarly production and the result of earnest study and deep conviction.

*The Art of the Netherland Galleries*, by David C. Preyer. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$2.

The author sufficiently explains the importance of his subject when he tells us that the Louvre galleries contain paintings by 121 of the seventeenth century Dutch artists, that the National Gallery shows the work of ninety-three of these men, while the Metropolitan Museum of New York displays the work of forty-eight. In spite, however, of this drainage, the Netherland galleries are still the home of Dutch art and the place where it can best be studied. The Ryks Museum of Amsterdam contains 2000 paintings of the seventeenth century by over 200 artists, while the collections at The Hague, at Haarlem, at Amsterdam, and at many other points are substantial and representative.

With such a vast amount of material it is evident that the author can not take the various galleries separately without undue repetition. He chooses the better course and examines his subject historically. Even in this way his substantial book must still recognize the need of condensation and excision. Avoiding biographical gossip, he confines himself to art essentials and to the material essential to a serious study of Dutch painting. Forty-seven illustrations, reproductions of great pictures, complete a successful book, readable alike by the artist and by the layman, clear, comprehensive, and practical. The work forms a valuable addition to the Art Galleries of Europe series, now numbering eight handsome volumes.

*Corrie Who?* by Maximilian Foster. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This is a clever bit of fiction of the lighter calibre. We are introduced to Corrie as the companion to the unspeakable Mrs. Pinchin, and as Corrie develops a very natural curiosity as to her own parentage and origin, she succeeds in interesting the reader in the same problem until its final solution. Corrie is a pleasing young woman, but the real character of the book is Mrs. Pinchin, and Mrs. Pinchin is almost worthy of Dickens.

*The Bridge Builders*, by Anna Cbapin Ray. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The charm of the story, apart from its incident, lies in the amusing contrast between Jessica West, an original young American girl from Colorado, and the rather stiff English society of Quebec into which she is thrown. But she meets good people in Quebec, and

among them Kay Dorrance, compatriot and novelist, and Asquith, an English engineer connected with the ill-fated St. Lawrence bridge. As soon as Jessica's crudities are understood and her value appreciated there is a keen competition for her favor, and eventually the best—an wins, which is not always the case. But the serious interest of the story is in the building and ultimate wreck of the bridge. We do not know how far the narrative is historically correct or the extent to which the catastrophe was invited by a reckless neglect of warning, but it is at least vividly told, while the pictures of life in Quebec are graphic and accurate.

*The Poems of A. C. Benson*. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

This volume of poems will be appreciated by those who have learned to look upon Mr. Benson's prose writings as the perfection of their kind. In verse Mr. Benson attempts nothing of magnitude. It is, indeed, to be wished that he had, for his workmanship is so perfect, his product is so polished and so delicate, that we feel that the most ambitious theme would find justice at his hands. There are about one hundred and sixty poems in the present volume of three hundred pages, and there is not one that could be omitted without loss. Mr. Benson's poems somewhat resemble his prose in their hue of gentle and questioning melancholy. The universe and man's fate are problems that compel attention because of the pain that they bring, but the solution is always unattained and perhaps forever unattainable:

I quit the land: I hoist the throbbing fear;  
The shallow rocks, the seaward wind blows free,  
The huge salt flaps and bellies, as I steer  
Into the plunging sea;

That lonely sea, where should some sudden sail  
Gleam o'er the hissing breaker, gleam and fly,  
Yet no bewildered mariner may hail,  
No pilot make reply.

*Henrik Ibsen: The Man and His Plays*, by Montrose J. Moses. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.50.

If Mr. Moses has said nothing new about Ibsen, he has said what he has to say in a novel way. He gives us a combination of biography and literary appreciation that is marked by much thought, a careful attention to what others have said, and a freedom from puerile interpretation or hysterical adulation. That is much to be thankful for at a time when Ibsenism and critical sanity seem in danger of divorce.

Mr. Moses has, indeed, written a book that in its completeness and its discrimination rises to the front rank among its kind. Biographically, it seems to be as complete as it

needed be. The examination of the plays is conscientious and upon common-sense lines, while in the general estimates of character and influence there is appreciation without exaggeration. Mr. Moses will probably not regret any part of his book even after the passing years have brought his subject into relentless perspective, and that is a test to which a good deal of Ibsen literature will succumb.

*Bill Truetell*, by George H. Brennan. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

This vivacious story of theatrical life upon the road will be welcomed for its merits as a romance and also for the interest that all the world feels in the strolling player and his vicissitudes. Bill Truetell is a manager, and we may hope that his troubles are exceptional rather than the rule, for surely never yet was such a catalogue of misfortunes, nor, it may be said, such ingenuity in overcoming them. The author undoubtedly knows his subject. He is familiar with the inexorable hotel-keeper and with the flinty-hearted railroad agent who object to the credit system. He is acquainted with the optimism that always sees the next "stand" bathed in a flood of golden light, and if some of his incidents have been told before, he tells them so well that the repetition is welcome. But "Bill Truetell" would hardly be a novel at all but for the introduction of the little Van Balken girl with her pretty lisp, her innocence, and her stage competence. We are sorry for Bill all the way through, because he is very much of a man, and we hope that his luck did really turn after the entry into his life of a new emotion.

*Rachel Lorian*, by Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A story to be safely recommended to those who like to have their feelings harrowed by the freaks of fate in her most perverse form. Rachel and her husband are involved in a railway accident upon the day of their marriage. Lorian's injuries involve a permanent paralysis below the waist, and through long years of petulant and helpless misery he is nursed by his wife, who has fallen in love with another man. Rarely has there been a finer picture of the conflict between physical attraction and duty or one drawn with a more delicate hand. We might, perhaps, have been better pleased had Rachel eventually married a worthy man and been able to satisfy the maternal instincts lavished upon the semblance of a husband, but an inexorable ideal willed it otherwise, and an ending more in accord with the way of the world would have been at the cost of literary art. Mrs. Dudeney has written a clever if not a very cheerful novel and one that "gives to think."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## An Exceptional Woman.

*Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine*, edited by Harriet S. Blaine Beale. Published by Duffield & Co., New York.

It is doubtful if these letters may be properly regarded as an addition to history, at least in the narrower sense of that term, although in their unaffected charm they give a picture of political life all the more valuable from the fact of their private and domestic nature. Mrs. Beale's object in publishing these letters was to give to Mrs. Blaine's grandchildren "some clearer understanding of the home life into which her children were born," and it is evident that she kept this object clearly in view in her choice of material. At the same time there can be no doubt that the historian of the future will find these volumes of marked service in filling in the nooks and crannies of the twenty years of political life that they cover. That the field of practical affairs was subordinate in the mind of the editor is shown by the fact that these letters contain practically no reference to the Harrison administration, which witnessed the best of Mr. Blaine's work in foreign affairs. There must have been such letters, and Mrs. Beale is to be commended for adhering so closely to the domestic and family aspect of her task.

Mrs. Blaine will certainly take rank among the letter-writers of the world. She stamps her individuality upon her correspondence, while her power of direct narration is marked. Here, for instance, is her description of the Garfield assassination, or rather of the arrival of the wounded President at the White House:

I watched him enter. I stood with Mrs. MacVeagh in the hall, when a dozen men bore him above their heads, stretched on a mattress, and as he saw us and held us with his eye, he kissed his hand to us—I thought I should die; and when they brought him into his chamber and had laid him on the bed, he turned his eyes to me, beckoned, and when I went to him, pulled me down, kissed me again and again, and said, "Whatever happens I want you to promise to look out for Crete," the name he always gives his wife. "Don't leave me until Crete comes." I took my old bonnet off and just stayed. I never left him a moment. Whatever happened in the room, I never blenched, and the day will never pass from my memory. At six or thereabouts Mrs. Garfield came, frail, fatigued, desperate, but firm and quiet and full of purpose to save, and I think now there is a possibility of succeeding.

Of course, I don't know when we shall go home. There seems a purpose in our delay. I came from the White House at two this morning, and had been there all day, but not in the room. Emmons is here. I am writing in greatest haste, and may have to sit up tonight.

Mrs. Blaine's impressions of the presidential campaign of 1884 are no less vivid. She says:

You need not feel envious of any one who was here during those trying days. It is all a horror to me. I was absolutely certain of the election, as I had a right to be from Mr. Elkins's assertions. Then the fluctuations were so trying to the nerves. It is easy to hear now, but the click-click of the telegraph, the shouting through the telephone in response to its never-to-be-satisfied demand, and the unceasing murmur of men's voices, coming up through the night to my room, will never go out of my memory, while over and above all, the perspiration and chills into which the conflicting reports constantly threw the physical part of one, body and soul alike rebelling against the restraints of nature, made an experience not to be voluntarily recalled.

The letters close with the year 1889 at a time when the sky of the writer was so heavily overcast by the death of both her sons, the extinction of her husband's ambitions, and lastly by his death. We see more than ever before that Mrs. Blaine was an exceptional woman, one of the strong characters of the century, and we feel that this, at least, is one of the books worth publishing.

*The American College*, by Abraham Flexner, A. M. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.

The author passes in review the eight years preceding the bachelor's degree, and he asks if the result hears the impress of a clear, consistent, and valid purpose. In other words, was it worth while?

His answer is an implied negative as things are now. He quotes Professor Schurman as saying that the college is without clear-cut notions of what a liberal education is and how it is to be secured and as deploring "a paralysis affecting every college of arts in America." As a result, there is a prevailing impression that "the average boy is simply not educable," and we may yet have to accept the depressing conclusion "that the American boy can not as a rule be highly trained, or that the best we can do is to coax him to polish up a bit, while, as an inducement to submit so far, he is abundantly diverted and amused." The author is not yet pushed to that extremity. He thinks the fault is to be found with the college rather than with the boy, and he gives us his reasons, and his remedies in some two hundred brightly written pages of criticism and suggestion. In spite of its hunger for truth the college must impose a standard

of scholarship. There must be a clear recognition of educational aims and a rigid adhesion to them. There must be an infusion of pedagogical earnestness and intelligence. In default of these, it must continue to be true that "in point of scholarship and trained capacity the American college graduate of three and twenty is sadly inferior to the German student, some three years younger." Mr. Flexner handles his subject without gloves and his emendation as an educator gives additional force to his strictures and to his advice.

## New Publications.

From Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, comes a finely prepared volume of poems by Lionel Johnson. The selection of twenty-one of these poems is made by William Butler Yeats.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published "Footsteps in a Parish: An Appreciation of Maltbie Davenport Babcock as a Pastor," by John Timothy Stone, his successor in Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore.

Brentano's, New York, have published "The Jesters," described as "a simple story in four acts of verse," adapted from the French of Miguel Zamacois by John N. Raphael. The scene is laid in France in the year 1557 and there are fourteen characters.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, have republished "Lincoln's Love Story," by Eleanor Atkinson. This tenderly told narrative first appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal* under the title, "The Love Story of Ann Rutledge," and it now makes its appearance as an attractive little volume. Price, 50 cents.

Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, has published two choice little books artistically printed and bound in green and gold. The first is "Ann: A Memory," by Thomas De Quincey, and the second is "Three Legends of the Christ Child," by Fiona Macleod. Both are worthy of the dainty form in which they appear.

"Idylls of Greece," by Howard V. Sutherland, comprises "Prokris and Kephalos," "Melas and Anax," "Acis and Galathea," and "Ceme and Eonius." The blank verse is well-nigh faultless in mechanism and fairly rich in poetic thought and expression. The volume is published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.

Brand Whitlock in his "Abraham Lincoln" has shown us that condensation is a fine art. This little volume that appears in the Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, is an admirable epitome of Lincoln's life and one in which the level of values is maintained with much skill. The frontispiece portrait is particularly good, while the chronology well deserves the space given to it.

Professor Jewett is to be congratulated upon her translation of "The Pearl," or rather its rendering into modern English. While the poem itself is not a great one, its nature enthusiasm is pleasing, and that such a quaint fragment of old English verse should now be made generally accessible to the student is important and gratifying. The translation is done with skill and appreciation. "The Pearl" is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, \$1 and 40 cents.

"Self Help for Nervous Women," by John K. Mitchell, M. D., is an eminently sane and wholesome book, free from medical brahminism and full of common-sense advice and precept. Not much can be done for the nervous woman who wishes to be nervous, as is often the case, but the sufferer who desires to be benefited can not do better than follow the author's counsel to avoid drugs, fads, and the Emmanuel movement and to school herself in the precepts of a homely philosophy. She might also read the writings of Marcus Aurelius. The book is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Sara Dean, the author of "Travers," which dealt with the San Francisco fire, has been abroad for a year and a half and is now in Australia gathering literary material. It is said that her next hook will be an historical romance.

Irving Bacheller, F. Hopkinson Smith, and John Kendrick Bangs are associated on the lecture platform this season in a series of dramatic readings.

The first edition of old Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" (London, 1653) brought \$3900 at a recent sale in New York. The opening bid for this famous work was \$2000. The second edition of the "Compleat Angler," which was published in London in 1655, and is said to be rarer than the first edition, was sold for \$780.

"Our Mutual Friend" is the latest addition to the Macmillan's Illustrated Pocket Dickens series.

Theodore Watts-Dunton, the poet, novelist, and critic, is working hard along many dif-

ferent lines. He is reported to be preparing a volume of reminiscences of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Morris at Kelmscott, another volume giving a critical account of the romantic movement called "The Renaissance of Wonder," a book discussing "Shakespeare's Adequacy to the Coming Generation," and a new novel of which the title is not known.

Josephine Preston Peabody Marks has published this year a book of poems of childhood called "The Book of the Little Past."

Ramsey Benson, whose recent story, "A Lord of Lands," attempts to point the way for the impoverished city resident to become happy and independent in the country, is a son of Minnesota by birth, a humorist by temperament, a journalist by profession. For some years after leaving college Mr. Benson did newspaper work in Minneapolis, Moline, and Detroit, acquiring a reputation for good humorous writing in the last-named city. He now lives in Hutchinson, Minnesota. "A Lord of Lands," serious in purpose, though told with a dry sparkle, is published by Henry Holt & Co.

William de Morgan's new book, "Blind Jim," is finished and ready for publication. The book will not be brought out at once, however.

"The Royal End," the last offering of Henry Harland, brought to completion by Mrs. Harland, will be published soon.

It is to both the rose lover and the rose grower that Miss Rose E. Kingsley appeals in her volume on "Roses and Rose Growing." Miss Kingsley is a daughter of Charles Kingsley, who was himself as fond of his garden as of his library and his work as a clergyman of the Church of England.

Judith Gautier, daughter of the great Théophile, and wife, for some years, of the late Catulle Mendès, has begun in the *Revue de Paris* a third series of personal recollections.

Sir Gilbert Parker is obviously not of those novelists who think nothing of writing two or three books a year. His books appear at long intervals. "Donovan Pasha" came in 1902 and "The Weavers" in 1907, and we are now told that we shall have to wait until 1911 before we see the novel upon which he is at work. At least another year and a half will be required for its completion.

Katherine Macquoid, the English novelist, has just celebrated the eightieth anniversary of her birthday. She has written fifty novels and hundreds of short stories, and is still a busy writer.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

## An Explanation.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, CONCORD, N. H., March 4, 1909.  
TO THE EDITOR: Thank you for kindly notice of my book, "Personality in Education." It has been some time since I wrote most of those essays, so I do not recall exactly what I said about the comparison of Christian and un-Christian teachers which gives you a feeling of "certain resentment." The only comparison I know, and which I thought I made clear, was in a quotation from President Hyde in which the comparison is made between "the driver" and "the leader."

And you plainly misunderstand me in regard to religious instruction. I wished to make it very plain that religious instruction depended absolutely on the character of the teacher, first; then as to mere method, that the method should be the same method that has always been found most practical in teaching the young anything and everything that we have to teach; namely the dogmatic made living by the living teacher fitting it to the living child. Better no dogma than dry dogma. As to the prayer-book and catechism of the Episcopal Church, they are parts of my heritage; but as for assuming them to be necessary parts of Christian education for all children, that was far from my intention in speaking of them at all. I hope that a saner and more Christian view of God's church is gradually growing in this generation, one that is to be measured and is measuring itself by fruits of Christian living. As I look over the world of my day, I see the leaders in and doers of good works in science, religion, and business, men of conviction, trained on dogmatic lines, with minds ever alert to take the best they can find in past and present.

Sincerely yours,  
J. P. CONOVER.

Professor William Mathews, who died in Boston two weeks ago, aged ninety, was internationally known as the author of "Getting On in the World" and several other books. Of "Getting On in the World" editions were published in England and Canada and translations were made into several European languages. The sale of the book in this country was over 70,000 copies. Professor Mathews was born in Waterville, Maine, and at his death was the oldest graduate of Colby University, formerly Waterville College. He studied four years at Harvard Law School and practiced law two years. Then for nine years he was a newspaper editor, and in 1856 he removed to Chicago, where for several years he was librarian of the Young Men's Library Association and became professor of rhetoric and English literature in the University of Chicago. At the end of nearly fourteen years of professorship he resigned to live in Boston and devote himself to literature. Up to his last year he was a prolific writer of books and magazine and encyclopedia articles.

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# "GIRLS." AND LHEVINNE.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Clyde Fitch's "Girls" is a comedy, although action and situations are sufficiently absurd to make it possible to stamp it as a farce-comedy. But however it may be classified, it is a jolly little play, and the week's run at the Van Ness Theatre will probably show a better ending than beginning. The root idea is not at all new, but with so many suffragists and suffragettes abroad in the land it is quite as timely and up to date as if it were the fruit of the hour.

Three girls, self supporters, are, theoretically at least, in an inflamed state of animosity toward men, against whom they renew nightly their vow of exclusion. No followers are allowed in their bachelor bower (a studio by day, a bedroom by night) in spite of the fact that none of the three is plain or charmless.

This is regarded by a female neighbor, the janitor, and other attaches of the building as a most pitiable state of things, which point of view is something of an eye-opener to the innocent bachelor maids, who are pluming themselves complacently upon their independence of the mere male.

Of course, the farcical point of view comes in when young, pretty, and normal women range themselves in a line as solidly opposed to men and matrimony. Which reminds me of an enormously interesting session once held here in the Woman's Congress, when a male speaker, a college professor who was, for some unexplained reason, mistakenly supposed to sympathize with and indorse the views of woman suffragists, paralyzed the leaders and the assembly generally, by tilting a lance for the domestic and man-loving woman who eschewed a career, the while he knocked large holes in the coldly glittering breast-plate of the woman who competed with man in the business and political arena.

It was a dramatic moment when it dawned upon the leading lights upon the platform whether the speaker was tending. He said, I remember, a great many unwelcome things. He pointed out that woman's physical disabilities handicapped her in the race. He said that the woman who failed to bring forth progeny left no mark upon the race, even though she reared the children of others. He showed that if a man and a woman started even, in some professional or business career, that when the woman married and bore children, while she stepped aside for awhile from the necessary competition to fulfill, however hastily and imperfectly, her duty as a mother, the man was going on ahead, winning his spurs.

But the most damning thing he said was that since God had, for his own purpose, created men and women to love each other, no woman can be really sincere in professing animosity or even indifference toward men, unless she is abnormal. Thus with one blow he knocked down the slight scaffolding which upheld many a rigorous dreamer in her fond delusions.

The superior character of the women who headed these always interesting meetings prevented interruption, and the speaker had his say uninterrupted, while Susan B. Anthony sat with her fine old face turning to stone, and Anna Shaw, magnetic and militant, became one suppressed bristle. But when he finished they could not summon arguments to worst him. For the plain, cold truth is that nature did not intend woman to get the best of her, the way she has, and have careers, and adventures, and intellect, and neurosis. Nature, the sly old beldame, who plainly has a great partiality for men, meant woman to be man's soft-hearted, soft-bosomed companion, the sharer of and toiler in his home, the hearer of his children. She was meant to be a comfortable, mindless, sort of human vegetable, bear many children, die comparatively young, and leave her partner free to choose for himself another and a still more youthful mate.

But civilization and caste helped the women of the higher classes to evade these unpleasant issues. Then America was discovered, the bachelor maid was invented, the beauty doctor was evolved, and the American man, like the chivalrous creature that he is, recognized his rôle, and plays up to his fair partner without flinching.

So it has come to pass that books like Henry James's "The Bostonians," and plays like "Girls," are written, and when the lovely elegiac men succumb to nature's inexorable everybody laughs and is pleased

except the suffragette, who has an imperfect sense of humor.

Of course, in the play, that member of the trio who is most hotly opposed to the masculine enemy, and most unbending in her defiance, is the heroine, and equally of course the other two, when away from her inspiring example, show very marked signs of a speedy surrender to the common enemy.

The three actresses who are playing the parts of Pam, Kate, and Vi at the Van Ness Theatre are a very acceptable and fairly comely group, although cursed with that New York fad of over rapidity and unintelligibility of speech which keeps auditors guessing. Miss Bessie Toner has the valuable gift of a rich, strong speaking voice, and really articulates well, but has joined in the race for naturalness, and articulates at breakneck speed.

I think all three of them, in spite of Miss Toner's very effective attitude of sustained belligerency toward Pam's admirers, are rather artificial in their standards, but the note of naturalness is well supplied by Caroline Moyer Locke, who presents a very realistic and humorous sketch of Lucille Purcelle, a Rose Stahl's "Chorus Girl" sort of lady, who loves man with the same single-mindedness and intensity with which Pam scorns and flouts him.

The company, however, is of good quality right through. Nothing wonderful, but of sufficient ability to present the play, and the humor of it in a fresh, breezy manner that keeps the audience in a constant state of laughter, and the high good humor that accompanies it.

The minor rôles were cleverly done, Mercita Esmonde giving a very neatly executed little sketch of the idiotic married flirt, while Messrs. Brandt, Benson, Locke, and Stanton were equally skillful in portraying the various odd males, each of whom was to do his share in convincing the charming three of the error of their ways. Even the janitor, postman, and messenger-boy rôles were done with finish, each of the dozen in the cast seeming to have been selected for some trait that made him or her fit suitably into the rôle assumed.

H. S. Northrup plays the leading male rôle with the rather unctuous humor that it seems to call for, and he and Miss Toner, especially the lady, do a good share in bringing about the very positive success of the evening's entertainment.

But it is to Clyde Fitch that the credit is due for providing a play full of hearty and joyous humor, with clever situations, and much less of the purely extraneous devices for amusing good-natured and easily diverted audiences than we are accustomed to from him.

It would not, of course, be Clyde Fitch if he did not have an effective finale, such as that of the first act, which closes upon the trio reposing in their bed-sitting-room after giving us fascinating glimpses of fair femininity in its night-robe, and with hair down, even going so far as showing us the bare toes of the luckless one whose turn it was in the Morris-chair couch, plaintively projecting themselves beyond an insufficient covering.

\* \* \*

We have with us one of the world's greatest pianists. It did not take long for the assembly of music-lovers to make this discovery last Sunday afternoon, when an audience consisting principally of trained musicians gathered to hear Josef Lhévinne, the Russian pianist.

There was then spread for us a feast of pure music, for the young Russian is at once great, and peculiarly sincere, simple, and unaffected. He cultivates no spectacular effects of appearance, manner, or style, but sends his message to his listeners with a searching directness, uninterfered with by the overstudied graces of the lesser artist nature, which is so often insistent in projecting itself and its claims of vanity between the listener and the music.

Lhévinne impresses one as truly, and almost unmodernly, great in his absolute mod-

esty, his forgetfulness of self, his absorption in the art in which he so greatly excels.

His programmes are chosen with the care of the true artist, and, while unsteriotyped, contain enough variety and contrast to show the versatility which must ever be, to a certain extent, one of the marks of genius in this particular branch of the musical art.

It was hard to decide which of the selections were most appreciated. The effect of the dreamy, poetic charm of the "Moonlight Sonata," profoundly as it was felt, was dissipated by the wonderful brilliancy with which the pianist executed the technical and almost baffling "Toccata" of Schumann. It was with this number that the pianist captured his audience, which was of a kind to recognize the mettle of the master. From this time on, each number, with its successive revelations of temperament with balance, and technique with soul, was followed by bursts of enthusiastic and prolonged applause. From the characteristic light-running, rippling, almost superficial cascades of the Mendelssohn "Presto" to the gorgeous tonal effects produced with such ease in the Chopin group the pianist showed himself a complete master of all the resources of expression, technique, and tone. One of the marvels of his playing is the exquisite delicacy of his touch, from which, all in a moment, he can change to the volumes of mighty tone that would seem to require a giant's strength.

Every number was, in fact, a feast, even the Schulz-Evler "Blue Danube," which, occupying the position of final number, might have proved something of an anti-climax, save that the familiar melody was thrown out against a background of such delicately brilliant diamond spray as to win the same enthusiastic recognition as was accorded the others. The afternoon practically amounted to a steady ovation, and it is quite safe to say that every one present last Sunday went forth a talking advertisement of the wonders of virtuosity that are carried so modestly by Josef Lhévinne.

Celeste Venard, Countess de Moreto de Chabrilan, a well-known French author and actress, died in Paris last month at the age of eighty-five. The countess was known in her younger days as Celeste Mogador. She was the author of a number of novels and plays and had a fair reputation as an actress. Sixty years ago Celeste Venard was the most famous dancer in Paris. She was possessed of great beauty and her company was sought by persons attached to the court of Napoleon III. She married Comte Lionel de Chabrilan in 1853. Her husband died when serving as French consul at Melbourne, and the overthrow of the empire left the countess in poor circumstances. On her return to Paris she made an appeal for a pension, but was never successful. She had supported herself by her writings for several years.

Lady Constance Stewart Richardson danced in the ballroom at Sherry's in New York one day last week to the music of Grieg, Mendelssohn, and Rubinstein. She did all this barefooted in the garb of a Greek naiad, a very primitive naiad from Boeotia. Mrs. Belmont Tiffany, who is largely interested in charitable work, was the chairman of a committee of ladies baying the affair in charge. Tickets of admission were \$5. The entertainment was given for the benefit of the infants' milk-depots that are maintained by the New York milk committee. Several ladies were of the opinion that the \$500 which Lady Constance was to receive as compensation for her appearance was to be given by her to a school fund for poor children in Scotland. There were about ten men among the audience of a hundred.

Robert Warwick, recently leading man at the Valencia Theatre, is now a member of the New York company supporting Grace George in "A Woman's Way." Frank Worthing is leading man in this company.

"If the leading lady is a star, what is the chorists?" "Easy. The Great Bare."—Life.

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In her new racing comedy

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March 22—Guy Standing and Theodore Roberts in "The Right of Way."

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### OUT OF THE FOLD

A Pastoral Comedy-Melodrama by Langdon McCormack. Cast to the full strength of the Valencia Stock Company.

NEW POPULAR PRICES—Mats. Wed., Sat. and Sun., 10c and 25c; evenings, 10c, 25c, 35c and 50c; box seats, 75c and \$1.



FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Lillian Russell appears at the Van Ness Theatre all next week in "Wildfire," a comedy which has proved the star's ability in dramatic work as distinguished from the comic-opera rôles in which her earlier successes were won. Manager Joseph Brooks did not easily induce Miss Russell to venture in a new field, but the result has verified his predictions of unqualified success. Whatever the demands of the play, it is certain that the star brings to her part a most attractive personality, and that her adornments are chosen and worn with artistic appreciation. The comedy really tells a pleasing story, and its interest is well sustained. As a whole the production is unchanged from the time of its first night, and this is a noteworthy fact when it is remembered that it has been offered in all the big cities of the East. In the company supporting Miss Russell are such well-known people as Frank Sheridan, Will Archie, Thurston Hall, Sydney Booth, Gilbert Douglas, Joseph Tuohy, Adolphe Lestina, Annie Buckley, Ellen Mortimer, and Mary Elizabeth Forbes. "Wildfire" opens Monday evening and will run seven nights, with matinee performances on Wednesday and Saturday.

Rural simplicity and deep sentiment are the motives in the stage pictures of "Out of the Fold," a comedy-melodrama by Langdon McCormack, which will be the offering at the Valencia Theatre all next week. It is the romance of a girl who tries to find peace and forgetfulness in a quiet village after her illusions have been destroyed, and after all is discovered and tested by a smaller and narrower public. Blanche Stoddard will have the part of the heroine, an effective emotional rôle. Mace Greenleaf will be the country schoolmaster, who is brought to doubt the worth of the woman who has attracted him. Darrell Standing will play "Big Jim," a sheepherder who is a real nobleman though untitled. There are comedy parts for Charles Dow Clark, Robert Homans, Lillian Andrews, and others of the company, and there are no dull episodes in the unfolding of the plot. The scenes, as always at this playhouse, will be attractive, as they include a village church in winter, a country farmyard, a rural schoolhouse, and a hit of woodland in a harmony of autumnal tints.

When George Ade's mixture of satire and fun, "The Sultan of Sulu," was first produced, Frank Moulan created the part of Ki-Ram, the sultan, and in that eccentric and mirthful characterization he won a reputation which seems likely to last as long as the musical comedy itself. Next week, beginning Monday night, at the Princess Theatre, "The Sultan of Sulu" will be brought out with all its original cleverness, and Mr. Moulan, now the leading comedian of the Princess company, will appear in his familiar and impressive rôle of the Oriental potentate. May Boley will be the Judge Advocate, with practically unlimited opportunities for her comedy gifts, none of which will be slighted. Helen Darling, as the colonel's daughter, will have a sympathetic part, and Zoe Barnett, as Chiquita, the sultan's wife, will spice the scenes in which she is prominent. Fred Mace, already a prime favorite, will be Colonel Jefferson Budd. James F. Stevens, with his pleasing haritone, will make a melodious and winning Lieutenant Hardy. Budd Ross, Bert Phoenix, and others of the company, including the brilliant chorus, will be eminently unmissable.

Eight Palace Girls, direct from London, have the place of particular honor on the Orpheum programme which goes into effect Sunday afternoon. These girls sing and dance and wear handsome costumes in a superior style, and with them is James Clemmons, an eccentric dancer, who has to work to retain his share of attention. Ray L. Royce, an old favorite, comes with a new monologue and impersonations. James McDonald and Valerie Huntington are a singing and dancing couple of character comedy ability. The Blessings, equilibrists, will furnish the athletic and acrobatic portion of the entertainment, and incidentally allow Mme. Blessing to pose as the beauty of the Berlin music halls. Next week finishes the engagement of Six Little Girls and the Teddy Bear, the Kitanzai Troupe, G. Herbert Mitchell, and Emma Rainey and the Indians from the Shoshone Reservation in "A Modern Pocahontas."

"Girls" is doing well at the Van Ness Theatre this week. The play is reviewed in another column. Sunday night sees the farewell appearance of the comedy.

Edward Rose's romantic drama, "Under the Red Roze," is approaching the end of its run at the Valencia Theatre.

If you have not heard J. F. Stevens sing "My Treasure," and May Boley recite "Perfectly Terrible, Dear," and Zoe Barnett warble "I Remember You," in "The Rounders" at the Princess Theatre you have missed some of the best things of the season. "The Rounders" concludes its two weeks' run on Sunday night, though it might well be continued.

Herman Heller has been away for a short

vacation, but will resume his place as musical director of the Valencia Theatre orchestra next week.

Nazimova comes to the Van Ness Theatre next month.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Beethoven at Night.

Music awaits you. Let it melt  
Round aching heart and weary sense,  
Like night dew on parched summer grass,  
Cool fingered with beneficence.

Is the soul choked, the heart oppressed  
With hopes unspoken, foiled, denied?  
Adelaida sweeps you free  
Full flood on love's impassioned tide.

Does truth seem cold, Truth cloak his face?  
Hark! Leonora's faith dares all:  
Outsings the shadow even where Death  
Races the rescuer's trumpet call.

Is life too heavy, sense made dumb  
With the old questioning "To what end?"  
Grief taught, the Master too heard Fate  
Knock at the door yet would not heed.

Those summoning notes that high and low  
Now leap in surge, now ripple by,  
As though the inexorable should smile  
And say: "Love too and light am I."

These you shall hear tonight begin  
The symphony's splendor: then half drowned  
In beauty, pierce the charmed ear,  
Whispering the Infinite in their sound.

Fate knocks—you hear?—serenely stern,  
Bars and unbars—the Master knew  
And from her strength his harmonies  
A sustenance immortal drew.

He knew, he felt—and in his hand  
Music became no weakling toy,  
But resolute and strong made man  
Mingle Necessity and Joy.  
—Leonard Huxley, in *The Spectator*.

The Dream.

Begin at once to make ideal real,  
Teach men to know what love would have them  
be,  
By lives, not perfect, but of perfect trust  
With courage to obey the deathless dream,  
Till what was fancy is earth's common fact.  
The ancient hope lives in the heart of him  
Who glimpses glory through the passing shame  
And wrong he longs to right, or turns in pain  
Upon himself, when sorrow makes man wise  
And visionary.

All is yet to be!  
Whatever prophet dreamed of far-off joy,  
Or poet chanted in his lyric heart,  
Shall glow a moment ere it fade before  
The grander beauty yet undreamed by man.  
Let others hunt and hoard, but you must  
Bear the burden of the future; let the years  
Crowd honor elsewhere, but you must walk  
With grief companion, loneliness as guide,  
Along the valley where the vision leads.

Tomorrow ye are gone, if life were well,  
To other higher efforts. Do we fail?  
Another takes our place, and all we loved  
Or lived shall blaze anew in younger eyes;  
By stronger hands the banner we let fall  
Be flung above defeat, the lords of life  
Singing triumphant as they march to fame:  
"Who fights for truth must fight without reward."  
—William Mountain, in *Philadelphia Ledger*.

The Idle Singers.

Call us the idle singers who sit by the road and  
dream,  
Sunning ourselves in the weather and winding a  
web of gleam;  
Call us the nonproducers—our fingers are on the  
loom  
Of silver cities of morning and golden valleys of  
bloom;  
We sail on a painted ocean with shallops of silver  
sails,  
Or sit on a hillside telling our own selves fairy  
tales.

Call us the idle singers, who wake and are worn  
in a day,  
Dreaming our dream of clover in the hyacinth  
porches of May;  
Dwellers in no man's temple, delvers in no man's  
feet,  
Call us the necromancers who dine on the honey  
meat;  
We swing us the golden hammers and the ori-  
flamme anvils are ours,  
That the pageants may pass in music and the  
Princess of Love wear flowers.

Call us the idle singers, with never a hand on  
plough,  
Dreaming the dream of beauty and weaving the  
whence and how;  
Call us the roadside children—oh, whether we  
sail or sleep  
We come back bringing the kingdoms of song  
from the vasty deep;  
Sunlight woven of fancy, laughter in golden hales,  
We hear to the worn world waiting to hark to  
our fairy tales.

Call us the idle singers; whether we toil or sing,  
The looms of our silver music are weaving the  
web of spring;  
The thunder of many cities, the roar of the mills  
is heard.  
But we are the magic-makers who utter the final  
word;  
Dreaming the dream of beauty, or sailing the  
silver seas,  
Give us who fear the thunder the making of  
melodies!  
—Folger McKinsey, in *Baltimore Sun*.

Finest Hats for Men.

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David Bispham's Concerts.

Music lovers of San Francisco do not need to be told of the greatest American male singer, David Bispham, and his remarkably brilliant career. This artist will give two concerts at Christian Science Hall, the first being next Tuesday night, March 16. On this occasion the artist will sing a programme arranged as follows: Old Songs: "Where'er You Walk," Handel; "Behold Along the Dewy Grass," Haydn; "The Frost Scene," Purcell; "Down Among the Dead Men," an old Jacobin melody. Then comes a group of classics, such as "Faithful Johnnie," Beethoven; "By Celia's Arbour," Mendelssohn; two Schumann settings of songs by Tom Moore, and "Maid of Athens," by Gounod. The third group will consist of operatic songs: "What Would I Do for My Queen," from Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda"; "Ho, Jolly Jenkin," and "The Templar's Song," from Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," and "The Mad Dog," from "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Liza Lehmann. The final group will be modern songs by F. Morris Class, Harriet Ware, Sidney Homer, Ward Stephens, and Graham Peel.

Mr. Harold Oshorn Smith will be the assisting pianist.

The second and last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, March 21. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained.

On Friday afternoon, March 19, at 3:30, Mr. Bispham will give a special programme in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Next Wednesday evening the fourth concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society will be given, with David Bispham as the attraction.

The Last Lhevinne Concert.

Josef Lhévinne, the Russian pianist, who certainly has proved his right to be classed among the world's very greatest musicians, will give his farewell concert Sunday afternoon at Christian Science Hall at 2:30. More beautiful playing than this artist's has perhaps never been heard in this city, and no one who cares for music can afford to miss this opportunity.

The programme will be a magnificent one and include the Sonata in F minor by Brahms; Sonata in F by Scarlatti; "Pastoral Varie," Mozart; "Momento Capriccioso," Weber; Nocturne in C major and Polonaise in F sharp minor, by Chopin, and numbers by Grieg, Poldini, and Godard.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner of Sutter and Kearny Streets, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall after 10 a. m.

William Shakespeare to Lecture.

William Shakespeare, the famous London singing master, who has taught such artists as David Bispham, will give two lectures on the vocal art in this city under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. These lectures will be of great value to vocal students and singers, as well as of interest to the general public. The dates will be Saturday afternoon, April 2, and Monday night, April 5, and the prices will be \$1 and \$1.50.

Seats may now be ordered by mail. Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Pretty Beatrice Nichols, who has scored successes as Puckers, in "The Prince Chap," Lorena Watkins, in "The County Chairman," and Caroline Mitford, in "Secret Service," has renewed her contract for one year at the Valencia Theatre. She is young, talented, and a hard student, and already has many enthusiastic friends.

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reserved for ladies and their escorts.

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PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



## VANITY FAIR.

There is no doubt about the reappearance of the beauty patch. It is to be part of the Louis XV style in dress and it comes as a forerunner to the new fashion that will take the place of the Directoire. Why is it, by the way, that the present age is unable to originate anything of its own in the way of dress or of architecture except the barbaric or the monstrous? Why must we go backward in history and restore the fashions of long ago instead of going forward and originating fashions of our own? It may be that the styles of long ago were in some way expressive of a dominant mental trait, a collective ideal, or a national ambition. We have none of these things nowadays, at least of the inspirational kind, and so we oscillate from one historic period to another, and when we are left to our own devices for a season we invent the mushroom hat or some other atrocity that reduces the male observer to the point of imbecile indignation.

The beauty patch has actually arrived in Paris, and it will arrive here as soon as we have learned how to wear it. Becomingly used, the beauty patch deserves its name. It gives that faint suggestion of contrast that accentuates a charm, it arrests the eye just enough to emphasize its environment. But beware of the exaggeration. The vulgar sorority of the pointed and polished finger nails can be trusted to blossom out into a perfect orgy of patches. They will cover their faces with adhesive plaster until they remind us of the surgical ward in a hospital, and although such extravagance will not be without its compensations it is one to be avoided by those to whom the toilet is a fine art rather than an obtrusive vulgarity. The patch must be an indication of beauty, and not its eclipse. It must be round and very small, and not more than one can be tolerated. All fanciful shapes must be eschewed. Let there be no hearts, nor crosses, nor crescents, no ships in full sail, nor coaches and four, nor emblematic designs. All these absurdities were common enough in the days of our great grandmothers, but the beauty of today who remembers that she is also a lady will pay as much attention to the tiny black disk as to any part of her attire.

An experiment before the mirror will show where the patch should be placed. For one style of beauty it must be on the brow, for another on the chin or close to the eye. In olden days the position of the patch had a significance all its own, in a language of coquetry. In one place it meant encouragement and in another rebuff, and if we may trust the *Spectator* of the time of Queen Anne, the beauty patch was pressed even into the service of politics. Thus we find the writer describing a scene at the Haymarket Theatre. He says:

About the middle of last winter I went to the Haymarket Theatre, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of hostile array, one against the other. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead and those of the other on the left. Upon inquiry I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand were Whigs and those on my left Tories.

It is said that the women of New York are not a little piqued at Signor Ferrero's reminder that while America buys five times as many diamonds as Europe, it will still take a long time to surpass the European collections which represent the accumulations of centuries. The retort comes quickly. "It may be," says a leader of New York fashions, "that New York women can not display such opulence of jewelry as the women of London and Paris, but they can easily excel them in the magnificence of their winter clothing." Indeed, it would seem that furs represent as much wealth as diamonds, but, unfortunately, furs may wear out, whereas diamonds do not. We are told of a voluminous fur coat with wide sleeves of sable with muff, cape, stole, and turban to match. This sumptuous garment cost \$35,000, while Mrs. Philip Lydig wears furs that are said to be worth \$30,000.

New York women are proverbially extravagant in the matter of gloves. We are told of a young lady who recently entered a fashionable shop in Fifth Avenue and ordered a pair of driving gloves which she insisted should be of the finest sealskin, costing \$800. Winter hats worth \$250 and \$400 are now quite commonplace, while \$100 for a plume or \$60 for a pair of stockings are considered quite within the reach of "moderate incomes." A competition in extravagant display between the old and the new worlds is not a wholesome sign of the times, and seems to point not so much to a common opulence as to a common catastrophe.

The New York Times raises a timely protest against the music that is furnished to us with our food in fashionable restaurants. There is no complaint upon the score of the quality of the music. The music is good, as good as can reasonably be expected, but we do not want music at all while we are at dinner. It is all very well to say that the restaurant keeper knows what his patrons like. He knows nothing of the sort, or he

would leave undone a good many things that he now does, and he would do a good many things that he now leaves undone. The American is not quick to express his likes and dislikes, and above all things he is courteous to those who are trying to amuse him. He applauds the music at the restaurant because he knows that the musicians are hard-working folk, that they are doing their best, and that their performance is really good, but he does not want music at all at that time. Few people go to a fashionable restaurant unaccompanied. We choose our companions from among the people with whom we wish to talk, and the conversation that can only be carried on at a high voice or that is interrupted incessantly by an orchestra is nothing short of a burden. In point of fact, the music is a nuisance, and we sympathize with the autocratic temper of the German prince who was received at dinner on one of the great transatlantic steamships and who was so annoyed by the orchestra that he sent summary orders that the musicians and their instruments be thrown into the sea.

The women of Chicago are rejoicing, positively rejoicing, in the edict that women's shoes must henceforth be marked legibly with their correct sizes. It seems that the dames of the Middle West metropolis have labored uncomplainingly under a load of cruel injustice. There is a current belief, now shown to have no basis in fact, that their feet have a certain substantiality about them admirably conducive to locomotion, but not numbered among the graces of femininity. It was all a mistake and due to the perversity of the shoemaker, who has contracted a habit of marking his wares incorrectly. The shoe that professes to be a 4½ is actually a 1½, and as the result a great number of women have been mortified to find that their really remarkably small feet must be encased in shoes that according to their marking would be more suitable for a Greek goddess. Henceforth the labels will be honest and a long-standing reproach will be removed from a worthy but much maligned section of the community.

Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney, speaking before the Rainy Day Club in New York, undertook the championship of her sex in the matter of extravagance, and she allowed herself incidentally to suggest a threat that is simply paralyzing in its significance. She said it was not the fault of the women that they wear many and costly clothes, but rather of the men who get rich by making and selling them. There must be a fault somewhere in Mrs. Whitney's logic, unless we are to assume that women are incapable of resisting sartorial temptations and that they can not help buying, or owing for, whatever is offered. That, we know, is not the case.

But Mrs. Whitney's threat is far more formidable than her lack of logic. She says "Let the women refuse to buy new clothes for six months and there would be such a

commercial crisis as the world has never known." That seems to be true, and for the moment our blood runs cold at the thought of financial panics, bank runs, and general collapse that would put all previous catastrophes into the shade. Imagine the vast capital that is employed in clothing the women of America, the thousands of stores that exist solely upon their patronage, the tens of thousands of workmen who are dependent upon women for their weekly wages. Imagine this vast commerce suddenly stopped like the wheels of a clock, the stores empty, the factories and the sweating dens idle for lack of orders. It would be the end of the world.

But common sense and experience come to the rescue. The danger is not so pressing as it seemed to be at first glance. There is still time for compromise, conciliation, or even defiance. There are still two straws to which we may cling in the agonies of threatened dissolution. In the first place we can not imagine the women of this fair land with money in their pockets or with credit upon the books deliberately turning their backs upon the season's confections in tailor-made gowns, in costumes, or in millinery. There are some things that human nature can not do, and this is one of them. Even though the danger might be pressing we would try them with a hargain sale and the clouds of determination would melt away like a summer mist before the sun. The second of our

consolations is equally effective. With a few trifling exceptions, women were never yet known to combine for any purpose whatsoever. Among the faculties with which nature has so richly endowed them the power of combination is not to be found. There are other things they lack, as, for instance, a sense of justice and a capacity for disinterested friendship toward their own sex. Heaven forbid that they should be entirely perfect, that there should be no final crown of achievement still unattained, and that they should lack the power of combination, that they should be unable to withstand the wiles of the costumer, are not only gratifying signs of an earthly imperfection that otherwise might be doubted, but they stand as a rock of salvation between society in general and the wild and whirling threats of Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney.

By the way, here are some more hearty recipes once much in favor but that have momentarily passed out of fashion. Freckles may be removed by washing the face with the entrails of crocodiles. So, at least, says Ovid, and he ought to know. Crocodiles, of course, are scarce, and so as an alternative we may try washing the face in water standing in an urn in a graveyard. We have never known this to fail. Another method, equally efficacious, is to wash at night in water upon which the moon is shining.

## CLOSING WEEK OF Removal Sale

WILL OPEN DOWN TOWN MARCH 15th

All Furniture Reduced 25%

Many 33 1-3% and 50% Reductions

All Oriental Rugs at Unprecedented Prices

All Domestic Rugs Reduced 15%

Great Reductions on Carpets, Linoleums, Draperies, Upholstery, Tapestries

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VAN NESS AND SUTTER

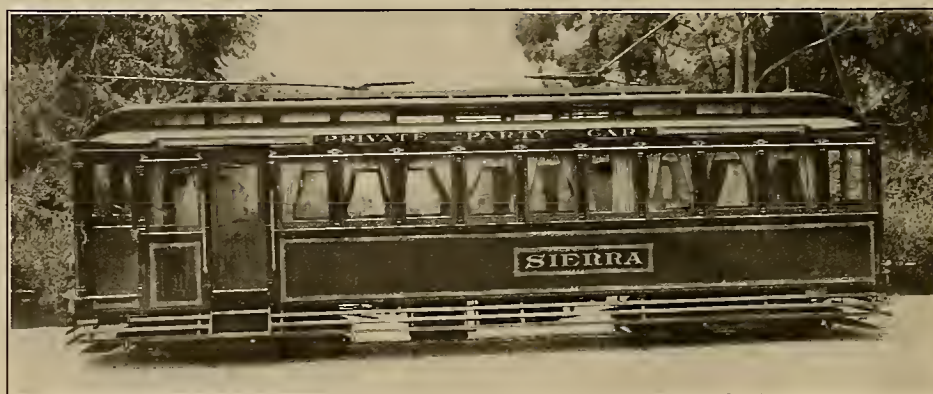
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### Private Party Cars "SIERRA" and "HERMOSA"

RATES—\$5.00 per hour within the city limits, with a minimum charge of \$20.00 for the use of any one car.

\$25.00 minimum for round trip to San Mateo, with two and one-half to three hours' stop-over at that point.

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Parties can find no more inexpensive, instructive or interesting method of enjoyment. The cost per passenger averages very small. The route may be varied at will. The trips are always a source of pleasure, in good weather or bad, to citizen and stranger alike.

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United Railroads, Oak and Broderick Sts., San Francisco



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A French general's wife, whose tongue-lashing ability was far-famed, demanded that an old servant, who had served with her husband in the wars, be dismissed. "Jacques," said the general, "go to your room and pack your trunk and leave—depart." The old Frenchman clasped his hands to his heart with dramatic joy. "Me—I can go!" he exclaimed in a very ecstasy of gratitude. Then suddenly his manner changed, as with utmost compassion he added: "But you—my poor general, you must stay!"

Napoleon once received Blucher at the Castle of Finkenstein, while he was preparing for the siege of Danzig. He drew him to a window in an upper story and paid him compliments on his military gifts, and Blucher, going away delighted, described the interview to his aide-de-camp. "What a chance you missed!" exclaimed the latter. "You might have changed the whole course of history." "How?" "Why, you might have thrown him out of the window!" "Confound it!" replied Blucher. "So I might! If only I had thought of it!"

The Earl of Warwick at a banquet in Washington was quizzed about the hunting yarns he had swapped with the President while dining at the White House. "Oh, yes," Lord Warwick said playfully, "they were tall yarns—tall on my side, I mean. I outdid the wandering hen. A hen, you know, set out to see the world and met a crow in a distant wood. 'But,' said the crow, 'are you not afraid, without wings, of losing your way in all this tangle?' 'Afraid? Not I,' scoffed the hen. 'Every little while I lay an egg to guide myself back by.'"

The calf which the stockraiser had taken the summer resident to see, surveyed his owner and the stranger with a wary eye. "Er—what breed is your calf?" asked the visitor. The farmer removed a wisp of straw from his mouth and said: "This critter's father gored a justice of the peace, knocked a lightning rod agent end over end, and lifted a tramp over a picket fence, and as for his mother, she chased the whole Banbury brass band out o' town last Fourth of July. If that aint breed enough to pay \$6 for, you can leave him be. I'm not pressing him on anybody."

The late Senator Allison was a stickler for personal cleanliness, even for personal elegance. There was no quicker way for a man to get on his black books than to be unshaven, to have the trousers unpressed, the boots unpolished. In Dubuque there was a decidedly slovenly lawyer. This lawyer appeared one afternoon at a meeting with a rose in his buttonhole. The sight of a rose in the buttonhole of such a sloven excited a good deal of comment. "I wonder where on earth he got it?" said a surprised observer. Senator Allison smiled. "Probably," said he, "it grew there."

There was a small gathering of friends at a Washington home not long ago, among the guests being a young man of somewhat retiring disposition, the possessor of an extremely good and powerful voice. The evening was grown somewhat old when the hostess suggested that the young man in question favor them with a few songs. "I would be charmed—that is, you flatter me—but, er—really, the neighbors, you know," he suggested. "These party walls are so thin, and they have possibly retired." "Oh, never mind the neighbors!" the hostess replied in unsympathetic voice. "I don't intend to have the least consideration for them hereafter and they will just have to stand it. Some one of them poisoned our dog last week."

Australians still tell stories of the C. I. V.'s although the war is a far memory. One, a member of the Stock Exchange, was left one wet and miserable night to guard a wagonload of goods. He shivered in the unsheltered place for some hours pondering many things, and then a bright thought struck him just as the colonel came around on his tour of inspection. "Colonel," he asked, "how much is this wagon worth?" "I don't know," was the answer. "Much or little, we can't afford to lose it." "Well, but colonel," persisted the amateur soldier, "you might give me a rough idea of the value." "About £200," said the colonel testily. "Very well," was the answer, "I will come down to the camp and give you a check for the amount. Then I'll turn in. I wouldn't catch my death of cold for twice that much." What the colonel said is not recorded.

Henry Farman, the aviator, during his American visit seemed as much impressed with the diminutive proportions of some of New York's flats as with the height of her skyscrapers or the immensity of her hotel bills. "I visited a Brooklyn aeronautical experimenter the other night," said Mr. Farman to a reporter, "and his flat was the smallest I've seen yet. It showed me the point of a joke I once heard an American make. I

laughed then at this joke, which I had heard two years before. 'Smith, of Brooklyn,' I said to my American friend, 'doesn't strike me as at all literary, yet he declares he only feels really comfortable and content when snugly ensconced in his library.' 'Well, you see,' my companion explained, 'Smith's book-case is a folding bed.'"

Shortly after his rise to the bench, Judge Coleman had occasion to pronounce a life sentence upon a notorious offender. In the course of his remarks the judge spoke with so much feeling and eloquence that many of the listeners were deeply affected. The prisoner, on the other hand, seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling and apparently giving no attention whatever to what was being said. After he had been remanded to jail one of the young lawyers had gone into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when his honor was passing sentence upon him. "What do you mean?" asked the convicted one. "I mean when the judge was telling you you must go to prison for life." "You mean when he was talking to me?" "Yes." "Oh, I never paid no attention to Dick Coleman; he aint no public speaker nohow!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Wise Old Owl.

A wise old owl lived in an oak,  
The more he saw the less he spoke,  
The less he spoke, the more he heard;  
Why can't we all be like that bird!

—Boston Transcript.

"Just Mother."

The courtroom it was crowded  
All the witnesses was there  
The judge he sat a frowning  
In his high upholstered chair  
They was trying a old lady  
For the stealing of a horse  
They had brought her to the courtroom  
They had dragged her there by force  
Then up rose a handsome lawyer  
Who refused to give his name  
He defended the old lady  
And well he done the same  
The verdict was not guilty  
The old lady got quite gay  
And when the lawyer spoke up  
To them he then did say:

CHORUS.

She was my mother once  
In years so long ago  
And I'll not desert her now  
That she has fell so low  
I have many other mothers  
All over this broad land  
But I'll not desert this mother, even  
Though I'm rich and grand.

—Booth Tarkington, in Chicago Evening Post.

Fashion.

It's not so long since all about one,  
Mankind bowed down to the short and stout one;  
But now we think we've never seen one  
So lovely as the long and lean one;  
In glory walks the lithe and willowy  
While fades away the broad and hillyowy,  
Triumphant reign right lines and angles—  
Geometry in silk and spangles.

But this thought consolation brings us  
And helps us hear the woe that wrings us—  
No matter in what gowns you sheath 'em  
There's still the same dear girl beneath 'em;  
So never shake your head and frown, sir,  
When you behold the Empire gown, sir,  
For every dog must have his day  
And now's the turn of the sylphlike fun.

—New York Sun.

Rondeau Redouble.

I hate a dun. It makes me fairly sick,  
This letter asking me to "please remit."  
If I could pay I'd do it mighty quick.  
I can't, however, so I wish they'd quit.

They will not, though, let up a little hit,  
But threaten suit—a very shabby trick,  
Considering the suit was poor in fit.  
I hate a dun. It fairly makes me sick.

That is the worst of getting things on tick.  
I wish that I had waited for my kit.  
This curt reminder makes my conscience prick—  
This letter asking me to "please remit."

Credit is an invention of the pit,  
A grow devised for torment by Old Nick.  
I can't grow calloused. I am tired of it.  
If I could pay I'd do it mighty quick.

When I am broke, that is the time they pick  
To pester me, to threaten with a writ.  
To satisfy them I'd at nothing stick;  
I can't, however, so I wish they'd quit.

It seems as if they had but little wit.  
One can't get blood from turnip, stone or brick.  
Well, with the statement I my pipe have lit,  
That ends it. I shall simply let 'em kick.

I hate a dun.

—Chicago Daily News.

Harry Lauder tells of a canny Scot whose neighbor met him fitting. The Scot had wife and children and household furniture piled atop a wagon and he was solemnly driving his one horse along the street. "So ye're fittin'?" says the neighbor. "I am. I want to be near me work." "And where's yer job?" "I haven't got one yet."

A. Hirschman

For fine jewelry and silverware. 1641-1643 Van Ness Avenue.

# The California Title Insurance and Trust Company

announces the appointment of E. H. Rixford as manager to succeed the late A. T. Spotts, and expresses confidence that the pleasant relations which have existed between him and the patrons of the company will continue.

Mr. Rixford will endeavor to meet the wishes of the real estate dealers as far as is consistent with safety to their clients and the company.

## La Royal Waists

EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES

Waists made from your own materials

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We will gladly give you advice and offer suggestions which may prove advantageous as a basis for exchange

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NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE  
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**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**  
A Positive Relief For  
CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING and all skin troubles. "A little higher in price perhaps than competitors, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving and after bathing. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of the Six Mennen's (the original). Sample free.  
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Accredited by the California universities and by Eastern colleges. Advanced courses of study are offered to high school graduates and to those who have left school, with lectures by professors from the University of California and elsewhere. There are also special courses and those leading to a school diploma. Pupils charged from the week of entrance.  
In place of the Kindergarten, a French school has been opened, where the French language is taught by means of charts, pictures, games, songs, and stories.  
Classes in Instrumental and Vocal Music and in Drawing and Painting are formed and facilities are given for Horseback Riding, Lawn Tennis, Basket Ball, etc. For particulars, address  
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BANKING

## The German Savings and Loan Society

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)  
526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital .....\$ 1,200,000.00  
Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds... 1,479,043.00  
Deposits December 31, 1908.... 35,079,498.53  
Total Assets ..... 37,661,836.70  
OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.  
BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.  
MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22d Streets. For receipt and payment of deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Mgr.

## French Savings Bank

108 Satter Street, near Montgomery

Paid-up Capital .....\$ 600,000  
Total Assets ..... 4,270,800  
Strictly a Savings Bank. Open Saturday Evening from 7 to 8:30  
OFFICERS—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, 1st Vice-President; Leon Boqueraz, 2d Vice-President; A. Bousquet, Secretary; P. A. Bergerot, Attorney.  
DIRECTORS—N. C. Babin, J. A. Bergerot, Charles Carpy, Arthur Legallet, G. Beleney, H. de St. Seine, J. M. Dupas, Leon Boqueraz, J. E. Artigues, J. S. Godeau, John Ginty.  
**SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT**  
The French-American Bank is located in the same building.

## LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

N. W. cor. Sutter and Sansome Sts.

CAPITAL.....\$2,500,000  
SURPLUS..... 750,000  
Sig. Greenebaum, president; H. Fleischacker, vice-president and manager; Alden Anderson, vice-president; R. Altschul, cashier; C. F. Hunt, assistant cashier; A. Hochstein, assistant cashier.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

Established 1850 OF HARTFORD  
Capital Stock .....\$1,000,000  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,462,739  
Total Cash Assets..... 6,365,877  
BENJAMIN J. SMITH  
Manager Pacific Department  
ALASKA-COMMERCIAL BUILDING  
San Francisco

## WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

TORONTO

U. S. Assets.....\$2,184,632  
Surplus ..... 726,218  
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT  
1004 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE  
SAN FRANCISCO  
J. J. KENNY, Manager W. L. W. MILLER, Assistant Manager

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DINING CAR UNDER FRED HARVEY MANAGEMENT  
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673 Market Street



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Informal dinners and luncheons are filling the hours devoted to social diversion of those remaining in town during Lent, with here and there a small tea. The latter form of entertainment has been rarer than is customary, however, although several affairs of a thoroughly informal nature are planned for the next fortnight.

An event of the week was the opening of the tea-room at the St. Francis, which brought out any number of the socially elect on Wednesday afternoon.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Guerin, daughter of Dr. John Guerin of Chicago, to Mr. William Drum of San Francisco. No date is announced for the wedding.

Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Tuesday of last week, at which were present Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Bowie Detrick, Mrs. Spencer Buckhee, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. James V. Coleman, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. George Whittell, and Miss Lily O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cox of Philadelphia. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, and Mr. John Lawson.

Mr. Frank Goad was the host at a luncheon on Thursday last at the St. Francis in honor of Mr. and Mrs. David R. A. Brown of Colorado. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. Potter, Miss Cadwalader, and Mr. Charles McIntosh.

Mrs. F. F. Low was the hostess at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont on Monday last.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at her home in San Rafael.

Miss Virginia Bogue was the hostess at an informal luncheon and bridge party on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Trowbridge. Their guests were Dr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Kelham, Mrs. Coleman, and Mr. W. F. Berry.

Mr. Frank King was the host at a dinner and theatre party on Friday evening of last week. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Mary Keeney, Mr. Athole McBean, and Mr. Reginald Fernald.

Miss Martha Calhoun entertained at a dinner and theatre party on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Edward Barron was the hostess at an informal dinner on Thursday of last week at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained at an informal dinner on Thursday evening of last week at the Fairmont.

Paymaster Walter A. Greer, U. S. N., was the host at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week at Yerba Buena in honor of his fiancée, Miss Helen Wilson.

Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Tuesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Allen Lewis of Portland.

Mrs. Richard Girvin was the hostess at an informal tea at the Fairmont on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. George T. Page was the hostess at a tea on Friday afternoon of last week at her

home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. A. B. Cox of Philadelphia.

Miss Helen Bertheau was the hostess at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon last at her home on Vallejo Street. Assisting in receiving were Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Isabel Beaver, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Anita Bertheau, Miss Cora Otis, and Miss Minna Van Bergen.

Miss Dorothy Woods was the hostess at an informal tea on Friday afternoon of last week at her home on California Street.

Last Saturday Miss Nina Jones gave a dinner party and ball at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara, to Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick and her guests, Miss Wilson and Miss Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries were the hosts at a small dinner party at the Fairmont in honor of Major and Mrs. Krautoff, who are soon to leave for the Philippines. Among those at the dinner were Major and Mrs. Krautoff, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Goldstein, Miss Helen Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bentley.

Miss Jennie Crocker presided at luncheon at the St. Francis a few days ago. Her guests were Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Laurence I. Scott, and Miss Virginia Jolliffe.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg gave an informal tea last Monday afternoon in the gray room at the Fairmont in honor of Mrs. Dorothea Klumpke Roberts, the astronomer.

Among the dinners of the past week was that which was given by Mr. Cuyler Lee to a score of friends in the Hotel St. Francis. Among the guests were Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. Wellington Gregg, Mr. Courtney Ford, Mr. Joseph L. Eastland, Mr. Noble Easton, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Frank Goad, Captain John Burke Murphy, and Mr. Willis Polk.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin will leave early in May for the East and will spend the season at Newport as the guests of Mrs. Irwin's sister, Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Martha Calhoun will leave shortly for Charleston, South Carolina, where they will spend the Easter holidays, returning later in April to California.

Mrs. James Coffin, Miss Natalie Coffin, and Miss Sara Coffin, who have been occupying the Cornwall house on Pacific Avenue for the winter, will return next week to their home in Ross Valley for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Miss Dolly Cushing, and Mr. John Cushing, who have an apartment at Washington and Jones Streets, will return before the first of April to their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Russell Wilson, who has been abroad for nearly a year past, will return next month and will be met in New York by her daughter, Mrs. George Cadwalader.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne are leaving in a few days for a sojourn of some months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Page and Miss Leslie Page will leave next week for their country home in San Rafael for the spring and summer months.

Miss Cora Smedberg has returned from a brief visit to the Presidio of Monterey.

Mr. A. N. Drown and Miss Newell Drown left last week for Europe, where they will spend six months traveling.

Miss Marian Newhall and Miss Julia Langhorne left on Tuesday for the Newhall ranch near Los Angeles, where they will spend a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King and Miss Genevieve King are guests at the Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Walter Hohart has returned from a

stay of several weeks in the East and has as her guest Miss Eleanor Sears of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan will leave shortly for a visit to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley returned this week to their home in San Rafael, after spending the winter months in town.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Minnie Price, who were at Riverside for the winter months, are now at the Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page will spend the summer in Europe, and expect to sail within a few weeks.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander has been visiting at Burlingame as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mountford Wilson.

Miss Laura Hamilton and Miss Alexandra Hamilton, who have been in Europe for the past ten months, are now in Paris, but will sail for home next month, and expect to arrive here early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll are in Southern California and will divide their time during this month between Santa Barbara and Coronado.

Dr. and Mrs. Boericke and the Misses Ruth and Dorothy Boericke plan to spend the summer months in Blythedale.

Mrs. John McMullin and Miss Eliza McMullin, who have been at the Potter in Santa Barbara for the past fortnight, have gone to Coronado for a visit.

Miss Edith Bull left on Sunday last for Europe, where she will remain for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Randall Hunt, Miss Floride Hunt, and Miss Natalie Hunt will spend the spring and summer in Mill Valley, where they have taken a cottage for the season.

Mr. Boyd Van Benthuyzen has returned from a brief visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lusk (formerly Miss Louise Findley), who arrived recently from the East, left this week for the Orient.

Mrs. Jane Bothin and her daughter, Genevieve, have gone to Los Angeles for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud came up last week from Monterey for a visit.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman, who have spent the winter at the Santa Barbara apartments, will leave town shortly for their summer home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. William J. Younger has gone from Paris to Vienna on account of the illness of Dr. Younger's daughter, the Baroness Gall.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Tallman of Walla Walla, Washington, are guests of the St. Francis.

Admiral and Mrs. Stevens and Admiral and Mrs. Henry Wade Lyons are at the Fairmont.

Captain Thomas F. Lyons of the United States Marine Corps is a guest of the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Charles Green have returned to the Fairmont, after an extensive trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Dr. A. W. Harris, president of Northwest University, is stopping at the St. Francis, where he is receiving many attentions from the local alumni of the famous Middle West institution.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard and Mr. Horace G. Platt are at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara, for a week's stay.

Governor James N. Gillett was in the city for a few days recently and made his headquarters at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerington of Carson City, Nevada, are at the Fairmont.

Edward Robert Parker, fourth Earl of Morley, who is on his way to British Columbia on a hunting expedition, has taken apartments in the Hotel St. Francis for a brief visit in San Francisco.

Colonel S. S. McClure, who has been the guest of the Fairmont for some weeks past, left for the East.

Mr. Bert Nixon, son of United States Senator Nixon, who has been spending the past week at the St. Francis, has just left with his tutor for the Orient, taking passage on the Korea.

The first automobile party from San Francisco this season arrived at Byron Hot Springs this week in Mr. E. J. Benedict's car. In the party were Mr. J. L. Williams and Mr. E. S. Scott.

## At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. C. M. Dorgan, Mr. H. A. Brandenstein, Mr. A. J. Brandenstein, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hill, Mr. A. R. M. Blackhall, Mr. J. M. Ponnett, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Colburn, Miss Mahel Norman, Mr. V. W. Hoxie, Mr. S. J. Gardiner, Miss Georgie Ridge.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Bullen, Mr. C. H. Luengene, Mr. and Mrs. Neustadter, Mr. Martin Schneider, Mr. Henry H. Ritter, Mr. and Mrs. James Theihen, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Rolla V. Watt, Mr. Jeremiah V. Coffey, Mr. Edward I. Coffey, Mrs. J. S. Hanna, Mrs. C. G. Hues, Mr. Charles S. Hungerford, Mr. E. S. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Keegan, Mr. E. H. Parrish, Mrs. Anna Duhois.

The Peninsula at San Mateo will reopen on April 1 for the season of 1909.

## Pears'

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral Henry W. Lyon, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Lyon, who have been the guests of friends at Mare Island since their arrival from the East, will spend some weeks in Southern California, after a brief stay in this city.

General Edward Davis, U. S. A., retired, returned on the transport *Logan* last week to his home in Honolulu, after a sojourn here for the benefit of his health.

Brigadier-General Daniel H. Brush, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Logan* on Saturday last for the Philippines, and on his arrival there will report to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for duty in command of the Department of the Visayas. Brigadier-General W. H. Carter, U. S. A., sailed on Saturday last on the transport *Logan* for the Philippines, and on his arrival there will report for duty as commander of the Department of Luzon.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., engineer officer in charge of the Rivers and Harbors Department of California, left on Saturday last for Honolulu, where he will spend a fortnight inspecting the river and harbor work in the Hawaiian Islands.

Major Daniel W. Ketcham, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Logan* on Saturday last for the Philippines. He has been adjutant of the Presidio post for several years and goes to assume command of the artillery district at Subig Bay.

Major Andre W. Brewster, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., and report to the inspector-general of the army for duty in his office.

Chaplain Edward H. Fitz-Gerald, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., having been found by an army retiring board incapacitated for active service on account of disability incident thereto, his retirement is announced.

Captain Aubrey Lippincott, Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., who was recently promoted from the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., and who was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco, joined his regiment here and sailed for Manila last week.

Captain Edwin C. Long, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio of San Francisco, after a brief trip East, where he was called by the death of his father.

Captain William Brooke, quartermaster, U. S. A., having reported his arrival in San Francisco has been ordered to proceed to Chicago.

Commander H. C. Gearing, U. S. N., is ordered retired from February 24.

Commander W. G. Miller, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Minnesota* and ordered home to await orders.

Commander John M. Elliott, U. S. N., of the *Solace* made a farewell visit to the Minister of Marine at Rio Janeiro and sailed for Hampton Roads on February 25.

Lieutenant G. P. Brown, U. S. N., has been detached from duty on the *California* and ordered to the Naval Hospital, New York, for treatment.

Lieutenant Paul W. Beck, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has returned from a three weeks' trip on official business to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Andrew D. Chaffin, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in person to Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Nichols, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., president of an examining board at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Ensign W. A. Glassford, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Preble* and ordered to the *Independence* at Mare Island.

Ensign C. S. Joyce, U. S. N., has been detached from the *California* and ordered to the Naval Hospital, New York, for treatment.

The Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel C. A. P. Hatfield, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Logan* on Saturday last for Manila. The headquarters and one squadron of the regiment has been stationed at Fort Meyer, Virginia, and the other two squadrons at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and Fort Sheridan, Illinois, respectively.

The *Buffalo* will leave San Francisco about May 15 for the Asiatic Station to return immediately, touching at Honolulu and Guam while going each way.

Mrs. Lester Wallack, who is now eighty-three years old, and no longer in possession of the competency left by her husband, was the beneficiary of a complimentary theatrical performance last week, arranged for her by Daniel Frohman and participated in by a score of prominent actors and actresses. No less than \$3000 was the net result, and this will be held as a trust fund for Mrs. Wallack. An interesting feature of the benefit programme was its novelty and completeness, there being no old selections or parts of plays.

Lotta is now rated as Boston's fourth largest taxpayer, the assessor placing against her property a total of \$955,000 in valuations.

Blanche Bates on Self-Hypnotism.

"Just how far the things one lives through on the stage affect one outside is mainly a matter of will-power," says Blanche Bates, the actress (according to a New York paper). "Subconsciously they will take a certain bold which is inevitable. I know when I was playing in 'The Girl of the Golden West' my friends told me I had a perpetually breezy air about me; I was possessed of a desire to go up and slap every one on the back. I really had to keep a watch on myself. But now I am quite repressed and quiet, and they tell me I am conducting myself in the approved twentieth-century manner. So far parts are bound to affect one, but beyond that it never goes.

"What I mean is that simply because a person is playing Richard III there is no reason for his shutting himself up in an iron room, as it were. I must confess I have always had little patience with these people who go around saying, 'My part, my part; I can't get away from my part!' It makes me want to say, 'Oh, rot!' Any one can get away from his part if he really wants to. Acting is merely self-hypnotism; all you have to do is sit down and make yourself believe that you are the person you want to be, with all their worries and troubles, and you really are. If you want to keep that up after you get out of the theatre you can, but it is simply a matter of will-power, as I have told."

Olive Logan a Pauper.

Olive Logan, once well known as an author, who was rescued from penury in New York several years ago by Lady Cook (Tennessee Claflin), is now an inmate of a pauper lunatic asylum at Banstead, near London. Mrs. Logan, who is now sixty-nine years old, was born in Elmira, New York, in 1839, was well educated, and became one of the first woman lecturers. When very young she married Henry A. De Lille, a writer. She divorced him and married William Wirt Sikes, a member of the American consular service, who died in London in 1883. While doing literary work in London she employed an office boy, James O'Neill, who became her secretary and later her husband. He took her name. In 1906 she had him arrested in New York for non-support, and the arrest revealed the fact that she was in severe poverty. Lady Cook rescued her from a Seventh-Avenue tenement and established her in the San Remo apartment house in Central Park West. Later Mrs. Logan returned to London. She was the author of "Surf," a comedy which Augustin Daly produced with great success in the early '70s, and she also dramatized Wilkie Collins's novel, "Armada," and made a metrical translation of Francois Coppée's "Le Passant." She also has written several books and was at one time a prolific contributor to newspapers and periodicals.

Some day the company that owns the Metropolitan Opera House will undoubtedly abandon it and build a new theatre of more dignity architecturally and of better equipment technically, farther up town in New York. A purchaser, willing to pay the price, could surely have the present opera house, or its site, for an office building or a department store. But in spite of current rumors, there is no evidence that such a purchaser has appeared or that the owners of the Metropolitan are considering new sites.

James M. Brophy, an actor well known here, has been engaged by W. A. Brady for the rôle of King Philip in the forthcoming revival of Shakespeare's "King John," in which Robert Mantell will appear in New York.

"An Englishman's Home," the play by Major Gerald du Maurier which has made such a sensation in London, has been secured by Charles Frohman and will be produced soon in New York.

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**THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.**

*Mack*—De Broke's ancestors were among the first settlers. *Tailor*—He doesn't take after them.—*Town Topics*.

"Did he say he knew me when I was a girl?" "No; he said he knew you when he was a boy."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"I made enough money in Wall Street last week to buy a house and lot." "Did you buy it?" "Well, no; but I wish I had."—*New York Herald*.

*She*—Do you think the married men really envy the bachelors? *He*—Ask me if I think a barnyard fowl envies the wild duck.—*Philadelphia Record*.

*Harker*—They say that Rounder's wife has money. *Parker*—Well, that isn't Rounder's fault. They have been married only a week.—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Pally Prim*—They tell me you are a dissipated young man. Now, I suppose you never see the sun rise. *Jack Rapide*—No, I don't often stay up quite that late.—*Philadelphia Record*.

*Hubby*—What! Another new dress? *Wifey*—Well, don't be so cross. I bought it with my own money. *Hubby*—Your own? Where did you get it from? *Wifey*—I sold your fur coat.—*Puck*.

"Where do all you Americans live?" inquired the European. "About 4,000,000 of us live in New York," answered the caustic American, "and the rest of us live in caves."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Use the side door," roared the guard of the New York subway train. "All right, young feller," replied the stranger from west of Hoboken. "I kin use it all right—I'm from a 'dry' town."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I am willing to make any sacrifice to win you," sighed the impecunious count. "Oh, that isn't necessary," replied the heiress. "In case I make up my mind that I want you papa can afford to pay the regular price."—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Pension Inquiry Officer*—Have you ever been in the hands of the police? *Applicant*—Well—er—sir, you see I used to be a cook! Girls will be girls! Besides, it was a good many years ago, and he was a sergeant!—*Puck*.

*Yarkshire Farmer* (bursting into the village inn)—What do you think, Silas? The bones of a prehistoric man have been discovered on Jim White's farm. *Innkeeper*—Great Gosh! I hope poor Jim'll be able to clear hisself at the coroner's inquest.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Who is that handsome man over there?" one guest asks another at a dinner party. "That is Louis the Fourteenth." "How absurd! What do you mean?" "Well, his name is Louis, and he is always invited when—without him—there would be thirteen at table."—*Le Figaro*.

"My dear," said a thin little man to his wife, "this paper says that there is a woman who goes out and chops wood with her husband." "Well, what of it? I think she could

easily do it if he is as thin as you are. I have often thought of using you to peel potatoes with."—*Stray Stories*.

*Wife* (after a quarrel)—I wish I had never met you. *Hub*—Oh, yes! Now when it is too late you are sorry for me.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Loafer the First*—I thought this yer unemployed fund was for charity. *Loafer the Second*—So it is, aint it? *Loafer the First*—It aint. It means work.—*The Sketch*.

"And does your husband still think you are an angel?" "Oh, yes!" At least he seems to think I don't need any new clothes."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"I can not tell a lie," declared the eminent magnate. "You don't have to," urged his eminent counsel. "Just say that your mind is a blank on that subject."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Janes*—Well, you and I won't be neighbors much longer. I'm going to live in a better locality. *Smith*—So am I. *Janes*—What are you going to move, too? *Smith*—No, I'm going to stay here.—*Cleveland Leader*.

*O'Brien*—Oh, hut me daughter's the smart girl. She set two min fightin' for her hand. *Landers*—And she married the winner? *O'Brien*—Begorry, no! She married the one she could lick aisiest.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Give woman the credit she deserves," the suffragette cried, "and where would man be?" "If she got all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poorhouse," sneered a coarse person in the rear of the hall.—*Stray Stories*.

"Pa, will you please tell me what a financial genius is?" "A financial genius, my child, is a man who can spend money that he has never had, and which the people who think they are getting it will never see."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Don't you think May is perfectly reckless in the way she gets divorces?" "Oh, no," replied the second actress, dabbling on a little more paint. "She never gets a divorce from one husband until she has another under contract."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

*Captain Seaver*—This falling-off of recruits for the regular army is getting fierce. *Major Weaver*—I should say it was. Why, there isn't hardly enough men per regiment to do the work about the officers' quarters, to say nothing of shaving me and caring for the babies.—*Puck*.

"Well, Silas, what did you find new down to the city?" "Why, somethin' wuth seein'. The hull place is full o' cahs with cash registers on 'em, an' red flags to show folks it's dangerous to dispute the fare. They call 'em taxidermy cahs, 'cause ef you don't mind, the drivers 'll jest take the skin off ye."—*Life*.

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## THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: An Executive Government—San Francisco "Downtown" Again—A By-Product of Modern Unionism—The Recall in Los Angeles—Weakness vs. Strength in Politics—Editorial Notes.....	177-179
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	179
CURRENT TOPICS.....	180
OLD FAVORITES: "An Old Castle," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.....	180
SOCIALIST AND SUFFRAGETTE: Jeannette L. Gilder Gives Us a Glance of a Curious Combination Now Existing in New York.....	181
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.....	181
THE WOOING OF ANNABEL OWENS. By Donald Ken-nicott.....	182
THE MAN WHO WOULD BE STAR: Mansfield, the Actor and Genius, as Described and Praised by Paul Wiltach.....	183
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	184
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications.....	185
DOWNFALL OF YUAN SHIH KAI: China's Great Statesman Retires in Disgrace—A Page of Secret History. By Charles Lorrimer.....	186
DRAMA: Lillian Russell's Secret. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	187
VANITY FAIR.....	188
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Other-wise.....	189
THE MERRY MUSE.....	189
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	190
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	191
CURRENT VERSE: "A Desert Impression," by Robert Visittart; "The Flutes of Spring," by Ethel B. Howard; "Condonation," by Alfred Austin; "Pervasion," by Elsa Barker.....	191
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	192

### An Executive Government.

A professor of law in the State University has despaired of the republic. He desires the abolition of Congress and the concentration of power in the hands of the President. In an address to the students this professor said:

Things have reached such a state in this country that something will have to be done to get and keep the power out of the hands of Congress and into the hands of an executive.

Our government was created with checks and balances, and to secure these was constituted with three independent, coordinate branches—the legislative, executive, and judicial. As the only power of Congress is legislative, when we "get and keep power out of the hands of Congress and into the hands of an executive," logically we pass legislation to the President, and shorten our system to two coordinate branches, the executive and judicial. Then, as the executive will pass laws and as he appoints the members of the judicial branch, he will have the power to compel such judicial action as pleases him. To the President will pass the power of Congress to raise money and to declare war, and by control of the Supreme

Court to pass upon the constitutionality of his own acts! The law professor regards this as a model system of government, better calculated to secure the happiness of our people than the one founded by the fathers.

A great lawyer, addressing the State Bar Association of New York recently, said of the government:

Notwithstanding its palpable defects, it is in practice the best government now that history knows; that is, that under it, with present conditions, a larger proportion of the population have the necessities of life and enjoy a greater share of those things to which we say men are by nature entitled—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, than under any other government whatsoever, and this with less trouble and at less cost than ever before. I believe that all the vocations of life and all the rewards of patient and intelligent labor are open to all men as never before.

Then, pointing to the restless desire for change, he said:

Representative government has been tried, not once but often, and after a longer or shorter trial, has failed and perished from the earth, the liberty of the people giving way to tyranny.

All this was foreseen by the founders of our system, and they sought wisely to perpetuate what they made by giving it checks and balances, and to each of its branches that independence needed for the full use of its granted powers. The Berkeley professor vaunts a wisdom greater than theirs, and proposes a government by executive power only, in which legislation shall be by decree, or ukase, or irade.

It seems a short jump, but with very long consequences.

### San Francisco "Downtown" Again.

Saturday last, 13th instant, was opening day for the White House stores. The event coincided with others similar in kind and by common consent the town turned out to celebrate the reestablishment of San Francisco's first-class retail trade in its new quarters, but in the old district. Just such a *fiesta* San Francisco had not known before. In the evening the whole of "downtown" was brilliantly illuminated and in some measure brilliantly decorated. The throng was beyond computation. And throughout all there was a thrill akin to exhilaration in the universal thought that the old town, shaken by earthquake, devastated by fire, plagued by strikes, scourged by pestilence, blasted by graft, doubly blasted by conspiracy under the false name of anti-graft, and accursed by a rotten species of reform, had struggled through her difficulties, risen superior to her injuries and griefs, and by indomitable pluck and with the old ambition and in the old spirit had come to her own again.

Indeed, the retail trade of San Francisco has come to something more than its own. Not only what was lost has been restored, but restored with interest doubly compounded. Not one of the firms identified in a large and permanent way with the trade history of San Francisco has been content merely to restore what was lost. Taking heart of new times and of the spirit of progress, each firm in the process of restoration has aimed at larger development. The movement is so universal that it would be invidious to be specific; all have taken counsel of courage, all have expanded their quarters, augmented their facilities, enlarged their scope, and in the language of commerce "reached out for the future."

One who on Saturday night went about among the beautiful retail establishments located in the space bounded by Kearny, Market, Powell, and Bush Streets could but wonder at the initiative and courage which has wrought this marvelous development. Regarded as a whole, the retail district of San Francisco is not surpassed by that of any other city of ten times its magnitude. Not even New York City may offer a more elaborate system of retail establishments so admirably grouped. Not courage alone has been the active agent in this development; for there has been judgment and taste as well in the construction of new buildings, in

the equipment and decoration of store rooms, and in the selection of merchandise.

Some suggestion of the extent to which the downtown movement has progressed may be gained from a glance at a few of the more important retail locations. On Market Street we find the Emporium, S. N. Wood & Co., the Owl Drug Company, Hale Brothers, Roos Brothers (at the corner of Stockton)—these without naming half a dozen banking houses, the *Chronicle* and *Call* newspaper offices, or a score of secondary establishments. On Sutter Street we find Hammersmith & Co. (moved down in 1908), Sherman, Clay & Co. (moved ahead of all others, November, 1907), the New Book Store (1907), the *Argonaut* (November, 1907), the White House (Raphael Weill & Co.), with the Davis-Schonwasser Company, and W. & J. Sloane just opened. On Post Street we find Shreve & Co., O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., the Gantner & Mattern Company, the Hastings Clothing Company, Hirsch & Kaiser, and the S. & G. Gump Company coming. On Geary Street we find Armand Cailleau, the Paragon Company, Koenig & Collins, with I. Magnin & Co. soon to open, and Wolfe & Hawley, who have just opened their doors. The City of Paris is fitting up in splendid style its old corner at Geary and Stockton Streets, and just across the street the Nathan-Dohrmann Company is preparing to move in its retail department. On O'Farrell and Stockton Streets we find a new and magnificent development of retail establishments—the D. Samuels Lace House, far larger and handsomer than ever before, at the northwest corner, a building for Newman & Levinson at the southeast corner under construction, due to be occupied in September, with another building for D. N. & E. Walter & Co. at the northeast corner nearer completion and to be occupied in May or June. A new establishment, the Arcade, running through from Geary to O'Farrell Streets, is projected.

This is merely a bird's-eye glance illustrating the magnitude of the movement. The side streets everywhere are filling in with familiar establishments, as, for example, Byron Mauzy, on Stockton between Post and Geary, and the George A. Moss Glove Company, on Grant Avenue between the above-named streets. All the important houses are either down town or quickly coming, and the smaller people are flocking again to a locality which marks now, as before, the centre of all that is most active and brilliant in the retail life of the city.

Whoever will even cursorily look over the restored retail establishments of San Francisco must discover that they are immensely larger than before and must represent a far greater investment. The promoters and proprietors of these establishments must not only have reckoned the cost but have studied the probabilities of trade development. And manifestly they are convinced that San Francisco is to have in future a much larger retail trade than in the past. They have discovered that in spite of disaster and hardship there are more people in the communities surrounding San Francisco Bay and in a retail sense tributary to this city than before the disaster. Every suburb has grown enormously and San Francisco has probably more people today than on the day of the great disaster. An illuminating fact is supplied by the annual report of the president of the Spring Valley Water Company. The total number of rate-payers on April 18, 1906, was 53,560. The total number on the first of January of the current year was 51,177. The net loss in numbers between the two dates is 2,683, and this is rapidly being wiped out. During the year 1908 there was an increase of 3,882 in the number of rate-payers. When it is considered that in many districts ever since the disaster several families have been crowded into one house, it is safe to say that there are as many actual water consumers in San Francisco today as there were before the disaster.

The enterprise of the retail merchants of San Francisco in restoring and enlarging our trade organization



merits something more than perfunctory recognition on the part of our people. The loyalty and courage of our retail merchants is suggestive of an obligation on the part of our people to contribute in every possible way to their encouragement and support. Let us take to ourselves that counsel which we so often see exploited in Seattle, Los Angeles, and in other communities where the home spirit is high. Let us sustain ourselves by sustaining our neighbors; let us seek at home those things which many, through caprice or whim, have been in the habit of seeking elsewhere. Let us, if you please, in view of the extraordinary conditions in which we are living and in recognition of the enterprise of our fellow-citizens, take to ourselves a sufficient measure of the village spirit to remember our own people and spend our money at home.

If there has in the past three years been any doubt about the resurrection of the old San Francisco spirit, any question about the return of the old and exhilarating San Francisco charm, it is now time to set these questionings at rest. San Francisco is to be in times to come everything she has ever been in times past. We have the same situation, the same climate, the same elements of population, the same spirit. New San Francisco will be all that old San Francisco ever was only upon a vaster scale.

#### A By-Product of Modern Unionism.

San Francisco never misses anything that's going. Now, in imitation of other cities East and West, it has acquired an "army of the unemployed." It is no great shakes as to numbers and is largely made up of ne'er-do-weels who while nominally looking for work are really praying God they may not find it. Many of them smell of liquor, most of them smell of tobacco, all of them smell of something. Men who don't smell of anything, who know how to work, and who really want to work don't have serious trouble in finding work in San Francisco.

Some two years ago, when organized labor was putting screws upon everything and everybody in San Francisco, the *Argonaut*, as some may remember, raised its voice in protest. It made direct appeal to the laborites themselves. It pointed out that the exactions of organized labor were making our buildings cost too much, throttling industry, oppressing home capital, preventing the incoming of outside capital, surely bringing upon us a period of economic stress with its accompaniments of idleness and poverty and all the ills that go with these things. It pointed out to labor that when it ceases to cooperate with initiative and capital, when it becomes an enemy rather than an aid to industry and progress, when it limits rather than augments its productive powers, it kills the goose of the golden eggs.

All this was less than two years ago; and behold there walked into the *Argonaut* office yesterday a hulking beggar, down at the heel, out at the elbows, without soles to his shoes, and presented to the editor a card which read:

*St. Matthew, 25th Chap., 44th and 45th verses.*

*44th. Lord, when saw we thee o' hungered, or athirst or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison and did not minister unto thee.*

*45th. Verily I say unto you inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.*

The man was foul with liquor, for he had been cheering himself around the corner; he was vile with tobacco, and he had acquired the leer which beggary always gives. But the story was really pitiful. There was a wife somewhere over the other side of Market Street with four small children and a fifth a-coming; there was rent overdue; there had been nothing for supper the night before; there had been a trivial pretense of breakfast; there was no prospect but starvation ahead. And this was the same creature who less than two years ago had come into the *Argonaut* office on the footing of a former employee of the editor threatening him with the "vengeance" of that labor which, he, the editor, had appealed to in behalf of its own integrity and its own fortunes.

And what had organized labor done for this poor wretch and his suffering family? First, it had taken his money in the form of dues and charges, leaving him nothing to save even if he had had the moral quality of self-denial and thrift; second, it had by its pretensions and its tutelage in arrogance changed him from a man of civil manners to a swaggering braggart; third, it had turned him from an independent citizen of indi-

vidual convictions into a mere subservient tool of a gang of laborite politicians; fourth, it had destroyed his capacity as an industrial worker and had made him a shirk by filling him with ideas of enmity with his work as a thing not to be promoted but exploited; fifth, it had changed him from a man of simple domestic habits, devoted to wife and children, to a street loafer and a beer consumer—this through the "fellowship" of his unionite associations; sixth, it had changed him from a self-respecting, self-sustaining man to a shameless beggar, robbing him of the best part of manly character and leading him to the brink of moral self-surrender.

It is quite useless to say what happened. It is enough to say that the rent is paid for another month and that there will be breakfast and supper in the household of this wretched degenerate at least for some days to come. But oh, the pity of it all; oh, the shame of it all; oh, the dead hopelessness of it all! Will men ever learn? Will folly forever have to be taught and taught and taught again? Must the weak and the innocent, the helpless and the yet-to-be-born forever bear the penalties of folly joined to madness?

#### The Recall in Los Angeles.

The mayoralty situation in Los Angeles should serve as a warning to those "recall" innovators and others who suppose that they can create a new heaven and a new earth by changing the machinery of civic government while leaving greedy and ambitious human nature unchanged. The fact that Mayor Harper has resigned his position after the successful promotion of a recall petition and before the recall election of his successor could be held and that his resignation throws the choice of his successor upon the city council and not upon the electorate at all is just one of those oversights that never fail to attend the efforts of reckless innovators who are in such desperate hurry to inflict their nostrums upon the community. The reformers are not even in control of the city council, and they thus find themselves wholly outside of a situation of their own creation and a situation involving a vast amount of ill-will and scandal.

The history of the whole thing may be briefly summarized. Mayor Harper was elected two years ago. He was the Democratic candidate and he was opposed by Lindley on the Republican ticket. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League injected a third candidate into the field, a man named Gates, and as a result of the split Republican vote, Harper, the Democrat, was elected.

Last October, when Harper had served about half his term, the assistant city attorney, perhaps emulating an example farther north, announced in the public press that vice was being protected in Los Angeles. A general sensation was the result and Mayor Harper sued one of the city newspapers for libel.

The grand jury was then in session and the information gathered by the assistant city attorney was placed before it. The grand jury found no evidence of graft on the part of any of the city officials, but there was a minority report charging the mayor with various indiscretions, and this was published widely at the instigation of the reformers and became the basis of the subsequent recall proceedings. When the mayor subsequently took Edward Kern from his position as chief of police and made him a member of the board of public works, which was in control of the expenditure of \$23,000,000 for the Owens River water project, the case of the reformers seemed to be complete and the recall project came at once to a head.

There is no need to recapitulate the proceedings nor to describe the succession of "mass meetings" to which no one was admitted without invitation. The recall petition was started and was energetically canvassed throughout the city. And it was successful. A great many people signed it because they thought—and rightly so—that Harper should never have been elected. Others signed it because they believed that the mayor had been guilty of gross indiscretions, and still others signed it from those reasons of personal vanity which will make some men sign almost anything. The election was fixed for March 26, and after much difficulty a candidate was secured, an elderly man named Alexander, of irreproachable private character and with a disposition to serve his country in any capacity to which he could get himself elected. Everything was in trim for the new election that would triumphantly vindicate the so-called moral elements of the city when Mayor Harper threw his bomb-shell into the camp of his enemies by resigning.

When Harper resigned he created a situation unique

in the history of American municipal government. The city was without a mayor for several days. The city council met to select a successor to Harper, and found itself confronted with a question. The charter said that in the event of the death or resignation of the mayor the council must select a man to "serve out the unexpired term." Some good lawyers, who favored the recall movement, told the council that the unexpired term of Harper was measured by the date of the recall election, March 26, and it was then March 12. They were unable to find any man except George Alexander willing to accept the honor and other things that attached to the appointment. But there were other good lawyers, who were opposed to the recall, who said that the unexpired term of former Mayor Harper extended to January 1 next. There were plenty of men, and to spare, who would accept the appointment if the council would name them for this long term. The council adjourned without selecting any one, and the city was without a mayor, and chaos reigned for a time. How final events will shape themselves still remains to be seen.

Here was one evidence, at least, of the weakness of the recall clause. One man, by a the simple act of resignation, could and did kick the whole thing over when he chose to. But that is not the real weakness of the thing, as is apparent in the complete history of this attempt to recall Mayor Harper of Los Angeles. The greatest weakness of it lies in the fact that a man, or a set of men, by setting the machinery in motion in the right way, can stir up the biggest scandal that a city has ever known and accomplish nothing except futility and ill-will.

Doubtless the men who have engineered this first attempt to recall a mayor of an American city have made themselves believe that they have done what was for the best—the so-called political reformers of that stamp generally are of the belief that they are doing the right thing at all times, regardless of what consequences may come from their efforts. But the evidences to date tend to show that they have made an ugly mess of it, and that the recall is a dangerous thing to play with. It would seem that it is not only dangerous, but doubly so, from the fact that it is so easily promoted. It is a weapon that invites a certain class of people to fool with it by its very nature. It may be loaded right up to the muzzle and not show any evidences of holding a charge at all.

And whatever else may be said against the recall proposition, as presented to the people of Los Angeles, this much is certain: It permits of political methods being used which would put to shame the leaders of the "old machine." It has demonstrated that fact in the short time it has been under way in Los Angeles. It does not protect the people from gag rule and machine methods, because these methods have been used to the very full and at its first trial. How much worse it will be, after it becomes thoroughly understood, it is hard to say.

There is another consideration: The advocates of the recall said that it was cheap; that it was well within the reach of any city of moderate means. But now it appears that its first application has plunged the city of Los Angeles into long litigation, and law is expensive; a luxury, in fact, which some cities can not afford. And after working all around the thing we find ourselves again at the original proposition. Of what use is it? Could not the results that have been obtained in Los Angeles have been reached in a much more expeditious way, and more cheaply, than through the use of the recall? If the mayor was grafting, or other officials were grafting, or some official was acting indiscreetly, and some citizen, or some organization, had information of the fact, could not the individual or organization have brought about the removal of the guilty party without the recall, much more easily and much more cheaply?

It seems so now, and it also seems that by doing it in some other way there would not have been left the suspicion—if it is nothing stronger than that—that the party or parties behind the movement wished to see somebody else occupying the place of the official against whom the recall was directed.

The *Argonaut* is second to nobody in its appreciation of the achievements of Mr. Luther Burbank and in respect for his character, nevertheless it thinks there has been a mistake in making his birthday a legal holiday. There are a good many holidays already during which "the rent goes on" whether business is done or not. It would have been quite sufficient to have



defined an "arbor day" for school children without embarrassing the business of the State by another and a useless holiday.

### Weakness vs. Strength in Politics.

As we write on Tuesday the State legislature in the closing days of its session is tinkering up a direct primary law. Something is bound to be adopted, but just what its principle shall be and how it will be shaped, nobody can guess. In this situation there is always certainty that something will be done in ignorance and confusion which will have to be paid for by a period of political tribulation and hardship. Half-cooked legislation is the sure forerunner of political dyspepsia. Oregon tried it, Wisconsin tried it, Illinois tried it, and all of these States are now groaning in the agonies of political chaos. It has cheapened and degraded the political life of every State that has experimented with it. That it will do the same for California is entirely probable. Nevertheless, the public in its folly is eager for it and apparently won't be happy until it gets it. Even then it won't be happy, but it will have gotten what it wanted and will deserve whatever shall come after it.

The idea is abroad in the country that politics may be purified and made more efficient by weakening its powers of organization, initiative, and leadership. The wish seems universal to limit, bar, hinder, and break down the powers of every man who has interest enough in public affairs to give heed to them, combined with insight and force enough to conceive policies and consistently carry them forward. Everybody wants to eliminate the political initiator, the political leader, the political general, and to substitute for him some sort of corporate authority resting upon nothing tangible and aiming at nothing worth the personal interest of any man of real power. And in pursuance of these notions we have a whole brood of political novelties, including the "Initiative," the "Referendum," the "Recall," the "Direct Primary," etc. They are all cut from the same piece; they all represent one fundamental idea, namely, that of increasing the integrity of political action by destroying personal initiative, individual authority, and direct working power in it.

Nobody stops to consider that in politics, as in other things, the vices of weakness are inevitably more grievous than the vices of strength. Nobody stops to consider that in every great human function the measure of personal force engaged in it is commonly the measure of its success and beneficence. Nobody stops to consider what will happen in the realm of public affairs if there shall be eliminated from them the insight, the initiative, and the force which from the day of Washington and Hamilton have dominated every successful political organization, local or national, that our country has known.

It would seem that a little study of the demoralizations which have fallen upon Oregon, Wisconsin, and Illinois would instruct our cock-sure and feather-brained enthusiasts of the dangers which lie in their proposals. But unhappily the cock-sure and the feather-brained never learn through observation or experience.

### Editorial Notes.

In the attitude of President Taft toward the contention in Congress over the Speakership, we have a suggestion of the mood and the method which is to control in the White House during the coming four years. Mr. Taft stood neutral, and in this instance to stand neutral was practically to stand in opposition to those who were seeking by wholesale to overturn rules which have obtained for a considerable course of years in the House of Representatives. Mr. Taft is neither by nature nor by habit an innovator. He doesn't like change for the sake of change and he does not see a rainbow in every proposal which calls itself by the name of reform. He is capable enough of turning to new ideas and to new ways, but his mind is attuned to regularity of purpose and regularity of method. Most fortunate it is, we think, for the country that we have a man of this conservative type in the presidential office. The persistent agitator, the champion of every new idea, the lover of change, has his place in the political system of every country. Without him little would be achieved in the way of political progress. But it is a real misfortune when the temperamental innovator sits in the chair of chief authority, employing the powers of high executive office to promote revolutionary proposals rather than to restrain and guide them.

In other days the railroads were delighted purely as

a matter of advertisement to transport the President and those who commonly accompany him in journeyings about the country wherever he might wish to go. Special cars, special trains, special steamers were at the President's disposal everywhere and he was more than welcome. Nor were Presidents backward about accepting these favors. Nobody thought of there being anything out of the way in the President's making free use of such facilities as the railroads were eager to provide. But in these more punctilious if not more virtuous days, the President must pay his fare when he goes from home like any other citizen, and he must likewise pay the fares of his clerks, assistants, the members of his family, and of such officials and friends as may accompany him. It makes traveling for one who must always go with a large group about him a very costly thing, a thing so costly that a man like President Taft, who is without private fortune, literally can not afford it. Mr. Taft is an industrious traveler. He loves to knock about the country and to gain knowledge and impressions by the easy processes of contact and absorption. But he can not go in the right way, properly attended and accompanied, unless Congress shall make provision for the expense. One way, and a very proper way, would be the enactment of a law authorizing the President to accept such facilities as the railroads might provide. This would relieve both the President and the railroads from embarrassment. There are, however, some obvious objections to this plan, and the alternative which suggests itself is for Congress to provide a fund. This was done for Mr. Roosevelt and it ought to be done for Mr. Taft. We would, for example, like the President to come out to the Coast and inform himself by direct observation of our conditions and needs. There is no way for him to come unless Congress provides means, and we think Congress ought to do it, not hesitatingly or grudgingly, but promptly and liberally.

Mr. Archer M. Huntington has done a fine thing in bringing to New York and freely exhibiting there a comprehensive group of paintings by Sorolla, the great Spanish artist. This exhibition is not only entertaining New York vastly, but is doing much for its education in art, and particularly in Spanish art. A most interesting account of it, as many will recall, appeared in the last *Argonaut* from the pen of Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, whose letters from New York are hereafter to be a weekly feature of the paper. And now, let us modestly suggest, can not Mr. Huntington enlarge the scope of his service to art by sending some of these pictures, if not all of them, for exhibition at San Francisco? Here is a land once Spanish; here survives a tradition and a local nomenclature—not to mention a sunshine—in congenial and happy consonance with Sorolla's art. And by the same token the name of Huntington is not without memory and credit among us. Mr. Huntington's father was a pioneer Californian. The fortunes which enable Mr. Huntington to pursue his studies and to carry out his plans on so vast a scale had their origin here. It would be an act of grace in Mr. Huntington to recall these things and to give San Francisco an artistic treat precisely as he has already given New York.

It is now freely admitted that the preparations for war between Austria and Serbia have proceeded without intermission since the beginning of the quarrel and have been wholly unaffected by the negotiations on the general question of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Austria now threatens invasion unless Serbia cease her preparations, which she is not at all likely to do. While Serbia's complaint seems to be somewhat of a sentimental nature, it has a distinct reality behind it. The annexation of Bosnia brings Austria to the frontier of Serbia, and so places her in peril from a powerful and restless neighbor. Moreover, the peoples of Bosnia and Serbia are practically the same, and so long as Bosnia objects to annexation she is sure of warm sympathy from Serbia. If there were any possibility of isolating such a conflagration we could afford to look upon it with equanimity, but it would be as easy to do this as to isolate a spark in a powder barrel. The first shot fired between Austria and Serbia would awake all the slumbering animosities of eastern Europe, and if the great powers could keep out of the mess they must have a greater power of self-restraint than is usually supposed.

The Hon. Samuel McCall of Massachusetts has decided that he will stay in Congress and not be president of Dartmouth College.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Morals in the Theatre.

SAN JOSE, March 9, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I read with much interest Miss Jeannette Gilder's article in your last issue under this heading, and if space will permit you to publish my letter I should like to say a few words on the subject under discussion.

I must take exception to one sentence, and to one word in particular in that sentence, which appears in the article in question. The sentence I refer to reads as follows: "Could there be anything more ridiculous than the English censorship of plays?" The particular word I take objection to is the word "ridiculous." I think a more broad-minded word to have used would have been the word "inadequate." Had this been used in the place of "ridiculous," my views would have coincided with those of Miss Gilder.

Inadequate, but not "ridiculous," though it may be, I am sure Miss Gilder will be ready to admit that it is and has been an effort in the right direction, and though it has on some occasions proved futile, in most cases it seems to have worked successfully for a number of years.

It appears to me that Miss Gilder lays down the law somewhat severely, and where New York as a whole is crying for a censorship Miss Gilder as an individual says "Fudge." Possibly her reputation entitles her to say this unchallenged. However that may be, until Miss Gilder can propound a more effective means of purifying the stage the Lord Chamberlain of England will continue to hold office—in England.

It is not particularly in England, however, that the present outcry against the degeneracy of the stage is going on, and Miss Gilder's remark is therefore somewhat beside the point, and comparisons are always odious. Dismissing her article with these few words, I will reply to the article under the heading, "Morals and the Drama," in the same issue.

If, as that article states, the stage can only be purified by "reforming, purifying, exalting, and moralizing the public mind," then I say if we multiply our evangelists, our "Billy" Sundays, and our clergy by ten thousand, we will still have a harder task to face than by establishing a censorship.

If we do establish a censorship, and it seems to me that this is not nearly such an impossible way of attempting to purify the stage as to first "exalt and moralize the public mind," let us see that he is not so ridiculous as Miss Gilder accuses the office of the Lord Chamberlain of England of being.

Let him have a committee to assist him—in other words, defend public morals at any cost—and besides reading every play, let him with this committee attend and sit in judgment at the dress rehearsal of it, and after it has been sanctioned punish any manager attempting to alter the manuscript or plot in any manner with imprisonment.

If such a censorship were established, then "what the public demands" it would NOT have, "censorship or no censorship."

I am prepared to have coals of fire heaped upon my head, but at the same time I feel sure that they will not weigh so much or be nearly so hot as those that will be heaped upon the head of the writer of the article in question by "the visitors from Jamaica Plain, Keokuk, Fort Worth, and Walla Walla, not to mention the Michigan peach belt," referred to in his article.

Any one who travels, whether it be from New York to Port Said, or from Puyallup to Seattle, always makes it a first object to see something he can not see, or thinks he can not see, in his own country, city, town, or village, and when the writer talks of "Joe Weber's and other equally refined and moralized exhibitions" and "the red light district," he is covering a far bigger field than the heading above his article seems to call for.

I feel bound to take the side of the Jamaica Plainers, the Keokuks, the Fort Worthians, and the Walla Wallans, not to mention the Michigan peach beltians, and submit that if the red light district of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, or Seattle, had to rely on "Uncle Hiram" and his family for its patronage any more than the theatre had it would not be in a very thriving condition. "Uncle Hiram" visits Bohemia out of mere idle curiosity, and as far as legitimate "shows" are concerned with his simple country mind he would rather take his family to the Hippodrome than the opera house.

Yours faithfully, E. M.

### The Tin-Plate Trade.

PITTSBURG, March 1, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your issue of February 20 there appears an editorial under the subject of "A Word for Dr. Wiley." We quote as follows from the editorial:

The tin-plate trade is the latest addition to the pack of pursuing hounds. Their business has been hurt by Dr. Wiley's warning that tin cans are sometimes so thinly coated that their contents become impregnated with arsenic, antimony, or lead. The coating is so ineffective that it is eaten away by the acids of fruits and vegetables, with the result that the contents become poisonous. To make these cans in a proper and safe way would be slightly more expensive and dividends would be slightly less, so the tin-plate makers are up in arms at this unwarrantable interference with their vested right to poison the public. In the interests of "business" Dr. Wiley must be muzzled at all costs.

Permit us to say, please, that the tin-plate manufacturers have in no manner resented any criticism made by Dr. Wiley concerning the tin-plate manufactured in this country which is used for making containers in which vegetable and fruit packs are put. Instead of the tin-plate business being hurt, there is more tin-plate used in this country today than ever before.

Permit us, if you please, to say further that there is nothing either in the tin-plate coating or in the steel base which can be converted into a poisonous substance by the acid of the pack.

There is a general misapprehension on the part of editorial critics that there is only one grade of tin-plate made in this country. The packers use, generally speaking, what is known as a coke plate, which carries about two pounds of tin to the base box. This is the thinnest coated plate that is manufactured. We make plates which carry a heavier coating in the following grades, "Best" Cokes, "Kanners Special," "A," "2A," "3A," "4A," and "5A" Charcoals, and then a still higher grade called "Premier," which carries about seven pounds of coating per base box.

We have not considered it within our province of our duty as tin-plate manufacturers to decide for the can manufacturers what grade of plate they should use. We should consider an attitude of this character an interference in their business, but we stand ready to furnish any grade of coating of tin-plate that may be desired.

In an address delivered by Dr. Wiley during the Canners' Convention at Louisville, during the first week of February, he stated that while he advocated about two and one-half pounds of coating per base box, yet he thought that the continuity of the coating was more important than the coating itself, if that be of reasonable thickness.

When you consider the millions of cans which are made throughout the country and which are filled with vegetable and fruit packs and how few, comparatively speaking, fail in the service, we are of the opinion that a Coke Plate perfectly coated is entirely suitable for such service, and that it would be an unnecessary expense to use a heavier coated plate than the ordinary coke, but, as stated above, we do not assume to dictate what grade of tin-plate a consumer should use. We let him decide that.

AMERICAN SHEET AND TIN PLATE COMPANY.  
By GEORGE P. EARLY.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

Things political are in a state of preparation rather than of accomplishment, but the present state of external quietness will not last very long. The subterranean forces must soon disclose themselves upon the surface and the hand of the new executive will make itself felt in their direction. Tariff changes are still largely a matter of conjecture and the various statements that have been given to the country may indeed have an authoritative source, but they are mostly in the nature of trial balloons and intended to test the direction and the strength of the winds of public opinion. The suggestion to put a tax upon coffee has not been received favorably. There seems to be something more than a suspicion that certain interests would benefit unduly, while the prospect of a higher price for coffee does not tend toward a cheerful breakfast-table.

President Taft's Cabinet is so far an untried quantity. The object of the new President was to surround himself with individual strength, and every member of the Cabinet has been invited to look upon himself not as an upper clerk to the President, but as the actual head of his department who is expected to show initiative, to take responsibility, and to develop distinctive policies. "I do not intend to run the government by telephone," Mr. Taft is reported to have said. "I want every man to run his department in his own way, coming to me only with the larger and more difficult questions." It is, moreover, understood that every member of the Cabinet is expected to speak his mind openly and freely at meetings and without reference to the possible opinions of the man next to him. There is to be no overshadowing personality, no domineering influence. Men of ability working under Mr. Taft will have no reason to fear any lack of opportunity to impress themselves upon the policies of their respective departments.

The heritage of the new Attorney-General is of a very substantial nature. Mr. Bonaparte says that he has left his house in good order, but it must be an immeasurable relief to him to bid farewell to the sadly overladen pigeon holes that mark his by no means triumphal crusade against tainted money. In the language of the street it would seem that Mr. Bonaparte had bitten off rather more than he could chew, and Mr. Wickersham must either be a man of dauntless courage or else he was unaware of the precise nature of his legacy. Here are some of the actions begun by Mr. Bonaparte and bequeathed with a tender smile of condolence to his successor:

Action against the Standard Oil Trust.  
Action against the Tobacco Trust.  
Action against the Powder Trust.  
Action against the Turpentine and Naval Stores Trust.  
Action against the anthracite coal carriers.  
Action against the Harriman Railroads.  
Action against the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad.  
Several suits for rehatung, under the interstate commerce law.

Several indictments in Oklahoma involving Governor Haskell and others for conspiracy in connection with illegal acquisition of townsite lots.

Libel suits pending against certain newspapers in the District of Columbia and investigations in progress in the southern district of New York.

Arguments on appeals of several officers of national banks, such as Walsh of Chicago, Schwartz of New York, and Rainhardt of Pittsburg, who have been convicted of criminal offenses.

A great many other prosecutions for violations of the national banking laws in various parts of the country.

Almost any one of these might fairly be considered as a task stretching through time into eternity, but Mr. Bonaparte's hunger for legal obligations was insatiable. And now, alas, another will reap the harvest where he sowed the seed.

Dr. Crum, the colored collector of the port of Charleston, deserves a word of warm commendation for his public-spirited action in resigning from his position and so saving Mr. Taft from a distinct embarrassment. Had Mr. Crum remained at his post Mr. Taft would have been forced either to supersede him in response to color prejudice or to reappoint him and so incur the hostility of Southern senators. There is no need to speculate what Mr. Taft would have done. He would have been justified in adhering to the advice of Southern politicians, and he would have been equally justified in refusing to discharge an officer who had proved his efficiency. Dr. Crum has cut the Gordian knot by an action of magnanimity, and it may be hoped that he will not go wholly without his reward.

The partial success of the rebellion against the House rules at Washington shows that the friends of Speaker Cannon had good reason for their anxiety at the pertinacity of the attack and at the refusal of the Republican insurgents to come to heel at the crack of the party whip. It was foreseen that the Democrats could be relied upon for support, and this gave a marked strength to the movement. On the day of adjournment, Champ Clark, the minority leader, refused to offer the customary resolution thanking the Speaker for his "uniform courtesy" in administering the rules. Presumably Mr. Clark was actuated by the same feelings as the man who refused to say grace for cold mutton. He would not thank the Speaker for a "uniform courtesy" that had not been in sufficient quantity to cause remark. Mr. Clark's action, or lack of action, was accepted by the Republican insurgents as an indication of Democratic aid when the House reached the adoption of rules.

It has been suggested that Mr. Cannon will resign in the face of what is supposed to be little short of a vote of censure. It is fairly safe to say that he will do nothing of the sort, nor is there any valid reason why he should retire merely because the House has seen fit to revise its methods of procedure.

Mr. Root is not so popular with the New York machine men as he used to be. When he first appeared upon the senatorial

horizon he was hailed with acclamation as a savior of the situation and as a possible oasis in the desert of Hughes-ism. But a change comes o'er the spirit of the dream, and so far from Root heading an opposition to Hughes, he makes it clear that he is upon the same side and perhaps more so.

The New York *Evening Post* points out the predicament into which Woodruff and the other machine men have fallen. They are "up against" quite a new kind of force. The only leadership they understand is the kind that brings around the "pap" at meal times and feeds only those who have been obedient—the kind that Platt exemplified through a long generation, or the rule of fist and dominating force embodied in Odell:

Platt has passed politically into the class with Rameses, and Odell, though now and then making a pathetically realistic squeak, is practically a dead as Platt. Woodruff and the others are simply lost. With a specific gravity which hardly holds their feet upon mother earth, they run about looking for somebody to cling to. The situation has been suggestive of the predicament of that group of Molochs in Jutland who, discussing in a circle in the road, got so interested that their legs became entangled, and when it was time to go home they could not tell which legs belonged to which. After they had sat there all night a traveler came along and identified the legs with a cudgel.

So along came Root, and they eagerly said to each other: "Here is a big man. We will cling to him." They clustered about him and gave out statements to the effect that they were "conferring." Even the Hughes men felt uneasy—for a few bours the thing looked a bit lifelike. The anti-Hughes bubble expanded almost to adult size, and for a short time was iridescent with lovely colors. Then Root saw what use they were making of his prestige, and he quickly checked their activity.

"Don't make any mistake about Root," said one who knows him well and who has taken no part in the anti-Hughes calah. "He knows how the real size of Hughes compares with that of the men who have hoiled up to the top of the Republican pot. He is going to be in the Senate for a good many years, and he knows that most of these fellows will have evaporated long before Hughes has reached the climax of his career."

Mr. Platt still thinks that Mr. Root is the lesser of two evils, and perhaps he is from Mr. Platt's peculiar standpoint. The ex-senator is reported as saying:

I do not think that Governor Hughes has enough judgment to be the leader of this State. Senator Root ought to be the leader, and I am quite sure that he will be. He is a good man and will make a good senator and a good leader. But I don't want to draw any comparisons. The man who seems to have charge of politics just now is Governor Hughes. I don't think anything of direct primary nominations. The Governor talks as though he could shape the destinies of the Republican party around them, but I don't think he can. Certainly the better sense of the party is against it.

It would be interesting to know the precise meaning that Mr. Platt attaches to the word "judgment." But perhaps we know it already.

Vice-President Sherman is said to be nearly letter-perfect in his senatorial part. He knows the procedure of the lower house to the dotting of the i's and the crossing of the t's, and when he has discarded a few lower house mannerisms he will be able to set full sail as presiding officer of the Senate. When a vote is taken in the House the Speaker, before declaring the result, says, "The ayes appear to have it; the ayes have it." In the Senate the Vice-President says, "The ayes have it," or, "The noes have it," as the case may be. He makes no reference to appearances, but Mr. Sherman has already brought a smile to the faces of older senators by his use of the lower house form. Once or twice Mr. Sherman has made a further slip by referring to the gentleman, instead of to the senator.

It is evident that Mr. Foraker hears no ill-will toward Mr. Taft. Speaking to a large audience of colored people a few days ago in Washington, Mr. Foraker said:

I am satisfied from what I know of the President of the United States that he will uphold the law. He will bring peace, happiness, and prosperity to the country. Take this as my parting word: Give him your confidence. If you need help go to him; let him know your desires. I believe he has an honest purpose. You will find him alert to do all he can for you. His inaugural address gave me a great deal of satisfaction and I believe he is making progress in the right direction.

Mr. Foraker went on to say that no part of his career gave him more satisfaction than the part that he had played in the Brownsville affair. "I waged that fight without stopping to consider the consequences," he said. "If the people of Ohio do not want that sort of man to represent them in the Senate, then let them get another man. They have already done so. Unless they change their minds I shall be a private citizen from this time forward."

Perhaps Mr. Foraker can hardly be blamed for overlooking the fact that it was not to the Brownsville matter that the people of Ohio so much objected.

Twelve senators and seventy-seven representatives who were members of the last Congress were absent when the Sixty-First Congress assembled on March 15. Of the seventy-seven representatives who retired on March 3, one, Mr. Hepburn (Iowa), has served twenty-two years in Congress, and another, Mr. Sherman (New York), who becomes Vice-President, has served twenty years in the House. Mr. Cousins (Iowa) and Delegate Smith (Arizona) have served sixteen years, while Jenkins (Wisconsin), Cooper (Texas), Overstreet (Indiana), Williams (Mississippi), and Acheson (Pennsylvania) each have served fourteen years.

Of the other representatives who retired eight served twelve years; two, ten years; six, eight years; nine, six years; fifteen, four years, and twenty-eight two years, or a single term.

In years of service Senator Teller of Colorado is the nestor of the retiring statesmen, having been elected senator upon the admission of his State to the Union, taking his seat December 4, 1876. Since then he has been continuously and prominently in the public eye.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## An Old Castle.

The gray arch crumbles,  
And totters and tumbles;  
The bat has huilt in the banquet-hall;  
In the donjon-keep  
Sly mosses creep;  
The ivy has scaled the southern wall:  
No man-at-arms  
Sounds quick alarms  
Atop of the cracked martello tower:  
The drawbridge-chain  
Is broken in twain—  
The bridge will neither rise nor lower.  
Not any manner  
Of hoiered hanner  
Plaunts at a hlazoned herald's call.  
Lilies float  
In the stagnant moat;  
And fair they are, and tall.

Here, in the old  
Forgotten springs,  
Was wassail held by queens and kings;  
Here at the hoard  
Sat clown and lord,  
Maiden fair and lover hold,  
Baron fat and minstrel lean,  
The prince with his stars,  
The knight with his scars,  
The priest in his gahardine.

Where is she  
Of the fleur-de-lys,  
And that true knight who wore her gages?  
Where are the glances  
That held wild fancies  
In curly heads of my lady's pages?  
Where are those  
Who, in steel or hose,  
Held revel here, and made them gay?  
Where is the laughter  
That shook the rafter—  
Where is the rafter, by the way?  
Gone is the roof,  
And perched aloof  
Is an owl, like a friar of Orders Gray.  
(Perhaps 'tis the priest  
Come back to feast—  
He had ever a tooth for capon, he!  
But the capon's cold,  
And the steward's old,  
And the hutler's lost the larder-key!)  
The doughty lords  
Sleep the sleep of swords.  
Dead are the dames and damozels.  
The King in his crown  
Hath laid him down,  
And the Jester with his hells.

All is dead here:  
Poppies are red here,  
Vines in my lady's chamber grow—  
If 'twas her chamber  
Where they clamher  
Up from the poisonous weeds below.  
All is dead here,  
Joy is fled here;  
Let us hence, 'Tis the end of all—  
The gray arch crumbles,  
And totters and tumbles,  
And Silence sits in the banquet-hall.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

After all, theories of diet rest much more upon custom and empirical observation than upon laboratory experiment, and the margin of the unknown is still ample to cover dissidence. The weight of theory seems to be coming over to the reduced dietary, and the practitioners who believe in "heartly nourishment" are obliged to scurry about for fresh arguments. In some cases they take an amusing form. Thus that distinguished British medical authority, Sir James Crichton-Browne, compares diet reformers to athletes, who may seem to flourish for a time: "But what we really want to know is the whole life-history of the athletes, how many of them reach a green old age, and especially how many of those of them who have undergone severe training, and made records in one way or another, succumb prematurely to heart troubles." This would look bad for the diet reformers—provided athletes fare as badly as Sir James fears, and provided moderate eaters are in the same category. But a moment's reflection might have led the author to cancel this argument as injudicious. If there is any point at which the abstemious come out strong it is in respect to longevity. From Cornaro down, the centenarians, so far as their cases have been studied, have been noted for their temperance in eating. The analogy with the athletes is rather to be drawn with the robust eaters.

Since the Atlanta banquet at which possum was served, with an after-glow of wide discussion, the popularity or reputed toothsome of *Didelphus virginiana* has been extensively noted. The price of the "marsupial" has advanced to \$10 per specimen, and orders are numerous, whether dead for the table or alive for a pet. The New York *Sun* discusses the subject editorially, and quotes W. T. Hornaday, the naturalist, to support the contention that the new favorite will not persist: "As a pet or cag animal the opossum shows off very poorly and is rather uninteresting. In the daytime its sole desire is to curl up into a furry ball and sleep. If disturbed it opens its pink mouth very wide in silent protest, and as soon as the trouble is over again tucks its head under its body out of sight and sleeps on."

Rhode Island adopted a constitution in 1842 which named five capitals for the State, designating Newport, South Kingston, Bristol, East Greenwich, and Providence as the places for successive honor. In 1854 an amendment restricted the meeting-places of the general assembly or legislature to two places—Newport and Providence. In 1900 Providence became the only seat of the legislature.



## SOCIALIST AND SUFFRAGETTE.

Jeannette L. Gilder Gives Us a Glance of a Curious Combination Now Existing in New York.

I wonder what Miss Susan B. Anthony would say if she could step out of her grave and attend a suffrage meeting today? Instead of the plainly dressed, simple, and sincere women by whom she was surrounded she would see a bevy of fashionably attired young women, with a sprinkling of older but no less "dressy" adherents of the cause, and she would hear arguments such as she never would have advanced, for she was not swayed by hysteria at any time. And Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, how would it strike her, I wonder? We used to think that she was rather extreme in her views, but she would seem calm today by contrast with some of those who have espoused her cause. Her daughter, Mrs. Blatch, is the least extreme of any of the suffragists whom I have heard speak, and I am told that her very conservatism is a thorn in the flesh of some of her fellow-workers.

Suffrage is now a fashionable diversion, and if you want to be ultra-fashionable you must be a Socialist as well. Suffrage and Socialism are a close second to bridge and puzzle-pictures in fashionable drawing-rooms. You will hear ladies clothed in velvet and lace and dripping with diamonds give utterance to the loveliest socialistic views and you will find men who claim to love only the poor and oppressed sitting at their feet and teaching them the doctrines of universal brotherhood. No fashionable dinner party is complete that does not boast its Socialist guest. He may be the man with a hundred thousand a year, well groomed, well mannered, a lady killer perhaps, or he may be illy dressed, tousle-haired, and bad mannered, so long as he talks Socialism it little matters. If he tells the multi-millionaires by whom he is surrounded that they should sell all that they have and give it to the poor they are enchanted, but they don't do it; neither does he. When Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's Socialistic play, "The Servant in the House," was at the height of its vogue in this city, it was as much as its author could do to accept all his dinner invitations to the houses of the rich and great. There are some Socialists who decline to be drawing-room lions, but there are few who can resist the temptation. Some times young Socialist leaders marry millions, and their money, or their wives' money, does not seem to irk them. They may elect to live in small houses in unfashionable districts, but I am quite sure that they live in comfort if not in luxury. I say so much about Socialism because it is linked hand in hand with suffrage. I will not say that every suffragist is a Socialist, but I will say that every Socialist is a suffragist. At the recent meeting in Albany, when suffragists and anti-suffragists met to convert a committee of the legislature to their views, the suffragists brought Socialists with them to plead their cause. There was Mrs. Florence Kelly, an avowed Socialist, who shook her fist at the "antis" and called them "shameless women" who hid behind the protection of their homes and tried to keep the ballot from their less protected sisters. I looked over at the suffrage side of the house when Mrs. Kelly made this impassioned statement, and if clothes go for anything I should say that the suffragists are well eared for by their men folk, for they were exceedingly well dressed, and apparently well fed.

After Mrs. Kelly had her say another suffrage-Socialist, Miss Leonora O'Reilly, was called upon. This young lady, who prides herself upon being a daughter of the tenements and who is a bright particular star of the suffrage party, made an emotional appeal to the committee to give women the vote on the ground that it meant work for the unemployed and food for the hungry. In making this argument she seemed to forget that the great army of the unemployed is made up of men who already have the right to vote. Her address, nevertheless, was received with applause by the suffragists. It was not until a day or two after this that Miss O'Reilly showed her true colors. It was at a meeting of the Socialist Women's Society, where she could call names or say anything that she liked without restraint. The person upon whose head she hurled the vials of her wrath was Miss Mary Dean Adams, an investigator for the State immigration committee, who had made an admirable speech at Albany based upon her experiences among the class whom the suffragists are so anxious to turn into voters. This is what Miss O'Reilly said of Miss Adams, as reported in the *Sun*:

"One horrible little mite," she said, "who wasn't a grandee herself, but who was hired by the grandees to sell her sisters, undertook to show the unfitness of the women among whom she professed to have worked to have any voice in political matters. She said that she had witnessed a hair-pulling match in a tenement that demonstrated to any one who had seen it the qualifications of the class to whom the suffragists were proposing to give the votes. She also said that she had been unable to get the women to go to night school or to do other things that she asked them to do."

"One had only to look at her," continued Miss O'Reilly, "in order to see why she couldn't persuade them to do things."

I think that the calmer suffragist made a mistake in allowing Miss O'Reilly a high place in their councils.

To return for a moment to suffrage in the fashionable world. A man of my acquaintance was eating his luncheon in the hotel at Albany when a young woman sitting at another table bowed to him. "Isn't this Mr. Blanky Plank?" she asked. He admitted his identity. "I was a stenographer in your office in New York not long ago," she informed him. Then he remembered

that she had been in his office and that she had been, we will say, allowed to resign for inefficiency.

"What are you doing now?" he asked.

"I am the secretary of the Working Girls' Labor Union," she answered proudly. That was not just the name of the organization, but it was along those lines. With even greater pride she continued, "We have just elected Mrs. Clarence Mackay a member."

"Indeed," said my friend; "and under what class of work or labor do you include Mrs. Mackay?"

"We have her down as mother and housekeeper," replied the girl.

My friend was not a suffragist, so he could see the humor of the combination.

I have never been quite able to find out just what a Socialist is. One definition is that a Socialist is a person who wants what another person has. I have also heard it called a safety valve in the hands of the rich and a dangerous explosive in the hands of the discontented poor. If it makes the rich more charitable, if it gives them a real, not a hysterical, interest in the "other half," it may accomplish some good. The Socialists claim Christ as one of their number and point to his example. But how many of them follow it? I can not take very seriously Socialistic doctrine preached by ladies whose dressmakers' bills run as high as fifty thousand dollars a year and whose jewels are worth a king's ransom. As the inimitable "Jenny Allen" says with shrewd insight in her "Letters":

"It aint what you give, it's what you've got left after you give that tells the story."

*Jeannette L. Gilder*

NEW YORK, March 10, 1909.

There is no older word in the English language than "star," for it is not only from the tongue of our earliest known ancestors, the Aryans, a united people many thousands of years ago, but it is an Aryan root that has been preserved to us through the ages that have no history excepting that which comes from a scientific study of the languages, says the New York *Herald*. None of our sister languages has preserved this root so much unchanged as has the English, though it is found in all of the family. The Dutch come nearly as close with their "ster" and the Old High German is a little further off with "sterro." The Anglo-Saxon has "steorra," the Sanskrit "stri," the Icelandic "stjarna," the Latin "stella," and the Greek "astar." The other branches of the language have their "star" words nearly as close to the root, and they all use the word, not in the sense of brightness, but in the sense of strewn or spread, that which spreads out or dispenses, a star being a dispenser of light. When our ancestors had intelligence sufficient to thoughtfully observe the stars and began to be able to speak of them they used the word "star" as conveying the idea of a something which scatters light. From this same root has grown scores of words which contain the idea of scattering, dispensing, spreading out, and strewing. The careful reader of the dictionary will notice them in many places. "Straws" that "show which way the wind blows" are from the same root, because in the word is the idea of that which is scattered or strewn. "Strew" and "strewn" are among the many children of "star," and even such words as "consternation" and "street" come from it. The idea is in "consternation" through the Latin "consternere," to bestrew, throw down, prostrate. Consternation metaphorically throws you down and "street" conveys the same thought of something spread out, strewn with protecting substances or paved.

All records of reporting in the House of Representatives were shattered by the work imposed upon the shorthand reporters February 25. There are six members of the force and in turn each one takes one column, or half a page, of the *Congressional Record*. Before this the reporters had never taken more than seventeen turns apiece at one session without recess or relief of some sort. Without intermission the House was in session seventeen hours and twenty minutes. Each of the reporters had twenty-three turns and the total volume of their transcribed notes was approximately 150,000 words. Altogether, with reports and other papers inserted in the proceedings, the *Record* of that day contains 175 columns devoted to the House report. In twenty minutes after the House took a recess at twenty minutes after three in the morning the last page of this immense job was on its way to the government printing office.

Potsdam, which King Edward recently visited, is the Prussian Versailles, and contains four palaces. It was founded by the great Elector of Brandenburg, but owes most of its splendor to Frederick the Great, whose apartments, which are shown to visitors, remain almost exactly as they were when he was alive. Among the most interesting treasures is a copy of Frederick's works, annotated in the handwriting of Voltaire.

Haydn once exclaimed, when shaving, "I will give my best quartet for a razor," remarked Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie in a recent address before the Royal Institution, and a man offering him a couple secured the manuscript of what is now called the "Razor" quartet.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Thomas E. Stone, formerly chief usher at the White House, succeeds Major Charles D. A. Loeffler as door-keeper to the President. Mr. Stone has been at the White House ever since Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou became secretary to the President, and on a number of occasions had personal charge of the car on which the President traveled about the country.

Raisuli, who became famous as a bandit, has been appointed governor of the province of Djebala by the Sultan of Morocco. Raisuli has promised to renounce the ransom paid in behalf of Sir Harry Maclean, the sultan's adviser, whom Raisuli held as a prisoner in 1907. The new governor promises to fulfill the duties of his office honestly and not to oppose Europeans.

Miss Alice Blech, an attaché of the Bureau of American Republics, has been selected by Mrs. Taft to become her secretary. Miss Blech will be the second woman to hold the position of social secretary to the wife of the President—Miss Isabelle Hagner having been first in this capacity. Previous to her time men filled the post. The position heretofore has carried a salary of \$1400 per year.

Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Charles Nagel, is a native of Texas, but was reared in St. Louis, where, after graduating from the high school, he studied law. Although in his sixtieth year, Mr. Nagel has held but two offices. He served one term in the Missouri legislature and was for four years president of the council in St. Louis. He is a conservative man, and is representative of the reform, though not the fanatical element.

Attorney-General George W. Wickersham began the practice of law in Philadelphia in 1880, but removed to New York two years later, when he entered the office of Judge Hornblower as managing clerk. He made a specialty of the study of corporation law, and is today recognized as one of the ablest men in practice. He has never sought political preferment, but has always taken a keen personal interest in the success of the Republican party.

Secretary of State, Philander Chase Knox, was first a printer and then he studied law, coming to the bar in 1875. He was devoted to his profession, and with the exception of a four years' tenure as Assistant United States District Attorney he held no office until 1901, when he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States by President McKinley. He resigned from the Cabinet in 1904 to accept the appointment of senator from Pennsylvania, after the death of Matthew Stanley Quay. Mr. Knox resides in Pittsburg and is a member of the Lawyers' Club of Philadelphia. He is fifty-six years old.

Secretary of War, J. M. Dickinson, is a Tennessee lawyer who has served on the supreme bench of his State. He served one year in the Confederate army, enlisting in 1864, at the age of fourteen. After the war he worked his way through the University of Nashville. After teaching Latin for awhile, he attended school in Leipzig and in Paris. He was admitted to the bar in 1874. He was active in Democratic politics up to 1896, when he bolted Bryan and supported Palmer and Buckner. Eight years later he voted for Judge Parker, but he again refused to accept Bryan last year.

Rear-Admiral Schroeder, who succeeds Rear-Admiral Sperry as commander-in-chief of the Atlantic battleship fleet, is one of the best-known officers in the navy. He was born in the District of Columbia on August 17, 1849, and was appointed to the Naval Academy by President Lincoln in 1864. He was graduated in 1868, and became a rear-admiral last year. He was executive officer on the *Massachusetts* during the war with Spain, and was governor of the island of Guam for three years from 1900. Rear-Admiral Schroeder was one of the officers who moved the obelisk in Central Park, New York, from Egypt.

Andrei Nikolaievitch Schmidt, who is aged one hundred and twenty and fought in the Russian army during the Napoleonic wars, recently arrived in St. Petersburg with the object of seeing the Czar, and was granted a private audience. Schmidt was extremely proud, and despite his age he bore himself with a martial air. He was introduced into the Czar's study, and his majesty received the veteran with extreme kindness. Schmidt answered several questions, but finally, overwhelmed with emotion, he broke down and burst into tears. The Czar made the old soldier some valuable presents and presented him to the Czarevitch and the little grand duchesses.

King Alfonso is, perhaps, the youngest monarch who was ever selected to arbitrate on an international dispute, which in the present ease is the difference between England and Germany with regard to the Walfisch Bay territory. Doubtless the Kaiser wished to pay him a special compliment. The late King of Sweden—by reason of his age, his philosophic mind, and his aloofness from the wrangle of international politics—was repeatedly called upon to act as arbitrator, but, of course (remarks the *London Chronicle*), it was his majesty's jurists who did the judicial work for him. No one will expect King Alfonso himself to study the question now submitted to him with a pot of strong tea at his side and cold bandages round his head.



## THE WOOING OF ANNABEL OWENS.

By Donald Kennicott.

Grief walked abroad on Manzanares Mountain; over the Valley of the Bluewater lay the dark shadow of Woe. Beside lonely cow-camp fires, in the shacks of Gold-Bug's bearded miners, in the solitary cabins of logger and ranger and ranchman, Sadness had made her sombre habitation. For from out their midst was about to depart the one, the wondrous, the incomparable Annabel Owens, teacher of Manzanares's school, uplifter of Manzanares's morals, breaker of Manzanares's heart—a lass unparalleled, her loss irreparable.

Not the due conclusion of term and season had brought this calamity about, but Fate and Chance and the law of Arizona. Fate had started a new mining camp some fifty miles away; Chance had directed thither the removal of some of Manzanares's most numerous families, and the law of Arizona decreed that while eight or more children are a school, seven is none. By twos and threes the scholars had drifted away, until now they were but seven—a mere, depreciated, flat, counterfeit presentment of a school. In three days, with the close of the winter term, it was to lapse altogether, and Miss Owens, leaving Manzanares in darkness, was to return "back East to Kansas."

Yet though Grief and Sadness were the general portion, there were two in particular whose wounds were mortal—who walked in the City of Dreadful Night, and floundered in the Slough of Despond. For, although all men had looked upon the lovely Annabel with ardent eyes, in their hearts they knew they were but as star-smitten moths; but upon these two the lady had looked back, as it were, in passing, and had once or twice smiled a little. And upon these two, therefore, lay the preponderant burden.

High in the forest of quaking aspen that girds old Manzanares just under his coronal of pine, close by a tiny, tumbling streamlet, stands a new house built solidly of logs, appropriately decorated with a jagged portico, graced and dignified by the good green forests in whose shadow it lies. On a stump before this house sits its owner and builder. Mr. Jason Taylor, aged twenty-four, brown of skin, strong of limb, sad of heart. In his hand he holds a letter of advice from the station agent at the nearest railroad town some fifty miles away; his eyes dwell on the newly built and empty house; his mind hangs poised on the beam of decision.

Three months ago, after at least ten days of ardent courtship, he had in due form proposed for the hand and heart of Miss Owens. She had rejected him promptly, and yet, he was sure, with a difference, with a certain *sous entendre* of assent, which even as she dampened the flame of hope in his breast, had fanned it to life again. Her objection to him, she had been good enough to state—namely, that he had no permanence of purpose, was a mere rolling stone, barren of moss, that had worked itself into no solid, sustaining socket of earth. With the measure of his insufficiency thus marked out for him, he had forthwith set himself assiduously to fill the gap; temporarily abandoning the attack, he had hied him to his hitherto neglected homestead claim, and laboring with that energy known to demons and lovers, had built this house, in order that he might prove to himself and to her that he was indeed a man of substance, a citizen of the world, rooted in reality. The work was done, the house was finished. Three days remained in which to bring off his *coup de guerre*—by some strategem to lead the lady to see the work of her devoted slave, and at the psychological moment, to make a final assault upon her battered defenses.

Yet one thing held him hesitant. The house was indeed completed, was even furnished, but as the letter in his hand informed him, the crown of its glory had but just now arrived and lay fifty miles away at the railroad station. For early in his acquaintance with Miss Owens he had heard her lament that in all the Valley of the Bluewater there was no piano upon which she could exercise her skilled fingers and free the music that surged up in her soul. Those who dwell in city tents and revel in the Lucullan luxuries of the East, know the piano for an article of furniture. In the Valley of the Bluewater it was referred to a little uneasily as something delicate and foreign and far away, the day-dream of imaginative housewives, the ever-receding horizon line of domiciliary perfection. Yet Jason Taylor was in a mood to balk at nothing; it had cost him the sale of his two pet saddle horses, but he had dared the ultimate stake. And now—oh brutal knock of Fate!—this heaviest piece of his siege ordnance lay distant some fifty miles of mountain road, and the enemy was about to slip from under his guns. The piano—fifty miles—three days—Annabel Owens—these were the factors of his problem, and very soon it became clear to him that there could be but one solution. His chance was at best remote; cost what of desperate, sleepless toil it might, he must bring all his artillery to bear. The stake was placed; the race was yet to be run. Five minutes later he was driving madly down the rocky road from Manzanares to the railway. So much for Jason Taylor.

The scene shifts. Brooding before his broad fireplace, sits Mr. Otis Todd, lord of herds and baron of land. It is not forty winters that have bent his back, nor is it the alternate glances of reproach and contempt cast upon him by the elderly maiden sister

who keeps his house, that have enveloped him in a black pall of melancholy. No—no, these were small things; but he has this day learned for the first time that Miss Owens is about to leave Manzanares, and he knows that from that moment the world will have become a hollow place. That she should leave at all were bad enough, but that now, almost in the hour of his success, she should slip from his fingers, were grief unutterable. For she had shown herself somewhat kinder of late. A week or two, a month at most, and he had been confident that she would accept the dictates of reason and with them the heart and hand of Mr. Otis Todd.

He raised his head and looked drearily about the wide, cheerless room. It would have been sweet, indeed, to see her moving about his house; her presence there would have lent life a glamour. And, too, it would be very pleasant to have children about; old age would be robbed of its sting could he but see them growing up about him. Children—children, it was for the lack of but one more child in this rude and uncivilized land that she was to go away. If but—suddenly he straightened up, sat for an instant motionless and then brought down his fist with a crash upon the chair-arm. And the next moment he stood at the door of the bunk-house, bawling orders: Let his horse be saddled; let two other horses, of proven docility, be saddled, also; let there be haste. Five minutes later he was thundering down the road toward the foothills with two led horses straining behind him.

A dozen miles of hard riding and he came to his destination—the junction of the Manzanares Road with the Great Navajo Trail. There under a clump of pines an old-fashioned canvas-topped wagon was halted; crouching over a little fire were three unkempt children and a frowsy man. "Movers" these people were called, members of that curious nomadic class that travels eternally up and down the roads of the West, living in their wagons, halting now and then to work for a month or so, and then drifting onward—always in search of a "location," always lured away by the hope of greener fields beyond. Crafty Ulysses approached the man politely, drew him aside, and with cunning speech and proffered gold, laid before him a curious plan. The fellow had difficulty in comprehending, and for his benefit the scheme was elaborated. Then he made a counter proposal.

"Cain't do it, pardner," he said. "Got a job haulin' posts that I can't let go by. But if you'll wants to take the little devils along with you and take care of them yourself, why I reckon I could sort of rent 'em like. Since their ma died I ain't had no ease with 'em and I'd sure like to get shet of 'em for a while. They're ornery little skunks, and I ain't no hand with kids now."

Money changed hands. The three unkempt children were summoned. "What are their names?" asked Mr. Todd.

The man grinned proudly. "Mighty different names," he said, "sure different. You see we've always been travelin' around like a good deal and my old woman took a notion of namin' the kids after the place we was at the time. This one—" he indicated the oldest, a girl of twelve. "—is Santa Fe—Santa Fe Smithers. The boy—well, rightly he ought to have been called Tombstone, but that seemed sort of odd like, so we let it go at the next place—Tucson. Tucson Smithers, his name is. And the little shaver's Ab'lene."

Hither and yon over Manzanares Mountain skips the nimble Spirit of Joy; over the Valley of the Bluewater gleam the broad white wings of Hope. To watchers by lonely cow-camp fires, to the shacks of the Gold-Bug's booted miners, to the solitary cabins of ranger and ranchman and tie-chopper, the good news travels. The wind whispers, the river murmurs, and the rocks of its cañon echo back the glad tidings—"She is to stay—to stay—to stay." To one alone, toiling obscurely up a steep and narrow road, the good news comes not. And when on the third day of his herculean labor—the very day, so he believes, of the lady's intended departure—his wagon breaks down irreparably, he perforce gives over his undertaking, wrathfully abandons his costly artillery, and, wrapped in a cloak of the darkest gloom, buries himself in his newly and vainly constructed house.

In triumph the wily Mr. Todd had brought home the children of the "mover." Wrathfully his sister had received them, thoroughly she had washed them, tenderly she had tucked them in bed. Aflame with hope, he had led the living itinerary to the school and enrolled them as pupils. The lady had greeted him demurely, had hospitably welcomed his contribution to the citizenship of her kingdom, and had smilingly thanked him for his kindness. And with pride unutterable, he had that day promenade the streets of Manzanares to receive the admiring felicitations of the grateful inhabitants. Yet, alas for triumph, it is nought but a puff of that wind which passeth; and worldly hope—snow upon the desert's dusty face. Nor is pride, as we know, other than the vaunting herald of meek Sir Tumble.

For the lady—oh the most delicate fiend!—who is't can read a woman? Certain it is that this signal proof of Mr. Todd's resourcefulness seemed to move her, and that this notable instance of his devotion seemed to touch her heart. It is certain, too, that when flushed with success, he sought to press his campaign to a decisive engagement, she by no means avoided him, nor declined battle. She rode with him, walked with him, talked with him. And the days passed.

To the number of six or seven they had slipped

by, when, on a fateful afternoon, the gentle Annabel and the all but victorious Mr. Todd rode idly up the trail into the aspen forest. On the banks of the Bluewater they halted to catch the flash and play of the silver-scaled trout in the sunlit water; they drew rein by a clump of willows, that they might give ear to a choir of yellow-throated starlings; at the first grass-carpeted glade they dismounted while fair Annabel gathered an armful of columbine. Anon they encountered a rocky, new-built road, and, turning up it under the shifting shadows of the aspen, they came upon the wrecked and abandoned chariot of Hope.

For there at a boulder-strewn turn in the road was a wagon, kneeling down helplessly on a broken wheel; and in this vehicle, tilted precariously in its shattered box, appeared—*mirabile visu*—a piano, of the sort known to mail-order catalogues, cased alluringly in rich rosewood, ornately inlaid with unimagined arabesques of mother-of-pearl. Nowhere was there any sign of horses or driver; the tracks in the mud between the boulders were some days old; on wagon and piano lay a little drift of fallen leaves.

Perplexity followed close on the heels of surprise, and presently, in the breast of the gentle Annabel, gave place to the descending spirit of music. She would play upon that piano. With a mighty effort, Mr. Todd contrived to block up the wagon to an approximate level; the key hung at hand by a gay pink ribbon and in a moment more the lady was perched bird-like on the edge of the wagon-box, and her delighted fingers were dancing up and down the keyboard. On and on she played, to her own great joy and to the unbounded admiration of Mr. Todd. Yet, be it noted, in the clear air of the mountains sound travels far. And to one sitting alone and broken hearted in his vainly built dwelling at the end of this newly cleared road, the faintly borne music came as the sound of summoning clarions.

Without pause the delicate fingers of the fair Annabel pursue their nimble way; under the slowly swaying baton of the wind the orchestra of aspen leaves maintains its murmuring accompaniment; nor is the soloist once heard *sans encore*. With a queer little smile hovering about her lips, she has drifted into that singularly seductive melody, "*Ruses D'Amour*," when a crashing sound, as of some wild animal in the underbrush, interrupts her. Turning about, there bursts upon her astonished view a youth—hatless, disheveled, saucer-eyed.

For an instant the three stare at one another in breathless silence. There follows an awkward interchange of greetings and then a moment or two of perfunctory conversation. The situation is growing desperate when Mr. Todd, who has been staring at the crippled vehicle, wheels about suddenly.

"Jason Taylor," he demands, "where'd you get that wagon?"

"Bought it from a fellow I met down at the cross-roads," the youth answered, somewhat sulkily. "I busted mine all to flinders just this side of the ford, and he come along and said he was tired of travelin' overland and would sell me his wagon cheap, so I took him up. He said—by thunder, I'd plumb forgot it. I reckon he was some friend of yours, too, 'cause he asked me to take a note to you. I sure am sorry; I'd plumb forgot about it."

With paling cheeks Mr. Todd watches the youth fumble through his pockets. The delayed missive is at length handed to him—a soiled scrawl in pencil—and with uncertain fingers he unfolds it and reads:

MISTER OTIS TODD, *Dear Sir*—This is to tell you that I am leavin these parts permanent for why a man tells me thet up in Alaska theres gold aplenty for the diggin'. Also other minerals. As concerns the kids will state thet I aint no hand with kids and thet heins they seemed to cotton to you, I reckon they hest stay where they he. To leev them harrers my feelins scandalous, but heins theys where they gets good schoolin, my fatherly feelins must be sacreficed. It wont do you no good to camp on my trail as I am takin the train. Also another name.

Yours truly,  
I. A. SMITHERS.

As he reads, the white flag of apprehension in the face of Mr. Todd gives place to the anarchistic banner of anger. Without a word of apology to the astonished lady, he turns around, leaps upon his horse, and spurs incontinently down the trail.

Pulling in at his own house, he glares wrathfully at the three children playing on his doorstep, with a fierce scowl strides past his sister, and shuts himself up in the great front room. For an hour of red fury he paces up and down the chamber; for sixty minutes of black despair he sits without moving by the fireplace. Yet at last his sardonic native humor comes to his aid, and when the supper bell rings he is calm enough to accept its invitation. In grim silence he devours the meal, returns to his seat by the fire, and for the tenth time hauls the pencil scrawl from his pocket and reads it through. Slowly he folds the paper and replaces it in his pocket; then lifting up his voice, he summons the orphans before him.

"Santa Fe," he inquires gravely, "what's your name?"

"Santa Fe."

"Santa Fe what?"

"Dunno. Just Santa Fe, I reckon."

"No ma'am—Santa Fe Todd. And you there, yours is Tucson Todd, understand? And Abilene Todd."

He pauses, eyes them grimly for a moment, and then his face relaxes. "Santa Fe Todd," he says—and his voice is the voice of forty years and of accustomed paternity—"Santa Fe Todd, fetch me my pipe."



Hardly less abruptly than Mr. Todd, we left the gentle Annabel and the hapless Jason by the wrecked piano in the aspen forest. And yet more courteously, for there is a time to speak and a time to smile cannily. What happened? What was said? Who knows—who knows? The leaves of the aspen whisper and whisper yet again, but they keep the secret; the columbines nod wisely, and in their wisdom are silent; the flaunting cedar-jays mock the voice of inquiry.

Yet surmises were not impossible, and there are certain patent facts from which one may draw an inference. For it is obvious that the Dove of Peace has again alighted on Manzanara Mountain; that the Bluewater now flows with its pristine tranquility; that about the lonely cow-camp fires, in the shacks of the Gold-Bug's bearded miners, and in the solitary cabins of ranger and rauchman and tie-chopper, the Spirit of Resignation has taken up her calm abode. And high in the forest of aspen that girds old Manzanara just under his coronal of pine, from a new house built solidly of logs, the wayfarer may hear sounds unmistakably domestic—now the hospitable rattle of the dish-pan, now the moving melody of a woman's voice, and anon the tinkling treble of "*Ruses D'Amour*."

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1909.

## THE MAN WHO WOULD BE STAR.

Mansfield, the Actor and Genius, as Described and Praised by Paul Wiltach.

So recent was the ending of Richard Mansfield's career that the echoes of more sincere, more just, and more generous tributes to his merit than were rendered during his lifetime, have hardly yet died away. Almost too soon comes a biography of the man and the artist, but the book, with its one fault of studied, superlative praise, will still be read with interest and pleasure for its almost unmatched record of peculiar achievement, and preserved for its careful setting down of innumerable details in connection with the larger schemes. It will be accepted as the permanent record of a short but full and brilliant life. Paul Wiltach, intimate friend and associate of Mansfield, has written the book, and his painstaking accuracy is to be commended no less than his appreciation of his subject and his unquestioning loyalty.

Most readers of theatrical chronicles and comment know of Richard Mansfield's beginning, as well as the heights to which he climbed, and though the biography necessarily covers familiar ground, it points to new and significant features of the passing view. Mansfield was the third child of Maurice Mansfield, a London merchant, and Erminia Rudersdorff, a singer of European renown, who was a young widow when she became Mansfield's wife. Mme. Rudersdorff retained her family name for her appearances on the operatic and concert stage, and after the death of Mr. Mansfield, came to America, first singing here at the Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872. Her home was in that city from that time. Richard, who was four years old when his father died, was educated in England and on the Continent, but was brought to Boston when a youth. He first essayed commercial life as correspondence clerk in a big store, but his temperament was not well suited to such a vocation. Very early he showed that he inherited his mother's talent for dramatic expression, much of her power and facility in singing, and he profited immeasurably by her instruction in vocal technique. This is an illuminating page from the record, demonstrating the ability of the boy and the pride and affection of the mother:

During a privileged afternoon with Julia Ward Howe, in the twilight of her eighty-ninth year, from out the stores of her golden memories she sifted this anecdote of her friend:

"I remember a surprise party Mme. Rudersdorff gave on Richie's birthday. They were nearly all young people present excepting myself. It was not a surprise party in the ordinary sense, but you will understand when I tell you.

"In those days we were continually invited to meet distinguished musical artists at Mme. Rudersdorff's home. She provided unsparingly as a hostess; she was really queenly in her hospitality. Hence her invitations were snapped up in every quarter.

"On this occasion we were invited to meet a newly arrived prima donna—I forget the name. The hostess and her distinguished guest received together. I remember her as if it were yesterday. She was youthful in appearance, uncommonly modest in demeanor. She wore a red-and-white silk dress with a prodigiously long train, and had many jewels, and an abundance of thick, wavy, dark hair which was the admiration of every one. Some of us were put to it to talk to her, for she spoke only the European languages. Naturally there was a brave effort in some quarters, in especially high tones, for you may have noticed it that people who are unfamiliar with a language always shout it.

"The announcement, finally, that the great prima donna would sing produced an expectant silence. We were all struck by the phenomenal range of her voice. She seemed to be able to sing with equal facility a soft, dark contralto or a silvery soprano, capping off with an octave in falsetto.

"After responding to several encores, she at length astounded us all by lifting off her towering coiffure and announcing unaffectedly: 'I'm tired of this, mother. Let's cut the birthday cake.' It was Richie. He and his mother had conspired in the surprise party."

The young Mansfield at length went to England, to study art, but was irresistibly drawn into theatrical work. This is the account of his first important engagement:

One day, after much patience he was granted an interview with the mighty Gilbert.

He was asked to sing, and turning to the pianist—who happened to be Alfred Cellier—Mansfield said, "Play 'La ci darem.'"

"You don't mean the duet from 'Don Giovanni'?" exclaimed the astonished Cellier.

"Play, play," repeated Mansfield imperatively. He was

somewhat impatient, for instead of buying breakfast that morning he had put a boutonniere in his lapel.

When he finished the duet, alternating his deep, full harytone with his wonderful falsetto tones, he was given the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., First Lord of the Admiralty. It is a part requiring distinction of manner, a good voice, perfect enunciation, and agility in dancing. Mansfield had all of these, and his success in the part was very considerable, although none but the second-class towns were visited by the company of which he was a member.

There was neither financial nor artistic satisfaction in his comic-opera experiences, and he accepted the advice of a Boston friend and returned to America. His first great success, in January, 1883, was as Baron Chevalier in "A Parisian Romance," a part that came to him through the refusal of the veteran J. H. Stoddard in A. M. Palmer's Union Square Company, to play the part. Mansfield gave many hours to a study of its possibilities and the details of a realistic make-up:

It was probably the most realistically detailed figure of refined moral and physical depravity, searched to its inevitable end, the stage had ever seen. For a moment after the curtain fell there was a hush of awe and surprise. Then the audience found itself and called Mansfield to the footlights a dozen times. But neither then nor thereafter would he appear until he had removed the wig and make-up of the dead harem. There was no occasion to change his clothes; he wore the conventional evening suit. The effect of shriveled undersizedness was purely a muscular effect of the actor. The contrast between the figure that fell at the head of the stairs and the athletic young gentleman who acknowledged the applause was no anticlimax.

With less than a year's experience in prosperous surroundings, though he played with the Union Square Company across the continent and even appeared successfully in San Francisco, he could not resist the ever-present determination to be the head of whatever he attempted. He left Palmer and formed a company for a starring tour:

Mansfield was born to "star." This manifested itself in every aspect of his life. At the head of things he had complete command of the situation and of himself. Anywhere else he went to pieces, his strong personality shattered proportions, and order was not restored until he eliminated himself or took the lead. His personality demanded complete self-assertion. He could not put himself in conformity to extraneous conditions. But he had a genius for putting envying persons and things in harmony with himself. As a lad at school he could lead the boys in studies or in a race, but he was not successful in taking his place in a team.

His first tour as a star was financially disastrous. His company was disbanded at length and he returned to work with other organizations—Wallack's Company and then in support of Minnie Maddern. He was again in comic opera for a time, but at length, in April, 1886, produced "Prince Karl" at the Boston Museum and scored another important success:

There was until a few days before production some doubt as to what the new play might best be called, but it was finally christened "Prince Karl," and as such was acted for the first time on the stage of the Boston Museum, April 5. On the same evening, at the Boston Theatre, down in Washington Street, Denman Thompson first presented "The Old Homestead." He played nothing else the rest of his life and became a very rich man. Mansfield might have continued to play "Prince Karl" the rest of his life, but he repudiated it and other like opportunities, and died hundreds of thousands of dollars poorer than he might have been.

Another success, in 1887, was achieved in Thomas Sullivan's dramatization of Stevenson's psychological study, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Whatever opinion may be held concerning any appropriation of this work for theatrical uses, Mansfield made it a most impressive piece of work:

He was sometimes criticized for not making Jekyll more normal, affable, companionable. But this would not have been in harmony with his conception. He believed in simplicity and directness. His aim was to mark the contrast between the two entities, but without losing sight of the salient, dominant point of each character. He conceived and exhibited Jekyll as a man haunted by the most terrible loathsome fiend that the mind could conceive in human form. He had to indicate yet restrain the carking secret of his soul, the ceaseless terror of the uncontrollable change which might come at any moment—in the street, in the house of his friends, in his sweetheart's presence. Jekyll was a haunted man. A man set apart. Only an unimaginative actor would have played him for ease, indifference, geniality.

A little play written by Mansfield was perhaps worthy of a greater vogue:

He always contended that "Monsieur" would have made more of a success with the public if the public had been able to make more of a success of the pronunciation of the title. The name of a play should be striking to the eye, easy to remember, and tripping on the tongue. Monsieur is, as a matter of fact, one of the very hardest words in the French language for an American to pronounce. The public tried and failed, and covered their failure with a hurlscue of it.

Then, naturally, of course, came an invasion of England, where he had had only minor triumphs as a piquant sauce to many youthful disappointments. But again, the fates were not propitious. He gave his London audiences his American successes, and though they were praised they did not draw. He turned for possible rescue to Shakespeare and played Richard III for the first time, with originality, force, and beauty, but it could not conquer prejudices:

He acted "King Richard III" uninterruptedly until June 1, when his season concluded with the termination of his lease of the Globe Theatre. London connoisseurs had given him the highest praise, but the public did not come in paying numbers. Not a week passed without adding to the financial load which he was bearing. The Globe was not a large theatre. The receipts, if all the seats had been sold—and they never were—would have been nearly a hundred pounds less each week than the actual current expenses of the theatre and of the numerous forces employed in "King Richard III."

After a few visits to old friends and new, he sailed toward the end of June on the *Adriatic*, and he never acted in England again. He was bringing back a debt of over one hundred thousand dollars, but his venture had won him an asset, for the doors were slowly opening to a position among the first living dramatic artists.

Again in America there were alternating failures and

successes, but ever with Mansfield, still burdened with debt, at the head of a big company. "Beau Brummel" was a success, "Nero" a failure, "The Scarlet Letter" neither the one or the other. There were many other productions, still fresh in the memory of playgoers. It was not until 1898, and the appearance of Mansfield in Howard Thayer Kingsbury's translation of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" that he finally entered on a stage of his career that offered little but profitable appreciation. From this time he gained the rewards that so long and dispiriting a struggle should have secured. He paid his debts and acquired a modest fortune. One of the notable incidents of the Cyrano production, aside from the remarkable work of Mansfield, is thus described by the biographer:

An actress of international reputation and experience was engaged for Roxane. Rehearsals were under way when she resigned by cable. The Orange Girl's single line in the first act was being rehearsed by a young Canadian girl, Margaret Anglin. Mansfield had not seen her act, but he remarked the wondrous loveliness of her voice and his intuition told him she had temperament. "Can you make yourself look beautiful enough for Roxane?" he asked. "I think I might, if you can make yourself look ugly enough for Cyrano," she answered. The part was hers on the instant. He coached her relentlessly. Again and again she cried that she could not do it. He reassured her, but not with soft persuasion. "You can, my dear, and you must. Now, again!" After rehearsals she went regularly into tears to Mr. Palmer to resign. He appealed to Mansfield to be more lenient. "I am only kind," was his reply. "Roxane is a great part. Only one who has suffered can play such a rôle. This girl has the temperament and the emotions, but she is young and inexperienced. I can not persuade her spirit, I must rouse it." And every day she reached new depths and heights.

So much of his plays and their reception. This is Mr. Wiltach's summing up of Mansfield's qualifications for his profession:

Nature had been kind to him only in giving certain raw material and the art to perfect it. Stature and comeliness he had not. Like Garrick, he was below an imposing height, measuring about five feet, eight inches. He was original and skillful in making certain characters appear tall, however, notably Prince Karl, Brutus, Beau Brummel, Dick Dudgeon, Beaucaire, and the youthful Peer Gynt. He carried himself erect, dressed his legs in dark colors and tight clothing, held his heels together, as often as possible presented a three-quarter front, rarely dropped the hands to arm's length, and defined a long leg by placing his hand on an imaginary waistline several inches above the real one. Again, like Garrick, he had a regular, almost negative, countenance when not illuminated by expression. His face was a departure from the "classic front of Jove" of the old-time actor. Distinction, force, and power were discernible in his features, but they suggested any profession, least of all acting. He would not wear a frock coat and abominated long hair. In the contour of his compact head might be seen the long firm chin, which indicates that all the intellectuality of the broad brow was translated into action. He typified his generation—an active, imaginative, nervous man in an active, imaginative, nervous age.

He accomplished the masks and manners of his gallery—especially the comedy youths—by sheer force of an art which could summon youth and beauty into the countenance as if they were simple emotions.

Probably this comment is just, though it perhaps would be qualified if written from a less intimate point of view:

There was little growth in Mansfield's art or his personality. Both seemed mature in their early expression. The Baron Chevalier of the young man of twenty-five was as well imagined and as finished as any later creation. The King Richard which was acclaimed when Mansfield was forty-eight he declared was no better than the neglected Gloster of sixteen years before. He would probably have given the same performance of Cyrano, Ivan, or Gynt at thirty that he did later, for his genius seemed to have sprung full-flowered into being. Has it not been said that a great artist moves in a cycle of masterpieces of which the last is no more perfect than the first? Mansfield's consciousness of this in the first years of his public life embittered him somewhat toward a neglectful public. He was frank in his resentment and hence, in the middle period, those curtain speeches he was later grateful to have forgotten. His career was less his own development than the awakening of the public to an appreciation of him. The change was less in him than in them.

Mansfield's ideas concerning critics were often expressed, and they were not often so superior in tone when read as when heard from his own lips. He delighted in satire and irony and could not refrain from their use when he spoke. He wrote with a more genial or more balanced expression. These lines are from one of the actor's own essays:

If, when the curtain has fallen, you meet this clever, calculating, and diplomatic personage, know that you are not in the presence of an actor. He is no doubt a thousand times more pleasant to encounter, more charming in society, *gratissimus* to the fatigued, harassed, often humiliated, and misunderstood newspaper hack—but he is not an actor.

The actor is *sui generis*, and in the theatre not to be judged by the ordinary rules applied to ordinary men. The actor is an extraordinary man who every evening spends three hours or more in fairyland, and transforms himself into all kinds of odd creatures for the benefit of his fellow-men; when he returns from fairyland, where he has been a king or a beggar, a criminal doomed to death, a lover in despair, or a haunted man, do you fancy the aspect of the world and its peoples is not tinged with some clinging color of his living dream?

Of Mansfield's happy marriage and home life the biographer gives many charming pictures. They show the most admirable side of this genius, and one that he jealously guarded from the public eye. He had his full share of unjust criticism as an actor in his early years, the balance will not be far wrong no matter what meed of praise is now cast upon his last resting place.

The volume is handsomely printed, and yet American readers will wonder if its probable exploitation in England justifies the English style of spelling followed throughout the work. The illustrations are numerous and show the actor in all his notable characterizations. The index and bibliography appended are well done.

"Richard Mansfield: The Man and the Actor," by Paul Wiltach. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$3.50 net.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Aspects of Modern Opera*, by Lawrence Gilman. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.25.

The author should have written at greater length. We should like to hear a discussion of his statement that since the day of Wagner the history of operatic art has been a barren and unprofitable page and that the death of the "tyrant of Bayreuth" left the operatic world with hardly any greater motive than a desire to imitate him. It is a bold assertion and one that is open to argument. But Mr. Gilman reserves three personalities who stand out saliently as manifestations of a true creative spirit in the post-Wagnerian music-drama, and they are Puccini, Strauss, and Debussy, representing Italy, Germany, and France.

It is to his discussion of Strauss's "Salomé" that we turn with special interest, and we note with satisfaction that Mr. Gilman is upon the side of art as well as of ethics. He believes that in another ten years we shall recognize that "Salomé" is not a just measure of Strauss's genius and neither a valid nor a completely representative account of himself. We feel inclined to dissent from his reference to "those ancient though occasionally reconciled adversaries, Art and Ethics," and to cite his own enumeration of the functions of art. Ethics is not to be confused with morality, or with vague expressions of an often purulent or sentimental conception of right and wrong. Ethics is not morality, but the science of morality, that is to say not what we believe, but what we know about morality. To quote Mr. Gilman, he says that the prime function of art is "that of enlarging the sense of life: as an agency for liberating and mellowing the spirit: as an instrument primarily quickening and emancipative." Art does not consist in rendering nature as we see it, but also as we believe that nature must one day be. Art must be prophetic as well as photographic, and to defend "Salomé" as art upon the ground that it represents facts is mere banality. Ethics satisfies us of moral progress. Art must show us some future point in that progress, and to speak of antagonism between the two is a contradiction in terms. Mr. Gilman is to be congratulated upon his defense of art—although it is not a very trenchant defense—from such attacks as that of "Salomé."

Mr. Gilman's comments on Puccini and Debussy are full of illuminating thought and analysis, and the opera lover will thoroughly enjoy a little volume so full of ripe analysis and so free from the prejudice of tradition.

*The Psychology of Singing*, by David C. Taylor. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author reminds us that there is no science of voice production in the sense in which the word science is applied to other branches of knowledge. There is no system of instruction which is demonstrably based upon all the known facts. Methods based upon departments of knowledge have followed one another, but we lack a system based upon all those departments and that shall so become worthy of the name of science.

Especially has psychology been overlooked. Siegfried forging his sword will do better to call upon his imagination than upon his physiological knowledge of the diaphragm or the soft palate. The body has an inevitable tendency to respond to mental emotion, and imitation and suggestion are among the great molding forces of human nature. We can not neglect the mechanical, but we can subordinate it, and until we do this there can be no science of singing.

The author writes plausibly and understandingly. He covers the whole field historically and theoretically, while his concluding chapter on "Outlines of a Practical Method of Voice Culture" seems particularly useful. In no sense is he a man of one idea or a faddist. Indeed, he seems to comply with his own ideal and to exclude no branch of knowledge from the field of his competent and careful examination.

*Fish Stories*, by Charles F. Holder and David Starr Jordan. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.75.

One of the authors remarks that there are two classes of men, those who have been to the South Seas and those who have not. It would be better to classify the human race into those who are fishermen and those who are not, and to the first and more intelligent section this delightful book is addressed.

Strictly speaking, this volume should not be placed upon the ichthyological shelf of the library, for this would carry an imputation of scientific dullness that is undeserved. On the contrary, it is wholly delightful from cover to cover, whether it deals with the known facts of fish life or with the unveracious records of fishermen. Had the authors been more philosophically inclined they might have attempted some explanation of the systematic deviations from accuracy that have always distinguished the fisherman. Is there any necessary connection between fish and mendacity? Does the sport develop mendacity? Do the mendacious naturally gravi-

tate toward this particular form of sport? Is it possible that there is some kind of transmitted cell of unveracity that has passed down the line of the angling fraternity?

But there is plenty of instruction in its most acceptable form interwoven with the fiction. After delicious chapters on the "Fish Stories of the Fathers," "The Oldest of Fishermen" who became the fish god of Japan, "The Sea Serpent," and "Izaak Walton," we have valuable descriptions of the "Fishes on the Mountains of the Sea," "Fishes of the Deep Sea," and "Fishes of the Coral Seas." Shark, trout, salmon, tuna, catfish, muskallunge, all come in for a share of attention, and although it is always the scientist who speaks, yet it is the scientist who knows the personal delight of the ocean battle, the thrill of the whistling reel, and the glory of the hard-won victory.

The good stories in this book are innumerable, and they show that the peculiar weaknesses of the angler are of an ancient origin. From time immemorial he has translated the product of exuberant imagination into the record of supposed fact and done violence to a popular complacency that he has assumed to be credibility. We do not believe Pliny when he tells us of the dolphin which regularly carried the child to school upon his back and perished of "sorrow or regret" when the child died. Nor do we believe John Hance of Colorado when he tells us of the salmon which dragged him into the water by the leg and would have drowned him intentionally had he not swam hand over hand down to the fish and cut the line. But he lost his hook and it serves him right.

*The Red Mouse*, by William Hamilton Osborne. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

A capital story evidently may be founded upon the most palpable improbabilities. "The Red Mouse" is improbable, almost impossible, from start to finish, but it is told with so much energy, it appeals so strongly to the sympathies, that it must at least be numbered among the *ben trovato*.

Challoner and his wife are the chief figures—he a sot and a debauché, she a delicate and sensitive woman, and immensely rich. Challoner, desperate for money to lavish upon a woman of the half-world meets Colonel Hargraves and plays against him for the ten thousand dollars known to be in his pockets, and when Hargraves is found shot dead Challoner is naturally arrested and tried for the murder. Mrs. Challoner bribes the prosecuting attorney with the whole of her fortune, eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and Challoner is mysteriously released from prison after his conviction. Then comes his reformation, his earnest efforts to get work, and the life of poverty shared by his wife while he painfully mounts the first few rungs of the ladder.

The conclusion of the story and the justification of the prosecuting attorney with the establishment of Challoner's innocence is an effective piece of writing, so effective, indeed, that we silence the revolt of the intelligence against an impossible procedure. But surely the story might have been just as effective without violating the boundaries of human experience.

*The Lincoln Tribute Book*, edited by Horatio Sheate Krams. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The appreciations of Lincoln are so numerous that a collection of this kind demands unusual discrimination if it is to be free from the faults of undue bulk or tiresome repetition. The editor has done his work well. Avoiding mediocrity and mere enthusiasm, however honorable, he confines himself to those men whose mental and moral stature give peculiar weight to their estimates. Opening the book at random, we find quotations from Joseph Choate, from Carl Schurz, from Walt Whitman, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and from the *London Times*. This standard is maintained throughout, and while the same material is of course to be found elsewhere, we may congratulate ourselves upon a discrimination that has excluded everything that is not of heavy mental calibre.

Special value is given to the volume by the ingenious insertion of Roine's Lincoln centenary medal from the second design made by that artist. The medal is slightly larger than a half-dollar, of white metal and bearing the marks of excellent workmanship. It is inserted in a piece of pasteboard so as to form part of the volume, but it is readily detachable from its support.

*Recollections of a Varied Career*, by William F. Draper. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$3.

The author devotes his modest preface to an unnecessary apology for an autobiography that has unusual merit. Much of the intimate history of the last half-century will be eventually compiled from autobiography, and the present work will not be overlooked in the search for material.

General Draper devotes the first one hundred and seventy pages of his book to his experiences in the Civil War, a chapter of his

life so well and honorably known as to need no mention here. He writes impersonally and confines himself to what he saw and heard. He gives some forty pages to his business career that followed upon the war, and we then find him once more in public life and conducting his first campaign for Congress.

From a general and social point of view the reader will be chiefly attracted by the last hundred pages of the book, important as the Washington section undoubtedly is from the political point of view. On April 5, 1897, General Draper received his commission as United States ambassador to Italy, arriving in Rome on June 6. His description of embassy life is of the most interesting kind, both in its serious as well as in its lighter aspects. He tells us of the lady whom he tried to rescue from the Italian adventurer, of the other lady who was determined to be presented at court, although the reception list was already full, and who, of course, succeeded, and of his reception by the king, who insisted upon waiving formalities between "old soldiers" and who talked to him as "man to man" through the cigar smoke. We get plenty of this kind of gossip, but not too much of it, and the graver affairs of public life are never overlooked. General Draper is to be congratulated upon a successful piece of literary work, all the more successful because there is no effort at style nor straining after effects. The book is unassuming, well-balanced and unusually full of interesting information.

*The Web of the Golden Spider*, by Frederick Orin Bartlett. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This story somewhat reminds us of Rider Haggard's "She." We have a mysterious map showing the location of hidden treasure in the Andes, a young man and a beautiful girl who meet under strange circumstances in the Andes and who presently find themselves embarked upon the same quest but under different leadership and a wonderful Indian priest who proves to us that things are not always what they seem. The main incidents of the story are threaded together by some energetic fighting, a little second sight, and a voyage with a band of cutthroats, but our credulity is not unduly strained by a finely vigorous story of sentiment and adventure. It may be doubted if coincidence is ever quite so gracious to lovers, but that is a small matter and hardly worth mention.

*The Italians of Today*, translated from the French of René Bazin by William Marchant. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.25.

Here we have a book written with all the vivacity that the subject demands, but with a genuine heart enthusiasm for human prob-

lems. The book is a small one, but its picture of Italy is unrivaled. A national trait is expressed in a sentence, as where a friend of the author explains the absence of cheering when the queen's carriage passes by the statement, "We are monarchists here; but we are not courtiers." Elsewhere we are told of the great fête at Siena, with the heralds, the nobles, the tradesmen, and the banners. The author asks, "What is it that they celebrate?" And the innkeeper, looking up proudly, replies, "The victory, signor, gained over the Florentines in the *Quattro-Cento*." In a moment we seem to see the incarnated spirit of tradition and to understand why Italy staggers, seemingly half-blind, under the weight of a modernity that she seems only half to understand.

The author writes with the skill of the trained novelist who knows the value of incident and who understands the art of implication. It is given to very few to use such pregnant description or to seize so unerringly the salient features of the landscape. Italy for him is not merely the land of sunny pleasures, but a part of the comity of nations facing great hopes and grievous burdens and searching the future for its promise of tragedy or redemption.

*Simeon Tetlow's Shadow*, by Jennette Lee. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

The story contains a very pleasing piece of psychological study. John Bennett, secretary to Simeon Tetlow, president of the R. & Q. Railroad, seems to be a very ordinary young man, rather below the average intellectually but with a saving common sense, great tact, and loyal and conscientious devotion. Nothing could be better done than the sketch of his slowly increasing influence upon his grim employer or the personal affection that gradually grows between the man and the boy. Simeon Tetlow is as much a machine as the engines upon his road and nearly as conscienceless, but under the subtle stress of his secretary's character we see the slow awakening not only of humane attributes, but of public spirit. The description of railroad life, of the pulsations of a great transportation system, is not marked by a large technical knowledge, but this is not a defect in a story dependent for its great interest upon psychological motives and told with an unusual knowledge of human nature and an appreciation of the finer mental forces that have rarely been so well utilized.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have published "The Faith of a Modern Protestant," by Wilhelm Bousset, translated by F. B. Low. The essay is devout and scholarly, but it hardly marks the highest wave of theological thought. The price is 75 cents.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Italy of Today.

*Roman Holidays and Others*, by W. D. Howells. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$3.

We are glad that Mr. Howells took this journey and so was enabled to give us such an effervescent and sunny book. He visited Madeira, ran through "two up-town blocks" in Spain, went ashore at Genoa, visited Naples, Pompeii, Rome, Leghorn, Pisa, and returned to Genoa. The delightful wickedness of Monte Carlo attracted him for awhile, or was he attracted to Monte Carlo in spite of the wickedness? At least, he went there, and he tells us of his visit without moralizing.

It is almost to be wished that Mr. Howells would moralize sometimes. A book of about three hundred pages might find space for something other than delightful, sparkling, polished chatter, for some slight recognition of the depths that are very real underneath the gay and shining surface of life in southern Europe. A table so fine ought not to be so loaded with sweetmeats, but of solid mental food there is very little in Mr. Howells's book, and there might have been so much. It is true that he does inadvertently deviate into a page or two of discussion of the rancor between church and state in Italy, but he hurries away from the subject as though afraid of overstraining the minds of his readers, and perhaps he is the best judge of that. Nothing that is light and easy and airy escapes his attention, nothing that is serious or weighty arrests it. He hears the easy laughter of the streets and nothing that is quaint or curious comes amiss to him, but to the permanences of life, just as actual in Italy as elsewhere, he is nearly blind. He tells us of the young ladies at the concert, of the street quarrel with which the policeman does not interfere because the contestants have knives, of the carnival, of the yellow cat in the statuary shop, of the peddlers and the cahnmen, the beggars and the bathes. We see the surface life of Italy pass by in shining panorama, every figure vivid with the art of the painter and with all the relief of statuary. Is this really all that Mr. Howells brought back with him from Italy or is he making a judicious choice for juvenile palates?

May it be said that the illustrations form a delightful contrast to the letter-press. Of these there are over fifty, representative, for the most part, of a stately history and of an art that reprove a too persistent levity. Facing a picture of the tomb of Romulus, the eye catches a reference to a smell of dinner, a one-legged beggar and an old woman selling matches. Opposite to a view of the Pincian Hill we find ourselves reading about two pretty girls and a handsome young officer engaged in flirtation—"that was all; but I am not hard to suit." No indeed.

The reader will enjoy Mr. Howells's book, enjoy it greatly, but the doses must not be too large nor too frequent. Let it come as a dessert, as a part of a square literary meal. It tastes surpassingly good, but it is not real food.

*Wanderings in Ireland*, by M. M. Shoemaker. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

Visitors to the Emerald Isle could hardly take a better guide-book. The author has already proved his capacity for travel description by his earlier works and he now adds to his reputation for clear sight, an unflinching recognition of the picturesque, and a careful workmanship that neglects nothing and that leaves nothing unsaid. The chief value of the present work is in its comprehensiveness and its sympathy. There could be no more felicitous blending of tradition, history, and present conditions or one more entirely free from condescension—a fault into which travelers sometimes fall—and from undiscriminating pity. A valuable feature of the volume is its illustrations, of which there are over seventy. They are taken from original photographs excellently done and excellently reproduced.

*The Lighted Lamp*, by C. Hanford Henderson. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.

A rather commonplace story of a rather commonplace young man whose life currents are changed by a legacy and who is unable to live the larger life that opens before him. Robert Pendexter is amiable and lovable, but he does not seize upon the imagination, nor, indeed, do any of the other characters of the story.

New Publications.

"Miss Betty of New York" is a delightful story for girls. There is plenty of wholesome sentiment and the style is easy and conversational. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

A valuable addition to the Lincolniana of the day is Robert Haven Schaffner's "Lincoln Birthday," described as "A Comprehensive View of Lincoln as Given in the Most Noteworthy Essays, Orations, and Poems, in Fiction and in Lincoln's Own Writings." A valuable feature is Lincoln's autobiography as written at the request of J. W. Fell in 1859. The appreciations of a considerable number

of well-known men are quoted and special chapters are devoted to "Lincoln Yarns and Sayings" and "Lincoln's Speeches and Writings." The volume is published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, and the price is \$1.

The H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston, have published a collection of "Poems from Punch," edited by Francis C. Burnand. The little volume is tastefully bound in red leather with gold lettering and contains some of the best-known poems by W. S. Gilbert, Tom Hood, as well as Tom Taylor's tribute to the memory of Lincoln.

"Nature Study," by Frederick L. Holtz, A. M., is described as a manual for teachers and students. Part I is devoted to a discussion of underlying principles and methods. Part II is of a biological nature, with practical hints and suggestions on the collection and care of material, while Part III consists of a course of nature study for the eight grades. A good appendix contains a carefully selected, classified, and annotated list of reference books and nature readers. Illustrations appear upon nearly every page and the book seems well adapted for the use intended. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Arthur Symons has completed a literary study of "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry," and it will soon be published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Story of Thyra," Miss Alice Brown's new novel, will be published in England by Messrs. Constable during the spring. It is a New England tale and the fortunes of Thyra Tennant, her sister Laura, and their mother is related with a delightful sympathy. The Houghton Mifflin Company publish the book this week.

Hamlin Garland says that he will probably not write any more novels, but proposes to devote himself to writing plays.

"Pierre Loti" has written a book which rather severely criticizes the English occupation of Egypt. He calls it "La Mort de Philae," the reference being to the drowning of the Temple of Isis on the Island of Philae as a result of the Nile Barrage. "Pierre Loti" denounces this modernism in a venerable land.

Spirited bidding marked the sale of a first edition of Poe's "Al Aaraaf" in the collection of historical books sold in a Philadelphia auction room a few days ago. The volume was finally sold for \$1200 on an order of Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York. This was an unusually high price for this book, the highest price ever having been paid for a circulation volume before being \$700. A presentation copy of the same work was sold in New York last week for \$3900. The book contains "Al Aaraaf," "Tamerlane," and a number of minor poems, and was published in Baltimore in 1829 by Hatch & Dunning. It is still in its original binding.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn's new book, "Elizabeth's Visits in America," is announced for May by her English publishers.

Former President Loubet, in an article in a newly founded French review, pleads for peace and solidarity among nations. That it

exists, he says, was shown by the universal outburst of sympathy with Italy after the earthquake. He asks: "How can nations, after being so prompt to aid one another, make ready to kill one another?" The main interest in the article is in the signature, as it is the first time the ex-president has written anything for publication. He says he will continue to do so, having broken his habit of not writing because of his friendship for the conductor of the magazine. Heretofore M. Loubet has refused the most tempting offers from publishers. An American magazine which is printed for the youth of the country offered him \$300 for a short article on a harmless subject such as French country boys' chances for rising in the world. The former President declined this offer, although it was made through a French senator who is one of his oldest friends.

Sir Henry Irving's Son.

Laurence Irving is now playing in Boston in a one-act piece entitled "Gringoire." On his first appearance the audience gave him a friendly recognition and he made a little speech in response which proves his possession of a most commendable spirit. He said: "I am sorry to see that, by an oversight, for which no one is to blame, I have been placarded on your walls as 'the son of Sir Henry Irving.' This is a fact of which I am so very proud that I do not care to handish it before the public eye. And I know that my father's many close personal friends in America, as well as his many admirers among the public, could only think poorly of a son who allowed his father's name, made famous through many trials, disappointments, and rebuffs, to be used as a box-office appendage to himself. If I have inherited none of my father's genius, I like to think I have at least inherited some of his sense of personal dignity, and because such a quality is not common in these days, nor in my walk of life, I think it is all the more to be clung to. Methods of advertisement that would have been repellent to my father when he was alive shall always be equally repellent to me now that he is no more."

Chopin and the Piano.

Constantin von Sternburg, a musician and scholar of Philadelphia, recently said in a lecture, which he illustrated with selections from Chopin's works, that before the time of that composer the piano was the Cinderella among solo instruments, used and esteemed solely for its great utility, but never suspected to possess a poetic beauty of its own. Bach and Beethoven's works (to mention only these two giants) make little or no use of that material charm that lies in the tone quality of the piano; when they are not abstractly musical, their works suggest at every turn the orchestra and admit easily of being orchestrated, while Chopin's music defies all such attempts, except in the few cases where he purposely imitated the brass band, as in the "Funeral March" and the "Polonaise Militaire." Chopin's art is wedded to that Cinderella to which he was the prince that was not deceived by its humbleness, but made it the peer—if, indeed, not the superior—of all solo instruments. And in discovering its poetic possibilities and exploring its resources he has widened its technique to an extent never known before and never surpassed since.



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## DOWNFALL OF YUAN SHIH KAI.

China's Great Statesman Retires in Disgrace—A Page of Secret History.

With the single exception of Li Hung Chang, no modern Chinese statesman has succeeded in attracting the attention of Western nations as Yuan Shih Kai has done. His name is familiar to thousands who would not recognize the official style of China's emperor and who consider the patronymics of imperial princes and viceroys too unpronounceable to worry about. His anti-opium reforms are famous; his powerful will is proverbial because most of our writers and journalists have done something to advertise the man who, measured by any standards, is undeniably great. "A man of steel among men of straw" one correspondent calls him, and another, "The Cardinal Wolsey of China."

Yet suddenly, by a stroke of the prince regent's vermilion pencil, he has been banished from the centre of the activities he so long and so ably directed. One unexpected shuffle of the greasy pack of cards used in the game of Chinese politics and he retires. The edict states that he goes of his own free will and choice; illness is responsible. But the edict deceives no one. There is a story behind it—a very dramatic story, which, now that the fallen statesman has retired to grow cabbages on his estate in Honan, is beginning to filter very slowly and cautiously through official circles.

That Yuan Shih Kai's relations with the late Emperor Kwang Hsu were not of the best is ancient history. Yuan had the temerity to disobey his imperial master when the latter arranged a *coup d'état* to imprison the powerful Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi in 1898. Whether he was wise in doing so, whether he only turned from what his clear brain saw was a hopeless enterprise, is immaterial at the present moment; the important point in connection with the affair is that the sovereign never forgave his servant. The idea of revenge was, it seems, constantly in his mind, and he took the very first possible opportunity to carry it out. During the Empress Dowager's last illness—while the emperor himself was slowly dying—a eunuch one day ran into his bed-chamber crying, "The august ancestress is dead." Thereupon Kuang Hsu roused himself, called for pen and paper, and wrote out an edict ordering the immediate decapitation of Yuan Shih Kai. But before the ink was dry a second eunuch brought news that the Empress Dowager had only fainted. The paper, however, was not destroyed; it passed from hand to hand, as no one was anxious to be found in possession of it. Finally some bold spirit took it to the Empress Dowager, who, while she dared not destroy the last command of a dying emperor, worked herself up into such a fit of rage over the decree against her favorite that she hastened her own death.

So the poor, weak, insignificant Kwang Hsu, whom she had always despised and trampled upon, got his own way in the end. He was dangerous simply because he cared only for one thing, and when he was too weak for speech he traced feeble circles in the air (the character for Yuan's name in Chinese is also the character for circle) to remind those about him of his last wishes. They say also, the people who should know, that several chests full of papers denouncing Yuan Shih Kai, papers all written by the late emperor's own hand, were found by his brother, the prince regent, in the palace. Under these circumstances, what more natural than that he should feel bound to carry on the feud to the end.

Chinese etiquette, however, required that no changes should be made in the government during the first fifty-one days of mourning, and during all this time Prince Chun gave no hint of his plans. Every one believed that Yuan Shih Kai was as powerful as ever. He acted as one of the chief mourners when officials and diplomats came to pay their respect to the dead emperor; he occupied his usual place in the grand council, and it is certain that he himself had no inkling of what was in store for him.

On the fifty-second day after the deaths the grand council met as usual and a heated discussion took place. The prince regent appears to have laid upon the table an edict for the pardon of the reformer Kang Yu Wei, a great friend of the late emperor and one of the men concerned in the 1898 affair. Yuan rather curtly refused to sign. He was never noted for suavity and on this occasion his language might have been more carefully chosen. In order to prevent further disagreement, Prince Ching—wily old statesman that he is—pleaded a sudden indisposition and the meeting adjourned. But even then Yuan Shih Kai did not guess the regent's intention. He went as usual to the council chamber next morning—and found the doors closed against him; when, surprised and indignant, he asked the meaning of this, he was handed an edict removing him from office on the score of ill health, and, strong man that he is (even his enemies admit his courage), he fell back in a faint.

That he did not lose his head as well as his position, Yuan Shih Kai owes to the fortuitous powers, who have always believed in him, and who would—at least the regent feared

they would—raise serious objections if there was foul play.

It is rather curious that Yuan Shih Kai and his predecessor, Li Hung Chang, should be the exact opposites of each other. Li was a gentleman by birth; Yuan was comparatively humble; Li was a scholar; Yuan was almost ignorant of the classics, though the story that he could neither read nor write is quite untrue; Li was rich; Yuan was poor; Li was the courtier, the flatterer, the intriguer; Yuan was practical, blunt, straightforward—often unnecessarily so, but he seems to have been incapable of a conciliatory policy. His methods, though just, were often brutal, and he never tolerated the least insubordination. For instance, when a battery of artillery mutinied at the maneuvers which were going on at the time of the Empress Dowager's death, he ordered every man of them decapitated, saying with a grim smile, "I can think of no better way to prevent their doing it again."

Much the same treatment applied to deserters from the army kept his regiments up to strength. "The first time any of my soldiers run away from the ranks," he said in his address to the new troops which had just been raised, "I will forgive them; I will even take them back. The next time they run away, I will bring them back—and shoot them. Therefore remember this and know that the empire is not large enough to hide you if you disobey a second time."

A man of such calibre was bound to have enemies. Several attempts were made on his life and he was obliged to be continually on his guard. Apropos of his watchfulness, a good story is told of the way he received a certain small official whose loyalty he had reason to doubt. The man was announced. "What clothes is he wearing?" was Yuan Shih Kai's first question. The usual official dress, he was told—the long full robe, and the high velvet boots. "Tell him," said Yuan, "that I am at work in my ordinary clothes." The message was delivered and the man was obliged to take off his long gown, for in China it would be a gross insult for an inferior to appear in the presence of his superior more ceremoniously dressed than the latter. The servant returned. "Well, what has he got

on now?" "His short jacket, waistcoat, baggy over-trousers, and small shoes, your excellency," was the answer. "Go back and tell him," said Yuan again, "that I am suffering from the heat, that I wear slippers with no heels, a thin silk underjacket, no waistcoat, and ordinary tight trousers." (Of course, he did not mean tight in the Western sense, but comparatively tight—that is, too tight to allow of folds in which a knife might be concealed.) The visitor was therefore required to peel down to those two garments and to listen with a pleasant smile to Yuan's remarks about the comfort of a scanty and informal costume—though knowing full well all the while that he was an object of suspicion.

Yuan's bitterest enemies, however, were not his own people, but the Japanese. Long ago, when he was beginning his career as Chinese resident general in Korea, he first learned to know them as no white man ever can. He looked on behind the scenes at many an ugly drama played in Seoul, and what he saw there made him begin the vigorous anti-Japanese policy which helped to bring on the 1894 war, which ended in such humiliation for China. Since that time he had bent all his energies to building up a new army that, had he remained to complete his schemes, would have numbered, including first and second reserves, 1,200,000 men. He believed that war must come again between two nations whose rivalry is growing more and more bitter, and, given until 1923, he hoped to have modern troops who could wipe out the old disgrace.

Ambitious Yuan Shih Kai certainly was—but patriotic also; and in losing him China loses a statesman as nearly disinterested as it is possible for an Oriental to be. There is a remote chance, of course, that he may return to power, but it seems hardly likely that he will outlive the present regent and his régime. The Yuan family are notoriously short-lived, and Yuan Shih Kai, with his squat, burly figure, his bull neck, and his unusually full-blooded appearance, is already threatened with the apoplexy which has carried off several of his energetic forbears.

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, February 20, 1909.

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LILLIAN RUSSELL'S SECRET.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Lillian Russell has now reached the point of being regarded as one of the wonders of the age. It must be a curious sensation for a living being to feel herself such; to know that she is closely, keenly, enviously, and wonderingly scrutinized by all the women who have the privilege of gazing upon her, and who are all saying in chorus, "Isn't it wonderful? How does she do it? Nobody ever did it before? Her looks are perennial, and unfading. Would that we"—so say the middle-aged ones—"could follow in her footsteps! Would that she would tell us the secret!"

Now, the truth of the matter is that Miss Russell is always telling the secret: Work without worry, exercise, and diet. The traffic between her and her beauty doctor she probably keeps to herself. But nor beauty doctors nor dietaries can stay the hand of time from many, many women. Yea, though they walk on their heads, and crawl on their hands and knees while exercising, though they ahjure sweets, though they cast all their substance into the willing lap of their beauty doctor, still will their skin furrow and their hair blanch. So we must wander back to first principles and believe that no matter how much art has aided nature, the secret, in Miss Russell's case, and in all such cases, lies in temperament, contour, and skin.

Miss Russell once had a beautiful figure, and, well-padded though she is with numerous convolutions of pearl white flesh, the unangular and symmetrical framework is still there. The skin is naturally of a beautiful tint. No amount of make-up can coax into being that pearly whiteness upon the surface of a swarthy or muddy skin. The hair is bleached into the likeness of Portia's golden fleece, and no man shall say how much of those marvelously disposed puffs are rootless. The Russell cheeks take to the encarnadined tint bestowed by paint so naturally that one almost prefers that somewhat over-emphasized bloom to the rose that is kissed into being by the ardent sun. And, by the way, how beautifully it tones in with the shaded rose of that wondrous automobile veil she wears in the first act!

Then, there is a further detail. Lillian Russell is of the doll type of beauty; and however much we may damn that style that indicates lack of mental force, yet, when hacked by an unwrinkling skin and unthickening contours, it has its immense value in standing time at bay.

So Lillian Russell is still, in her own type and style, a beautiful woman, although her radiance is a little dimmed since her last visit. She looks, to the discriminating eye, fat, fair, and forty, now, while then she could pass for a lady in her early thirties. I have a dark suspicion that the thick band of blackening around her eyes could tell guilty secrets, and, besides, she is so much a mistress of make-up that she knows how to emphasize the doll-like suggestion of her features by frizzing and fluffing her hair, laying rose-tints on in the right degree and place, and shaping the artificial bloom on her lips to the likeness of a young rosebud.

About the play: Well, it is partly by George Broadhurst, who wrote in collaboration with George V. Hahart, so, as was shown in Mr. Broadhurst's "Man of the Hour," there was a mine of picturesque, up-to-date slang to call on, richly to diversify the humor of the play.

Mr. Broadhurst has a talent for setting into plays living, breathing man-types sketched freshly and vividly, and with a keen sense of humorous values, from the life of the immediate present. Of such are Duffy, the hook-maker, Matt Donovan the trainer, Raster the jockey, and Bud the stable boy. All four characters were represented with fidelity, those in particular of Donovan and Bud making one feel that the author has often gone to the racetrack with eyes and lead pencil sharpened to observe, to note impressions, and to set down the argot of the horsey man as it fell, warm with his breath, from his lips.

Frank Sheridan as Donovan the trainer was so real that it was impossible to think of him as acting, and when he left the stage, to our responsive imaginations he was always and only in the racing stables.

And Bud, the stable boy, little hundle of horse-lore, hoy-nature, and slang—Bud at first seemed a small, roly-poly wonder. He was a good deal of a problem at first, but as the play went on the solution gradually

developed itself. In the early stages of Budism I thought he was just plain hoy; then, noting his shrewd little mug which had something unhoyish in it, I suddenly decided that he was a she—a bright girl perhaps. Then, observing a something which suggested grown-upness about that puzzling, knowing little countenance, I concluded that Bud was acted by a clever, under-sized woman. And, all of a sudden, in the last act, when Bud comes in resplendent in a clean striped shirt, a whole store-suit, and a chivalrous manner toward the fascinating widow, it suddenly dawned upon me that he was a man; a man in miniature but a real, grown-up man. And a mighty good actor-man, too.

Bud became such an immense favorite that he almost cast the lovely Lillian into the shade; but that lady, with the tact that has helped, with other things, to keep her a foot-light favorite gave the little man his post of preeminence in the right place, and encouraged the audience to unload itself of its weight of enthusiasm.

Besides Messrs. Sheridan, Archie, Roberts, and Truex, who acted the four rôles already particularized, there were other actors who gave realistic and clever portrayures. The two woovers, the English chappy—described scornfully by Donovan as "ten cents' worth of God help us"—the old reformer, and even the negro valet, all were presented with that mingling of clever burlesque and reality which gave to the light texture of the gossamer play the semblance of something better than it is.

For the story part of "Wildfire" is no great shakes, and the vitality that the piece has been found to possess is principally due to the graphic quality in Mr. Broadhurst's—probably—types from the racing track and the stables.

Lillian Russell plays the part of a hewitching widow, owner of the racing stables, of Wildfire, and of the hearts of all the eligibles but one in the cast. Miss Russell has so long been a brilliant planet in the histrionic firmament, has been so firmly entrenched in the favor of New York, has been so admired, and acclaimed, and wondered over, and marveled at, that she has the calm, absolute poise of a conqueror of both men and women. She has more—she has a sense of humor, and a fetching little way of indicating it. She can fence cleverly in a scene with a wooer, and can even infuse an eloquent warmth, more than a suspicion of feeling into certain scenes; as witness her very charmingly delivered instructions to the jockey concerning the management of Wildfire during the race.

I can not say that I admired Miss Russell's dresses. They seemed altogether too slinky about her heels. Somehow the massiveness of her torso, which we surmised was cained, cribbed, and confined in restraining wrappings, was inharmoniously in contrast with the too pronounced tapering of her petticoats, or, rather, petticoatless skirt.

There were three other women parts, besides that of Miss Russell, in Wildfire. But they didn't count, as only those close to the stage had the remotest idea what those three unintelligible ladies were talking about. Just imagine the feelings of a foreigner with a limited knowledge of English listening to the three. What a relief it was when Frank Sheridan came in, and we luxuriated in the satisfaction of hearing some one utter in articulate accents the language of our "own United States."

Miss Russell, by the way, has kept her speaking voice, as well as her good looks. She is a personality, is Lillian, in spite of her doll face. No mistake. There was time when she could do nothing but sing and look beautiful. But both in "Butterflies" and "Wildfire" she carries off well scenes that require a little easy touch of comedy, a quick turn in expression, a significant gesture, a certain grace in repartee. All superficial, of course, but the thing is done, and done well. Yes, this middle-aged New York pet is distinctly a personality. She has made a success of her working life.

The United States is regarded by many Continental writers solely as a land of dollars, of prose, and of plain, cold fact. As a matter of fact, however, it is the land of potential romance because of the heterogeneous mixture of races, and the consequent intermarriages with their trail of curious problems and reversions to atavistic types. Our fictional literature, especially that of our short stories, is now beginning to show forth the complexities, the puzzles, and the problems that arise from our curious, almost unique cosmopolitanism. Even the Hindoo, that unmixable Asiatic element, has finally come from his romantic isolation to our shores, and it will not be long before his presence will be the means of starting upon their travels strange and incomprehensible tales concerning the occult.

And the American Indian, for so long confined to the pages of novels because of his savage inadaptability to ordinary dramatic usages, has at last, and on more occasions than one, made his debut before the footlights.

"A Modern Pocahontas," which is on at the Orpheum this week, shows by its title the trend of the story. Miss Emma Rainey, who acts the Indian heroine, is a rather handsome girl of the Indian type, and is con-

sistently Indian in her abstinence from heroics and redundancy of gesture, showing her emotion principally by means of attitudes and the plaintiveness of her voice.

The most striking figure in the little play is Mr. Seaton's Wa-pe-toh, the war chief of the Cheyennes. Mr. Seaton does some very good and dignified pantomimic acting, and the stolid group who impersonate Wa-pe-toh's scout, medicine man, and warriors, give the last touch of reality by wearing their own skins, instead of those of the heasts of the forest. It is really surprising to discover with what dignity a self-respecting man can step around clad only, save for the necessary covering imposed by modesty, in his own cuticle; it is also curious to observe how much more wholesome and tolerable to view is the embrowned and freely exercised body of an Indian than is the spectacle of some self-complacent son of the city kerf, clad scantily in an inefficient hatching suit, with his pallid shanks and hump-jointed arms thrown in offensive relief against the sea-scape.

Although it was not far down on the hill, I found "A Modern Pocahontas" much the most novel and interest-compelling of the numbers offered for our delectation, because the little play offered to view an incident founded not only on fact, but on realities of usage and custom among the Indians.

For the same reason the exhibition given by the Japanese athletes, equilibrists, and jugglers of the Kitabanzai troupe has the virtue of novelty, quite aside from the interest felt in the remarkably daring and skillful feats of these Asiatic jugglers. Dextrous, graceful, and wonderfully certain in their effects, these clever performers add a further quality of aestheticism by the beauty of their gorgeous costumes, and the immensely striking background formed by an embroidered effigy of the American fleet which is pictorially ranged in a huge half circle, with all the ships dressed in gala attire.

Shakespeare's Lectures.

Manager Greenbaum announces that he will now receive mail orders for the two lectures to be given at Christian Science Hall by William Shakespeare, the famous singing-master, conductor, and composer, of London, who is considered an authority on the voice and its training throughout the world. The first lecture will be given Saturday afternoon, April 3, on "The Art of Singing"; the second on Monday evening, April 5, the subject being "Singing Historically Considered," and illustrated with excerpts showing the styles of the great composers of song.

These events will be equally interesting to student, teacher, and lover of song. Mr. Shakespeare is a brilliant and entertaining speaker, a thorough practical and theoretical musician, and has been responsible for the career of some of the world's greatest artists. David Bispham is a shining example of the Shakespeare training.

Prices will be \$1 and \$1.50, and the instruction should be worth many times that amount.

The Second Bispham Concert.

The second concert of David Bispham, the great American baritone, will be given Sunday afternoon, March 21, at Christian Science Hall, when a magnificent programme of works by Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, and others, will be given, besides a charming group of old English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch numbers.

Complete programmes may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where seats will be on sale until five o'clock Saturday. On Sunday the box office will open at the hall at 10 a. m.

Harold Crane, with the Princess Theatre company here last year, is now with the company playing "The Golden Girl," a new musical comedy that was recently produced in Milwaukee.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Kate Trimble Woolsey is a good American. Her ancestors helped to fight against an effete monarchy, and when she remembers what women did for the establishment of the republic and the way the republic has requited them, she feels almost inclined to "call back yesterday, bid time return."

So at least she said in her speech to the William Lloyd Garrison Equal Rights Association in New York. She openly yearned for a monarchy in America, not that she believed the monarchical to be less of a failure than other forms of government, but because it was only under a monarchy that full justice was done to the social and partial justice to the political claims of women. There was a time when America recognized the rights of the more beautiful section of her people, but it was in colonial and not in republican days. Did not Margaret Brent, a cousin of Lord Baltimore, refuse to pay taxes unless allowed to sit in the Colonial Assembly? Did not Mrs. John Adams warn her husband during the Continental Congress that unless the Constitution should provide for the political rights of women a time would come when the said women would arise in red revolt against the government? And has not the time come? Mrs. Kate Trimble Woolsey says that it has, and we can almost imagine that dauntless woman perishing for her faith behind a barricade in the streets of New York.

But it is chiefly the social neglect of women by an ungrateful republic that arouses Mrs. Woolsey's ire. Compare, for example, a presidential reception with a drawing-room presided over by the late Queen Victoria. There were no women at the side of the President in the grand procession, nor did they figure at the taking of the oath. At the reception the President is "the whole thing," for while the President is permitted to have a wife, the country is not allowed to have a presidentess. There were plenty of titled men at the ceremony, but there were no titled women. But now cross the Atlantic and behold the difference a few years ago. There we might have seen the ambassadors of all the great world powers paying chivalrous homage to a woman, and behind that woman were princesses, and duchesses, and countesses, and maids of honor as thick as flies in a grocer's window. "Ah," says Mrs. Woolsey, "this is a government of men, for men, by men, to the total exclusion of all my sex. It is an aristocracy." And to this we may cringingly reply that we supposed it was an aristocracy that Mrs. Woolsey wanted. "You may say that it is not fair," continued Mrs. Woolsey, "to contrast the women of aristocratic position with those of my own country: that I might better contrast the women of the middle classes with the women of the republic. If you will do so you will find that while under the British flag over 5,000,000 women have as complete municipal suffrage as have the men, in the United States less than 250,000 have as complete municipal suffrage as the men; that while in the British empire over 1,500,000 women have complete suffrage, in this republic less than 100,000 may cast a full ballot."

What was a republic, after all, but a sexocracy? In the republic of Greece the status of woman as wife and daughter was lower than that of the male slave, while it wasn't until Rome became an empire that women had any show at all. Women in the South American republics occupy a lower political, legal, and civic position than in Turkey, Japan, and other countries of the Orient.

Of course, this is all very well, and we can hardly wonder that the applause was loud and sustained, but a certain interest is aroused by the question of a woman on the front bench who asked, "But what are we going to do about it if they won't let us exercise the right?" Mrs. Woolsey did not reply to that silly question, but there were murmurs from the dispersing audience, "Vote by force," "Fight for it," and "Show them that we won't be deprived of our rights." The situation is evidently a threatening and a critical one.

Just now the Dutch nation is greatly interested in the subject of artillery. Not that the Dutch nation is intending to go to war—far from it. If the great guns are heard at all at The Hague within the next few weeks—and no one knows better than Queen Wilhelmina that there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip—they will signalize birth and not death, rejoicing and not desolation. If those guns are heard at all we may be sure that they will be counted by thousands of loyal people, and if there is silence after the fifty-first shot those thousands of people will say, "It's only a girl," but the fifty-first report and on to the hundred and first will be the signal to Holland that a prince has been born and that a male heir to the throne has arrived, after eight years of waiting and disappointment.

There will be no gifts from private persons. Those who wish to show their generosity may contribute all they please to a central fund which will be devoted to charity, but which will rank as a gift to the royal family. Cities and districts will be allowed to make collective presents of small intrinsic value, such as hand-made baby garments, but there must be nothing lavish nor any display of wealth. If we have a pleasant custom in Holland.

If the advent of a girl is desired they line the cradle with pink and decorate it with pink ribbons, but if a boy is hoped for they use blue. When the queen's expectations were officially made known she was asked delicately what color should be used, and her majesty, with a fine diplomacy, selected yellow, or old gold.

Most of the baby linen has been in stock for such a pitifully long time. It is just as good as ever, although it is marked here and there with tear stains. Let us hope that the guns will surely be heard in the course of a few weeks and that there will be the right number of them.

Attention has already been drawn to the revolt against music that is now making headway in New York. The earlier protests were directed against music in restaurants, but not, of course, because it was music, but because it was in a restaurant and therefore out of place. Now comes an extension of the complaint, and the hostesses of New York are implored to have pity upon their guests and to keep the fatal word "music" from their invitation cards.

The New York Sun voices the trouble. We are told that the music has been so overdone that it is only when the invitation comes from a hostess who must not be offended or who is too beautiful to be ignored that the word "music" does not cause dismay:

"I shall never forget a party I went to last week," said one of the younger set who does not relish serious entertainments. "I spoke to the hostess, who stood at the head of the drawing-room, and then saw that the chairs had all been arranged as if we were in a theatre, the seats in rows.

"I took a place after a few words with the hostess and found myself seated next to persons I did not know. Soon the seats about me were filled up, and I was just as much away from my friends as if I had been at a theatre.

"To my horror I saw enter the orchestra from an opera house which had been giving a concert that evening. I had been there for about two hours in a box with some friends, who dropped me at my hostess's house after the concert. Here I was to listen to it all over again.

"The uproar of the band in a drawing-room was something deafening. For two hours or more those men played, with the interruption of occasional performances on the cello by an old man with white hair, who must have played at least a dozen numbers. It was so appalling that I escaped as soon as the first number was over.

"Do you wonder why New York people are beginning to look askance at anything that invites you to listen to music? Anybody could have heard such a concert under much more favorable circumstances in an opera house for a very moderate price. Why import it to a salon and deafen the listeners?"

Lately there has been a certain rage for engaging famous singers for evening parties. It is, of course, a part of the modern vulgarity which estimates the value of everything by the cash price paid for it. A prima donna who is known to receive \$2000 or \$3000 for her presence at a party is supposed to give a certain lustre not because of the quality of her

singing, but because of the price paid for it. Sometimes we have the entire orchestra from an opera house, and in that case some of the guests have to listen to the complete performance for the second time in the same day.

The musicians themselves are not enthusiastic for these engagements. They do not usually belong to the impoverished class, and while they are just as ready to earn money as any one else, the strain upon them is very great. One of them is represented in the New York Sun as saying:

"I think I ought to charge twice as much for my services at a musicale," said an accompanist who follows many of the opera singers on their well-paid progress through the drawing-rooms of the wealthy, "for I have at least twice as much work to do. I always have to play the preludes over two or three times in order to stop the conversation and I never have the glory of having my finales listened to since the talk begins the minute the singing ceases. An accompanist ought to be paid just as much in excess of his regular fee as the singers are."

The essence of hospitality is to give the guest what will be most acceptable to him and not merely to pass him through a sort of social machine. Music is one of those luxuries that should be left entirely to personal inclination as to time and subject. The best music in the world is always at the service of any one who has the price of an opera ticket in his pocket, and its presence either at restaurants or at parties should be kept within the strictest limitations.

*Police Captain*—You say that an automobile containing several persons sped along the street and struck down an old man? *New Officer*—Yis, sor. *Police Captain*—And that after chasing this auto for several blocks you finally succeeded in getting the number? *New Officer*—Yis, sor. *Police Captain*—Good! What was the number? *New Officer*—There wor just foive persons in th' car, sor!—*The Circle*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. Nurich was in the jewelry store. "Here are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in," said the clerk, placing a tray for her inspection. "Oh, aint those lovely!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of those! Our cook makes such lovely souvenir!"

Others may have said the same thing, but this rather unsympathetic comment is attributed to the late Judge Hoar: "Are you going to attend the funeral of General Butler?" a friend asked him. "No," was the calm reply. "No, I am not going to attend—but I heartily approve of it."

When Bonaparte Blubell announced his engagement to Lily Doe everybody in the blacksmith's shop congratulated him on winning such a hard-working and forehanded mate. But Erastus Coke remarked: "Peared lak you wouldn't never speak up, Bonaparte. It's going on six months sence you hegun to fiddle roun' Lily." "Dat's so," Bonaparte frankly admitted, "hut I didn't lose mah joh till las' night."

It was her first ball game. She lived in Pittsburg, too. Yet there she sat in the crowded grand stand, gazing out at her home team battling against the Chicago Cubs for the pennant. "Harry," she inquired, during a lull in the excitement, "which is the great Wagner?" Her escort gallantly pointed out the famous Pittsburg shortstop. "My!" exclaimed she, after scanning Honus's bow-legged figure awhile, "who'd ever think that man could write operas!"

During one of the banquets of the Church Congress in London, a certain bishop had as his left-hand companion a clergyman who was completely bald. During dessert the bald-headed vicar dropped his napkin and stooped to pick it up. At this moment the bishop, who was talking to his right-hand neighbor, felt a slight touch on his left arm. He turned, and, beholding the vicar's pate on a level with his elbow, said: "No, thank you, no melon. I will take some pineapple!"

Once when Moltke heard himself compared to Caesar, Turenne, Marlborough, Wellington, and others, he remarked: "No, I have no right to rank with such great captains, for I have never commanded a retreat"—which at the same time conveyed a subtle compliment to himself. Bismarck was equally subtle when he was asked whom he thought to have been the ablest plenipotentiary at the Congress of Berlin. "I don't know about the ablest," he replied with a grim smile, "hut the next ablest was certainly Lord Beaconsfield."

During the encampment of several regiments of British soldiers in a certain district the wood and turf used for cooking purposes were carted by the neighboring farmers. One day a donkey-cart full of turf was brought in, the driver being a country lad. As a regimental hand was playing, he stood in front of the donkey and held the animal tightly by the head. Some of the "smart ones" gathered round, highly pleased, and the wit of the party asked why he "held his brother so tightly." The reply was crushing: "I'm afraid he might enlist."

Minnie Maddern Fiske, whose knowledge of the New York slums is profound, condemned at a recent dinner the sterile work of a certain charity society. "In fact," said the noted actress, "this society reminds me very forcibly of a Cincinnati tramp. This tramp, ragged and forlorn, stood up one cold morning in the police court dock, and the magistrate, frowning at him, said: 'Profession?' 'Inventor,' was the reply, in a hoarse voice. 'What have you invented?' asked the magistrate. 'Nothing,' said the prisoner, still more hoarsely, 'but I'm trying to.'"

Horace Bixey, the doyen of Mississippi pilots, is still at the wheel at eighty-two, and tells this story as a temperance argument: "Once, I remember, a passenger of ours fell overboard. We fished him out with a hoat-hook after he had been soaking on the bottom half an hour or so. We laid him limp and soppy on the deck, and a steward ran for the whisky bottle. As I pried the man's mouth open to pour some whisky down his throat, his lips moved. A kind of murmur came from them. I put my ear down close to listen, and I heard the half-drowned wretch say: 'Roll me on a bar'l fust to git some o' this water out. It'll weaken the licker.'"

Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court was on a circuit in West Virginia some years ago, when there was tried before him a case in which principal counsel was a lawyer whose head was quite devoid of hair, says the New York World. The day was cold and damp, and the room in which the sitting was had been badly heated. It was not long after counsel had begun his argument that he said:

"Your honor, I must pause long enough to request that the window opposite be closed more tightly. I feel the draft on my head." "The court sympathizes with you," solemnly assented Mr. Harlan. "The court has the same kind of a head."

An enlisted man at the post at Fort Leavenworth was not long ago ordered to the range for the first time for target drill. Out of twenty-one chances the newcomer made never a hit. "Oh, you duh!" exclaimed an officer standing near. "You've missed the target every time! What's the matter?" "Well, sir," answered the recruit, nonchalantly, "the only reason I can think of at present is that the person who set up my target hasn't placed it in a straight line from here."

At the head of the mall and at the foot of Capitol Hill one of the handsomest and most costly monuments in Washington is being erected in memory of President U. S. Grant. The work covers a comparatively large piece of ground, and is progressing rapidly. At either corner of the base of the big monument there will be a mammoth brass lion. These were in place last week, and their presence attracted the attention of Congressman Humphries as the car carrying Mr. Sherman and others turned slowly around the curve. "Fine lions," said Mr. Humphries, "and very appropriate, too. The people will think they are captured by President Roosevelt." "Too small, too small for that," was Mr. Sherman's comment.

Sir Charles Wyndham (speaking at a dinner) told of a young man he once heard of who was paying attention to a lady to the great disgust of her father, who remonstrated very kindly with him. The father said, "If I see you in this house again I shall kick you out." The young man came back the very next day. "I told you what would happen," said the father, and it did happen. The young man did not appear for about five weeks, and then one day the father saw him coming toward the house, and immediately went and opened the front door. "Haven't you had enough?" said the old man. "Have you come again to see my daughter?" "No, no," replied the other. "I have come on behalf of the president of our football club."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Perhaps a Rumor.

A tenderfoot went out to Yuma,  
And there he encountered a puma,  
And later they found  
Just a spot on the ground—  
And a puma in very good humar!  
—Douglas (Ariz.) Despatch.

The Paragon.

She's as dear and as dainty a darling  
As ever delighted the view;  
Her hair is a glorious golden,  
Her eyes the most beautiful blue.  
  
Her features are simply perfection,  
Her skin is like peaches and cream,  
She's so pretty and witty and winsome,  
The slangsters would duh her "a dream."  
  
Her voice is the voice of an angel;  
She can play the piano, and cook;  
She lacks only one thing—existence—  
This girl that I found in a hook.  
—Boston Transcript.

The Straight and Narrow.

Lady, with your soup-howl hat,  
Near-Directoire gown and make-up,  
With your curves all to the flat,  
Quite in line with fashion's shake-up,  
With your long plumes all a-wave  
When you gaily trip the pave  
As on toward the shops you hike it,  
Do you like it?

When reform has done its work—  
E'en though hubby much has scolded—  
And with many a strain and jerk  
You into new shape are moulded,  
Do you wholly feel at ease  
In your efforts thus to please?  
Smiles that match your costume rakish—  
Are they fakish?

And when you have closed your tour  
Of the down-town streets for shopping,  
And you're home again, are your  
Inclinations to be stopping  
Long before you want to take  
'Em all off for comfort's sake,  
And put on, though not so dapper,  
Just a wrapper? —Brooklyn Life.

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Cashier Asst. Cashier Asst. Cashier

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Southern California has claimed many leading society folk of the city within the past fortnight, and polo week at Coronado has proved indeed delightful. Several engagements of interest have been announced and more are to be told in the very near future, it is said. There are rumors of Mi-Careme festivities, but no definite arrangements have been made or invitations sent out. The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Newhall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, to Mr. Athole McBean. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mae Gibson, daughter of Mrs. F. H. Gibson of San Rafael, to Mr. Robert Foster.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Josephine Deming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Deming of Santa Cruz, to Dr. Gardner Perry Pond. Their wedding will be an event of the spring.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Amweg and Mr. Walter A. Scott will take place on Monday, April 12, at Trinity Episcopal Church. The matron of honor will be Mrs. Clarence Reed and the bridesmaids Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Marian Lally, Miss Elizabeth Fitzgibbon, and Miss Elyse Schultz. Mr. Edward Gunn will be best man and the ushers are to be Mr. George Gunn, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. James Cameron and Mr. Grantland Voorhies.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Russell to Paymaster Eugene Hale Douglas, U. S. N., will take place on May 12 at St. John's Church, Oakland. Mrs. J. Vincent de Laveaga will entertain at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Thursday next.

Miss Hannah Du Bois will entertain at a tea tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at her apartments at the Hillcrest.

Dr. Tracy Russell was the host at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week followed by a theatre party. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Mary Keeney, and Mr. Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. James A. Robinson was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home on Scott Street.

Miss Margaret Stow was the hostess at an informal bridge party and tea on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Edward Barron was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont in honor of her young girl friends. Among those who were present were Miss Lucy Coleman, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Augusta Foutte, Miss Elizabeth Simpson, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Jean Gallois, Miss Janet Coleman, and Miss Lydia Hopkins.

Judge and Mrs. Joseph Campbell, who have apartments at the Fairmont, entertained at dinner on Tuesday for a dozen guests.

Miss Jennie Crocker presided at a luncheon given in the St. Francis a few days ago to a number of her friends.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Florence Breckinridge will leave on April 5 for New York, and after a brief stay there will sail for Europe to spend the summer.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Martha Calhoun left last week for New York. They will spend the Easter holidays in Charleston, South Carolina, and will return here late in April.

Mr. A. Chesebrough, Miss Edith Chesebrough, and Miss Helen Chesebrough will spend the summer in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt will leave early in April for New York, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle, and Miss Hess Pringle will leave within a fortnight for Charleston, South Carolina, for a visit to relatives, going later to New York and then to Canada for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark are spending a fortnight at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Templeton Crocker, and Mr. Prescott Scott have gone to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt spent the weekend at Menlo Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Miss Katrina Page Brown, and Miss Mary Keeney left on Sunday last for Coronado. Yesterday (Friday) they,

with Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin, who were also at Coronado, left for the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mrs. Louis F. Montague expects to leave on April 12 for New York, sailing thence almost immediately for Europe, where she will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson have been spending a few days at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker will leave next month for several months' travel in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard have returned from the East and are at their country place at San Mateo.

Vicomte and Vicomtesse Philippe de Tristan are spending this month at the Parrott ranch in Sonoma County.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low, who have been at the Fairmont for some time past, will spend the summer at the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo.

Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Helen Baker, Mr. Philip Baker, and Mr. Herbert Baker will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have spent the week in Bakersfield as the guests of Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick have returned from a stay of several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Frederick Beaver and Miss Isabel Beaver left on Saturday last for Europe, where they will travel for some months. They will spend a few weeks in New York en route.

Mr. Walter Dillingham arrived this week from Honolulu on the *Siberia*.

Miss Harriett Alexander, who has been sojourning at the Potter in Santa Barbara, has gone to Pasadena as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. P. Scheld.

Miss Genevieve Walker of Philadelphia is the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin at the latter's home on Broadway.

Mr. Clarence Carrigan left this week for a visit to Washington, D. C.

Mr. Wilherforce Williams has gone to San Rafael, where he will spend the summer.

Miss Belle Clements left a few days since for her home in Montgomery, Alabama, after a lengthy visit to her brother-in-law and sister, Captain and Mrs. Sterling Adams, at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and Miss Genevieve King have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton left last week for a trip to Coronado and Santa Barbara.

Miss Isabel Brewer has been in town for several days as the guest of Mrs. C. O. Alexander.

Mrs. Worthington Ames has spent a fortnight at Coronado.

Miss Ethel McAllister has been the guest recently of friends at San Mateo.

Miss Maud O'Connor has returned from a visit to friends in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Chapin of Sacramento arrived in town early this week for a brief stay as guests at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch have opened their country home at Woodside for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, who have spent the winter at the Fairmont, will go to their summer home at Tahbe as soon as the season opens.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Kennedy of His British Majesty's army, a member of the Naval and Military Clubs of London, is occupying apartments in the St. Francis.

Mrs. J. F. Pratt, wife of Captain Pratt of the Geodetic and Coast Survey, U. S. A., and Miss Carolyn Pratt arrived last week from the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* and will be the guests of Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck before returning to their home in Seattle.

Among registrations from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. Charles T. Crocker, Mr. W. P. Scott, Miss Crocker and maid, Mr. Duane Hopkins, Mr. R. M. Tobin, Mr. C. C. Tobin, Mr. George T. Bryant, Mrs. Ellen Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. Mortimer Smith, Miss J. M. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Driscoll, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hobart, Mr. William T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Heller, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Keegan, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Beach, Mr. E. E. Helling, Mrs. Anna Dubois, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Church, Mrs. Lawrence H. Austin.

The new Orpheum, in its old location in O'Farrell Street between Stockton and Powell Streets, will be opened April 19, just three years after the destruction of the famous old theatre in the great fire of 1906.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel George S. Anderson, General Staff, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and report in person to the commanding officer of the Army and Navy General Hospital at that place for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles B. Woodward, U. S. A., inspector-general, Department of California, returned on the transport *Thomas* last week from a tour of inspection of the Hawaiian Islands.

Major William W. Forsyth, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Thomas* last week and is stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco. On or about April 15, Troops I and M, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., under command of Major Forsyth, will leave the Presidio of San Francisco, march to the Yosemite National Park, and establish a camp within its limits for the purpose of protecting these parks from injury and depredation.

Major Henry M. Morrow, judge-advocate, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect upon his being relieved from duty in the Philippines Division.

Captain Cecil Stewart, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., to the Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain Robert J. Fleming, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., to the Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain Arthur L. Fuller, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to sail from San Francisco on April 5 for Manila and to report to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for duty. Upon completion of duty he will return to his proper station at San Francisco.

Captain Charles D. Roberts, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., having reported at Army Headquarters, Department of California, has been assigned to temporary duty at these headquarters, pending the arrival of the Seventh Infantry in this city, when he will stand relieved and proceed with that regiment to the Philippine Islands.

Captain Leonard D. Wildman, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Army Signal School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and will proceed to San Francisco and take the transport to sail from here about August 5 for the Philippines.

Captain William Elliott, U. S. A., has been ordered to assume the office and duties of chief commissary, Department of California, vice Lieutenant-Colonel David L. Brainard, U. S. A.

Captain Lawrence B. Simonds, commissary, U. S. A., who arrived from Manila on the transport *Thomas* last week, is ordered relieved from the commissary department on April 15 and is assigned to the Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A.

## Ossip Gabrilowitsch, "Poet of the Piano."

The last of the great pianists for the present season will be Ossip Gabrilowitsch, friend and compatriot of Josef Lhévinne, and an equally great artist but of quite a different genre. It will be most interesting to hear him so soon after his fellow artist. Both are Russians, both are students from the same influences, but their playing is altogether different.

In addition to his great talent as a pianist, Gabrilowitsch has won renown as a composer, and as an orchestral conductor, as well as a painter, for he has received honorable mention a number of times at the Royal Academy of Art in St. Petersburg for his splendid portraits in oil, and one sketch of Rubinstein took first honors.

Gabrilowitsch will play at Christian Science Hall Friday night, April 2; Sunday afternoon, April 4, and Tuesday night, April 5. On Wednesday afternoon, April 7, he will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland.

He will be the soloist at the big Easter festival concert with an orchestra of fifty artists and a chorus of one hundred and fifty, and on Wednesday night, April 1, with the assistance of Mrs. Ben Lathrop he will furnish the programme for the fifth concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

## Last "Pop" Concert of the Season.

Sunday afternoon, March 28, at Lyric Hall, the last of the Greenbaum "Pop" concerts of the present season will be given, and "An Afternoon with Schubert" will close the most successful series of chamber music concerts ever given in this city.

The programme will include the "Quintette" for two violins, two violoncellos, and viola, in which Mr. Alfred Nielsen, 'cellist, will assist the Lyric Quartet, a group of songs, with Mrs. Celia Decker Cox as the executant accompanied by Miss Lydia Reinsteins, and a "Trio" with Miss Therese Ehrmann, a gifted young local pianist, assisting Messrs. Hoffman and Villalpando.

Seats will be ready next Thursday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the prices are 50 cents and \$1.

## University Charter Day.

The Charter Day exercises of the University of California will be held in the Greek Theatre Tuesday morning, March 23, at half-past ten o'clock. The Charter Day address will be delivered by the Right Honorable James Bryce, D. C. L., LL. D., ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Great Britain to the United States.

The New York appraiser says that we are certainly becoming prosperous. He argues from the importations of precious stones, and certainly there can be no more reliable standard than this. During the month of February the value of the diamonds, pearls, rubies, and other gems entered through the port was \$2,916,710, a gain of \$200,447.

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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

When George Ade's musical comedy, "The Sultan of Sulu," first saw the light, the public were talking about our new possessions in the Philippines a great deal more than now, and they were much more familiar with the serio-comic problems of the situation than at present. But the humor and satire of the piece have not evaporated. One of the reasons, at least so far as the present production at the Princess Theatre is concerned, is the fact that Frank Moulan as the Sultan shows what a qualified and capable comic-opera comedian can do with a part that has real possibilities. There has been in San Francisco for years no more finished, bright, wholesome, and legitimate comedy success than Mr. Moulan makes in this piece. He has played it many times and his touch is deft and sure in every situation. In addition, he has all the requisites for his work—appreciation of its humor, a mobile countenance, sprightliness, and a good voice for speech or song. His Sultan will hear comparison with the best efforts of Stevens, De Wolf Hopper, and James T. Powers.

And the show throughout is worthy of the comedian. May Boley is forceful and funny as the Judge-Advocate. Zoe Barnett is a bewitching Chiquita, and Helen Darling as the colonel's daughter is sympathetic and tuneful. Fred Mark shows his versatility in the part of an Arkansas colonel, and J. F. Stevens as a songful lieutenant is a winning figure. The chorus is handsomely costumed and gives ample reasons for its existence. And Stage Manager Temple has again proved his skill and authority. "The Sultan of Sulu" will run joyfully and profitably at least another week.

In Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Right of Way," there were two characters of impressive personality. It is doubtful if any reader will soon forget "Beauty" Steele and Joe Portugais. Next week at the Van Ness Theatre will be presented Eugene W. Presbrey's dramatization of the story, and Guy Standing and Theodore Roberts, the well-known leading actors, will be seen in the characterizations referred to, which have been moved from the hook to the stage with even added elements of attractiveness. Klaw & Erlanger have surrounded them with a good company, and the play will make a strong appeal to all lovers of the serious drama. The stirring scenes are made actually real. There are five acts and all are full of interest. The play will run one week only, with Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances.

"The Halfbreed," by Oliver Morosco and Harry Cottrell, and first produced in Los Angeles with Mace Greenleaf in the leading rôle, will be produced at the Valencia Theatre next Monday evening. It is a stirring drama of life in the Indian Territory, with individualized characters, and was very successful from its first night when first brought out. Mace Greenleaf will have the part he created, Spawmaw, the halfbreed, whose jealousy and spite are directed toward Ross Kennion, the hero, to be played by Thomas McLarnie. Blanche Stoddard will be the heroine, Evelyn, daughter of Judge Huntington. Charles Dow Clark, Gerald Harcourt, Robert Romans, Beatrice Nichols, and others of the Valencia Theatre Company will have good parts. Grace Thomas will reappear, after an absence of a fortnight. The incidental music by Herr Heller and his orchestra will be a feature of the week.

Violet Black, an ingénue of attractive quality and experience, has first place in the list of newcomers on the Orpheum hill for next week, beginning Sunday afternoon. Miss Black will appear in a little play by Edgar Allen Woolf, entitled "In the Suhway," and she will be supported by Cameron Clemons, Eugene Keith, Herbert Morris, and E. W. Brown. The Four Poncherays, who will make their first appearance in this city, come direct from Europe, where they are considered to be wonderful aerial acrobats and daring and expert wire performers. James H. Cullen, humorous raconteur and monologist, will be seen again, and with certain enjoyment. Silhon's Novelty Circus, the principal feature of which is a number of well-trained cats, is expected to be one of the principal hits in the programme, for at the London Hippodrome it was an attraction for nearly a year. Among the feats which these marvelous felines accomplish is looping the loop. Next week will terminate the engagement of Ray L. Royce, the Blessings, McDonald and Huntington, and the Eight Palace Girls and James Clemons. New motion pictures, of course.

The final performance of Lillian Russell's engagement at the Van Ness Theatre will be given Sunday night. Her play, "Wildfire," is reviewed at length on another page.

"Nancy Brown," the great New York musical comedy success, will be seen at the Princess Theatre following the run of the "Sultan of Sulu."

The last performances of "Out of the Fold," at the Valencia Theatre, will be Sunday afternoon and evening.

Jessie Mae Hall, well and favorably known here, will be brought to the Valencia Theatre

especially to play the part of Wendy in "Peter Pan." She is now making a great hit in the rôle in the production at the Burbank Theatre, Los Angeles.

Otis Skinner will play an engagement at the Van Ness Theatre next month and is to bring his latest dramatic triumph, "The Honor of the Family."

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### A Desert Impression.

The hour before dawn,  
Each breath is a sigh,  
The camel-men yawn  
And glance at the sky.  
The distance is drear  
With silhouettes drawn  
And ghastly. We fear  
The hour before dawn.

The hour before noon,  
Each breath is a gasp,  
Oh, water us soon!  
Each tongue, like a rasp,  
Is rugged with thirst;  
Our starvelings swoon,  
Oh, sunshine-accursed,  
The hour before noon!

The hour before dusk,  
Each breath is a sob,  
A ration of husk!  
Our weary limbs thro',  
Made sick with their load  
Of spices and musk.  
It acts like a goad,  
The hour before dusk.

—Robert Visittart, in Mexican Herald.

#### The Flutes of Spring.

The flutes of spring are all in tune  
And playing everywhere.  
Oh, crystal-clear and ripple-toned  
They sound along the air.

The long arpeggios of the sun  
Sweep over hill and plain,  
And in the misty valleys sound  
The runs and trills of rain.

Wild melodies of strolling winds  
Go swift across the sky,  
The young-leaved wood is loud with calls,  
Where nesting robins fly.

Some spirit roams upon the earth,  
New-born, wing-sandalled, free,  
And for him, where he strays, the flutes  
Pour out their melody.

Then listen to the tune of them  
That play at April's birth,  
Whose call is to the waking heart  
From the deep soul of earth.

—Ethel B. Howard, in Scribner's Magazine.

### Condonation.

Now that wise Time hath shown me I was wrong,  
I to its stern arbitrament submit.  
Long have I lived, but Time hath lived more long,  
And many an eon more hath mellowed it.  
It hath seen princes crowned and kings disowned,  
Forsaken rituals, desecrated fane,  
Goddesses scorned and demigods dethroned,  
Hillocks of wounded, holocausts of slain.  
Entombed hatreds in the nerveless grave,  
It hath condoned rebellion and wrong,  
Embalming only memory of the brave,  
The friends of Freedom of the sons of Song.  
So whether I have ill or rightly striven,  
Be all my faults forgotten and forgiven.

—Alfred Austin, in The Independent.

### Pervasion.

You are all vague and haunting things to me:  
The shimmer of the moonlight on the mere  
Is your strange heing, and the brooding fear  
Of the black midnight. Everywhere I see  
A symbol of you; in the cedar tree  
That dreams beside my window, in the clear  
Eyes of the lonely stars, in the austere  
And melancholy ocean's mystery.

Never the moon beholds my secret hours  
But you behold me, never the gray dawn  
Comes without word of you on its cool breath.  
And will I find you in my coffin flowers,  
When over Time's cold borders I am drawn  
By the inexorable desires of Death?

—Elsa Barker, in The Craftsman.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Johnny*—The camel can go eight days without water. *Freddy*—So could I if ma would let me.—*Horper's Bozor*.

*Ethel*—Jack simply raved over my figure and my complexion. *Maud*—And is he still in the asylum?—*The Clubwoman*.

*The Colonel*—Confound it, sir; you nearly hit my wife? *Jogson*—Did I? Well, you have a shot at mine.—*The Sketch*.

"Judge, did you ever try an ahsinthe frappé?" "No; but I've tried a lot of fellows who have."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Why marry at all?" asks Lady Arthur Paget. One reason is that most of the ladies insist upon it.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"She said she'd marry me if I felt the same way a year from then." "Did you?" "Yes, but toward another girl."—*The Tailor*.

"What broke up the suffragette parade?" "A department store hung out a sign announcing \$2 silks at \$1.99."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"How much fuel do you compute we shall need on our motor trip?" "Well, suppose we say two gallons of gasoline and three gallons of Scotch."—*Outing*.

*Artist*—This is my latest picture—I call it Paradise. *Kind Friend*—I have only one fault to find with your conception, old chap. It looks like Hell.—*Puck*.

"Is there any redeeming feature about these tube gowns?" "Well," replied the trolley magnate addressed, "they pack well in a car."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Barber* (rather slow)—Beg pardon, sir, but your hair is turning a hit gray. *Victim*—Shouldn't wonder. Look at the time I've been here.—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Club Doctor* (with view to diagnosis)—And now, my man, what do you drink? *Patient* (cheerfully)—Oh—er—well, doctor, I'll leave that to you.—*Bystander*.

"That was a had break Dr. Green made." "What was it?" "He advised our traveling man to give up work for awhile and travel for his health."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I heard Skinfint hargaining with a cah-man last night." "Bargaining? Yes! That's an old dodge of his to find out exactly how much he is going to save by walking home."—*Boston Transcript*.

"When Cluhher gets arguing he loses all tact." "As for instance?" "Why, last night he told an opponent who is lame that he hadn't a leg to stand on; another who squints that he was sorry he couldn't see things as

he did; and a man who stammered he urged not to hesitate in expressing an opinion."—*Stray Stories*.

"If I were you I wouldn't be a fool, Diggs." "True," replied Diggs, complacently. "The unfortunate part of it is that you are yourself."—*The Circle*.

"My daughter's music," said the proud parent, "cost us a lot of money." "Indeed!" rejoined the visitor. "Did some neighbor sue you?"—*Chicago News*.

*Mrs. De Crimp* (day after election in 1915)—Where did you get the new hat? *Mrs. Poll Worker*—My husband gave me \$5 yesterday for my vote.—*Brooklyn Life*.

"The insurgents have more men than we have." "But they're outgeneraled, just the same. Why, we've got two generals to their one."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Mother*—And when he proposed, did you tell him to see me? *Daughter*—Yes, mamma; and he said he'd seen you several times, but he wanted to marry me just the same.—*The Sphinx*.

*Redd*—Didn't I see you going along in your automobile today? *Greene*—What time? *Redd*—Four o'clock. *Greene*—Four o'clock? Oh, yes, we were going then!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

*Teacher*—Correct, Tommy Timson; the person who signs a note is called the maker, or promissor. Now, what's the person who writes his name on the back of the note called? *Tommy*—A sucker, or fall guy!—*Puck*.



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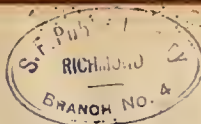
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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Tariff Readjustment—President Taft and the South—Mr. James Bryce—A Real Opportunity—Foreign Representation—The Direct Primary—A Prophecy—Editorial Notes	193-196
CURRENT TOPICS	196
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	196
SPECIAL PERFORMANCES IN NEW YORK: Miss Jeanette Gilder Comments on Some of the Features of the Metropolitan Drama	197
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World	197
THE BLACK SACRILEGE. By Adolf Roberts	198
A STORY OF IRISH REVOLT: Mr. Weyman Signalizes the Close of His Literary Career by a Romance of Rebellious Kerry	199
OLD FAVORITES: "Autumn Potable," by Bayard Taylor	199
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn	200
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications	201
AN OPINION FROM JUDGE CURREY: Professor Wigmore and the Supreme Court of California	202
DRAMA: A Play and a Concert. By Josephine Hart Phelps	203
VANITY FAIR	204
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	205
THE MERRY MUSE	205
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	206
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT	207
CURRENT VERSE: "Indian-Pipe," by Florence Earle Coates; "The Music of Erin of Old," by William Lightfoot Visscher; "Breaking Camp," by Arthur Guiterman	207
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day	208

### The Tariff Readjustment.

It is not necessary for anybody to read a lecture to Congress upon its duty in the matter of tariff legislation. The party in authority has given its pledge to the country to make such changes as will correct injustice and remedy the errors which afford a shelter to schemes of aggression and selfishness in the business world. The President is committed to the principles involved in this change and the integrity and success of his administration lie bound up in it. There is nothing to do, therefore, but to go vigorously to work, to do the thing as it has been promised and in the spirit in which it has been promised. Congress understands all this as well as anybody—possibly even better.

That the country can live and prosper even under a faulty tariff scheme has more than once been demonstrated. Likewise more than once it has been made manifest that the country can not prosper while there is uncertainty about tariff conditions. Every period of tariff tinkering has been a period of apprehension, timidity, and retarded business. It will be so now. There are many indications of prosperity ahead, but it

awaits the tariff adjustment which is in the way of being made. Men of business will move cautiously and even timidly until they shall be able to know what the conditions are and what they are to be and upon what they may calculate. All of which is another way of saying that Congress needs to get busy and keep busy, to the end of cleaning up in the shortest possible order the particular job it has undertaken.

At this time and from this point of view it looks as if California were in the way of gaining rather than losing through the readjustment. But if it shall turn out that we must lose something, it will hardly be becoming for us to make a great howl about it. Those who go in for a policy like that involved in our tariff laws must not complain if the scheme does not always affect particular interests advantageously. We must expect to share in the deficiencies as well as in the merits of the system.

### President Taft and the South.

President Taft wants to reorganize Southern politics; not indeed to alter its names, affiliations, or its fundamental principles, but to minimize the negro question and to substitute more timely motives of political action. In public addresses Mr. Taft has again and again declared his regret at the loss involved in the failure of the South to participate in the active political life of the country, and his wish that the government at Washington might cooperate in the promotion of vital and representative politics in place of a system founded in prejudice and dread and tending to no constructive purpose. His home at Cincinnati has long been within eye-shot of the Southern mountains and he has always maintained close personal relations with representative Southern people. Since his entrance into public life Mr. Taft has been a frequent visitor and a close student of the South. He knows the Southern people; he likes their way of life. And when he takes a vacation almost invariably he goes somewhere into the South in pursuit of the associations and the sports he loves best. Since his nomination to the presidency nine months ago he has spent the greater part of his time in the South, still further affiliating himself with the Southern mind and growing in Southern sympathy. No man in the country has a truer insight into the motives of Southern life and politics, and none surely has a friendlier wish to lead the South away from the infatuations of a futile system and into participation with the general politics of the time.

In a political sense, the South has been treated by dominant Republicanism as a conquered territory. Federal offices in the Southern States have been bestowed not upon men in sympathy with the political life of these States, not to men of representative character, but to men holding affiliation with the Republican party, therefore out of political and social sympathy with the communities in which they live. There has been no care on the part of the government at Washington to cooperate with the Southern people; rather it has been aimed to sustain in each Southern State by Federal patronage a centre of political organization at odds with the local social and political sentiment. This policy reached its culmination some three or four years ago in the nomination of negro postmasters at various points in the black belt, and more particularly in the appointment of a black man to the collectorship of the port at Charleston, at the centre and headquarters of ultra Southern sentiment. The effect of a policy thus running athwart the prejudices of the people has been precisely what it might have been expected to be. It has tended to unite the Southern people in devotion to sectional politics with the "nigger" as its dominating motive. It has impressed the average Southerner with the feeling that the North, or at least the party which reflects the spirit and executes the will of the North, is indifferent to Southern sensibilities or resentful of them and that it rejoices in humiliating the South.

It has, in brief, tended to emphasize and deepen those differences and animosities which in a political and even in a social sense have separated the people of the South from the people of the North.

Southern politics can not be understood by anybody who will not take the pains to study Southern social conditions and sympathetically to put himself in the place of the Southern man. Everywhere throughout the South there are great numbers of blacks, in many communities, as, for example, Charleston, the preponderance of numbers being on their side. There are among them relatively good and bad, as among other classes and types of people, but they are mostly ignorant, shiftless, irresponsible, socially inefficient. Great numbers are vicious not so much through calculating criminality as through excess of mere animalism with an animal-like incapacity at the point of individual self-control. Regarded broadly, the South is a country inhabited by two races, one of which must literally carry the other. If civilization is to be maintained, the white element must do it. It must supply all the initiative with the forces of effective social life—its intelligence, its foresight, its courage, its thrift, its individual self-control—and at the same time it must hold the dangerous propensities of the associated race in persistent restraint. In no other country on this round earth is the white man's burden a more real, positive, and vital problem than in the Southern States of the American union.

Fortunately—fortunately for the country and fortunately for himself—the negro is a docile and yielding creature. He knows a firm hand when he sees it and he rarely resists it. One white man, especially a man of Southern breeding, will control twenty blacks in almost any situation. Superior mental and moral quality tells tremendously and positively in all contacts, because the negro is essentially a child. And being a child, the negro is easily influenced, disposed by his propensities to idleness and to vice. He can be led by anybody who will flatter and cajole him and otherwise pander to his weaknesses. No greater political error was ever made than the bestowal of political equality upon a creature hopelessly incapable and childishly vain. This blunder has been responsible for much that is pitiful in the recent history of the South and it lies at the foundation of the persistence of the "nigger" in Southern politics. With as little political instinct as political capacity, the negro has nevertheless been stimulated in his political ambitions. He wishes to assert himself politically precisely as many of his kind are ambitious to become preachers, not because of any true propensity or capability, but because it ministers to personal vanity and further because there may be in it the means of living without labor. The negro, like men of all colors, grasps eagerly at any and every chance which may relieve him of the irksome necessity of work. Of course, there are individual exceptions; we speak not of them, but of the average, of the characteristic, of the typical Southern negro, with no education, no discipline, no thrift, no thought of personal responsibility, and no conception of the thing called self-respect.

It lies upon the white men of the South to bear this great burden of social irresponsibility and incapacity; and it is a burden great enough to tax the mental and moral powers even of a highly capable race. The South has borne it, not indeed without stress. It has borne it now for something more than the lifetime of a generation, and the effect may be seen in the retarded life of the South as compared with that of other parts of the country. The negro, regarded as an industrial worker, is hopelessly lax and shiftless, nevertheless by his very presence and by the condition which he makes in the labor market, is a bar to accessions from without. Few immigrants come into the South. The liberty loving and socially aspiring Englishman, Irishman, Ger-



man, and Northman go not to the South, where newcomers must compete with the negro and live upon the low social plane with which he is content, but rather to the North, where the field of opportunity is wide and free. The negro creates a special police problem, since everywhere he must be watched and guarded against, due to his imperfect sense of the rights of property and to the beastliness and cruelty of some other of his propensities. The negro must, in one way or another, be restrained politically, because, being an ignorant child and subject to ridiculous and vicious leadership, he would by his numbers quickly give over the affairs of the communities in which he lives to the unworthy and incapable. Again let us say, we speak not of exceptional individuals, but of the mass.

The South knows or thinks it knows how to hold its black element in wholesome subordination. It has come to definite judgment at this point upon the basis of tradition, instinct, habit. Its fundamental precept is that of absolute social separation of the races. It draws the line so tight that no black man dares to step across it. In material ways the South is not ungenerous to the negro. It accords to him full rights of property. It protects him in his social rights as related to his own race. It accords to him a far wider opportunity of industry than does the North; for everywhere in the South the negro is admitted to trades from which he is barred at the North. It gives him sympathy and charity. But beyond this the negro can have nothing at the hands of the Southern white man. He must not assume social equality at any point. He must not attend a church frequented by whites. His children must not enter a school maintained for white children. He must not in a public conveyance presume to sit in seats other than those especially provided for him. He must not address a white woman excepting under circumstances marking his subordinate social character. He must demean himself at all times and at all places as a member of a race socially inferior. All this not because the South feels any sort of repugnance toward the black man, for in truth it has less than the North. The South really likes the negro "in his place," and the place of the negro, according to Southern notions, is that of a subordinate caste, absolutely shut off from equal association at any point with the white race.

To some extent the rule of social discrimination against the black man rests upon racial instinct, but even more positively it rests upon calculation. In the Southern view the one principle which guarantees the dominating authority of intelligence and property—the one assurance of civilization, if you please—is that of complete social subordination on the part of the black race. The South firmly holds to this theory. It is a matter of conviction, almost, indeed, a matter of religion. To question it in any group of Southerners is to stir up wrath and resentment. Your Southerner will not even argue the point; he regards it as a matter above and beyond argument, as truth self-evident, positive, fundamental.

Upon the basis of what we have already said, it is not difficult to comprehend the resentment of Southern people when at the North and even at the South political and social recognition is accorded by persons in high authority, and even by the government itself, to members of the negro race. The universal sentiment is to this effect, namely, that every such recognition inflates the ambition and the vanity of the subordinate race, breeds hopes of social promotion, stimulates self-consciousness, and tends to development of that presumptuousness and smartness which is even less tolerable than downright social aggression. Let a black man be accorded social recognition at the North under circumstances notable enough to cause the fact to be circulated broadly at the South, let a black man be appointed postmaster in a Southern village with the fact noised all over the country in newspaper despatches, let a black man be made collector of customs at Charleston, or let another black man, no matter how elevated his individual character or how personally worthy, be bidden to dine at the White House, and its reflection may be found everywhere south of Mason and Dixon in an irritating "sassiness" on the part of the more idle and the more socially pretentious—always the least useful and worthy element—of the black race. And as it stimulates the vanities of the blacks, so in corresponding measure it offends and irritates the whites. It strikes athwart tradition, sentiment, race instinct; furthermore, it gives offense by

tending to deepen and make more difficult the problem of the Southern white man, already so serious as to form a burden all but intolerable. Put yourself in the place of the Southerner; feel if you can his instinctive and traditional sentiment toward the black race; look if you can from his point of view; take upon yourself the weight of his burden and feel it augmented as he feels it by the policy or the stupidity of his Northern brethren. In brief, put yourself in the Southerner's place and understand if you may his deep sense of injury, his hopeless indignation, and his profound resentment.

Now let us look for a moment at the policy of the government in the matter of Southern appointments to Federal offices and take stock of how it strikes the Southern mind and reacts upon Southern politics. The South is overwhelmingly Democratic. Socially it is hardly worthy to be anything but a Democrat. In any Southern community all the best people, all the socially respectable people, pretty much all the decent people, are Democrats. One who goes from the North to live in the South almost inevitably becomes a Democrat through propensities of association with persons physically and morally cleanly. There are, indeed, a few men of high mental intrepidity who have the hardihood to stand out upon the basis of fixed political conviction and to array themselves in opposition to prevailing political sentiment. But such persons are always few in number and they have little or nothing to do with the organization of Republican politics at the South. The man of independent mind finds no place in that system of sordid self-seeking which at the South styles itself "the Republican organization." Your Southern Republican of the politically active type is almost invariably a vulgar creature content to find his associations with the lowest elements of both races. He is never by any chance a man representative of the social and moral spirit of his community, almost inevitably and invariably a degenerate and a scrub. It is to men of this sort, very largely speaking, that the government at Washington has habitually turned when it has sought "timber" for political recognition or has assumed to "coöperate" with the South.

There has long prevailed in connection with Southern appointments what has come to be known as the "referee system." The Federal offices in any particular State are bestowed upon the recommendation of a committee to whom the appointive power refers and defers. Thus, for example, in a State recently visited by the editor of the *Argonaut* Federal offices are distributed in accordance with the recommendations of a committee of Republicans, this committee being made up of men ridiculously deficient at every point of representative character. The system would be absurd if it were not worse. It is nothing less than a scandal, and the working effect of it is to bestow the Federal offices upon men of no standing and small respectability, incidentally to give offense and create irritation among representative citizens the State over. We can not vouch for the truth of scandalous reports, universally credited everywhere at the South, that Federal offices are shamefully subject to a system of barter and sale and that almost without exception they are given to persons notoriously deficient in public respect.

Naturally those who profit under this system are not friendly to proposals of change. Those who profit by any system, however bad, are never reformers. The Republican politicians of the South simply want to be let alone, with leave to keep on in the old disreputable way, no matter how offensive it may be to respectable Southern sentiment or how demoralizing it may be to the general politics of the South. They claim character and recognition not as men who have made a profitable trade of politics, but as patriots who have borne the banner of Republicanism in a country where Republicanism is despised. They claim further that recognition and support is due them on the basis of having in times remote and recent rounded up "air-tight" delegations to the national conventions and of having voted them as they were desired or commanded by those in authority. They would concede nothing to the principle which declares it to be a fundamental right of a free people to be represented officially by men in general sympathy with community purposes and aims.

It has been common gossip at Washington for two months and more that there is a conflict of purposes between Mr. Taft on the one hand and Secretary Hitchcock on the other. In his character of Assistant

Postmaster-General, and working through postmasters and other Southern officials, Mr. Hitchcock last year rounded up the Southern delegation in support of Mr. Roosevelt's programme. More recently, as chairman of the National Republican Committee, Mr. Hitchcock has maintained friendly and coöperative relations with the active Republican workers of the South. As a practical politician, recognizing the working value of a definitely loyal organization in the Southern States, Mr. Hitchcock, so gossip says, wishes to maintain conditions upon the old basis.

But President Taft has other views. He believes that a community has the right to officials who stand in some sort of decent relationship to its spirit, temper, opinions, and purposes. He believes that Southern appointees ought to be in accord with Southern character. He thinks it less important that the postmaster at Atlanta should be a Republican than that he should command the respect of his fellow-citizens. Mr. Taft sees that there can be no reorganization of Southern politics, no readjustment upon timely and vital lines, until the motives of disgust and resentment shall be eliminated. A very positive foreshadowing of his views and opinions, of his prospective policy toward the South, is afforded by the appointment of a Democrat, Mr. Dickinson of Tennessee, to the Secretaryship of War. Even more significant is the appointment just announced of a white man to the collectorship at Charleston. In like spirit and to like ends it is believed that he will reorganize the system of appointments throughout the South, that he will give to each Southern community such men in the various Federal posts as Southern sentiment will approve and commend.

The *Argonaut* is a very earnest Republican. Likewise it is a supporter of the party system and a believer in the principle of organization. Nevertheless, it believes that in this instance Mr. Taft is right and Mr. Hitchcock wrong. It believes that the South ought to be permitted to pursue its own courses in its own way. It holds that every community has a right to officials in some sort of sympathy with its social ideas and sentiments. It believes that men appointed to Federal office at the South should be competent and respectable and that it matters less about their political affiliations than their representative character. It believes that Mr. Taft may indeed bring the South to timely and vital politics by a system of wise concession. It believes that a continuation of the old system will tend to deepen the degeneracies which in recent years have so clouded the political atmosphere of that fair country which lies beyond the Mason and Dixon line.

#### Mr. James Bryce.

In recent years California has not entertained so notable a visitor as the Right Honorable James Bryce, who has come to give a series of lectures at the State University and incidentally to look over the social and moral conditions of California. Officially, Mr. Bryce is the Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States. Personally, he is even more than that—he is one of the thin rank of noble figures which stands at the forefront of the intellect and conscience of the world. It is due to those of whom Mr. Bryce is a type that social organization among men is sustained and that it goes on and on. And if a time shall come when the world ceases to produce such men, men who stand for things of the mind and of the spirit as distinct from materialities, men who stand for truth rather than for interest, men to whom the greater moralities are all in all, the fabric we call civilization must come to its collapse.

The visit of Mr. Bryce at a time so disturbed ought by its suggestions to be a thing of tremendous moral value. It ought to prompt us as a community to pause in our activities of sowing and reaping, of constructing and reconstructing, of social conflict and stress, and to take stock of those things not measured by metes and bounds, by weights and symbols, by terms of possession. It should prompt us to look in upon ourselves in the spirit of self-examination, seeking to discover if with all our activities we are sustaining and developing the conditions upon which the value of all things ultimately and absolutely depends. It should inspire us as a community to take fresh account of those supremest responsibilities which are as far above the mere trivialities of work-a-day life as the stars are higher than the earth.

Among the thousand incidents which in recent years have marked the growth of good-will between Great Britain and our own country, none has come to us more distinctly or more gratefully than the selection of Mr.



Bryce as the official representative of England at Washington. Other men of distinction have come to us before in the same character, men representing the rank, the dignity, the power of their country. But Mr. Bryce stands for all these and more; and it was on this account that the strict rule of diplomatic practice was relaxed and that he was sent to us. In reality he is less the ambassador of England than of those higher forces of which Britain in her long leadership of the world's civilization has made herself the special guardian.

No honor that our people can pay to Mr. Bryce can exceed his deserving. And perhaps the greatest honor we can pay him is to give him leave to go his own ways among us. Noise and feasting will have small meaning to such a man; he will be better pleased to be aided in his own courses rather than to be driven and burdened by an oppressive hospitality. Assurances of welcome and respect with leave to pursue his own observations and inquiries—by these means we shall do him greater service and ourselves higher credit, perhaps, than by any other.

#### A Real Opportunity.

The *Argonaut* hopes that horsemen and horse-lovers of California will not overlook the enterprise of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walton Tully, of Rancho de las Rosas, near Los Gatos, in bringing to this State a group of imported and bred-from-imported Arabs as the foundation of an Arabian breeding industry here. If this venture shall prove successful, that is, if the horsemen and horse-lovers of California shall make the right use of this opportunity, very important effects upon the future horse of California, especially the future California saddle horse, are bound to follow.

The Tullys have not gone into this enterprise without a very careful study of the principles involved in it, or without the enthusiasm which such study is bound to promote in lovers of the horse. Mrs. Tully, as a ranch-bred Californian, has been familiar from her childhood with the California mustang which—under many names—has played such an important part in the history and development not only of California, but of the whole Western country. She came quickly to understand what many another has overlooked, namely, that the mustang, or so-called California horse, is in his ancestry and in his essential qualities an Arab. His forebears were brought by the Arabians into Asia Minor; thence by the conquering Moslems into the Barbary countries; thence by the Moors into Spain; thence by the Spaniards to horseless America—to Mexico, from whence they spread throughout the western half of the continent. Hard fare and inbreeding have deteriorated him at some points, but in his essential qualities the California horse is still a true son of the desert.

Like many another, Mrs. Tully has grieved to see breeders, falling into the fashion of the time, neglecting to perpetuate this useful breed, allowing it to die out, while there has been substituted for it breeds of vastly less all round merit. Her husband became interested with her in investigation of the relationship between the mustang and the Arab, and together they grew into an enthusiasm for the perpetuation of the California horse, and his revivification from the original Arab stock, which only awaited the development of fortune for its fruition. The stud of pure-bred Arabs at Rancho de las Rosas is the practical outcome of hopes and plans long in the making, and nobody who has seen the splendid group of animals there can fail of conviction that the reality matches the dream.

It is a fact well known to breeders that the best trotting and running horses trace their characteristics in every instance directly back to Arabian sires—the sprinting for short distances having been greatly developed by selection at the cost of endurance. It is the theory of the Tullys—a theory which they share with many others—that a better horse than we have known can be bred by infusing the Arab blood into the best California horses of all kinds from thoroughbred down to mustang.

"We use the word Californian," said Mr. Tully in a recent talk about his horses, "to show that we intend to remain true to the early ideals of this country. In Colton, and a dozen other writers of the period which preceded the discovery of gold, many passages are found describing the California horse of those days with the almost incredible journeys performed by him. At one time the term California horse meant an animal that could go great distances at high speed without distress. Now it is almost impossible to get a horse of the true California type, owing to the fact

that breeders have made it a point of policy to turn draught and other sires into their herds."

A ride made by Mr. and Mrs. Tully a few weeks ago from San Francisco to Rancho de las Rosas, while not designed as a test, and while made without special preparation for it, splendidly illustrates the endurance of the Arab blood as represented in the Tully group of animals. Mr. and Mrs. Tully, mounted upon two chestnut stallions, Mahrudd and Nejdran, left the San Francisco stables at 8:10 a. m. and arrived at the ranch, sixty-five miles distant, at 3:55 p. m. The animals had not been trained or "seasoned" for a special test and they were not urged. The elapsed time of the journey was seven hours and forty-five minutes. The traveling time, leaving out a stop for luncheon, was five hours and forty-three minutes. The average time was twelve miles per hour, or one mile every five minutes. Not for an instant during this journey did either of the splendid beasts exhibit the least sign of fatigue, and upon their arrival home they were apparently as eager as at the start. That he could have turned about and made the return trip without great stress to his animals Mr. Tully fully believes.

It would indeed mean much for California if the Arab blood could be reinfused into its equine stock. The opportunity to try the matter out experimentally at least is afforded by the enterprise of the Tullys and it ought not to be neglected.

#### Foreign Representation.

The *Argonaut* is glad to credit a report which declares President Taft's intention to name President Eliot of Harvard as ambassador to Great Britain. In every way Mr. Eliot is suited to this office. He has high character, the American spirit at its best, winning social gifts, excellent powers as a writer and speaker, with the fame which these qualities have won him. He represents the highest and best development of American life precisely as Mr. Bryce represents the highest and best development of English life.

That Mr. Eliot is without private fortune we regard as no disadvantage. In our relations with the older world it is just as well and perhaps better to eliminate the suggestions of sheer wealth. It is as well that the world should understand that we have something besides money and that we value things other than money. With all due regard for the social proprieties and with some knowledge of the practice of official life in the older countries, we think too much stress has been placed upon the money side of our diplomatic representation. There ought to be no office in this country or out of it which any citizen duly qualified individually ought not to be able to accept. There ought not to be a class of offices reserved for rich men only. If proper representation at London, for example, calls for an expenditure which a man like Mr. Eliot is not in the way of making, then it is up to our government to change its policy at the financial point. And we know of no better way to emphasize the necessity for such change than to make it obvious to all men.

For all the talk of recent years about the inadequacy of our provision for representatives in other countries, the record of American diplomacy is a notable one; and it is further to be remarked that its highest achievements have been won by relatively poor rather than by rich men. In the earlier days neither John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, nor any other of our diplomats sought to dazzle the world by a lavish way of life. Charles Francis Adams, whose diplomatic career matched that of any man who has ever served us abroad, made no attempt at social or personal display. In more recent times neither Minister Lowell nor Minister Phelps lived in any great state. Times, it is said, have altered, and so they have in a way, but human nature is the same and the things which command respect among men—and among governments—are precisely what they have always been.

#### The Direct Primary—a Prophecy.

We are going to have a direct primary system. The people in their folly have willed it and the legislature in its indiscretion has provided it. Just what the law means in the form in which it has finally passed the legislative body nobody, not even the legislature, really knows. No direct primary law has ever yet been adopted anywhere about which anybody has had any real knowledge. The whole thing is so new, so complicated, so connected and involved with side issues and possibilities that it is always a leap into the dark. As it was in Oregon so it was in Illinois, likewise in Wisconsin; and so it will be here.

The law will have the magic name of direct primary, but just what it will do in practice nobody has the least idea.

Now, without pretending to have analyzed adequately the measure which has just passed the legislature, the *Argonaut* ventures to predict that the law in its operation will be full of surprises, marred by inconsistencies, and that it will result in failure and chagrin. Instead of destroying personal initiative in political affairs it will transfer it to less capable and less honest hands. Furthermore, it will tend to eliminate men of high character and capability from official life and to put in their places mere self-seekers and public exploiters. It will increase the uncertainties of politics, multiply its corruptions, and assure its deterioration at a hundred points.

It will not be five years—perhaps not three—until the people of California with one voice will demand the repeal of a system which yields only disappointment and degeneracy; and there will be rage and gnashing of teeth when it is discovered that that which was done in haste and without real consideration must long be endured because the lower rank of politicians will find advantage in it and will find ways to perpetuate it.

We are to try this fool experiment because there are those among us who seek to destroy personal initiative in politics. What they really want is to substitute their own initiative for that of somebody else; but in this, as in other matters, it suits the policy of hypocrisy and mendacity to proceed by misrepresentation and fraud. Those who have brought this thing about will find no advantage in it, for they will quickly learn how slight is the hold which they have upon the public esteem.

No system of politics will work itself. No system will serve to sustain the political responsibilities of any community unless somebody takes a sufficient interest in it to provide direction and leadership. Under the new system we shall, indeed, have direction and leadership, but it will be the direction of the selfish and the sinister; it will be the leadership of those who lead for themselves and with no thought and, indeed, no capacity for thought of other and larger interests. It will be the direction of small minds and the leadership of gross selfishness. It will cost us heavily in political self-respect, in the efficiency and dignity of the public service, and as a matter of course it will cost dearly in dollars and cents.

#### Editorial Notes.

The temporary success of the strike of French telegraphers reminds us that some of the domestic problems of Europe are evil coadjutors of her international difficulties. For many days the French government was cut off from all telegraphic communication with the other powers, and this at a time when an outbreak of war in the Balkans was expected almost daily and the foreign offices all over the Continent were strained to the utmost. The commercial loss and private inconvenience were, of course, almost incalculable, and French labor unionism has given another illustration not only of its solidarity, but of its malign skill in striking directly and effectively at the public welfare. A few months ago Paris was plunged in darkness during the most dangerous hours of the night by a sudden strike of the city electricians. Panics in the theatres were narrowly averted, while the criminal classes, peculiarly aggressive in Paris, made ready for a carnival. The extraordinary series of calamities to French warships are ascribed to the incessant and smothered state of revolt of the dockyard workmen against their employers. Wherever we look, in fact, we see that the smallest irritation or fanciful affront is enough to array the French unions not only in defense of their interests, but against the welfare and almost against the existence of their country. The telegraphers' strike, for example, seems to have had no more respectable basis than a sentiment against a government official and a similar cause produced the electricians' strike of last year. And all this happens not under an "effete monarchy" or an irresponsible government, but in the most democratic country in Europe, where personal liberty is more of a fetish than anywhere else in the world and where Socialism is in practical control of all the executive departments.

It will be a happy day for the American public when exhaustion or the angel of death shall have silenced the voices of the Major Tuckers. Relief is hardly to be hoped for through any other means; for it is manifest that the Tuckers themselves—including Mother-in-Law Logan—enjoy the distinction which this scandal



is giving them and will keep the ball in the air as long as they may. It would not be easy to determine which of the several parties to this nasty quarrel has appeared most discredibly. Tucker acted badly, but some allowance must be made for one in an intolerable domestic position and with no decent way of escape. Mrs. Tucker has acted like a fool without mitigation. Mrs. Logan has done the meddling mother-in-law part to vulgar perfection. Now, if they will all get off the stage and get out of sight it will be a blessed relief.

The contribution of ex-Chief Justice John Currey, printed on another page of this paper, is worth the attention of all who are anxious enough about the truth to take a little pains for its consideration. The point discussed by Judge Currey is one concerning which there has been much misrepresentation, and perhaps some misunderstanding, and yet it is clear enough to minds at once intelligent and honest that have given any study at all to the question at issue. We commend Judge Currey's letter to the notice of all at home or abroad who care enough about the truth of a complicated situation to devote a few minutes to its serious consideration.

It turns out in precise accord with the suggestion made a few weeks ago in these columns. President Taft can not come to the Pacific Coast this summer because Congress has made no provision for the expense of his journey and he is not rich enough to pay the bill from his private purse. In other words, the President of the republic may not, as he would like, personally look over the country and inform himself about its conditions and needs because he can not afford it. In face of the fact any comment upon this situation would appear to be superfluous.

The direct primary system is a great "business producer" to the newspapers, since candidates seeking votes invariably make liberal use of advertising space. Every man going before the public wants to have his picture and the record of his doings in the world bravely exploited. Wherever the direct primary system is in vogue it has contributed to newspaper profits. And this is the main reason why the newspapers have tooted so loudly for this particular "reform."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### Idaho's Senators.

SOUTHERN IDAHO WHOLESALE GROCERS' ASSOCIATION.

BOISE, IDAHO, March 17, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Enclosed please find my check for \$4 for renewal of my subscription to your valuable paper for one year.

I have been a constant reader of your paper for the past twenty-six years, but occasionally find very good reasons for differing with you on some of your policies. However, as a whole, I think there is no more safe, sane, and sound paper published in the United States than the *Argonaut*. In one of your recent editorials you made the statement that none of the Pacific Coast States were so well represented in the Senate as California.

With all due respect to your opinion, I want to make the assertion that no other State is as well represented as Idaho, as both of our representatives, Senators Borah and Heyburn, are statesmen and not politicians, as has been shown by their records, without, of course, wishing to reflect that the senators from California are not statesmen.

I have the honor of being a native Californian myself and am justly proud of the fact, yet at the same time I want to see credit given where credit is due, and the records of our Idaho senators prove that my adopted State is more ably represented than California.

Very truly yours,

MAX MAYFIELD.

### Perhaps the Press Agent.

OFFICES OF THE HACKETT THEATRE, NEW YORK.

LIMA, OHIO, March 16, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: You will confer a favor upon me if you will tell me from what source you received the material for the enclosed clipping, which I found among the usual return from the press today.

I know perfectly well that it must have been received from some source, and if one of my own press bureaus has been guilty of sending out such undignified and foolish, and I may add asinine notice I would like to know it.

I always appreciate the distinction of mention of me, whether favorable or unfavorable, in any paper, especially in your valuable sheet, but I have not been in the habit in my career of countenancing any such publicity as this, and as I recollect it your paper was the first to frown upon so-called "dog stories" of the press agents.

I had hoped to have the pleasure of being in San Francisco this year, but my plans were suddenly altered owing to force of circumstances while I was en route to California, for the third time during the last eight years. I look back with the keenest pleasure to my visit there, both professionally and socially, years ago, and I sincerely hope that I may be spared to visit your hospitable shores and city again.

Please do not misunderstand my motive in asking you for the above information.

Most sincerely,

JAMES K. HACKETT.

[The clipping referred to is an anecdote from the *Argonaut* "Storyette" column, which attributes a wildly absurd reminiscence to Mr. Hackett. The joke was "trimmed down" from a floating paragraph in the daily press, but the names were not changed by the *Argonaut*. There was in the little story such an imaginative appeal that it could not be resisted. It pictured a Capetown theatrical audience armed with ostrich eggs, ready to give physical expression to their appreciation of an actor's demerit. If Mr. Hackett's press agent is really responsible for the quip he may easily be forgiven.]

## CURRENT TOPICS.

Official life at Washington is arousing itself to the fact that the new administration has a mind of its own and is unfettered by the precedents of the immediate past. It is safe to predict that this refreshing spirit of independence will become rather more than less marked as the topics of the day come on to the carpet one by one for examination and judgment. Mr. Taft is far too big a man to adopt anything like a general policy of reversal or to accentuate his own personality by needless shifts of helm, but he will examine everything upon its merits rather than upon the policies that have hitherto guided it.

One of the most noticeable signs of the new order of things is the general amnesty that has been extended to the malefactors of great and small wealth and to the distinguished membership of the Ananias Club. Mr. Roosevelt's quarrels are not Mr. Taft's, and those who were so unlucky as to get upon the black books of the former find that they have a new start upon a fresh and unblemished page. Men who have not been inside the White House for years are received with the warm welcome of old friendship, and even Senator Bailey found that by-gones were by-gones and was correspondingly moved to say nice things about the new President. Another visitor who has been on the "we do not patronize" list for years was Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota and still another was Senator Perkins of California. All these gentlemen stepped through the portals of Mr. Taft's reception room with an airy consciousness of being at length free from all danger of twacks from the big stick or summary ejection amid a storm of verbal missiles. Nearly all the Democratic senators have visited the President, and their beaming countenances speak eloquently of the *entente cordiale* now established between the White House and the unconquered South.

Mr. Taft is said to have "surprised" the professional politicians, and there is always some ground for public satisfaction when gentlemen of this ilk have cause for annoyance. Following upon a conference with Attorney-General Wickersham and Secretary of State Knox, Mr. Taft has instructed the Attorney-General to organize the Department of Justice without regard to politics. The intimate friends of the administration explained that Mr. Taft did not intend to use the law department of the government for political purposes, but to make of it the bulwark of the administration, and to this end he wishes to attract the best lawyers in the country who are willing to work for low pay. What more natural than that the politicians should be indignant at a base insinuation that the law department is intended for law purposes and not for the support of the needy. Is there to be no end to these innovations? Patriotism is a virtue, but it will languish if it is found that there is "nothing in it."

The hand of the President is to be still further found in the announcement that the navy yards at Pensacola and New Orleans are to be maintained upon the active list. Only a day or two before Mr. Taft's inauguration these yards were ordered to be closed and placed in the hands of caretakers. Now comes the order of reversal signed by Secretary Meyer, but as Secretary Meyer has not been to New Orleans and Mr. Taft has been there we may assume that the change comes from "higher up." This is the sharpest contradiction in policy that has so far come to light, and it is significant of an independence of judgment that augurs well.

It is said that Mr. Cannon's camp followers used pretty strong pressure in the protection of their chief. Both Republicans and Democrats were favored with broad hints that if the attack upon the rules were resisted something might be done for their constituents in the new tariff bill. This was a tempting bait for the Louisiana Democrats, with whom sugar is a peculiarly tender subject. A good deal of insurgent enthusiasm was chilled in this way and these tactics no doubt had their effect in mitigating the wrath to come.

Mr. Cannon refused to say anything about his conference with the President. Some solicitous scribes were anxious to know all about it, but the Speaker had nothing to say to them except, "It's a damned fine day and I'm glad I'm alive." Of course, Mr. Cannon said nothing of the sort. To connect that august presence with profanity was no more than a further attempt to breed mischief between that great and good man and those militant religious organizations who look after the national department of morals. It was sufficient to say that Mr. Cannon was in good spirits, and no doubt he had his reasons.

The New York *Sun* permits itself to deviate into levity over this business of the Speakership. Reverence is not to be found among the *Sun*'s phenological developments, and thus we are told that "Joseph G. Cannon is a minority candidate." The *Sun* continues:

We have received from a New York magazine which appears to make a specialty of minding other folks' business "Daily Report No. 10, together with our first Detailed Report by States on Question No. 1: 'Do you believe that Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois should be reelected Speaker of the House of Representatives?' It seems that this question, with others of almost equal pith, has been submitted to 20,248 persons described as having been sentenced for life—"life subscribers"—to read the questioning magazine. They must be connected with "the interests" or "predatory wealth" in some way, or their punishment wouldn't have been so severe. Therefore the result of their balloting is all the more instructive.

We need not analyze the results of this pretentious voting. The *Sun* summarizes it for us sufficiently for practical purposes:

Ten thousand of the life convicts refused to vote. Say 50 per cent of the electorate. Of the remainder the saving remnant, 9397 are against "Cannonism" and only 482 dare to favor it. Will it be believed that in strong Republican States, such as Oklahoma and Mississippi and South Carolina, Cannon got only eight, four, and one respectively? "We shall show you further reports from day to day," says the destroying statistician. Thanks, but you really needn't bother. The country has spoken. By the overwhelming, the damning

and fatal majority of 9397 to 482 (reported as "indeterminate," 224; indeterminate sentence, we suppose).

If Joseph G. Cannon respects rule by the majority, if he fears the wrath of an aroused people and magazine, he will not be a candidate for Speaker.

There has been an expression of disappointment at the appointment of Mr. Loeb to the New York collectorship. The New York *World* speaks of a "regrettable appointment," but admits that a new President incurs to a certain extent the debts of his predecessors. "Everybody knows," says the *World*, that Mr. Taft "would not have made this appointment on his own motion. It is a payment of gratitude. Under the circumstances, therefore, most people will be exceedingly forbearing toward the new President, but they will indulge the hope that each transaction of this sort will manifestly reduce Mr. Roosevelt's mortgage upon his successor." The New York *Evening Post* adopts the same tone of pious resignation. The private secretaries of Presidents and governors have always to be "taken care of":

And we must remember that if in this matter Mr. Taft yielded something, he resisted more. According to the confident forecasts of the White House, a few weeks ago, Mr. Loeb was to be, not merely collector, but a member of the Cabinet. At that, however, the line was drawn. Failing the higher ambition, there may be some wonder that Mr. Loeb did not accept one of those flattering business offers which his vast abilities were alleged to have brought him. He may have felt that his talent for public life was too precious to be wasted on money-making. Certainly the heroism he has so long displayed in assuming the blame of all the contradictory statements of his chief had in it a quality which ought to fit him for marking up sworn invoiced values, and for collecting high duties on dirt and grease under the name of wool.

It is certain that such appointments as that of Mr. Loeb are distasteful to Mr. Taft, but to a certain extent they are inevitable.

The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia has handed down an opinion sustaining the decree of the lower court which granted the injunction against Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and Frank Morrison in the matter of the Bucks Stove and Range Company. The opinion of the court modifies in some respects the previous decree, but it is a substantial affirmation. As modified, Gompers, Mitchell, Morrison, and other officers of the Federation are still restrained and enjoined from conspiring or combining to boycott the business or product of the complainant or from aiding or abetting in any boycott or indirectly threatening, coercing, or intimidating any person from buying, selling, or otherwise dealing with the stove company.

The opinion of the court affirms in every particular Justice Gould's decision that the method of prosecuting the boycott constituted an illegal combination and conspiracy.

The jail sentences imposed by Justice Wright on Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison for disobeying the injunction are sustained.

After reviewing the case at length and the testimony taken, the opinion says:

"In view of all this, we think there is no room for doubt that this combination or boycott, which had its inception in St. Louis, was inaugurated in accordance with the settled policy of the American Federation of Labor, and that when the Federation in due course approved and indorsed the same it acted with full knowledge of not only what had already occurred, but what would be likely to follow. If, therefore, any one is responsible for what happened these defendants are."

Commenting on President Gompers's advice to members of the Federation in connection with the boycott, the opinion says:

"When Mr. Gompers advises his followers that a man is entitled to protection against a threatened destruction of his house, but none against the malicious destruction of the business which enables him to maintain the house Mr. Gompers is mistaken."

The boycott is discussed at length, and the opinion says that "it will thus be seen that in the nomenclature of the Federation 'we don't patronize' is synonymous with and equivalent to 'boycott.'"

We may discern an echo of the recent Japanese dispute in the words used by Senator Root the other day to a New York audience. The senator expressed the hope that the influence of his State would be "to have our national government make laws to keep its word and enforce its promises."

This is direct speech with a vengeance. Mr. Root referred to foreign treaties which are the supreme law of the land but which receive scant consideration from States with whom the responsibility for their observance should be paramount. As a nation we incur obligations to foreign nations, but we leave the enforcement of those obligations to the States and the States evade or nullify them. Hence we must "have our national government make laws to keep its word and enforce its promises."

### The Topeka Capital says:

Dr. Crum has resigned. No reason is assigned, but the fact that Dr. Crum is a negro and lives in South Carolina probably had something to do with it.

The suggestion is a reasonable one.

The copper bath in which Marat was slain by Charlotte Corday is for sale in Paris. It was sold once to a museum for \$600, but it is for sale again. It is described as an old tub, "shaped like a wooden shoe and scarred from ancient usage."

Death has been particularly active in the ranks of famous Frenchmen. The Parisian press points out that the French Academy has lost one-fourth of its membership in the last two years.

The Ural Mountains practically supply the world with emeralds. They are exported in the rough.



## SPECIAL PERFORMANCES IN NEW YORK.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Comments on Some of the Features of the Metropolitan Drama.

During the past ten days we have been entertained by a number of special performances, all of them interesting in one way or another. The most interesting from an art point of view were those given by Signora Mimi Aguglia and her company of Sicilian players at the Criterion, the most interesting from a literary point of view the performance of Henry James's "Disengaged" at the Hudson Theatre, and the most interesting from the point of view of timeliness the performance of Miss Elizabeth Robins's "Votes for Women" at Wallack's Theatre.

Signora Aguglia appeared in a series of matinées as "Zaza," and she gave a remarkable performance of that emotional and unhappy young person which those who missed seeing missed an opportunity, for it was as fine a piece of acting as has been seen in this city in many a long day. Signora Aguglia played the part without gloves. She showed us Zaza just as such women are in real life. There was no false sentiment about it. She was the little courtesan with her war paint on, out to catch the most desirable man who had come her way, and she caught him. That she was finally hoist by her own petard was her misfortune. It showed that she had a little more heart than most women of her class and that arouses a moment's pity for her, but she was not conscience-stricken in the fifth act as in Mr. Belasco's version. That was a weak concession to what some few years ago was supposed to be the limit of our moral endurance.

One or two of our critics complained that Signora Aguglia made Zaza too much of a peasant. What do they expect? Do they for a moment suppose that she was a recruit from the Faubourg St. Germain? She was not even as high up in the social circles of her class as the unhappy Marguerite Gautier. Zaza was a product of the café chantant, and not of those along the Champs Elysées, either. She was tempestuous and passion-torn by inheritance. Look at the old hag, her mother, who, notwithstanding her hideous appearance in the play, had no doubt been a Zaza, or worse, in her youth. Here, by the way, was a change from the Belasco version, in that the mother, as originally written by M. Pierre Berton, was changed into an aunt. Mr. Belasco believing that the American playgoer would not stand for so base a mother. Perhaps he was right, for one does not like to believe that even a stage mother would sell her daughter's virtue to the highest bidder.

I will not say that Signora Aguglia was the best Zaza that I ever saw, for I have seen both Mme. Réjane and Mrs. Leslie Carter in the part, and comparisons are odious, but I will say that she was quite as good as either of those ladies, if so bad a character can be called good. In some respects I liked her better. Mme. Réjane made Zaza a poor girl, dressed in shabby clothes when she appears before us for the first time, but Mrs. Carter made her seem to be already prosperous by dressing her in the most extravagant of clothes and covering her with jewels. Signora Aguglia's Zaza was in this respect the same as Réjane's. If she was bad it was just because badness came naturally her way, she was born to it, brought up in it, and did not know anything else, and it was not all for money. Mrs. Carter's Zaza had grown rich in her iniquity before she met Dufresne.

When Zaza Aguglia met the well-to-do Dufresne it was the desire to win him from a rival lady of the coulisse that induced her to try her arts upon him. She had hard work to win him over, and by the time that he was ready to kiss her and "their lips met," as the romances say, she loved him in her wild café-chantant way. In the matter of realism in her courtship I think that Signora Aguglia may be said to have seen Mrs. Carter and gone her several better. She left no seductive art untried. She undressed before him, and she not only shook her perfumed petticoats in his face, but she searched his head for gray hairs, dove down under his collar for moles, sat on his knee, and buried her head under his chin, he all the time sitting cold as a stone, refusing to succumb to her blandishments. What in the name of *les amours* was he sitting in her dressing-room for if he wished to escape temptation? If he didn't want to kiss her, why was he there? Why didn't he leave when the other men did? He knew what manner of woman she was; this was not his introduction to the ways of the ladies of the cafés chantants. But there he sat, assuming a virtue though he had it not. If she had not melted this exterior of ice Zaza would have had a very poor opinion of herself and she would have earned the derision of her companions. So she brought all the warmth of her nature to bear and the ice disappeared. Now, when you get the Italian language and the Sicilian temperament into a play like "Zaza" you may know pretty well what you have to expect, and your expectations would not have been disappointed in the Zaza of Signora Aguglia. It was a fine performance, for not only the leading lady but all the actors in it were good. How well those Latins understand their business when their business is acting!

It was all so real, so perfect of its kind. From the fire and flame of a Sicilian Zaza to the cold psychology of Mr. Henry James is a long step, but we took it, and in the same week. Mr. James's play, "Disengaged," has been lying between covers for the last fifteen years, and was brought to the footlights in the name of charity. The performance was given in aid

of the St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital and netted that worthy institution some three thousand dollars. The audience was a large and fashionable one and the play was well chosen for its purpose. I doubt if you could have called together such an audience at three dollars a head for anything less intellectual in its suggestion than a Henry James play. You might have got the money, but you wouldn't have got the people together. The play was exceedingly well acted by Miss Dorothy Donnelly and a well-chosen company of actors. It would never do as a regular night attraction, but for special matinées in Boston, say, and a few other centres of culture it would be sure to be listened to with respectful attention if not with any deeper emotion.

As a maker of plays Mr. James can not compare with Mr. Clyde Fitch or Mr. Eugene Walter or with half a dozen of our newly fledged playwrights, but as a maker of words, as an inventor of psychological piffle, he has no peer. "Disengaged" is described by the author as a comedy. It is not that. It is farce, pure and simple farce, and must be taken as that and nothing more. The play has no dramatic construction, but it has good lines and the situations are often amusing. What is it all about? You might as well ask me what Mr. James's later novels are about. As for the dialogue, it is as terse as with Ibsen or Maeterlinck. Here is an example. Captain Prime has been forced through farcical situations into an engagement with a silly girl whom he does not love. Like all the other men in the play, he is in love with Mrs. Jasper (Miss Donnelly), who says that she will protect him if any more people come in to congratulate him:

PRIME (ruefully)—You should have protected me yesterday.

MRS. JASPER—Alas, I was taken up!

PRIME—Of course, you're in high demand.

MRS. JASPER—Yes, people seem to want me!

PRIME—I hope no one will want you now.

MRS. JASPER (after an instant)—I shan't care if they do. (After another instant.) I can deal with them.

PRIME—Oh, yes; you have your resources.

MRS. JASPER (laughing)—The resources of the hunted animal!

PRIME (with eager sympathy)—Are you hunted, too?

MRS. JASPER—All the year round!

PRIME—But you told me about your refuge.

MRS. JASPER—My sketching? Oh, I've a better refuge than that.

PRIME (with intense curiosity)—What is it?

MRS. JASPER—My indifference!

PRIME—I've tried indifference; but it isn't enough.

MRS. JASPER (thinking, conceding)—No, it isn't exactly a regular occupation. It isn't, after all, absorbing.

PRIME—I want to be absorbed—I want something to take hold of.

MRS. JASPER—Take hold— (vaguely) take hold— (suddenly checking herself).

PRIME (all attention)—Yes?

MRS. JASPER (to herself, turning away)—I really can't tell him to take hold of me.

And so on. I told you that it was piffle, and I have proved it, but as acted it was amusing. The audience was pleased with the play and pleased with itself for being pleased.

"Votes for Women" was produced by the Actors' Society of America and is scheduled for two weeks, unless it should prove more popular than seemed from its reception. Wallack's Theatre was packed from pit to dome, but it was a special audience and one not likely to be called out for more than one night. Furthermore it did not receive the play with as great enthusiasm as I had expected. As the title indicates, the play is a special plea for woman suffrage, and all the suffragists, rich and poor, who could squeeze into the theatre were on hand. The Socialists were out in force, too, for I believe that Mr. Socialist Hopps was one of its promoters. Mrs. Clarence Mackay was there, also, and it is said that her money went far to aid and abet the production. The boxes not occupied by Mrs. Mackay's immediate party were occupied by her friends, and the front rows of the balcony were filled with members of the Suffrage Society of America, among whom I noticed Mr. Norman Hapgood, of *Collier's*, with a quizzical expression shining through his spectacles, and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, poet and editor, who viewed the situation with more serious mien. Fashion, not to say frivolity, was well represented, but the majority of the audience was composed of the real thing. A young woman with a smile on her face and eyeglasses on her nose paraded the lobby and the aisles with a large placard on her breast calling upon New York to fall in line with four other States and give votes to women. It was a great night for suffrage and for Socialism!

As for Miss Elizabeth Robins's play, it is not a play, it is a preachment. There is a plot, but no one cares about it. All the interest of the play—I will call it that for convenience—is centred upon the second act, which takes place at the foot of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square. A typical London crowd has gathered to hear a party of suffragists air their views on the burning question, burning hotter even in England than with us. This is a very clever scene. In London the play was produced at the little Court Theatre by Mr. Granville Barker, and it was the manner in which he stage-managed this crowd that induced Mr. Otto Kahn, in the name of the directors of the New Theatre, to offer him \$50,000 a year to manage that institution of dramatic art. Mr. Barker came over here, saw the plans of the theatre, which will be as big as an opera house, and quietly sailed away. It was too much for him to swing and he realized it, which was a good thing for him and for the New Theatre. But as Mr. Kipling would say, that is another story.

When I saw Miss Robins's play in London it had been running for some weeks, so that everything was

in the best possible shape. When produced in New York it had only had eleven rehearsals. That is not many for a scene like this second act, and yet it was very well done. It is all that carries the play. Without it there could be no performance, for there would be no audience. The second act should be lifted out of its surroundings and put into vaudeville. It would make a hit, for it is clever and funny. Miss Mary Shaw, who only appears in special performances when Ibsen's or other problem plays are produced, played the leading woman's part, which does not amount to much, and as for the leading man, I wonder that any one can be found to speak his lines. To call him a cad would be to flatter him. JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1909.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish novelist, celebrated her fiftieth birthday last November, and is still busily engaged in writing.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, George B. Cortelyou, will soon go to New York to become president of the Consolidated Gas Company of that city.

M. Debussy, the famous French composer, conducted the first performance in England of his three nocturnes, "Clouds," "Festivities," and "Sirens," in London a few days ago.

Sir John Tenniel, the great cartoonist of *Punch* of former days, celebrated the eighty-ninth anniversary of his birthday a few days ago at his home in West Kensington, a suburb of London.

General Carlos Garcia Velez has been appointed Cuban minister to the United States by President Gomez. General Velez is a son of the famous Calixto Garcia, and is a power in the Liberal party in Havana.

Representative John K. Tener of Pennsylvania is the tallest member of the new Congress. Mr. Tener is a sedate banker, and only a few old-time baseball enthusiasts recognized in him, when he came to Washington, "Jack" Tener, a famous pitcher.

Jose Gaudaloupe Aleit, of Jalostitlan, State of Jalisco, Mexico, is said to be the oldest man in the world. The record of his birth as contained in the archives of the Parish Church shows that he was born in 1779, which makes him 139 years old. He is in good physical condition.

Kingdon Gould, second son of George Gould, has been elected a director of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, of which his father is president. Jay, the elder brother of Kingdon, is a champion tennis-player, but he has not as yet been identified prominently with any great business undertaking.

Francisco de la Barra, who succeeds Señor Enrique Creel as ambassador from Mexico, is the youngest member of his rank in the diplomatic corps, being only forty-six years of age. Count Bernstorff, the new German ambassador, is a year older, while all the others have passed the half-century mark.

President Cabrera of Guatemala during the last few months has twice escaped the bombs of his enemies and is today as closely guarded at the capital as a monarch of continental Europe. Cabrera even fears poisoning. It is said about Guatemala City that, no longer trusting the servants about the palace, he now has his mother prepare his food for him.

Herr Reuben Brainin, the noted Hebrew writer, has recently returned from a lecturing tour through the Pale of Settlement in Russian cities, and says that the tragic result of the massacres of 1905 still noticeable is in the increase of nervous disorders among the Jewish people. Fear and sorrow invaded every household. There are still five and one-half million Jews in Russia.

Major F. B. Baden-Powell, an English authority on aeronautics, anticipates that flying will be common in four years' time, and he points out that new laws and regulations will have to be adopted. He apprehends grave disturbances in customs circles, and foresees a complete rearrangement of tariff schedules, with a probable setting aside of all duties on small and easily transported articles.

Queen Alexandra has worn the famous Cullinan diamond as a pendant on several state occasions and its remarkable beauty has been generally praised. The setting, which is removable to allow the change of the stone to the royal crown, was made by Messrs. Garrard, the crown jewelers. This firm holds a state appointment, a rare and honorable distinction for retail traders. It is entrusted with the care of the state regalia and the crown jewels. The appointment is in the gift of the king; it has been held by Messrs. Garrard since the reign of William IV.

The Abbé Loisy has been appointed professor of the history of religions at the College de France. He is one of the most famous of French modernists. The *Osservatore Romano*, in March last year, published a decree from the Congregation of the Inquisition, by which sentence of greater excommunication was pronounced against the Abbé Loisy by name and person. The decree stated that this step was taken at the express command of the Pope, who, having hitherto delayed action in the hope that the Abbé Loisy might repent of his errors, was at last forced to recognize his contumacy. A year previously Loisy's works had been placed on the Index, and he himself was deprived of the right of celebrating mass.



## THE BLACK SACRILEGE.

By Walter Adolf Roberts.

"*Madre Mia!* but the little one is ill. *Pobrecito!*"

Anita Rodriguez, in whom the mother's heart was nigh to bursting, bent over the bed and stroked the baby's flushed forehead. Her hand was not cool as befitted a nurse. It was stiff with the bitter cold of the mountain winter, and Trinidad, her husband, as he noted how she shivered as she rocked back and forth, removed silently his red poncho and wrapped it round her shoulders.

"Do not weep, *mujerita,*" he said gloomily. "Like you, I would give my heart's blood to save our child, but if he is to die, that will not save him. Pray, if you so desire, that the warm days come early, for they alone will loosen the weight upon his chest and give him life."

The woman shot an angry glance at him.

"But for you, unbeliever that you are, the good San Francisco would have heard my prayers these many days past. I have knelt at his shrine morning and night and burnt candles, but he is unmoved. The good saint has never yet been known to refuse a little one life, but how can he smile upon me when I have for a husband a man who denies the Christ and the Blessed Virgin! Why, even the padre will not come to this house unless he knows that you are away."

Trinidad Rodriguez listened to her words with a show of stony indifference that only an occasional twitch of his lips denied.

"Anita mia," he said gently, "the image of San Francisco can not help you. It was carved from wood and painted in colors by the priests. It rests by the altar where there are many shadows, and those who pray only think that they see it rise to grant their requests. How can a wooden image move? If the spirit of the good saint could hear our prayers, it would also know that the little one is ill without our telling, and would cure him through pity at the sight of such suffering."

As if in answer, the child wailed feebly, then struggled for breath and coughed until its body was racked from end to end, while the mother threw herself upon the bed and wept bitterly.

"An unbeliever!" she gasped. "Is any woman in Magdalena cursed as God has cursed me! The child will die. The devil will get his soul and later you will drag me, also, down to hell."

The peon whose mind had adventured in strange places far from the traditions of his race, set his jaw grimly and going to the door stared out across the flat roofs of the little Sonora town. Her weeping pursued him and the wheezing cough of his child stabbed ceaselessly at his heart. Could it be that she and the padre were right and he had deceived himself? He fought down the suggestion a dozen times, but he could not deny that he had no weapons with which to fight the disease that hovered about his house. He had no money with which to pay a doctor, and Padre Ignacio, who had called twice, had told Anita that the medicines he could give her would be of no avail without the blessing of the saint.

Trinidad shrugged his shoulders and turned back into the house. "Anita," he said, "you have four candles to burn at the shrine of San Francisco. Give them to me and I will make a prayer for you at the church. I will carry as an offering our last peso, and if it be true that the saint can hear he will perhaps forgive my doubting for your sake and for the sake of the little one who is ill."

The woman sprang to her feet with an exclamation of joy. "The Virgin be praised, you have repented!" she said. She replaced his poncho over his head and pressed the candles into his hand. Then she almost pushed him toward the door. "No doubt in very joy at your change of heart the saint will cure our child," she said.

The air outside was cold and penetrating, for it was yet early in the morning. Winter in the Sonora mountains is real enough, save for a few hours at mid-day when the cold gives way to a strange, blistering heat, altogether different from the languid warmth of summer. Trinidad drew a corner of his poncho across his face, muffling nose and mouth in many folds and leaving only his eyes exposed. Behind him the blanket fell in an even, uncreased triangle, the extreme point of which almost touched the ground. A figure typical of the soil he was, typical even of his remote mountain village, for he wore the old-fashioned *zapatos* and the broad straw hat with a conical crown, that in Guaymas and all the larger towns is now considered no less barbarous than it would be on Broadway. Yet this was the man who scoffed at the teaching of the padres and regarded a prayer to San Francisco as being breath wasted. The terms of his philosophy he could not have explained in words. He had not been trained to think logically, but his heart throbbed with a sense of revolt that accompanied him to the very door of the church, standing back from the street with last night's frost stick on the steps and the crumbling adobe walls.

An early mass was being said as Trinidad Rodriguez entered and took a seat close to the door. Padre Ignacio at the altar steps droned the Latin phrases monotonously, perfunctorily. The congregation of eleven souls, half-breed women all of them, bowed their heads and crossed themselves, sometimes at the proper moment and sometimes not, while they fingered the *rosariés*. As the priest pattered his benediction

and his voice died away into silence, they filed slowly out of the building, leaving Trinidad and the padre alone.

The latter eyed the peon as though in doubt as to what he should do, then shambled down the aisle toward him.

"Has the devil departed from your heart?" asked Padre Ignacio, "that you come to mass?"

"I have come to offer up a prayer to San Francisco," said Trinidad sullenly. "It may be that I am wrong, and at home the *niño* is dying."

"Perhaps if I did my duty I would not allow you to pray. You must perform a long and hard penance, Trinidad Rodriguez, before the church can take you back to her bosom."

The peon felt in his pocket and produced the silver peso that he had brought. It was wrapped in countless folds of dirty cloth which he removed with fingers that trembled with the cold.

"It is an offering," he said, and a faint touch of humility had crept into his voice. "For these many years I have made no gift to the church, but today I come with a prayer."

In the simple mind of Trinidad Rodriguez, more often puzzled than not by his own convictions, there was no cynicism. He tendered his last coin because the proper time to do so had arrived, and he did not notice the gleam in the padre's eyes or the changed tone in which he spoke to him.

"The church is forgiving," said Padre Ignacio. "Go and offer up your prayer. It is possible that in spite of all the blessed San Francisco will hear you."

Trinidad rose and walked up the aisle, his footsteps ringing hollow in the empty building. At the altar steps he paused and bowed his knee. A curious sense of duty had caused Padre Ignacio to remain and observe whether this ceremony was neglected, but as Trinidad rose erect once more and turned aside to the shrine, the priest slipped out into the open and hurried back along the outer wall of the church. Directly behind the altar there was a door, through which he passed, closing it noiselessly behind him.

The shrine of the blessed San Francisco de Magdalena is a little alcove to the right of the altar. A wooden effigy of the saint, recumbent, is dimly lighted by candles that are kept burning at the head and at the feet. To this shrine the faithful bring their prayers for assistance and, according to a legend handed down for generations, if the saint sees fit to grant a request the image raises itself into a sitting posture. If the prayer will not be granted, it rests silent and immovable.

For many minutes Trinidad gazed at the wooden features rough-hewn by an unskillful sculptor, the eyes closed, the lips indicated by two barbaric streaks of red paint. Then he sank on to his knees and commenced to pray.

The soul of Trinidad Rodriguez went into the petition for the life of his child. The mongrel Spanish spoken in the Sonora Mountains gained dignity as his voice rose and fell in measured cadence. It was the prayer of one who treasured an instinctive belief in that which he questioned, and as the minutes slipped by there remained less and less of the skeptic. The silence of the church influenced him; the recumbent figure of the saint acquired a new significance. It was thus that his fathers had prayed and while he trod the well-worn footprints he could not be a doubter.

"O blessed saint, save the little one who has committed no sin," said Trinidad.

The effigy gave no sign.

"I will give a hundred candles to be burned before thy shrine, and do a bitter penance if thou wilt hearken."

The dim light flickered unsteadily, causing the carved figure to seem almost alive, but there was no sound or motion.

"The *pobrecito* will die if thou wilt not aid," cried Trinidad.

But the miracle refused to occur, and of a sudden through the peon's overwrought brain there surged a blind rage. The saint had heard his prayer; of that he no longer had any doubt; but he would not heed it. He would let an innocent child die because of the sins of its father.

Yielding to the impulse of a moment, he leaped to his feet and wreaked his vengeance. Seizing the effigy, he dashed it violently to the floor. The thud echoed through the church and with it came a human note, a gasping cry strange and terrifying. Trinidad's blood ran cold, his madness gone as swiftly as it had come. What had he done? He had committed a sacrilege unspeakable, for which there could be no pardon. His hands went to his throat. Then he turned and ran down the aisle and out of the church. Lurching from side to side, he fled up the street until he gained his own house. In the bed the racked body of the child still tossed pitifully, but he did not heed it. With his head in his hands he sat silent awaiting his punishment, and to his wife's questioning he made no answer.

In the church Padre Ignacio was deeply troubled. He had witnessed the sacrilege, for had not his predecessor, the old priest Bonifacio, pointed out to him the little crack through which one could see and hear all the petitioners that came to the shrine of San Francisco! He had deemed it well to listen to the prayers, for saints, after all, are but saints, and when a request is to be granted, the result can be brought about more expeditiously through a human agency. Padre Ignacio was horrified at what he had seen and had been unable

to restrain a cry. But when he found that the heavens did not fall, he was reassured and hastened to replace the effigy on its pedestal. It had, fortunately, not been cracked or injured in any way. That was well; but in what a position had he been placed by this blasphemous peon! Trinidad Rodriguez must do a penance, or be driven forth from Magdalena; but how to explain to the faithful the indifference of the saint in not meting out a swifter retribution in fire from heaven?

Padre Ignacio stroked his chin with crooked forefinger and pondered. At mid-day it seemed that a message came to him. By imperceptible degrees he had reached a solution of the problem, but in all sincerity he accepted it as being guidance from heaven. San Francisco had been sinned against. Was it not right that he should instruct his servant what to do?

Tightening the cord about his waist and assuming his clerical hat, the Padre shuffled up the street toward the house of Trinidad Rodriguez. In a basket he carried a few simples and a little medical oil. No one greeted him at the door, so pushing it open he entered. Trinidad at the foot of the bed had not moved since early morning. He still sat rigid, his face buried in his hands. Anita, his wife, had fallen asleep, being weary from nursing and weak from lack of food.

Padre Ignacio did not waste any time. Hurrying over to the bed, he uncovered the child's breast and rubbed it with the good oil until the load upon the lungs was loosened. Then he applied his simples and, as it seemed, miraculously, the little body responded and rested easily beneath the blankets. Croup is not a difficult disease to treat, and the days of neglect had not been sufficient to place the child beyond aid.

But Trinidad Rodriguez, at last roused from his lethargy, stood with trembling lips and hands outstretched. "Father," he cried, "do you save the life of the little one? You do not know what I have done. You will curse me when you know, for in the church I committed a black sacrilege."

Padre Ignacio turned, and as he stood erect the peon dropped to his knees before him.

"Think you that I do not know? You have indeed sinned and the stain of it can not be removed, save by many years of penance. But San Francisco, the blessed one, did not see fit to visit your sins upon a child and in a vision I was sent to save it from death. Trinidad Rodriguez, do you repent? Will you return to the church, and by prayer, fasting, and penance, save your soul from utter damnation?"

In the neurotic condition in which the morning's events had left his mind, the priest's words had their full effect, and the gratitude of Trinidad Rodriguez at this supreme forgiveness overwhelmed forever the doubts of yesterday.

"Father, I repent!" he cried. The tears gushed from his eyes and he fell upon his face, the agnostic left weaponless, the church triumphant.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1909.

Three thousand souvenir medals for the Taft inauguration were struck at the Philadelphia mint. Three of the number are of solid gold, and were given to President Taft, Vice-President Sherman, and Chairman Stellwagon of the inaugural committee. Fifty of the medals are silver and will be distributed among the members of the Cabinet and other statesmen. The remaining medals are of bronze. The designs of the medal were selected by the committee having charge of the inaugural exercises. On one side of the medals are the busts in relief of President Taft and Vice-President Sherman, while on the other side are the names of the two men. The placing of the busts of both President and Vice-President is a departure from the plan followed at the last inauguration, when only that of President Roosevelt appeared on the medals.

Word of the sale of American thoroughbred horses in the Argentine Republic has come to this country in a consular report. James B. Haggin and James R. Keene recently sold seventy-five race horses there, and the American consul-general at Buenos Ayres writes: "While these sales did not come up to anticipations, still, taking everything into consideration, they were fairly successful. American horses are absolutely unknown here, and every one turns to England for racing stock. Rich and influential breeders in this country have imported prominent stallions from England at fancy prices, and expected great results from breeding them with cheap domestic mares. I believe that if the class of horses desired are sent in the future they will bring good prices."

A lawsuit regarding the possession of twenty-four titles of nobility, which has lasted for a century, has been decided in Rome. By the decision of the Court of Cassation the twenty-four titles have been awarded to Signor Baldassarre Caracciolo, of Naples. Signor Caracciolo will therefore be entitled to bear the title of prince, that of marquis, three titles of count, and eighteen distinct titles of baron. A twenty-fifth distinction which Signor Caracciolo will receive is that of Grandee of Spain of the First Class.

The school garden idea has been remarkably developed in San Antonio, Texas, which is said to have more gardens attached to its schools than any other place of its size in the world. There are 949 of these cultivated plots attached to the twenty-nine schools, the gardens varying from one-tenth to one-quarter of an acre.



A STORY OF IRISH REVOLT.

Mr. Weyman Signalizes the Close of His Literary Career by a Romance of Rebellious Kerry.

Mr. Weyman says that "The Wild Geese" will mark the close of his literary career. Let us hope that the spirit of romance will still fret him with a gentle insistence and that he will find a well-earned relaxation rather in a leisurely and tranquil labor than in entire quiescence. We can not afford to lose Mr. Weyman. Since Sir Walter Scott—and the parallel is used aforethought—there has been no story-teller whose educational influence has been so great as that of Mr. Weyman, no novelist who can so translate us body and soul into the days of which he writes.

There is another reason why "The Wild Geese" ought not to be the last of Mr. Weyman's stories. The last should be the best, and this is not the best. "The Wild Geese" is a romance of revolutionary Ireland. The scene is laid in Kerry at the time of one of those wild and abortive risings that have added so much of tragedy to the history of Erin. We have the foreign adventurers who are willing to doom a countryside to ravage and ruin if thereby they can light a larger flame elsewhere. We have the local gentry stirred by a splendid devotion, but as unaware of the strength of the power they defy as the unarmed peasantry that they lead. We have the proscribed priest, the peddler, the swaggering English soldier, and the maiden of Ireland who throws the sparks of her passionate devotion as fire among the stubble. They are all there, the groups that stand out lurid and despairing upon every page of Ireland's story.

But we wish that the story had been told with more enthusiasm either for or against the cause of Ireland. Partisanship disgraces the historian, but it is the bloom upon the flower of the novelist. With the exception of Flavia, the Kerry chieftainess, there is hardly an Irish patriot in this story who commands even our respect. Flavia's brother, The McMurrrough, is a cur and a murderer and Uncle Ulick is a good-natured fool. The one supremely fine character is Colonel John Sullivan, and he is a Protestant and a friend of the English rule. Colonel Sullivan comes home from the continental wars with the religion almost of a Quaker, but with the inflexible courage, the dauntless resource of the hardened and experienced soldier. Finding that the country-side is on the eve of hopeless revolt, he devotes his extraordinary skill to frustrate a movement that can result only in ruinous misery and he so incurs the resentment of Flavia and that of the half-barbarous squireens who do her homage. Here is a scene at the dinner table on the day of the colonel's arrival and after his unpopular sympathies have been recognized:

The colonel looked sorrowfully at her, but made no answer; for to much of what she had said no answer could he make. On the other hand a murmur passed round the board; and more than one looked at the stranger with compressed lips. "If you had your will," the girl continued with growing emotion, "if your law were carried out—as, thank God, it is not, no man's heart being hard enough—to possess a pistol were to be pilloried; to possess a fowling piece were to be whipped; to own a horse, above the value of a miserable garron, were to be robbed by the first rascal who passed. We must not be soldiers nor sailors," she continued, "nay—with littler emphasis—"we may not be constables nor gamekeepers. The courts, the bar, the hench of our fatherland, are shut to us. We may have neither school nor college; the lands that were our fathers' must be held for us by Protestants, and it's I must have a Protestant guardian. We are outlaws in the dear land that is ours; we dwell on sufferance where our fathers ruled. And men like you, abandoning their country, abandoning their creed—"

"God forbid!" the colonel exclaimed, much moved himself.

The story is full of finely dramatic incidents. Flavia's favorite horse is stolen from her and sold to Captain Payton of the English garrison at Tralee. Colonel Sullivan undertakes to recover it and is insulted by Payton. Refusing to fight as being opposed to his convictions, he yet arranges for a trial of skill with the regimental fencing master, knowing that the garrison officers would be present to jeer at him and intending to beguile Payton into a bet with Flavia's horse for a stake:

"That is settled," the colonel replied. "I am at your service," he continued, turning to the *maitre d'armes*. "I trust," indicating that he was going to fence with his left hand, "that this will not embarrass you?"

"No. But it is interesting, very interesting," the Frenchman replied. "I have encountered *les gauchers* before, and—"

He did not finish the sentence, but saluting, he assumed an attitude a little more wary than usual. The foils felt one another, and "Oh, va, va," he muttered. "I understand the droll."

For half a minute or so the faces of the onlookers reflected only a mild surprise, mingled with curiosity. But the fencers had not made more than half a dozen serious passes before this was changed, before one face grew longer and another more intent. A man who was no fencer, and therefore no judge, spoke. A fierce oath silenced him. Another murmured an exclamation under his breath. Payton's face became slowly a dull red. At length, "Ha!" cried one, drawing in his breath. And he was right. The *maitre d'armes*'s button, sliding under the colonel's blade, had touched his opponent. At once, Lemoine sprang back out of danger, the two points dropped, the two fencers stood back to take breath.

For a few seconds the colonel's chagrin was plain. Then he conquered the feeling, and smiled. "I fear you are too strong for me," he said.

"Not at all," the Frenchman made answer. "Not at all. It was fortune. Sare. I know not what you were with your right hand, but you are with your left hand very strong, of the first force. It is certain."

Payton, an expert, had been among the earliest to discern the colonel's skill. With a sudden sinking of the heart he had foreseen the figure he would cut if Lemoine were worsted; he had endured a moment of great fear. But at this success he checked down his apprehension. One more hit, one more success on Lemoine's part, and he had won the wager. But he could no longer hear himself carelessly. While he faltered, seeking for a gibe and finding none, the

two combatants had crossed their foils again. Their tense features, their wary movements, made it clear that they played for a victory of which neither was confident.

Apart from the wager, it was clear that if Lemoine had not met his match, the captain had; and doubtless many in the room, on whose toes Payton had trodden, felt secret joy, pleased that the hully of the regiment was like to meet with a reverse and a master.

Whatever their thoughts, a quick rally riveted all eyes on the fencers. For a moment thrust and parry followed one another so rapidly that the untrained gaze could not distinguish them or trace the play. The spectators held their breath, expecting a hit with each second. But the rally died away again, neither of the players had got through the other's guard; and now they fell to it more slowly, the colonel, a little winded, giving ground, and Lemoine pressing him.

Then, no one saw precisely how it happened, whiff-whaff, Lemoine's weapon flew from his hand and struck the wall with a whir and a jangle. The fencing master wrung his wrist. "Sacre!" he cried, between his teeth, unable in the moment of surprise to control his chagrin.

The colonel touched him with his hutton for form's sake, then stepped rapidly to the wall, picked up the foil by the blade, and courteously returned it to him. Two or three cried "Bravo!" but faintly, as barely comprehending what had happened. The greater part stood silent in sheer astonishment. Payton remained dumb with mortification and disgust.

Lemoine, indeed, the person more immediately concerned, had eyes only for his opponent, whom he regarded with a queer mixture of approval and vexation. "You have been at Angelo's school in Paris, sare?" he asked in the tone of one who stated a fact rather than asked a question.

But Flavia is not pre-disposed toward the colonel by the mere recovery of a horse and her antipathy is turned to fierce hatred by the extraordinary and daring manœuvre by which he frustrates the rising. Taking advantage of a thick fog on the morning of the assembly he and a few sailors from the French ship that brought him kidnap the leaders of the movement on their way to the meeting, and as Flavia is with them she, too, has to encounter some rough handling. Here is the colonel's expedient for terrifying the screaming girl into a swoon:

But, with peril on every side of them, Flavia was still the main, the real difficulty. Colonel Sullivan could not hope to carry her far, even with the help of the man who fettered her feet and bore part of her weight. Twice she freed her mouth and uttered a stifled cry. The colonel only pressed her face more ruthlessly to him—his men's lives depended on her silence. But the sweat stood on his brow; and, after carrying her no more than three hundred yards, he staggered under the unwilling burden. He was on the path now and descending, and he held out a little further.

But presently, when he hoped that she had swooned, she fell to struggling more desperately. He thought, on this, that he might be smothering her; and he relaxed his hold to allow her to breathe. For reward she struck him madly, furiously in the face, and he had to stifle her again.

But his heart was sick. It was a horrible, a brutal business, a thing he had not foreseen on board the *Cormorant*. He had supposed that she would faint at the first alarm; and his courage, which would have faced almost any event with coolness, quailed. He could not murder the girl and she would not be silent. No, she would not be silent. Short of setting her down and binding her hand and foot, which would take time, and was horrible to imagine, he could not see what to do. And the man with him, who saw the rest of the party outstripping them and as good as disappearing in the fog, who fancied with every step that he heard the feet of merciless pursuers overtaking them, was frantic with impatience.

Then Colonel John, with the sweat standing on his brow, did a thing to which he afterwards looked back with great astonishment.

"Give me your knife," he said with a groan, "and hold her hands. We must silence her, and there is only one way."

The man, terrified as he was, and selfish as terrified men are, recoiled from the deed. "My God!" he said, "No!"

"Yes!" Colonel John retorted fiercely. "The knife—the knife, man. And do you hold her hands."

With a jerk he lifted her face from his breast—and this time she neither struck him nor screamed. The man had half-heartedly drawn his knife. The colonel snatched it from him. "Now her hands," he said. "Hold her, fool. I know where to strike."

She opened her mouth to shriek, but no sound came. She had heard, she understood; and for a moment she could neither struggle nor cry. That terror which rage and an almost indomitable spirit had kept at bay seized her; the sight of the gleaming death poised above her head paralyzed her throat. Her mouth gaped, her eyes glared at the steel; then with a sobbing sound, she fainted.

"Thank God!" the colonel cried. He thrust the knife back into the man's hands, and, raising the girl again in his arms, "There's a house a little below" he said. "We can leave her there. Hurry, man—hurry."

This is strange courtship, but then the course of true love never did run smooth and the author is to be congratulated upon so daring a procedure in the tender passion—also, it may be said, upon so keen a knowledge of feminine human nature. Flavia, for the first time in her life, had found her master, and that, as we all know, goes a long way.

We have not done with Captain Payton, and it is only seemly that as Colonel Sullivan had rendered his first service to Flavia through the medium of that ungallant figure his last and crowning service should come through the same agency. Payton quarrels with The McMurrrough, who, being a coward, shirks the issue on the pretense of illness. One of Flavia's admirers, a renegade named Asgill, takes up the quarrel sorely against his will and is desperately wounded in the encounter. Even then Payton refuses to go and demands the transfer of the quarrel to still another victim. Then Colonel Sullivan steps into the breach. He can not fight in a private quarrel, but he can punish:

He came back to them presently, his face sad. "I will deal with it," he said—and he sighed. "You can leave it to me. Do you," he continued, addressing Morty, "come with me, Mr. O'Beirne."

He was for leaving them with that, but Flavia put herself between him and the door. She fixed her eyes on his face. "What are you going to do?" she asked in a low voice.

"I will tell you all—later," he replied gently.

"No! Now!" she retorted, controlling herself with difficulty. "Now. You are not going—to fight him?"

"I am not going to fight," he answered slowly.

But her heart was not so easily deceived as her ear. "There is something under your words," she said. "What is it?"

"I am not going to fight," he answered gravely, "but to punish. There is a limit." Even while he spoke she remem-

bered in what circumstances those words had been used. "He has the blood of four on his head, and another lies at death's door. And he is not satisfied. Once I warned him. Today the time for warning is past, the hour for judgment is come. God forgive me if I err, for vengeance is His and it is terrible to be His hand." He turned to Phelim. "My sword is broken," he said. "Fetch me the man's sword who lies upstairs."

Phelim went, awe-stricken and marveling. Morty remained, marveling also. And Flavia—hut, as she tried to speak, Payton's shadow came into sight at the entrance gates and went slowly by, and she clapped her hand to her mouth that she might not scream. Colonel Sullivan saw the action, understood, and touched her softly on the shoulder. "Pray," he said, "pray."

"For you!" she cried in a voice that, to those who had ears, betrayed her heart. "Ah, I will pray."

"No, for him," he replied. "For him now. For me when I return."

What was that? Only the fall of a spit in the kitchen. Would they never come? Would she never know? That surely was something. They were returning. In a moment she would know. She rose to her feet and stared with stony eyes at the door. But when she had listened long—it was nothing. Nothing. And then—ah, that surely was something. They were coming now. In a moment she would know.

She might have known already, for, had she gone to the door, she would have seen who came. But she could not go.

And he, when he came in, did not look at her. He walked from the threshold to the hearth, and—strange coincidence—he set the unsheathed blade he carried in the self-same angle, beside the fire back, from which she had once taken a sword to attempt his life. And still he did not look at her, but stood with bowed head.

At last he turned. "God forgive us all," he said.

"The Wild Geese" is a fine story; there can be no doubt of that. But it lacks enthusiasm, it lacks partisanship, it lacks heart in a cause, and the period is too recent to dispense with the fire that these things give. A better and a more representative choice of Irish patriots might have been made. There should have been some counterpoise to the stately grandeur of Colonel Sullivan. True, there is Flavia, bless her heart, but the load is too great for one woman. We might have been given a glimpse of those valiant men, mighty of speech and sword, who have endowed the Irish struggle with imperishable fame. We are ill-content that in such a story as this the cause of Irish nationalism should be represented only by swashbucklers, braggadocios, adventurers, and ragamuffins. We want something to admire and something to venerate in a story of Irish rebellion, and surely no effort in the whole of her history has been so abortive or so ill-directed as to produce only a smile of derision.

"The Wild Geese," by Stanley Weyman. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

OLD FAVORITES.

Aurum Potabile.

Brother Bards of every region—  
Brother Bards (your name is Legion!)—  
Were you with me while the twilight  
Darkens up my pine-tree skylight—  
Were you gathered, representing  
Every land beneath the sun,  
Oh, what songs would he indited,  
Ere the earliest star is lighted,  
To the praise of vino d'oro,  
On the Hills of Lebanon!

Yes; while all alone I quaff its  
Lucid gold, and brightly laugh its  
Topaz waves and amber hubbles,  
Still the thought my pleasure troubles,  
That I quaff it all alone.  
O for Hafiz—glorious Persian!  
Keats, with buoyant, gay diversion;  
Mocking Schiller's grave immersion;  
O for wreathed Anacreon!  
Yet enough to have the living—  
They, the few, the rapture-giving!  
(Blessed more than in receiving),  
Fate, that frowns when laurels wreath them,  
Once the solace might hewath them,  
Once to taste of vino d'oro  
On the Hills of Lebanon!

Lebanon, thou mount of story,  
Well we know thy sturdy glory  
Since the days of Solomon;  
Well we know the Five old Cedars,  
Scarred by ages—silent pleaders,  
Preaching in their gay sedateness,  
Of thy forest's fallen greatness,  
Of the vessels of the Lyrian,  
And the palaces Assyrian,  
And the temple on Moriah  
To the High and Only One!  
Know the wealth of thine appointment—  
Myrrh and aloes, gum and ointment;  
But we knew not, till we clomb thee,  
Of the nectar dropping from thee—  
Of the pure pellucid Ophir  
In the cups of vino d'oro  
On the Hills of Lebanon!

We have drunk, and we have eaten,  
Where Egyptian sheaves are heaten;  
Tasted Judah's milk and honey  
On his mountains, bare and sunny;  
Drained ambrosial howls, that ask us  
Never more to leave Damascus;  
And have sung a vintage psalm  
To the grapes of isles Aegean,  
And the flasks of Orvieto,  
Ripened in the Roman sun;  
But the liquor here surpasses  
All that beams in earthly glasses.  
'Tis of this that Paracelsus  
(His elixir vite) tells us,  
That to happier shores can float us  
Than Lethan stems of lotus,  
And the vigor of the morning  
Straight restores when day is done.  
Then, before the sunset waneth,  
While the rosy tide, that staineth  
Earth, and sky, and sea, remaineth,  
We will take the fortune proffered—  
Ne'er again to be reoffered,  
We will drink of vino d'oro,  
On the Hills of Lebanon!  
Vino d'oro! vino d'oro!—  
Golden blood of Lebanon!—*Bayard Taylor.*



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Economic Functions of Vice*, by John McElroy. Published by the National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

This ingenious little volume is intended to show us something of the regularity with which nature balances her tendency to over-productiveness by the self-destruction of the unfit. The unfit are those who fail to conform themselves with their environment, in other words the vicious. In the lower kingdoms of nature we see the same over-production. The tree drops a thousand seeds to the ground and perhaps only one takes root. The fish deposits a million eggs and all but a small proportion are devoured by enemies. The balancing service rendered to the lower kingdoms by enemies is rendered by man to himself. Unfitted by weakness, by vice, to survive, he destroys himself and gives elbow room to the morally strong and to those who comply with the natural law of self-restraint and self-discipline. Self-restraint and self-discipline become the only alternatives to self-destruction.

The author supports an unassailable position by lucid references to history and by appeals to common experience. Vice has always become an economic instrument for the removal of the unfit, and our whole machinery of police, prisons, poorhouses, hospitals, and lunatic asylums bears witness to the ruthless hand of nature when she winnows her floors. But we wish the author had gone further. We do not wish to look upon vice as a necessary part of human evolution, and we should like to know that the elimination of vice will be accompanied by a lessening of the over-production for which the self-destructiveness of vice is now one of the remedies. Comparisons with the lower kingdoms can be carried too far. The lower kingdoms do not "know good from evil," and man does. Having the power of choice and the stimulus to right choice, we may suppose that he will one day exercise that choice rightly. Believing in the unified purpose of natural law, may we not suppose that the inevitableness of self-destruction produces a corresponding over-production and that with a reign of moral law the lavish production will cease. Believing in the survival of the fit, may we not anticipate a day when all will be fit and all will survive.

Mr. McElroy has written a clever little volume, complete in itself and productive of that form of gratitude that is a lively sense of favors to come. He should write another in recognition of the ultimate intent of moral law and its bearing upon human over-production.

*Nirvano Days*, by Cale Young Rice. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

These verses are misnamed. Nirvana is quiescence and cessation of desire. Here we have an accentuation of desire, yearnings after the mysteries, and morbid peeps behind the veils of life and death. The author seems to owe some of his inspiration to the Bhagavad Gita, but he might have translated it into mystic hopefulness rather than into mystic despair.

His verses certainly have a sinewy strength about them that is admirable, but he is too careless of his form and sometimes he allows the search for resonance to force him into bathos and awkwardness. In the poem "The Strong Man to His Sires" we find the following stanza:

"I would—O Lips invisible! whose breath"—  
I answered—"so arraigns me;  
Whose voice is as a sound sent forth by Death,  
And like to Death entrains me."

That is passable, but three stanzas further on we find:

I knew them as I knew myself, and felt  
The Day of each within me;  
And so began to speak, the while they dwelt  
About—they who had been me.

The last line is pitiable and inexcusable and it illustrates a frequent fault. The thought in these verses has often a gloomy fascination about it, the expression is often nervous and virile, but nothing can compensate for sheer carelessness in workmanship.

*By the Shores of Arcady*, by Isabel Graham Eaton. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York.

The teller of the story is a "bachelor girl," an artist with dreams of honorable mention and even the *Prix de Rome*. To her comes a familiar spirit with incitements to travel, to "go south, young woman," and so, ever obedient, she boards the *Mary Jane* and when that enterprising craft is at the end of her tether our bachelor girl has discovered Goose Creek and is received as a boarder by the Widow Jones, who has a spare room and a cow.

Then begins a recital of country life purely delightful and human. The bachelor girl has, indeed, the mind as well as the hand and the eye of the artist. The children must all have their pictures painted, and so we come to know the mothers and are plunged forthwith into a medley of pleasant people who think shrewd and kindly thoughts and gaze upon the "fairs of the world with the unobstructed

rustic vision. Nothing is too insignificant to be irradiated and to be made great by this gracious observer who so loves to live and to see the beautiful and to expect the good. She blends pathos, and domesticity, and romance, and nature worship into a piece of literature of a high order and one to be remembered gratefully.

*Tragedy*, by Ashley H. Thorndike. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.50.

The author may be pardoned for his hesitation to make a choice between the many definitions of dramatic tragedy that have been advanced from time to time. That tragedy must be tragical there can be no doubt, but may we regard some specific intention, some dominating motive among its essentials? Could we regard as legitimate tragedy a drama in which all the characters were bad and all came to a bad end? It would seem not, since no call is made upon our sympathies by virtue overwhelmed either by vice or by the inexorable hand of mysterious fate.

The author is to be congratulated upon his insistence that tragedy must be morally educational. If it depend upon the workings of fate it will arouse questions of the laws of cause and effect in the moral world. It must, at least, awaken sympathy and compassion, the highest manifestation of human nature, and if at the moment tragedy should be under a wave of unpopularity it will emerge whenever society shall take on a new sense of its greatness and obligations, for this is the soil in which tragedy flourishes.

So far as the history of tragedy is concerned, the author gives us a valuable and inclusive survey. Beginning with the mediæval and the classical influences, he devotes three admirable chapters to the Shakespearean era, passing from there to the restoration period, the eighteenth century and the romantic movement. He covers the ground inclusively, tracing the currents of influence with much skill and the successive changes in prevailing motives.

*The Faith Healer*, by William Vaughn Moody. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.

It had to come. The faith healer and the spiritualist having invaded the hovel and the palace and all that comes between could hardly be excluded from the stage, but the appreciation of the public is still a matter of conjecture and of doubt. Mr. Moody's play reads well with the aid of some power of visualization, and perhaps in effective hands it may be popular. That is to say, strong and emotional acting may make it tolerable, but the power of raising the dead is not one that public sentiment will readily endure in the hands of such an one as Ulrich Michaelis. The scene in which the young mother announces that her child has been restored to life is undeniably strong and even beautiful. As a piece of literature the whole drama has a marked merit, but it is obviously written for stage production and for the verdict of a public somewhat jealous of its sentiments and occasionally eager to emphasize—in the theatre—its religious traditions. A play that demonstrates the validity of faith healing even to the point of raising the dead is a strong experiment and one of doubtful success and even of doubtful propriety.

The persons of the play are eleven in number, exclusive of "various sick persons."

*Poems*, by Robert Underwood Johnson. Published by the Century Company, New York.

This second edition, with new poems, is welcome assurance of a continued public taste for pure, strong verse. Many of these poems are indeed of a high order, wholly free from eccentricity, from weirdness and from all those other defects that are mistaken for originality. The author has a happy faculty for direct thought and for clothing his thought in musical language. His range, too, is satisfactorily wide. He responds to the inspirations of the whole world and writes of Italy and of Greece, of Spain and Russia and France, with the same felicitous enthusiasm that he gives to the domestic sentiments and to patriotism. His verse bears every mark of easy spontaneity, but it is nearly perfect in workmanship and invariably stimulating and delightful. Mr. Johnson is one of the few modern writers who remind us of what poetry ought to be.

*A Parable of the Rose, and Other Poems*, by Lyman Whitney Allen. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A fine workmanship and a delicate poetic insight mark these verses. Some few of the shorter ones might have been omitted with advantage as falling short of the high standard set by "A Parable of the Rose," but they all have the stamp of sincerity and simplicity of thought. "A Parable of the Rose" is worthy of long life and remembrance. It is not likely to be surpassed by any of the poets now in the American firmament.

*Why We Love Lincoln*, by James Creelman. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.25.

Mr. Creelman addresses his book to boys,

but it is equally appropriate to their elders. It is a collection of incidents, not at all in the form of a biography, intended to show the moral greatness of their hero and to impress upon the mind the essential fact it is character rather than the doing of deeds that arouses affection. Character, it is true, can be estimated only by deeds, but deeds are the effects of their cause, and Lincoln's hold upon the love of the world is to be found in those attributes that best lend themselves to the imitation and emulation of all.

*The Death of Lincoln*, by Clara E. Laughlin. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

That this volume contains over three hundred pages is evidence of its inclusiveness. While it contains little that is new in the way of facts, the author is to be congratulated upon her success in collecting all available material and in weaving it into a connected narrative that shows literary skill and a grasp of the story. The narrative begins with the inception of the plot and closes with the trial and fate of the conspirators.

*Banzai*, by Parabellum. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

This book describes the seizure of our Pacific possessions and the invasion of the Pacific Coast by the Japanese, a double feat that is supposed to be accomplished during the present year. It was first published in Germany and is believed to owe its authorship to a high court official, which may account for its immense circulation in the Fatherland. The various stages of the struggle are set forth with military precision. At first the Japanese forces are uniformly successful, but they are gradually driven back as the full meaning of

the yellow invasion is understood by Canada and the British colonies.

There seems to be no good reason why this book should be welcomed in America. Except as a somewhat clever bit of imaginative work, it has no value of any kind and might, indeed, have a mischievous effect by creating war pictures in impressionable minds. The German author had his own transparent reasons for writing "Banzai," and perhaps even for hoping that his predictions may come true, but his reasons will not appeal sympathetically to the general reader.

## "The Pearl."

Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, has published an edition de luxe of "The Pearl—An English Vision-Poem of the Fourteenth Century Done into Modern Verse by Marian Mead."

This strange poem grows in charm upon acquaintance, while full justice has been done to it by the sympathetic skill of the editor. The quotation of a single stanza will suffice to show something of the gentle vision of the poet and the skill with which it has been rendered into the language of today:

The splendour fair of that water deep,  
Its lucent banks of the beryl bright!  
Sweet was the rushing water's sweep  
With murmurings many, and swift its flight.  
A brightness of stones from the depths did leap;  
Like a gleam through glass they glimmer'd to sight,  
Or as stars refulgent, while safe men sleep,  
Shine in the sky through the winter night;  
For every pebble the pool that dight  
Was emerald, sapphire, or gem as rare  
That all the water glister'd with light;  
So dear and rich was the splendour fair.

The Government Printing Office at Washington has issued the Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture for 1907 with a frontispiece portrait of the late James Wallace Pinchot.

## New Books of Standard Interest

Not only are these works authoritative in their treatment of important questions and illuminating in their treatment of the arts, but in appearance, format, and illustrations they are among the notable books of the season.

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Mrs. Conger lived in China from 1898 to 1904 as the wife of the American minister. After passing through the siege of the Legations, she was instrumental in bringing about good feeling between the Empress Dowager and the Allied Powers. These letters throw a unique light on conditions then and now in the Chinese Empire. They are profusely illustrated from Mrs. Conger's own photographs, which include those of the late Empress Dowager and her retinue, published by special permission.

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From Tolstoy to O. Henry and from Boccaccio to Edward Everett Hale, the field of literature pays tribute to this volume. Many of the selections are published for the first time apart from their author's works and only by special permission. The dramatic section includes Shaw and Stephen Phillips, as well as the older dramatists.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Variorum Shakespeare.

The Tragedy of Richard the Third, with the Landing of Earle Richmond and the Battell of Bosworth Field, edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The appearance of "Richard the Third" under the editorship of Horace Howard Furness, Jr., reminds us that we have now sixteen volumes of a work begun forty years ago by Dr. Horace Howard Furness. It reminds us also and gratifyingly that the son has the same unusual qualities of patient research and lucid presentation as the father. "Richard the Third" marks the first appearance of Mr. Furness, Jr., in the editorial rôle, and an examination of the volume shows that it is in every way worthy of the impressive and monumental series to which it belongs. The previous or fifteenth volume, "Anthony and Cleopatra," is the last from the pen of Dr. Furness himself.

The value of this remarkable series is commensurate with the labor involved and the labor has been vast. The preparation of a single play implies a consultation of everything that has ever been written upon the subject. All the various texts must be collated and compared, and in the case of "Richard the Third" there are eight quarto and four folio editions of the play. All of the quarto editions were printed during Shakespeare's life, and it needs no stretch of the imagination to suppose that they may have been corrected by him. One of them, the first folio of 1623, is believed to have been placed in type from the original manuscript, and such would, indeed, have been the natural procedure. This first folio edition was compared with the others, not merely textually but letter for letter, and with a careful scrutiny of spelling, punctuation, and phrasing. There are four thousand lines in "Richard the Third."

But that is only the beginning. All subsequent editions are similarly passed under review with the same attention to minutiae, and the number of these editions is over forty. Every variation is noted and its source and meaning considered, and although many of these editions are identical, the identity is never taken for granted. Vigilance was never allowed to wane nor was anything taken for granted. That the work as it now stands should represent forty years of nearly continuous labor is a guaranty of the unwearied toil that has produced so splendid a result.

As has been said, "Richard the Third" is fully the equal of the preceding volumes. It says everything that is to be said, and it contains everything that throws the smallest light upon the history of the play and the vicissitudes of its transmission to us. There were already nearly a dozen plays having this ill-conditioned monarch for a hero when Shakespeare eclipsed them all. Doubtless he owed much not only to current conceptions of Richard's character and physical appearance, but also to the dramas that had been already produced. All these factors are considered by Mr. Furness, and he gives us all that is necessary from Hall's "Chronicle," which Shakespeare seems to have laid freely under contribution. But the work of the editor was not so much with the source of the poet's information as with the use that he made of that information, and here we must admit that unusual difficulties of determination have been met with a critical examination that leaves nothing to be desired. The student who wishes to form his own conclusions and to embark for himself upon comparative work may safely banish from his library, or disregard, all editions, comments, or textual criticisms so long as he has the "Variorum." There is no evidence that lies outside of its pages. It is the last word.

Mr. Furness intends to devote his life to the completion of this work. The unfinished part of the task is a formidable one, large enough to appall one whose past was not so full of fine achievement. The "Variorum Shakespeare" is already an imposing and massive piece of work sufficient to confer immortality upon its authors. Its completion will be one of the great literary feats of the age.

New Publications.

The story of "Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel," as told by L. E. Chittenden, has been published in attractive form by Harper & Brothers, New York. There are five illustrations, including a colored frontispiece. Price, 50 cents.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published "In the Open," by William O. Stoddard, a book for children between the ages of seven and twelve. Indians, fishing, hunting, and camping are all represented in a sufficiently vigorous way with the interspersing of much useful information as to outdoor life. The price is 60 cents.

"An Incarnation of the Snow," by F. W. Johnson, is a translation from the original Sanskrit of three stories based upon the influence of the moon. But have not these stories a somewhat higher meaning than the author attributes to them? If so, the reader may

seek it for himself from the beautiful and poetic rendering of the translator. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Student Cavaliers," by J. R. Forrest, is a pleasing romance of a number of college colleagues who after various adventures find themselves upon the battlefields of the Civil War. The book is published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; \$1.

"In the Valley of the Shadows," by Thomas Lee Woolwine, is a touching story of the Tennessee Mountains showing how the love between two young people triumphed over the traditional blood feud between their families. The story is well told with a mingling of tragedy, pathos, and sentiment, but why are the pages printed upon only one side? It is published with colored illustrations by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, \$1.

"Uncle Sam's Business," by Crittenden Marriott, is a book for the young intended to show the various directions in which the Federal government carries on the public business. There are sections devoted to laws, intercourse with neighbors, money, the working force, the national accounts, the food supply, and public works. Almost every phase of Federal government activity is described in easy, conversational style and well adapted to sustain interest and arouse curiosity. The book is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Helen Mackay, author of "Houses of Glass," is Mrs. Archibald K. Mackay of New York. Mrs. Mackay's husband is a Harvard man and member of the Knickerbocker Club, and Mrs. Mackay is well known in the innermost circles of New York and Lenox. Mrs. Mackay has never published anything before in English, but her first book, "Il Vagabonda," written in Italian, has just gone into a second edition in Italy.

Although the past year has been a bad one for playwrights in France, the statistics just issued by the French Society of Authors show that in the last twelve months seven playwrights have earned over \$20,000 each, eight over \$10,000, twenty-seven between \$5000 and \$10,000, twenty-eight between \$2500 and \$5000, and of 430 others none has earned less than \$1000.

The lady who writes under the name of Frank Danby and whose new novel is now in course of manufacture by the Macmillan Company is said to hold the interviewer in peculiar abhorrence. Recently she was pushed into a corner by an enterprising journalist who asked her, "When do you do your writing?" and the lady replied with unpremeditated promptness, "Only when I can not get a fourth for bridge."

Jennette Barbour Perry, author of "Simeon Tettlow's Shadow," was born in Bristol, Connecticut, November 10, 1860. She graduated from Smith College in 1886, and then taught for a number of years; instructor in English at Vassar, 1890-1893; head of Department of English at the College for Women, Western Reserve University, 1893-1896. June 26, 1896, she was married to the Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee, writer, critic, and lecturer. She has been an instructor in English at Smith College since 1901, and in 1905 accepted the chair of English language and literature there.

The appearance of Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera" recalls an anecdote of music in Japan. There is a legend that when Puccini composed "Madame Butterfly" he wanted some old native Japanese music, and asked a lady who had been a good deal in the "Flowery Kingdom" if she could not get him some. After awhile she brought him some simple airs written down which he later incorporated in

the opera, and, it is, said, told him that the Japanese did not write their music, but that it came down vocally from generation to generation, and that a Japanese friend of hers had hummed these tunes to her. Modern Japanese music is written.

Mrs. Harold Gorst, authoress, has arrived in New York in order to study the Bowery and the lower strata of New York life. Mrs. Gorst is the sister of Charles Rann Kennedy, the author of "The Servant in the House," while her husband is now in America lecturing on the "Curse of Education." Mr. Gorst is so charmed with the country that he hopes to persuade his wife to live here permanently. Mrs. Gorst in no way shares her husband's enthusiasm for politics. She says they bore her. "I had a friend who offered to take me to Parliament to hear Balfour speak. I said then that a team of horses could not draw me to hear anything so dull and stupid. But a lot of my pals favor the suffragette agitators and have been in jail for it. I shouldn't like to go to jail, for I'm afraid of rats and fear that my charm—displaying a small silver cat—would not work there."

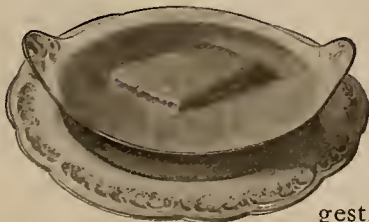
The fifty-three years of fighting have left Sir Hiram Maxim as sanguine of ultimate victory over the problems of aerial flight as he ever was as a young novice. Success, he affirms positively, is assured. So confident is he, indeed, that he even ventures into the field of prophecy with the declaration that great and startling events may take place within the next few years.

The fact that the President and Mrs. Taft were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt for the last twenty-four hours of the past administration recalls by contrast the passage in Mrs. Blaine's lately published "Letters" descriptive of the Cleveland's behavior on a similar occasion. According to Mrs. Blaine, the then 'first lady of the land' withdrew from the White House considerably in advance of the Harrison's arrival, leaving them to make themselves as welcome as they might with an empty larder. Mrs. Cleveland is said to be busy offering explanations, since the appearance of Mrs. Blaine's "Letters," in many private if not public quarters.

The comment of a German lady on the causes of the Civil War to the effect that "How could you expect the North and South not to disagree, with nothing to connect them but a narrow isthmus?" finds almost a parallel in a review of Miss Mary Johnston's "Lewis Rand" which appears in a London weekly of some standing. Referring to the hero of this story, the reviewer describes him as "a kind of South American Bonaparte." It would be interesting to know how many otherwise intelligent persons Europe contains who suppose that Virginia and the country that we call "the South" are in South America.

A third edition of Sir Oliver Lodge's "Science and Immortality" is in course of preparation.

M. Edmond Rostand is at work on "Faust" and other plays. His two sons, Maurice and Jean, are in Paris with him. The elder of them, Maurice, speaks English to perfection, and bids fair to become a literary man of no mean reputation. Although he is not yet eighteen, he has a volume of verse ready for publication, and he has done a number of very clever translations from the English. He has translated two of Shakespeare's plays, a great deal of Byron's poetry, and a volume of Mark Twain. His father has made him promise to publish nothing until his eighteenth birthday, and the book of verses will be his first printed contribution to the literature of his day. Jean Rostand, who is sixteen, is a scientific prodigy. His ambition is to be an astronomer. During his stay in Paris his father gave him a magnificent telescope, and on his eighteenth birthday he is to have an observatory of his own.



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## AN OPINION FROM JUDGE CURREY.

Professor Wigmore and the Supreme Court of California.

The following communication and opinion will be read with respectful interest by those who remember that the writer was formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State and that for half a century he was one of the leaders of the California bar. Now at the age of ninety-four years, his mental vision does not appear to be dimmed nor his intellectual force abated by the lapse of time:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 23, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The lately published and widely distributed letter of Professor Wigmore, dean of the College of Law of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, addressed to Mr. Francis J. Heney, reviewing and criticizing the opinion and decision of the Supreme Court of California in the famous Schmitz case, I have read and carefully considered.

Professor Wigmore's views, expressed in his letter, seem to me to be radically at variance with the laws of pleading and evidence, as settled in the courts of England and America for hundreds of years down to the present day.

Pleading—good pleading—is the perfection of reason, and can not by the sweep of the pen be brushed aside.

Eugene E. Schmitz and Abraham Ruef were jointly indicted as private persons for the crime of extortion as defined in the Penal Code of California. They elected to be tried separately. When arraigned, Schmitz demurred to the indictment, and the demurrer being overruled by the trial court, he pleaded not guilty. This plea put in issue the material and issuable facts pleaded, and nothing more.

In dealing with the case before it, the District Court of Appeals considered the demurrer and other assignments of error, which it was proper to do, as the court could not know what disposition the Supreme Court would make of the questions of law raised by the demurrer. Therefore these other assignments of error were properly, if not necessarily, passed upon by the District Court of Appeals.

I wish to notice here that there was no allegation in the indictment to the effect that Schmitz was mayor of San Francisco at the time of the commission of the alleged extortion, or that Ruef was its political boss. Such allegations were not necessary, as the defendants were indicted as private persons. But the prosecution was not satisfied to limit itself to prosecuting them simply as private persons. It sought to have it appear to the jury that Schmitz was mayor and Ruef was boss at the time mentioned and for several years prior thereto; and to that end, by leave of the court, introduced testimony which was objected to on the part of the defendant Schmitz on the ground that such evidence was incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial under the issue joined between the parties. It is entirely clear that this evidence was deemed of importance by the prosecution for its effect upon the minds of the jury to the prejudice of Schmitz, and it is also clear that Professor Wigmore at the date of his letter also deemed this testimony of vital importance for its effect upon the minds of the jury. I assume that he knew, as a man learned in the law, that the testimony objected to was inadmissible under the issue joined between the parties—there being no allegation in the indictment authorizing the admission of such testimony.

When the case came to the Supreme Court, that tribunal held the indictment to be radically defective and insufficient. It is not necessary to say more, for that was a complete disposition and determination of the case; however, the court in its opinion mentioned the fact that the indictment did not allege that Schmitz was mayor of San Francisco and Ruef its political boss. It may be that the mention of this fact was not essentially necessary. If not, no possible harm could come of it to the cause of the prosecution. But it afforded to the prosecution a pretext for raising a storm of denunciation of the court and its judges, and of the law itself. The question was everywhere propounded by the official force of the graft prosecution and their super-heated followers, why the necessity of alleging in the indictment of Schmitz and Ruef facts notorious and believed by the people of San Francisco and also the country adjacent to be true? With his friends of the graft prosecution, Professor Wigmore, as appears by his letter, seems to be in accord, and he, too, asked the question propounded; but more learned and astute, perhaps, than these friends, he realizes that the old and time-honored rules of pleading demand that allegations and proofs must correspond, and therefore to overcome the obstacle in the way, it was necessary to metamorphose the settled rules of pleading and evidence, so as to adapt the same to his postulated theories of advanced and enlightened jurisprudence. To effect his purpose he proposes to supply the lack of an averment in the indictment that Schmitz was mayor of San Francisco and Ruef its political boss by a process substituting evidence—hearsay evidence in this instance—in the place and stead of averments of essential facts in the indictment, declaring and maintaining that the court was bound to take judicial notice of the existence of such evidence, and to give it the force and effect of an averment in the indictment. In his letter he says:

"The chief justice's letter and Mr. Heney's reply turn largely on the legal rule of judicial notice. The learned chief justice finds himself iron-horned by the rules of that subject. But the whole spirit of the rules is misconceived by him. Their essential and sole purpose is to relieve the party from proof—that is, from proof of facts which are so notorious as not to need proof. When a party has not even been evidenced a fact which later turns out to be true, the Supreme Court's opinion, to be

vital, the rule of judicial notice helps out the judge by permitting him to take the fact as true, where it is one so notorious that evidence of it would have been superfluous. Now these helping rules are not intended to bind him, but the contrary, i. e., to make him free to take the fact as proved where he knows the proof was not needed. Moreover, it follows that, since these rules can not foresee every case that new times and new conditions will create, they can always receive new applications. The precedents of former judges, in noticing specific facts, do not restrict present judges from noticing new facts, provided only that the new fact is notorious to all the community. If, then, a man named Schmitz was notoriously mayor of San Francisco, and a man named Ruef was notoriously its political boss at the time in question, that is all that any court needs; and the doctrine of judicial notice gives it all the liberty it needs. It is conceivable that a trial judge might sometimes hesitate in applying this doctrine of notoriety, because the trial court might fear that the Supreme Court would not perceive the notoriety. But there never need be any such hesitation in a Supreme Court, if that court does see the notoriety.

"And this is just where the learned chief justice is to be criticized. He does not for a moment ask or answer the question, 'Did we actually, as men and officers, believe these facts to be notoriously so?' but refers to certain mechanical rules, external to his mind. What that Supreme Court should have done was to decide whether they under the circumstances did actually believe the facts about the status of Schmitz and Ruef to be notorious. In not so doing, they erred against the whole spirit and principle of judicial notice."

In this it is seen that the learned and astute professor disregards and repudiates the long settled rules of pleading and evidence as effete and inconsistent with the changed conditions of a more advanced and enlightened jurisprudence. The passage quoted, to which other portions of the letter to the same effect might be added, plainly shows the effort of the professor to supply the want and lack of an averment in the indictment by the substitution of evidence in its place, and he is not particular as to the nature and quality of the evidence, inadmissible in courts of justice. Of this species of evidence he maintains the court is bound to take judicial notice. The court never takes judicial notice and cognizance of facts in issue between contending parties. Such facts can not be used to supply the place of averments. This is a point not open to controversy. Things of which courts take judicial notice are matters that do not require proof of their existence such as things of permanence in the natural world, and also things created by sovereign governmental authority, such as constitutions and laws enacted under and by authority of the same. Of such things courts take judicial notice, but never, I repeat, of matters in issue between litigating parties. Such matters are for the consideration and determination of the jury. Evidence can not be converted into and substituted for averments in pleadings. Pleadings and evidence stand in a relation to each other that can not be changed. They constitute an integral part of *due process of law*, without which no person can be deprived of life, liberty, and property, and which no legislature, National or State, has the power to destroy or impair.

Professor Wigmore's postulated theories exalt hearsay evidence of spasmodic creation to the rank of conclusive proof by aid of judicial notice, substituting the same to the place and stead of omitted averments in pleading. In this way he justifies the introduction and admission by the trial court of the testimony objected to on the part of Schmitz, which, in my judgment, is in disregard of the settled rules of pleading and evidence, and absurd in the extreme.

In conclusion, I will assume, for the sake of argument and illustration that the law is as Professor Wigmore claims it is, or ought to be. Then why the necessity for the recent long and useless trial of Ruef for the crime of bribery? Was it not conspicuously notorious and believed by nearly or quite all the people of San Francisco that he was guilty as charged in the indictment? And was it not the duty of the court to take judicial notice of all such notorious facts, which judicial notice had become incontestible and conclusive proof of his guilt? Surely it was, if the law laid down by the learned and ingenious professor is the law. Then, if such is the law, the judge who tried Ruef ought to have begun and concluded the trial in a single day, for the proof of the defendant's guilt was complete and conclusive. The testimony of witnesses to prove him guilty was unnecessary and superfluous. In his case, the court could have selected and impaneled a jury in a few hours, and caused them to be sworn well and truly to try the defendant and a true verdict rendered according to the evidence, which in this instance was in the possession and mind of the court as proof positive and conclusive of the defendant's guilt as charged in the indictment. This being so, all the court had to do was to instruct the jury as a matter of law that its only duty was to render a verdict of guilty as charged. Thus a useless waste of time, energy, and money could have been avoided. Is not the *vox populi the vox Dei*?

I wish to add in closing that I have carefully examined the opinions and decisions of our Appellate Courts in the Schmitz case and believe them to be sound expositions of the law. So they are esteemed by the great men of the legal profession—among them Elihu Root and William Howard Taft.

JOHN CURREY.

Klaw & Erlanger are about to make an elaborate revival of Audran's comic opera, "The Mascot," in New York, with Raymond Hitecock as Lorenzo.

## Bispham at the Greek Theatre.

David Bispham, the famous baritone, will appear Saturday afternoon, March 27, at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, under the auspices of the University of California. If the weather should prove inclement the concert will be given in Hearst Hall on the campus.

The programme for this occasion will be an exceptional one and will include "The Erl King," "The Two Grenadiers," "Prologue" from "I Pagliacci," "Edward," "Danny Deever," "Captain, My Captain," and a group of other masterpieces, and by special request Mr. Bispham will again recite Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven" with melodramatic musical setting.

Seats for this event can be secured of Sherman, Clay & Co. in this city and Oakland, Smith Brothers in Oakland, and at The Sign of the Bear, Harms and Geary's, and The Co-Op, in Berkeley. The prices will be 50 cents and \$1.

## Last of the "Pop" Series.

The last of the series of chamber music concerts at Lyric Hall will be given Sunday afternoon and the following programme will be given. In its rendition the Lyric String Quartet will be assisted by Mrs. Cecilia Decker Cox, contralto; Miss Therese Ehrmann, pianist; Miss Lydia Reinstein, accompanist; and Mr. A. Nielsen, violoncellist.

Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the door on Sunday.

An Afternoon with Schubert—Quintet, Op. 163 (allegro ma non troppo, adagio, scherzo-presto, allegretto); Songs: "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," from "Mignon," by Goethe; Die Forelle; "Erstarrung," from "Die Winter-Rese"; Trio, Op. 100, No. 2 (allegro, andante con moto, scherzo, allegro moderato).

The London *Telegraph* has discovered or rediscovered an amusing story of Mr. Paderewski. When he was a professor at the Warsaw Conservatory he frequently visited the house of a writer in German magazines. On one occasion his host remarked to him that no living composer could be compared with Mozart. Paderewski shrugged his shoulders, and on the following day, sitting down at his friend's piano, said to him, "I should like to play you a little piece by Mozart which you perhaps do not know." He then played his own Minuet. At the end his listener turned to him smilingly: "Now you will admit yourself that nobody of our time could write anything like that!" "Well," was the laconic answer, "that Minuet is mine."

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# A PLAY AND A CONCERT.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Right of Way" is a somewhat incongruous mixture of psychology and melodrama, probably because it is a book play. The psychology prevails in the first act, and melodrama in the last three. The play, by the way, I find a little over-long, and I am convinced that one reason for it lies in the dividing up of the sentimental interest among three sharers of Charley Steele's affections, although Suzon is supposed to be more loving than loved.

Mr. Guy Standing's portraiture of Charley Steele, cynic and scoffer, the modern man of introspective mind with an itch for proving to himself that he has no heart, is perfect of its kind.

So, too, is Theodore Roberts's conception of the character of Joe Portugais, the hardy *voyageur* whose life in the woods and primitive nearness to nature is suggested by the passionate fidelity of his soul, and the rough, rude uncouthness of his outer shell.

These two character sketches stand out in relief against a very commonplace background. But, intrinsically interesting though they are, they are not in themselves enough to leaven an otherwise only tolerably interesting play. The situation of Charley Steele with reference to his wife is no more than indicated before it is in the limbo of things that don't count; dramatically, at least.

We see the crime at the Côte Dorion, see Suzon, who, as played by Paula Gloy, furnished a magnificent, thrilling scream, then comes Charley Steele's long oblivion; a tremendously interesting situation, psychologically considered in a novel. Not so much so in a play.

Melodrama, which always seems to be hovering in the background of book plays, now comes in. Charley Steele, while handsomer as a happy woodsman who has drunk of the waters of Lethe, is much less interesting, and his Rosalie is not interesting at all.

You see there is no central figure to his romance, so the romance loses its savor. And besides, this removing of the figure of his blameless wife from the scene of life, amid general rejoicings, for the purpose of securing a happy ending, is mildly funny. It recalls the scene in "Moths" when some one rushes in and says cheerfully, and reassuringly, and felicitatingly, "The prince is dead!" only the prince was a malevolent figure, while Mrs. Steele had not a single sin to her credit.

The company, leaving out the two stars, is only so-so. But it is no loss. There are no characters, beyond those of the two leading ones, whose depiction calls for any special talent.

Florence Chase Harris, as the wife, has an excellent stage presence, a fine figure, and a face and form well adapted to the stage. As yet, she is too self-conscious an actress, somewhat artificial, and a little rigid and pokerish both in acting and attitude. But even when she is pokerish she has the faculty of holding the eye by a certain effectiveness, both of appearance and pose.

Grace Benham was just milkmaid bloom and clinging arms. And that's all there is to the stage Rosalie.

The play is faulty in the dialogue, which is commonplace, as are also the purely conventional characters. A lack of fine perception is apparent in such points as that already mentioned, concerning the mode of announcement of the convenient death of the wife, and also in little details, such as the wife saying melodramatically to Captain Faving, "We shall never meet again. Good-bye." One thought quizzically, "Now how do you know you won't?" And when her flight from her husband's house, as announced by the slam of the street door and the rumble of her carriage wheels followed instantaneously almost upon her exit, one's intrusive, prosaic thoughts would revert swiftly yet doubtfully to her missing nightie and her absent toothbrush.

Three-fourths of Mr. Bispham's Sunday concert consisted of German songs, and, while we must not forget that he remembered his non-linguistic hearers, and that all the numbers sung at the previous Tuesday concert were in English, yet it was the English-worded selections on Sunday that won the greatest tribute of approbation. He sang many beautiful songs, which ravished the ears and soothed the hearts of his audience, but the first indication that Mr. Bispham gave of his magnificent dramatic power was in the song "Edward," an old Scotch ballad

that, as rendered by this master of expression, became a music-drama in miniature of weird and woeful hurden and of intensest emotional expression in its singular concentration of phrase and feeling.

The song consists of a dialogue between mother and son, the latter having been willed by the mother to kill his father, and closes with the launching of a curse upon the originator of the crime by the distraught and conscience-awakened son.

Beautifully as Mr. Bispham had sung the group of German songs, and various and delicate as were the tone-colorings with which he expressed their changes of sentiment, it seemed to me that in "Edward" for the first time he rose to his full stature as a singer of greatest dramatic power.

He dramatized the old mother furtively studying the countenance of the guiltless assassin, and the son, evading, with wild, unsettled eye, the fixed gaze of the woman who had hypnotized him to the commission of the crime. And after each stanza he gave a weird, minor wail, a sort of Banshee lament, that was a marvel of tone. It sent cold chills running up and down the spine, and was almost capable of starting a wave of hysteria, so wild it was, so strange, and so full of a great woe.

"Dannie Deever" started the pulses to hammering. The audience knew the opening measures, and applauded with anticipatory enthusiasm. Although the singer's voice has waned in the upper notes, having thinned and lost resonance perceptibly, yet Bispham never strains a tone, and the lower and middle registers are almost as they were. And of the dramatic fire, not one whit is gone. In "Dannie Deever" he seemed to fill the air with a suggestion of the morning stir, the beat of the drum, the tread of marching feet, the clatter of the military spectacle that formed itself under the shadow of the gallows, and with the tenseness of emotions felt by the participants.

"All thro' the night," a beautiful song of autumnal passion taken from the Old Welsh collection, was rendered with the deep, hushed tenderness appropriate to its sentiment, while, as a contrast, in the "Lied des Steinklopplers," by Richard Strauss, the singer splendidly expressed the repressed rage of the down dog who sees life spread before him a vast field of defeat.

"Where be goin'?" and "The Stuttering Lovers" supplied the leaven of humor that cheers the light-minded in a concert audience. With his sure instinct Mr. Bispham, in the stuttering song, avoided the exaggeration that would have cheapened it to a point below the level of the other numbers, and the singing of the rollicking little ballad was, in its way, as artistic a bit of work as that done in more pretentious numbers.

The programme closed with the generous addition of the recitation, with musical setting, of "The Raven," given as an encore. To the older generation in the audience Poe's "Raven" is an ancient and almost too familiar classic. We can still, after the lapse of years, hear the unctuous tones of elocutionists in certain of the passages, and memory is so faithful to this piece of flowing versification, that, once started, it is as if the tongue reeled it off automatically.

Yet, so potent is Mr. Bispham's gift of expression that he endowed the stately stilted poem with new life.

Commentators on modern poetry have been locking horns, of late, on the question of Poe's genius. They seem unable to come to a conclusion as to the rank to which he must be assigned, but however that may be, the impression once made upon the mind by any one of his works, prose or poetry, is there to stick. No private library is complete without the volumes of his short stories. No ear that loves music can resist the exquisite melody of that wild and ghastly poem in "The Fall of the House of Usher" descriptive of a noble mind turning to madness. Listen, for a moment, to a snatch of the fluent music to be found there:

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
O'er its roof did float and flow.  
This, all this, was in the olden  
Time, long ago.

The haunting, alliterative measures go like a sad, sweet song.

And so the sorrow of the memory-haunted occupant of the stately chamber visited by the raven is part of ourselves. We see him as a sort of second Hamlet, pallid, raven-haired, of princely beauty, and royally splendid setting. The "pallid bust of Pallas," "the violet velvet lining."

The silken sad, uncertain  
Rustling of each purple curtain,

all are splendid property adjuncts to this somewhat dramatic, yet thoroughly poetic personage whose mournful constancy and wild despair impressed us in our imaginative youth.

We have not been thinking of him of late years, but Mr. Bispham has made him live again. He held his audience absorbed and mute as he rehearsed the poem, so long, so sombre, yet ever tense with interest.

The musical setting is stormy and dramatic, and almost unconsciously to us, affects the mood and the imagination to harmonious conjunction with the poem. In Mr. Harold Osborn Smith, by the by, Mr. Bispham has an

accompanist who, while rather indifferent as to time, plays with singularly lovely tone.

And as to tone, what a variety the celebrated baritone can employ both in speaking and singing. "Edward" was a wonderful example of the latter, "The Raven" of the former. He does not ever employ the celebrated Tennysonian chant, so suitable in the estimation of those favoring it, to this particular kind of poem, Mr. Bispham being too hotly dramatic in style to adopt it.

In places, I admit, I thought his tone too much that of polite and worldly courtesy for the atmosphere of poetry. And I did not particularly care for the bit of realism conveyed in the raucous voice with which he suggested the croak of the raven in the refrain of "Nevermore." But that, doubtless, is mere individual preference. As a whole, the recitation is a splendid piece of dramatizing which must not, for one moment, be confounded with mere elocution, and which suggests to us new possibilities in the enjoyment of selections of dramatic poetry, or entire poems, thus delivered. Imagine, for instance, Tennyson's "The Sisters" or excerpts from Browning's "In a Balcony" or "Pippa Passes," thus rendered by a master of vocal expression with appropriate musical setting.

## A Big Music Festival for Easter Sunday.

Throughout Europe and the East the various cities that are considered musical have each year a festival of some kind at which orchestral, choral, and solo music is offered. In this city we rarely have concerts of this nature, owing to the enormous expense of giving affairs in which several hundred people are required in order to make up the right kind of a programme.

Manager Will Greenbaum has decided that San Francisco must have its annual musical festival, if only for one day, and announces that on Easter Sunday afternoon (April 11), he will give such a concert at Dreamland Rink, and at prices that will be most moderate for the great attractions offered.

The programme will consist of choral numbers with orchestral accompaniment, and also unaccompanied, with the Cecilia Choral Clubs of Oakland, and San Francisco, numbering one hundred and fifty voices, under the direction of Mr. Percy A. R. Dow; orchestral works by the newly organized San Francisco Festival Orchestra, under Paul Steindorff, and numbering over forty of our best instrumentalists, with William Hoffman as concert-master.

The soloists will be Ossip Gabrilowitsch, one of the world's greatest pianists, who will play the Chopin E minor concerto, and Miss Elsa Thorsvald, a San Francisco singer who went abroad some six years ago and who has been meeting with great success at the opera house in Elberfeld, and who is said to be an exceptionally fine artist. This engagement was only made a few days ago, when Mr. Greenbaum learned that the artist was coming home on a short visit, and not with the idea of a public appearance. She was reached by wireless from New York on one of the German steamers and answered in one word, "Accept."

The complete programme for this exceptional event will be published next week.

The board of censors at Stuttgart, Germany, would not permit the performance in that city recently of Borgtraehrer's drama entitled "The First Man and Woman." A Stuttgart paper says: "This play is simple and pure, with its Paradise setting, and not a work on which the pious anger of the censor should have been poured out." In the same city the owner of a hall refused to let it to Gabrielle Reuter, who wished to read there from her novel, "The House of Tears." The same paper says that the German people are awakening to the fact that all things that are written are not worthy of production.

Franz Lehar's "Gipsy Love" will soon be produced in London by George Edwardes, and it is hoped that the new piece will be at least partially as successful as Lehar's earlier effort, "The Merry Widow," which is still continuing its triumphant career.

Monday, March 29, we shall open our new shop in the Elkan Gunst Building, corner Geary and Powell Streets. You are cordially invited to be present. We shall have on display an entirely new line of imported and exclusive designs in waists, neckwear, and belts. Hilson's, Ladies' Toggery, opposite St. Francis Hotel.

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Popular Prices—50 cts. and \$1.00

Tickets at usual places in Berkeley, Oakland and San Francisco.

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## Last Lyric Hall "Pop" Concert

This Sunday aft., March 28, at 2:30

"An Afternoon with Schubert"

Seats 50 cts. and \$1.00; at hall on Sunday.

Mrs. Cecilia Decker Cox, contralto; Miss Therese Ehrmann, pianist; Miss Lydia Reinstein, accompanist; Mr. A. Nielsen, cello; and the Lyric String Quartet.



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## VANITY FAIR.

Are we justified in charging a breach of decorum against the lady who has her shoes polished in public. A robust common sense says an emphatic no, seeing that the great majority of women must either polish their own shoes or have it done for them more or less in public. But there may be a difference of opinion upon this point, as witness an incident related by the New York Times:

It was on a Staten Island boat the other day that, at a sign from a young lady, the man, an Italian, knelt before her, and, seizing her foot, began to polish her shoe. An elderly gentleman of aristocratic appearance turned away his head in some confusion, remarking to a friend seated beside him: "I suppose I am old-fashioned, but this custom of ladies performing any part of their toilet in public strikes me as immodest. I never saw it done until I came North, and I have not grown to tolerate it yet. I would black my daughter's boots myself if there wasn't any one else to do it for her in her home before I would let her have it done in public. That girl hasn't had it done often enough yet not to be ashamed," he continued as a deprecating little laugh came from the one having "a shine." "The first time they submit to it the bloom is taken off their modesty. See how the fellow handles her foot and exposes it to view!" The irate gentleman scowled at the innocent Italian, while the man, who had only accepted an offered job, unconscious of offense, walked serenely away to seek another customer.

Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, has undertaken a crusade against the corset, but the corsetières show no present indication of retiring from business. So far as can be judged from the cable reports, the queen's appeal contains nothing new. She asks that the use of the corset be discontinued upon the ground first of beauty and then of health, but both these considerations have already been urged *ad nauseam* and without the smallest results. No one should know better than the charming Queen of Roumania that women care nothing at all for beauty and do not even recognize it when they see it, while as for health we must be pardoned for believing that the corset is not nearly so injurious as has been supposed. There are, of course, extreme cases where the corset has undoubtedly shortened life, but seeing that practically every woman wears a corset, it can hardly be so deadly as we have been told or we should see the results in the mortality tables. The average woman lives just about as long as the average man, who wears no corset, and the woman breaks other supposed laws of health that are scrupulously observed by the man, and she seems to reap no particularly evil effects. For example, she faces cold weather with nothing but a lace covering over her chest and back, and she is in no more danger of pneumonia than the man who covers himself with three or four layers of flannel or cloth and huddles himself in a great coat besides. Scientific philosophers might do worse than devote themselves to an inquiry as to women's immunity from the ordinary results of their actions. Why do they not suffer from a constriction of the waist that would strangle the average healthy man? How can they endure so tranquilly an exposure from which a water-front laborer would shrink in fear? Is it the factor of expectation that gives to life most of its dangers and safeties? It would almost seem so.

Carmen Sylva's manifesto is to be printed in a dozen languages and circulated throughout the world, but the corset will continue to flourish until it becomes unfashionable, and, unfortunately, the fashions do not emanate from the far-away kingdom of Roumania.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson is indignant with the women of America for their strictures upon her dancing. She denies indignantly that there is any lack of modesty in her costume, which is after the style of ancient Greece, but the criticisms do not seem to have been directed against her costume so much as against her bare feet. There seems to be no adequate reason why Lady Constance should dance in bare feet except for sensational purposes, and while no immodesty is necessarily involved, the proceeding is at least unusual and we always attach some kind of moral censure to the unusual. Let it be said that the object of these dances is to raise money for a children's home in Scotland—presumably a home for bare-footed children. Nothing, surely, could be more laudable, but why not raise the money in some orthodox way that would be just as remunerative—a church bazaar, for example, opened by a royalty or a bishop with the usual raffles or lotteries to heggle money from the unwary?

But Lady Constance should take the criticisms in good part. She should not unsheathe her claws quite so readily nor show so quick a disposition to talk back.

"American women," she says, "are terribly provincial and prudish, in spite of all their so-called 'freedom' and their money. I believe this is due largely to the circumstance that they see very little of their husbands and go about together in hordes carping at each other and criticizing until they never can see the right point of view. They are prudish in the extreme, tolerating 'Salomé' on the one hand and on the other criticizing me and finding it immodest to dance with bare feet."

"Yet the costume I wear is far more modest than the garments women are wearing in the East for in America old women, young

women, fat women, and thin women seem to consider that their life depends on donning 'Directoire' gowns."

It has yet to be shown that it is the same women who tolerate "Salomé" and who criticize Lady Constance's little white feet. Moreover, although they criticized Lady Constance, they came to see her. Just as in the case of "Salomé," they said it was all very shocking, but they paid their money at the doors readily enough.

Lady Constance said that the American reporters have insulted her by asking such questions as "It is true that you dance wrapped in a sheet?" But where is the insult? A sheet may be a most efficient covering, quite as efficient, indeed, as any other garment. As a matter of fact, the garment in which she danced at Sherry's is described as "a Greek chiton and is composed of thick crepe de chine, quite transparent, and only a little shorter than that worn by Miss Mary Anderson as Galatea." Now, inasmuch as the dancing costume was "quite transparent," it would seem that the reporter was unintentionally complimentary, as the ordinary sheet is by no means transparent.

The society "season" in Dublin begins in February and lasts for about six weeks, with its centre at the court of the viceroy. Etiquette is unusually strict in Dublin, much more strict, indeed, than at the English court, where a certain amount of latitude is always to be found. Nearly every one is in uniform at the receptions of the viceroy. The gentlemen usually wear scarlet and gold with cocked hats and feathers, while the ladies dress according to the prevailing fashion. The deputy lieutenants of counties are the chief guests, and after them come the civil servants, who have their own special uniforms no matter how humble may be their functions. Judges and the high attorneys, or king's counsel, come in their full paraphernalia of wigs and are not without their impressiveness. Private gentlemen must wear the usual court dress of black velvet with white lace, knickerbockers, silk stockings, and sword. A suit of this kind is very expensive, and it is well known *sub rosa* that it can be hired for the occasion by those who can not afford a large outlay for the sake of one or two yearly receptions. There is the well-known story of the cahman who when a new arrival at the levee said "I don't know the right entrance, as I was never here before," replied "Well, hegorra, your clothes were, many's the time."

Politics plays a large part at the Dublin receptions and this is in no way the case at the English court. Representatives of the Home Rule or Nationalist party are never to be found at these functions, not because they are omitted from the invitation lists, but because they will not recognize the castle influence. Dublin Castle represents English rule, it represents everything that is hateful to nationalist sentiment and is therefore boycotted in its social as well as in its political aspects. For this reason the home-ruler, how-

ever high his social position, is not to be found at functions that are supposed to represent the political power of the government. Only officials and those in sympathy with official life are to be found at the vice-regal levees.

There was, of course, a time when the viceroy himself was a home-ruler. At about the date of the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's home rule bill Lord Aberdeen was appointed as viceroy, and his lot was by no means a happy one. The home-rulers refused to relax their ostracism of Dublin Castle merely because the viceroy was of their own party, while the so-called loyalists instituted a boycott on their own account in protest against such an anomaly as a home-rule viceroy. As a result the receptions were nearly deserted except by the officials, who, of course, would miss no opportunity to hark in the shadow of vicereignty with the usual refreshments thrown in. There is a story told of Lady Aberdeen, who at one of her first dinner parties turned with gushing enthusiasm to Lord Chief Justice Morris, who happened to be next to her, and said: "I hope there are many home-rulers with us tonight." "I don't believe there is one in the place," said the chief justice. "except your ladyship and the waiters."

There is more social jealousy in Dublin than in London. Presence at the English

court creates distinction even if it did not exist before, but at Dublin half of those who are invited are firmly of opinion that the other half have been undeservedly honored by inclusion. Endless hearthurnings are the result and social feuds that are industriously kept alive from one season to another.

The future use of the Cullinan diamond has now been definitely decided. The king and queen, anxious to make the fullest possible use of the Transvaal's gift, consulted the other day a firm of jewelers on the point whether the gem could be so set in the imperial crown as to be detachable for wear by the queen on great state occasions, as it was at the recent opening of Parliament.

The crown and the diamond were taken to Buckingham Palace, where the practical side of the plan was demonstrated by the jewelers, who then received instructions to carry out the work. Thus the Cullinan diamond, while retaining the status of a crown jewel, will be available for wear by the queen on some occasions upon which the crown is not in use.

Mme. Tetrizzini has been bereaved. Her six-ounce Mexican dog, for which she paid nearly \$200 only a week or so ago, is dead. There seems no good reason for this sudden demise except the fact that its mistress had named it "Salomé." That was certainly a heavy handicap for so small a dog.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The sad scenes on the *Republic* at the time of the recent disaster were not wholly without humorous incidents. A bald-headed gentleman was accosted by a woman whose hair was streaming down her back, and who asked him excitedly if he had a comb about him. Describing the incident, he says: "I looked at her very sadly. Then I took off my hat."

A newspaper man once asked the late J. K. Hudson whether he should call him "major" or "general." Hudson was a major in the Civil War and was made a brigadier-general in the Spanish War, but in the latter conflict he did not get into active service. "Call me major," said Hudson in reply to the question. "I was vaccinated for 'general,' but it didn't take."

Richard Grant White once said that a radical reform in English spelling is, first, unnecessary, second, undesirable, and third, impossible, thus recalling the story of the old Scottish preacher, who, upon meeting one of his hearers after the services, inquired how he liked the sermon. "I dinna like it," he said, "for three rizzens—first, ye read it; second, ye dinna read it weel, and third, it was na worth readin'."

According to the *Christian Register* this is a report by a young English school-girl of a lecture on "Phases of Human Life—Youth, Manhood, and Age": "In youth we look forward to the wicked things we will do when we grow up—this is the state of innocence. In manhood we do the wicked things of which we thought in our youth—this is the prime of life. In old age we are sorry for the wicked things we did in manhood—this is the time of our dotage."

Robert has lately acquired a stepmother. Hoping to win his affection, this new parent has been very lenient with him, while his father, feeling his responsibility, has been unusually strict. The boys of the neighborhood, who had taken pains to warn Robert of the terrible character of stepmothers in general, recently waited on him in a body, and the following conversation was overheard: "How do you like your stepmother, Boh?" "Like her! Why, fellers, I just love her. All I wish is I had a stepfather, too."

They were talking of the strange sights to be seen in a great city, and one man paid his tribute to New York: "I don't believe one of you could think of any combination of circumstances that hasn't at some time occurred on the streets there," he said. "I reckon I know of one that's never occurred there," said Hiram Fowle. "What's that?" asked the other, curiously. "I guess," said Hiram, slowly, "that you've never seen, nor ever will see, a brass hand going in one direction an' the heft of the folks going the other."

A young man, who looked every inch the bridegroom, stood in the rotunda of the Great Northern the other day (says a Chicago paper), telling a friend of the manner of his proposal to his bride. She had known of his wild ways and fondly hoped to reform him through marriage. "After I had popped the question and she had accepted me," he said, "I at once began to talk about the wedding. 'We will go away somewhere by ourselves, my dear,' I said: 'there will be no flourish, no cards, no ceremony—here she interrupted me, and with a dignified sweep of her arm, declared: 'Mr. —, I shall certainly insist upon a ceremony.'"

Of curious prayers a writer says: "I have heard a layman utter this petition during his prayer: 'O Lord, he Thou with us in our upittings and our downrisings—a variant of the text in the Psalms, 'Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising.' A minister occasionally introduced a Latin sentence into his prayer, and forthwith proceeded to translate it. Another minister in his early days experienced considerable difficulty with the long prayer before the sermon. In nonconformist churches this usually occupies a quarter of an hour, but long before this period had been reached he was wound up. On one occasion, while in this dilemma, he startled his hearers with the words, 'And now, O Lord, I will relate unto Thee a little anecdote!'"

The following affidavit was filed in court of common pleas in Dublin in 1822: "And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the County of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man of this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, at which pre-

sending said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened 'that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his (the deponent's) soul to hell, which this deponent verily believes he would have done, had not this deponent precipitately escaped.'"

Pat had been delegated by his fellow-employees to tell Mrs. Casey the news of her husband's accidental death. On the way to the Casey home, Pat pondered on how to break the news to the widow. Finally he hit on what to him seemed a most humane way of preparing Mrs. Casey for the sad news. Knowing the violent hatred which Mrs. Casey, as well as all loyal Irishmen, have for the A. P. A., he said on greeting the woman: "Ah, Mrs. Casey, it is bad news I have to bring you. Your husband, Mike, has turned an A. P. A." "Mike turned A. P. A.!" The scoundrel, I hope he is dead." "He is," answered Pat.

A short time ago (says the *Courier-Journal*) a young lady was troubled with a hoil on her knee which grew so bad that she thought it necessary to call in a physician. She had formed a dislike for the family physician, so her father suggested several others, and finally said that he would call in the physician with the homopathic case, who passed the house every day. They kept a sharp lookout for him, and when he came along he was called in. The young lady modestly showed him the disabled member. The little man looked at it and said: "Why, that's pretty bad." "Well," she said, "what must I do?" "If I were you," he answered, "I would send for a physician. I am a piano-tuner."

THE MERRY MUSE.

That Old, Old Pathway.  
We cry,  
We talk,  
We laugh,  
We walk;  
Our mother's pride and joy.

We fight,  
We swear,  
And pants  
We wear;  
Our father's little hoy.

We dance,  
We smoke,  
Hold hands,  
And joke;  
A girl, and then a row.

We drink,  
We eat,  
Play cards,  
And treat;  
The fellows claim us now.

We love,  
We're led,  
We woo,  
We wed;  
At leisure we repent.

We work,  
We sigh,  
And soon  
We die;  
So many a life is spent.  
—Cornell Widow.

Ballade of the Prudent Sport.

I'm not pugnacious, not a bit.  
Before I'd fight I'd always run.  
That I'm a liar I'll admit  
In fact, that's what I've often done.  
I never could see any fun  
In being wiped from off the map  
By some big brute who weighs a ton.  
But, oh, I love to see a scrap!

It is a pity that the pit—  
That is an inadvertent pun—  
Is frowned upon as most unfit  
To patronize—a thing to shun.  
But fighting cocks do take the hun  
For force and fury, fire and snap.  
My morals are most finely spun,  
But, oh, I love to see a scrap!

I like to see a fellow hit  
A blow with force enough to stun  
And come up smiling, full of grit,  
As if the thing had just begun.  
Of all things underneath the sun  
That is the one that warms a chap.  
I'm not a Vandal, nor a Hun,  
But, oh, I love to see a scrap!

L'ENVOI.  
To safely sit and watch the one  
The other's crimson claret tap!  
In mildness I will yield to none,  
But, oh, I love to see a scrap!

Cruel, but Not Unusual.

The foreman of the furnaces to Sant went and said: "We must husband our resources or the fires will soon be dead; for the brimstone mines are failing and I have the gravest fears, that our pipes will all be frozen in perhaps a dozen years." Then the devil sat and pondered, and he said: "I've often thought, in the course of passing ages, that we're keeping hell too hot; there are other ways to torture than to cook on blazing pyres, so I think we'll close the dampers and put out the biggest fires, and the damned who come to suffer for their evil deeds and wrongs, they will have to sit and listen while we sing them campaign songs." —Walt Mason in *Emporia Gazette*.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Stagnation prevails in the social world, just now, probably in more decided form than at any other season of the year. It is the eve of departure also for many San Franciscans who will spend the summer months in Europe and those who will go to the country are busily planning their flittings as well.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Margaret Bender, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David A. Bender, to Mr. Philip Young of Boston. Their wedding will be an event of June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Gatewood, sister of Assistant Naval Constructor Duncan Gatewood, U. S. N., to Lieutenant Farmer Morrison, U. S. N. Their wedding will take place in May.

The wedding of Mrs. Alice Long Mitchell, sister of Major Charles Grant Long, U. S. M. C., to Captain Louis Meredith Nuttman, Subsistence Department, U. S. A., took place on March 3 in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. Athearn Folger was the hostess at a luncheon and bridge party on Thursday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Welborn Burnett entertained at an informal tea on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Genevieve Walker of Philadelphia.

Miss Caroline Mills was the hostess at an informal tea on Tuesday afternoon last.

Miss Hannah Du Bois was the hostess at an informal tea on Sunday last at her apartment at the Hillcrest.

Miss Sidney Davis was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Tuesday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Margaret Stow.

Mrs. Redmond Payne entertained at tea at the Fairmont last week. Among the guests were Mrs. Charles S. Fee, Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. George Whittell, Mrs. J. Parker Currier, Mrs. William Jordan, Mrs. Howard Holmes, Mrs. John I. Sahlin, Mrs. Harry Mann, and Mrs. A. N. Towne.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters entertained at dinner at the St. Francis Hotel and later went to the Bismph concert. Miss Snell of Berkeley and M. de Wohle of the Belgium legation were their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore, who have been visiting at the St. Francis, entertained at luncheon last Friday in honor of Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin.

Mrs. Leopold Michaels entertained at tea at the St. Francis Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Couderet of Washington. Among the guests were Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. Oscar Fitzallan Long, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. Latham McMullen, Mrs. Carol Lyman, Mrs. John Bellinger, Mrs. Peter McBean, and Miss Lily O'Connor.

Among those who entertained guests in their homes at the David Bismph concert in the Colonial hall room of the St. Francis last week were: Mrs. Hearst, who had with her Mme. Barreda, Mrs. Rockwell, Miss Gemley, Mr. Orrin Peck, and Mr. Duncan Heron. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Christian Miller. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters entertained several Oakland friends and also Count d'Alhans. In the W. Mayo Newhall home were Mrs. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, and Miss Margaret and Miss Elizabeth Newhall. Mrs. Edgar Preston had with her Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown and Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. L. L. Baker and Miss Dorothy Baker will leave in the near future for New York, where Mrs. Baker will remain a few weeks before returning to California. She will then, accompanied by Miss Helen Baker, go to San Rafael for the summer months. Miss Dorothy Baker will go abroad to join her aunt, Miss Stone.

Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Price, and Mr. Evans S. Pillsbury have returned from Montecito, Santa Barbara.

Miss Helen Wheeler has returned from a visit to Mrs. Phebe Hearst at the latter's country place near Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. A. Brown, who have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, have returned to their home in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury have returned to San Mateo, after a stay at the St. Francis.

Miss Helen Baker has been in San Rafael recently as the guest of Miss Louise Boyd.

Miss Marian Newhall and Miss Julia Langhorne

returned on Monday last from a fortnight's stay in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing and Miss Eleanor Cushing, who have spent the winter in town, have returned to their San Rafael home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland will go shortly to the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo, where they will spend most of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith and Miss Cora Smith will leave shortly for some months' travel in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle left this week for New York. Mrs. Monteagle will sail April 24 for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. William B. Bourn has been to Grass Valley for a few days' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Miss Marian Miller will leave in June for several months' travel in Europe.

Mr. Walter Dillingham, who arrived recently from Honolulu, has gone to New York for a brief trip.

Mrs. Barry Coleman, Miss Sophie Coleman, and Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman went down last week to San Mateo to spend the summer.

Miss Edith Berry, who has been visiting in New York for the past two months, is expected to return early in April.

Miss Merritt Reid has returned from a visit to Mrs. Percy Moore at Menlo Park.

Miss Christine Pomeroy, who went East early in January, has returned to New York, after a stay in Washington, D. C.

Miss Margaret Stow sailed on Friday of last week for a sojourn in the Orient.

Mrs. Thomas Dilleh, Miss Ynez Dilleh, and Miss Delfina Dilleh of Santa Barbara, who are spending some months here, have apartments at the Claire on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Jane Whittier Bothin and Miss Genevieve Bothin have returned from a visit to Southern California.

Miss Jennie Blair has been at Coronado for the polo tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Miss Ruth Powers will return from New York about the first week in May.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb has returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop will return in a short time from New York.

Miss Helen Thomas is spending a fortnight in San Diego as the guest of Mrs. Sefton.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins are the guests of Mrs. Perkins's mother, Mrs. M. A. Huntington, at her apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Margaret Noyes returned by the transport *Thomas* on the 13th instant from a visit to her brother at Fort William McKinley, Philippine Islands, and will be pleased to see her friends at 1167 Filbert Street.

Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs leaves this week for Yokohama, Japan, and will probably extend his journey around the world, going by way of the Siberian railway.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bard of Hueneme, California, are guests of the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stone, and Miss Havemayer of Burlingame are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Batchelder of Menlo Park are at the Fairmont.

Among those from the Northwest at present registered at the Fairmont are Mrs. R. P. Ballard, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Black, Mrs. M. D. Ballard, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Douglas, Mr. R. C. Stuart, Mr. William M. Elliott, Mr. W. A. Mears, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. A. Baillie and Miss Baillie, Tacoma.

Among visitors to The Peninsula, San Mateo, upon its opening day, April 1, will be Mrs. Low, Miss F. C. Low, Miss Margaret Irvine, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Grow, Mrs. W. Clark, Miss Algic Clark, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Less Pragers and family, Dr. W. C. Chidister, Mrs. J. Purrington, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Levy, and Miss Violet Levy.

Among the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Miss Pearl Orchard, Mr. William M. Fay, Mrs. P. Ackerman, Mrs. S. W. Phillips, Miss Eve Phillips, Mrs. Winifred E. Burnham, Mrs. F. B. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Howell, Miss Elsie Howell, Mr. A. F. Brandenstein, Mr. Lloyd Pryor, Mr. Keyes M. Curran, Mr. Thornton James Boggs, Mr. Robert Chandler, Mrs. W. A. Rowe, Miss Mary E. Cole, Mr. Coffery, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Heney, Mr. J. M. Ponnert, Mr. A. R. M. Blackhall.

Among arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Miss Keeney, Mrs. John McMullin, Mrs. C. L. Goddard, Miss Goddard, Mr. D. O. Crowley, Mrs. F. A. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Huse, Mrs. J. S. Hanna, Mrs. C. A. Dawson, Miss Georgiana M. Dawson, Mr. W. M.

O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss de Young, Mr. Frank Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Marsh, Mr. E. G. B. Fitzhamon, Mr. H. I. Scott, Mrs. C. T. Spencer, Miss A. B. Knickerbocker, Mr. William H. White, Mr. Fred H. Chase, Mr. H. Simmons, Mr. H. S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. F. McCalch, Mr. George H. Bush.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Dunn, judge-advocate, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as judge-advocate of the Philippine Division, to take effect at such time as will enable him to comply with this order and will proceed to sail from Manila, P. I., on or about April 15 for San Francisco. He will proceed thence to Washington, D. C., and report in person to the advocate-general of the army for duty in his office.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry B. Moon, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., upon his own application, is retired from active service, after more than thirty-two years' service, to take effect April 5.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Stephenson, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippine Division, to take effect at such time as will enable him to proceed on the transport to sail from Manila on May 15 for San Francisco, and report by telegraph to the adjutant-general of the army for further orders.

Major Harry C. Hale, adjutant-general, U. S. A., has reported at Army Headquarters, Department of California, and has been assigned to duty as assistant to Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., adjutant-general, Department of California. Major Hale spent the week end at the Presidio of Monterey.

Major William S. Scott, U. S. A., promoted on February 26 from captain, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been assigned to the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Major John P. Hains, paymaster, U. S. A., Headquarters, Department of California, has been granted leave of absence for one month with permission to apply for an extension of one month. He left on Sunday last for the East.

Captain H. Osterhaus, U. S. N., is detached from command of the *Connecticut* and ordered to command the Second Division, Atlantic Fleet, hoisting flag on board the *Minnesota*.

Captain D. C. McDougall, U. S. M. C., is detached from the U. S. *Colorado* and ordered to proceed to San Francisco by the first available conveyance, thence to Washington, D. C., to report to the major-general, commandant.

Captain Malvern-Hill Barnum, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to General Weston, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence and left on Sunday last for the East.

Captain Henry H. Scott, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., promoted, to date from February 25, from a lieutenant, has been assigned to the Ninety-Ninth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., with station at Fort Morgan, Alabama.

Captain James Ronayne, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., having been found by an Army Retiring Board incapacitated for active service on account of disability incident thereto, and such finding having been approved by the President, the retirement of Captain Ronayne from active service is announced.

Captain William R. Davis, Medical Corps, U. S. A., in addition to his present duties, is assigned to temporary duty in charge of the Medical Supply Depot in San Francisco during the absence of Colonel Daniel M. Appel, Medical Corps, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Sypher, U. S. N., is detached from the *Missouri* and ordered home to wait orders.

Assistant Naval Constructor S. M. Henry, U. S. N., is ordered detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, on March 31, and to proceed to the Navy Yard, Puget Sound.

## Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the young Russian pianist, who is a genuine "poet of the piano," will give his first concert at Christian Science Hall Friday night, April 2, on which occasion he will play the following interesting programme:

Bach, "Italian Concerto" (allegro animato, andante molto, presto gioioso); Chopin, Twelve Preludes, Op. 28—C major, E minor, G major, F sharp minor, D flat major, B flat minor, A flat major, E flat major, C minor, F major, D minor; Gahrilowitsch, "Melodie," E minor, Op. 8 (new); Henselt, "If I were a bird"; Brahms, "Rhapsodie," Op. 119.

On Sunday afternoon, April 4, and Tuesday evening, April 6, entirely different offerings will be given and the complete programmes may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats will open Monday morning.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 7, Gahrilowitsch will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, at 3:30.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch and Mrs. Ben Lathrop will furnish the programme at the fifth concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society, next Wednesday evening.

## William Shakespeare.

The long-awaited lectures on singing by William Shakespeare, the eminent London master, a specimen of whose training we have just seen in David Bismph, will be given next Saturday afternoon, April 2, and Monday night, April 5, at Christian Science Hall. Manager Greenbaum claims that these talks will give many dollars' worth of instruction. The afternoon subject will be "The Art of Singing," and the evening one, "Singing Considered Historically."

Seats will be ready Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Richard Carle, the tall comedian, a more than popular figure with Eastern theatre-goers, will make his first appearance in San Francisco next Monday night at the Van Ness Theatre. Mr. Carle is an author and a composer as well as a comedian, and "Mary's Lamb," the musical comedy which he will present, is altogether—prose, verse, and music—his own work. It has delighted audiences through long engagements in all the Eastern and Southern cities, as has been shown by the praise of dramatic writers published after the company had been seen and appreciated.

"Mary's Lamb" is made over from a French farce—"Mme. Mongodin"—and there is an English version known as "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," but Mr. Carle's adaptation naturalizes the scenes and characters, and heightens their effectiveness with his own sprightly humor. Mr. Carle, in the piece, plays a henpecked but sly and sportive husband, and sings a number of songs which have made positive hits. Cecilia Rhoda, a San Francisco favorite who has been absent nearly a year, is prominent in his support, in the rôle of a retired but attractive actress. Julia Ralph is the shrewish wife, and Violet Seaton, Winifred Gilrairie, Mina Davis, Rota Stanwood, Sylvain Langlois, George Bogues, Abbott Adams, and Harry Montgomery, are notable among others in the cast. There is, of course, a large and pleasing chorus. The engagement is for two weeks, and the attractiveness of the offering will increase its drawing power nightly. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Frank Moulan will vibrate between mirthful melancholy and melancholy mirth as the Sultan of Sulu at the Princess Theatre only until the fall of the curtain Sunday night, for on Monday evening "Nancy Brown" will be produced. The latter piece was a great success in New York with Marie Cahill in the name-part. It is by Frederick Ranken and Henry K. Hadley, and is a bright and tuneful comedy with an Oriental setting. Mr. Moulan will have another good part as Muley Mustapha Bey of Ballyhoo, and May Boley in Marie Cahill's former rôle will overlook no opportunity for extravagant comedy. Miss Boley can not be overlooked when she is on the stage, and even some seasons ago, when she stood second from the end on the left in the chorus of Alice Nielsen's "Singing Girl" company, she caught the attention of every spectator. The qualification increases in power with every appearance. Zoe Barnett will be a fascinating stenographer, and James F. Stevens, Fred Mace, Budd Ross, Ethel du Fre Houston, and the other favorites, will have scope for interesting work. The chorus will be handsomely costumed and strong in numbers as usual.

At the Valencia Theatre that comedy-drama of originality and force, "The Halfbreed," has drawn large audiences all the week, but it will be given for the last time Sunday afternoon and evening. Monday night next, "Pretty Peggy," a romantic play by Frances Aymar Matthews, will be presented. It tells the story of Peg Woffington, the famous actress, and pictures her struggles and success in an appealing way. In the last act the stage of Covent Garden is shown, a scene which is not merely impressive but made notable by many ingenious devices. Blanche Stoddard will be the Pretty Peggy, and find inspiration in her trials and victories. Thomas Mac Larnie will play David Garrick, the actor whose genius captivates the no less gifted Peggy. Gerald Harcourt, Charles Dow Clark, Robert Homans, Beatrice Nichols, Lillian Andrews, and Peggy Monroe, will as usual add to the strength of a cast that includes all the members of the big Valencia Theatre company.

The Orpheum continues to find novelties in the vaudeville world, and to present the old favorites whose welcome is assured. The Eight Melanis, Italian vocalists, head the list of newcomers on the new bill opening Sunday afternoon. The Melani Trio was well known, and it has now grown to an octette, which includes two additional women singers and three more men with notable singing voices. Tom Nawn returns in his well-worn but pleasing "Pat and the Geni." The Four Casting Dunhars are athletes who have an aerial act that is new and sensational. Charles Matthews, the champion jumper of the world, has earned his title of "the human kangaroo," and will prove it. Next week will be the last of the Four Poncherrys, Silhon's Novelty Circus, James H. Cullen, and of Violet Black and company.

"The Right of Way" will be seen for the last time at the Van Ness Theatre Sunday night.

"Peter Pan" will follow "Pretty Peggy" at the Valencia Theatre. Unusual preparations have been made for an adequate presentation of Barrie's fantastic play.

Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family" will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre following the Richard Carle engagement.

Blanche Stoddard, the leading woman at the Valencia Theatre, will conclude her en-

gagement with next week's run of "Pretty Peggy." Harriet Worthington, who will succeed her, will make her first appearance in "Peter Pan."

Signor Sarmento, an Italian who has just been engaged to sing in Boston, possesses what is said to be a beautiful haritone voice, but as he is also worth over a million dollars he has never before had any temptation to sing in public.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Indian-Pipe.

In the heart of the forest arising,  
Slim, ghostly, and fair,  
Ethereal offspring of moisture,  
Of earth, and of air,  
With slender stems anchored together  
Where first they uncurl,  
Each tipped with its exquisite lily  
Of mother-of-pearl,  
Mid the pine-needles—closely enwoven  
Its roots to enshale—  
The Indian-pipe of the woodland,  
Thrice lovely and frail!

Is this but an earth-springing fungus—  
This darling of Fate,  
That out of the mouldering darkness  
Such light can create?  
Or is it the spirit of Beauty,  
Here drawn by love's lure  
To give to the forest a something  
Unearthly and pure:  
To crystallize dewdrop and balsam  
And dryad-lipped words  
And starbeam and moonrise and rapture  
And song of wild birds?

—Florence Earle Coates, in *Harper's Magazine*.

#### The Music of Erin of Old.

Sweet as the sound of far-away bells,  
Ringing and chiming over the dells,  
Deep in the heart of memory dwells  
The music of Erin of old.  
A smile and a tear, a zephyr of June,  
An evening of love, a wreath and a rune,  
Soul of a song and life of a tune,  
Rose and shamrock, girdled in gold—  
The music of Erin of old!

Strong as the roar of thundering seas,  
Soft as the rustle of leaves in the breeze,  
Light as the wind over blossoming leas—  
The music of Erin of old;  
Voice of a hero and prattle of child,  
Gentle and fierce as the wail of the wild,  
Flashing and crooning, caressing and mild,  
True and tender, pleading and bold—  
The music of Erin of old!

—William Lightfoot Visscher, in *Munsey's Magazine*.

#### Breaking Camp.

Farewell, wild hearth where many logs have  
burned!  
Among your stones the fireweed may grow.  
The brant are flown, the maple leaves have  
turned,  
The goldenrod is brown—and we must go.

Good-by, calm nights and unrepented days  
Of brave, free life devoid of care and wrong,  
Of hunters' fare, of merry-chorused lays,  
And woodland hush more sweet than any song.

The owl shall hoot across a lonely lake  
In whose full depths our moon imprisoned  
shines,  
Whose drowsy waves no flashing paddles break,  
Whose pebbled shores are fringed with dreaming  
pines.

The buck shall stamp and lift a furtive hoof—  
Where once we dwelt the bear shall make her  
den;  
The bat shall hang beneath a broken roof  
Whose hirschen cover knew the dreams of men.  
—Arthur Guiterman.

As one report has it, the inclusion of French opéras-houffes, like "La Belle Hélène" and "La Grande Duchesse," in the repertory of the Manhattan Opera House next year, was one of the chief causes of Mr. Campanini's refusal to renew his contract with Mr. Hammerstein. The conductor had no objection to as many French operas and opéras-comiques as the director might choose to add to the repertory, but he protested against Offenbach and Lecoq in a house of the rank to which he had raised the Manhattan.

Lucien Guitry is to play the principal rôle in Rostand's "Chantecler," which is to be produced at the Theatre Porte St. Martin, in Paris, with the opening of the fall season. M. Guitry will be remembered as a former associate of Sarah Bernhardt. He is one of the most notable French actors of the day.

A reception will be held in honor of Mr. William Shakespeare, head of the Royal Academy of London, on March 31, at the residence of Mr. Henry Bickford Pasmore, 1470 Washington Street.

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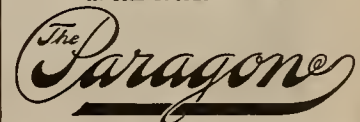
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Nell*—Do you think Miss Talkalot really enjoys grand operas? *Belle*—Oh, yes; fluently.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Hubby, what shall I do with the old Christmas tree?" "Can't you put it on your new hat?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Judge*—Is that your real name? *Prisoner* (who has been up before)—No, yer honor, it's my "pen" name.—*Horvord Lompoon*.

*Horduppe*—Er, what was the denomination of that hill you loaned me? *Cutting*—Episcopalian, I think—it keeps Lent so well.—*Life*.

"Father, what is an empty title?" "Well, an empty title is your mother's way of calling me the head of the house."—*New York Herald*.

*He*—I have been told that I was handsome. *She*—When was that? *He*—Today. *She*—No; I mean when were you handsome?—*Comic Cuts*.

*The Bride*—I want you to send me some coffee, please. *The Groom*—Yes, ma'am. *Ground?* *The Bride*—No, third floor front.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

*Officer* (to recruit who has missed every shot)—Good heavens, man, where are your shots going? *Recruit* (tearfully)—I don't know, sir, they left here all right!—*Punch*.

"He woke up one morning to find himself famous." "Well?" "But people had forgotten all about him by the time the four o'clock extras were out."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"We have a man in this prison who never tried to escape," declared the headkeeper. "What's he in for?" inquired visitor. "Bigamy," replied the headkeeper.—*The Balmion*.

"And did you enjoy your African trip, major? How did you like the savages?" "Oh, they were extremely kind-hearted! They wanted to keep me there for dinner."—*London Opinion*.

"So you abandoned the simple style of spelling?" "Yes," responded the former advocate of the fad. "I found it so difficult to make people understand that I knew better."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

*Little Grace*—Sister, that new beau of yours makes me tired. *Elder Sister*—Why, dear? *Little Grace*—He has the manners of a street-car conductor. When I went into the parlor last night he said, "How old are you, little girl?"—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Johnnie* (to new visitor)—So you are my grandma, are you? *Grandmother*—Yes, John-

nie! I'm your grandma on your father's side. *Johnnie*—Well, you're on the wrong side, you'll find that out!—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Chawlie is determined not to become a slave to the cigawet habit, don't you know." "How many does he smoke, deah hoy?" "He's confining himself to one every othah week, don't you know."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"That organist Belle jilted for the aged millionaire played a spiteful trick at her wedding." "What did he do?" "Instead of playing them up the aisle with the wedding march, he struck up Old Hundred."—*Boston Transcript*.

*Senior Waiter* (to rother green assistant at a recent banquet in a celebrated London hotel)—Now, then, young man, do a bit o' somethink, and don't stand a-gaping and staring there as if you was the bloomin' guest of the hevenin'.—*Tit-Bits*.

*Master*—John! *Servant*—Yes, sir. *Master*—Be sure you tell me when it is four o'clock. *Servant*—Yes, sir. *Master*—Don't forget it. I promised to meet my wife at 2:30, and she'll be provoked if I'm not there when she arrives.—*Answers*.

"John, you said we'd have to give up luxuries, and only allow ourselves necessities." "Yes, my dear." "But you came home last night from the lodge in a taxicab; I heard it." "That—er—that was a necessity, my dear."—*Boston Transcript*.

"That Professor Blink fooled me badly." "How?" "He told me ethnology was the science of the races, and when I went to the library and asked for a book on ethnology there wasn't a word from cover to cover on how to pick winners."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Ye-es," hesitated Mr. Justwed, "these biscuits are pretty good, but don't you think there ought to be just a little more—" "Your mother made them," interrupted Mrs. J., quickly. "—of them?" ended Mr. J., with a flash of inspiration.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Your honor," said the convicted heggar, "can't you change my sentence of imprisonment to a fine?" "Suppose I did," said the judge, "where would you get the money to pay it?" "Oh," replied the convicted heggar, "I could heg a little every day till I had enough."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"What was going on at your place last night, 'squire?" inquired Hi Spry. "The house was all lit up, and—" "Eh-yah!" returned the Old Codger, grimly. "They were having a stung party, and it was an unequalled success." "A stung party?" "Yep! Lot o' people came to spring a surprise party on me, and I failed to show up."—*Puck*.



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# The Argonaut.

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Business Manager.

## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Game of Tariff Revision—An Incident and Its Meaning—An Executive Government—The Legislature, the Governor, and the Public Money—Sundry Local Matters—Concerning Marriage—Editorial Note . . . . .	209-212
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . . .	212
CURRENT TOPICS . . . . .	212
"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME": Miss Jeannette Gilder Writes about a Play That Has Set England by the Ears . . . . .	213
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World . . . . .	213
A TURBULENT TOUPEE. By William Lightfoot Visscher . . . . .	214
A LITERARY LIFE: Hall Caine Tells Us Something of His Story and the Celebrities He Has Known . . . . .	215
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn . . . . .	216
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications . . . . .	217
THE OATHS OF THE MARQUISE. Translated from the French by L. S. V. . . . .	218
DRAMA: Bismarck at the Greek Theatre. By Josephine Hart Phelps . . . . .	219
VANITY FAIR . . . . .	220
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise . . . . .	221
THE MERRY MUSE . . . . .	221
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy . . . . .	222
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT . . . . .	223
CURRENT VERSE: "An April Wind," by Edith Wyatt; "Afterwards," by Reginald Wright Kaufman; "The Road to Cabintely," by Dora Sigerson Shorter . . . . .	223
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day . . . . .	224

### The Game of Tariff Revision.

More and more it becomes evident that despite the importance of prompt action in the matter of tariff revision it is going to take time, and probably a good deal of it, to frame up a scheme that can be worked through the Senate. In the House of Representatives it will be comparatively easy, since the responsibility of members of that body to their constituents is more direct and immediate, and because, further, the House rules give the Speaker an almost autocratic power to bring any matter to an issue. Speaker Cannon, despite his traditional character as a stand-patter, is now favorable to revision, and political experience has taught him the value of prompt action in cases where the thing to be done is necessary and inevitable.

The trouble will come in the Senate, and some hint of it has been afforded by the incidents of the week. There are Republicans enough to put any tariff scheme through, but the difficulty lies in the fact that within the majority there are radical differences based on sectional interest. New England wants protection for

a multitude of things which she manufactures; and at the same time she would like to have the raw materials which her factories require and which come mostly from the South and West on the free list. In plain terms, New England wants free and therefore cheap the things which she buys, and protected and therefore dear the things which she sells. This, perhaps, is nothing more or less than human nature, but there are those in Congress representing the South and the West who do not scruple to call it by the unpleasing name of pig nature.

The New England senators largely control in Republican senatorial councils. For the most part they are men of ability and they have the prestige which comes of long senatorial service and thorough understanding of the methods of organizing political action. In the makeup of committees having authority in the framing of the revision measure the New England senators worked their influence to the limit. They didn't absolutely shut out the South, but they so nearly did it that that region is, potentially speaking, without representation. The idea was, if the truth be confessed, to so organize the committee as to frame up a measure satisfactory to New England—that is, a measure putting the maximum of protection upon New England manufactures and the minimum upon Southern raw products.

This fine project struck a snag in the Senate on Monday when Mr. Elkins of West Virginia, who considers himself a Southerner, made a stiff speech exposing the selfishness of the general plan and arraigning the New England senators for what he playfully styled their "hoggishness." Mr. Elkins, it is plain, has broken away from the inside majority organization; he will have none of its programme and he doesn't care who knows it. Of course, his outburst was applauded by the Southern Democrats and much more significantly by a goodly number of Western Republicans. The end may easily be seen. The West and the South will come together in opposition to New England and in its final frame-up the tariff bill will be written along lines regardful of Southern and Western interests. At least this is the sort of thing which inevitably happens whenever there arises a clearly defined issue of a sectional kind. New England's control of the Senate, effective though it is at most times, is nevertheless not strong enough to overcome the South and the West when they choose to pull together. And in the present instance there is no doubt of their coöperation.

Before the revision scheme comes to its finalities it is probable that President Taft will be compelled to haul down the flag of neutrality, to become a positive partisan of one plan or another. In matters of this sort, where differences naturally arise upon the basis of sectional and private interest, there is small chance of working to a conclusion without some pressure from the executive department.

### An Incident and Its Meaning.

With contentions between prosecution and defense in the graft cases based on the acts of their gum-shoe heelers the Argonaut has little interest—in truth, none at all. It wouldn't believe any member of the so-called detective staff of either side under oath. It regards them all, from W. J. Burns down or up, as you may prefer to reckon, as professional scoundrels whose services may be had by the last bidder or, indeed, by both bidders at the same time. That these creatures have worked together as against their employers on both sides we have not the first doubt. That is the usual way with detectives. Intrigue, double-dealing, artful deceit, and open falsehood are the traditional and accepted resources of their calling.

We regard it as entirely possible and even probable that detectives operating for the prosecution have sold their reports to detectives operating for the defense. Likewise we think it possible and even probable that the same thing is true the other way round. It is a case, probably, where both ends have industriously been

worked against the middle; that, we repeat, being the usual procedure on the part of these birds of prey wherever carcasses are to be plucked. Indeed, there has been open confession of this sort of thing on the part of the prosecution, confession combined with smug self-complacency, as in the well-remembered Goldstone case. Again and again it has come out in the course of the past two years that sharp practice has been the game on both sides.

In the immediate instance we think it a not unreasonable theory that the "exposure" of bribery of Spreckels agents by Calhoun agents is a cooked-up affair, a piece of more or less artful stage play. It is precisely the sort of trick to be expected from Mr. Burns, in entire accord with his practice and his principles as illustrated by many previous incidents. In this connection let the immunity deal with Abe Ruef, with its elaborately-staged setting, the conspiracy between Burns, Heney, and the judges, and to go still further back, the trick by which the supervisors were originally trapped—let these things be remembered. Chicane, dramatics, false practice—these are the favorite weapons of Mr. Burns and of all men of his sort.

In the present case most certainly the scapegoat, Hamlin, who is presumed to have sold the secrets of his chief, talks and acts like one playing a prescribed part. His smug satisfaction with his status as a prisoner, his ostentatiously reluctant exposure of his friend McKinley, his assurance that Burns will "take care" of him, with his loquaciousness and his rotten moral philosophy—all are suggestive of a low-bred creature playing what he regards as a smart trick under assurance of ultimate protection. We shall not be surprised to find in the end that this is but another of those "clever plays" which Mr. Burns is so fond of making and which at some later time he will duly exploit from church platforms for the moral edification of the good people who live in the vicinage of Lake Merritt and other retired regions beyond the bay.

In other words, the Argonaut thinks it more than likely that this whole business, in so far as it relates to the trafficking of detectives with each other, is a mere piece of buncombe, designed for dramatic effect and reflective of the resourceful mind of Mr. Burns. The Heney martyrdom has about lost its savor, and something else in the spectacular line is needed to keep alive the interest of that unthinking element which is commonly won by stage thunder and moral pretensions.

But there is another and a gravely serious side to the immediate incident. We have seen agents of the prosecuting attorney under a pretense of legal authority force themselves into the house of a citizen, break into his private receptacles, and examine his confidential papers in the hope of developing something to his disadvantage. Now, there is a legitimate and efficacious legal procedure under the authority of search-warrant. One who has positive knowledge or positive reason to believe that a certain piece of stolen property is secreted in a particular place may legitimately call upon a duly constituted court to have search made by officers of the law. But there is no rule known to law or to common sense under which the agents of one side in a criminal procedure may legitimately possess themselves of authority to read the private and confidential papers of the other side. The suggestion is ridiculous, shameful, monstrous.

Under ordinary circumstances—if the search of Mr. Calhoun's safe had been made by officers of court neutral in their attitude to the parties concerned, the procedure would be out of order, out of reason, beyond precedent, and in violation of constitutional right. But what is to be said of a procedure wherein the agents of court are none other than the partisans and minions of the prosecuting office, individually representative of its purposes? In what terms may we characterize adequately the lack of legality, propriety, and decency in an act so arbitrary and so flagrant?



Fortunately, it is not needful to go deeply into this matter, for the public common sense may be depended upon to see its sinister purpose and to apply to it the rebuke it deserves. Its very atrocity gives assurance, for no community of civilized people can regard other than with horror a thing so violently in conflict with every principle of individual right.

Let each citizen take this matter home to himself. Let him bear in mind that under the rule of those who have usurped official authority in San Francisco, no privacy is secure. If Rudolph Spreckels, a man who holds no public authority, a man who is under no mandate, chooses tomorrow through malice or whim to probe the uttermost corners of any house in San Francisco, to violate the most confidential records or memorials of any man or woman among us, there is none to say him nay. His power is supreme, for he controls the prosecuting office and may use it as a private property, as a personal privilege. He controls certain good-dog judges who bark or lie down at his word. True, the public pays, but it is Rudolph Spreckels who commands. Let those in whom judgment and conscience are not utterly paralyzed reflect upon the legitimacy of a power at once so terrible and so irresponsible. Let us ask ourselves if we are still Americans, if there survives in us the spirit of our fathers, when we consent that this reckless autocrat, upon the basis of an usurped authority, may so trample upon the Constitution and the laws and override rights and liberties guaranteed by them.

When the so-called graft prosecution began its operations, now nearly three years ago, there were none but the guilty who did not give it approval. As its selfish motives and purposes were revealed, approval and support measurably fell away. Today not even those who despite many moral qualms hold themselves its partisans regard it as a moral movement. Whatever its original purposes it has become a private vendetta. There is not, we venture to say, one man of intelligence and character in San Francisco who will venture to declare his entire approval of the course of the prosecution. Its purposes are plainly sinister. Its methods are high handed to the degree of criminality and outrage. Its aims now are plainly those of malice, reprisal, revenge. Everybody knows it—even those who in moral confusion or in blind partisanship still give support to the prosecution. The movement has become a stench, a nightmare, a hindrance to every wholesome community interest.

The State Attorney, so we are told, has authority whenever any prosecuting movement goes beyond bounds or becomes derelict to step in and by his superior discretion and authority to supersede the local officials. Has there not come a condition and a time in San Francisco when the authority of the Attorney-General may properly and wholesomely be exercised? The prosecuting attorney has shamelessly bartered away his powers. He permits them to be exercised without let or hindrance and by irresponsible persons in shameless ways to shameless ends. The facts are open, notorious. What is the duty of the Attorney-General?

The *Argonaut* will answer its own question. It believes it to be the duty of Mr. Webb under his superior authority to put aside Mr. Langdon and those who are grossly using the powers of his office and himself to take charge of the work which they have bungled and corrupted. Let Mr. Webb call to his aid a group of lawyers outside of San Francisco, Judge S. F. Lieb of San Jose, for example, with other irreproachable and capable men, and give into their hands the debased and dishonored powers of prosecution with instruction to proceed legitimately, wholesomely, by honorable means to worthy ends and without fear or favor. This, in the judgment of the *Argonaut*, is the duty of the Attorney-General. That he will meet this duty fairly we are not hopeful; but if he should find the initiative and the courage to do it, where is the citizen of character and intelligence who would not in the spirit of profound relief say, well done?

#### An Executive Government.

Professor McMurray corrects the report of his recent address as published in the daily press. The professor's correction is expanded into the expression of certain views concerning the effect of government upon the people who establish it, or who submit to its jurisdiction.

In the part of his letter we must insist it seems to us stands in denial of the benefits of our repre-

sentative republican government, and of its constitutional form, and, in so far as he does this, seems to despair of the republic. It has been, and is, the belief of many that our institutions, by putting life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness foremost amongst their objects, have developed a certain character in our people. This may be held to be true without denying that widely different governmental institutions have existed and do exist, and have been found to be compatible with the development of the high character of a few persons. But it may well be denied that there has existed elsewhere, and under governments the antithesis of ours, the same average high level of character of all the people that is found here. Indeed, as great thinkers as David Starr Jordan have asserted that ours is not the most economical nor prompt acting form of government, but that it is the best form for the development of the general character of the people, of their sense of independence, and of their genius for responsibility.

The professor does not make himself clear as to the existence of confusion between law-making and administration. We assume that he will admit that the Federal government is limited to the powers granted to it by the Constitution. That fundamental law in express terms distributes the power of government to each of its coordinate branches. These act as a check upon each other. What Congress may do is listed under eighteen paragraphs of the Constitution, and to these are added others in the several amendments. It is difficult to see how Congress, acting within its functions, can confuse law-making with administration. If it do, the Supreme Court is provided to limit it to its granted functions.

The building of a "postoffice in Peoria, Illinois," is not an administrative act until Congress has authorized it and made the necessary appropriation. Then it becomes a provision of law, which the executive has taken oath to faithfully execute. Finally, if our institutions have no influence upon the character of our people, are not responsible for their liberty and economic superiority, an argument is made for their obsolescence.

#### The Legislature, the Governor, and the Public Money.

This time—the period immediately following the legislative session—is a busy and an anxious time in the State executive office at Sacramento. Governor Gillett has had in his hand the very difficult and responsible job of cutting the garment of State expenditure to fit the cloth of the public resource. In other words, he has been under the necessity of shaping, pruning, and otherwise adjusting the State funds to the public necessities.

Theoretically, the State legislature makes disposition of the funds raised by State taxation. Practically, the governor has all this work to do, and he must do it in the few days which immediately follow the legislative session. To all intents and purposes it would be just as well or even better if the legislature would omit all financial dickerings and pass up the whole public resource to the governor with authority to use it at his will. By this method the governor would at least have time to act with deliberation and intelligence, whereas under the present practice he must proceed in a tremendous hurry with no time for the kind of detailed study which the work demands if it shall be done with entire discretion.

The practice of our legislature, broadly speaking, is to pass all financial bills without even stopping to "heft" them. If Smith of Alpine County wants \$30,000 for a road he is pretty sure of getting it, for everybody who wants Smith's cooperation for something of his own, or who likes to be good-natured on general principles, will vote "yes" on his road proposition. Likewise in relation to special financial measures from anywhere and everywhere. Everything proposed "goes through," not because it is expected that the money will really be available, but because there is confidence that the "old man"—meaning the governor—will in his necessity or discretion either cut down the special appropriations or eliminate them altogether by the veto process. And so when the legislature has adjourned there always remains in the hands of the governor bills which have duly passed both branches of the legislature appropriating in the aggregate three or four or five times the available money in the treasury. The governor, then, taking up the bills as they lie on his table, works them over with the best counsel at his command, and according to his lights or his prejudices—or his political and legislative bargains—dis-

tributes the money of the State where it will do the most good.

Practically there is no great harm in this way of doing, even though there may be some favoritism and extravagance, so long as common sense and common honesty are found in the governor's office. Up to date no scandal has grown out of a practice so at odds with the theories of public appropriation and of ordinary business prudence. Whatever the faults of our governors may have been in times past, they have been men of a reasonable sense of financial responsibility. In distributing the funds of the State there has been uniform honesty and reasonable prudence.

But these are qualities which can not always be counted upon. One of these days we may get a chump or a fraud in the governor's chair; other States have had this experience and the same misfortune may happen to us. In such an event scandalous things are quite possible, since under our system responsibility lies with the legislature while the authority rests with the executive office. The legislature ought, therefore, to correct its complacent habit of giving to everybody everything he may ask for, leaving it to the governor to correct folly and extravagance. For it would indeed go hard with the public treasury, hard with the credit and self-respect of the State, if a weak or vicious governor should decline to stand between the legislature and its open-handed habit of shoveling out the public funds.

#### Sundry Local Matters.

It is a good deal to say, yet not too much to say in view of the facts in the case, that San Francisco has now a retail trade organization surpassing that of any city of its size in this country, and perhaps in the world. One who will take a day, or better still, a week to go about and look over the stores which have just now reestablished themselves in our downtown district, can not fail to find at every turn new motives for admiration and amazement. Of the old firms not one has failed in renewing its plant to take on a larger development. We have the old names, but with them bigger, better equipped, and better provided establishments than before the disaster.

Can this enlarged retail organization sustain itself—will it pay? Something like this has been asked unnumbered times since the general opening of the downtown district two or three weeks ago. There are those who doubt; those to shake their heads and declare that the ambition of our retail merchants has o'erleapt judgment and prudence. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that what has been done in the way of reestablishing business upon expanded lines has been done not by mere adventurers, by persons lacking acquaintance with local conditions, wanting experience in business administration. Manifestly the merchants of San Francisco have reasons for the confidence that is within them or they would not have invested so largely and as if by a common impulse. They believe that their new and enlarged establishments are justified by conditions—that they will pay—else they would not have ventured.

In the absence of an authoritative census, much is left to individual judgment, yet there are indications impossible to be disregarded to the effect that the population of San Francisco is today equal to what it was on the 17th of April, 1906. The streets are as crowded as before. Street-car traffic, we are told, equals the former figures. Attendance upon theatres, postoffice business, water and gas consumption—all are measurably what they were three years ago. Industry and population in the State at large have grown appreciably. Banking capital and banking circulation are larger than before. Railroad freight traffic is larger in volume than three years ago, while the movement of passengers has shown marked increase. California as a country has expanded. Presumably all this is, or is bound to be, reflected in trade activity in San Francisco; and this, no doubt, has been the calculation of our merchants.

Most notable, perhaps, in relation to the growth of the State is the expansion of the suburban communities about San Francisco Bay. Oakland, we are told, has increased her population by full 25 per cent in three years. Berkeley has grown from a village to a goodly city of 40,000 population. North and south within fifty miles of San Francisco there has been a notable development in populations tributary, directly or otherwise, to the immediate business activities of San Francisco.

With these general developments there has come growth in transportation facilities. The whole region



to the south has been brought twenty minutes nearer San Francisco at point of time by the bay shore cut-off, while on the west side of the peninsula the new Ocean Shore railroad has brought into immediate connection with the city a group of hitherto sidetracked communities. The operations of the Realty Syndicate on the east side of the bay have cut twenty minutes from the old time schedules between Oakland, Piedmont, and Berkeley and the San Francisco shopping district. In the wider field the growth of transportation has been equally marked. The double tracking of the Southern Pacific line to San Jose with the building of the Los Gatos cut-off has contributed one important facility; the building of the Northern Electric line in the heart of the Sacramento Valley is another development whose influence is felt in San Francisco, even though the connection is an indirect one. More important still is the development of the Santa Fé line and the building of the Western Pacific, whose regular operation is soon to begin.

Another factor in the situation is even more obvious. Prior to the disaster there existed in San Francisco multitudes of little retail establishments—stores carrying stocks to the value perhaps of less than a thousand dollars, the plant consisting of a front store room with family rooms in the rear and with members of the family performing all the labors of the place. Polk Street, Fillmore Street, these and fifty others were lined with little shops, no one of them important in itself, but in the aggregate doing a tremendous business. Pretty much all of this sort of business was wiped out of existence by the disaster, and, broadly speaking, it has not renewed itself. Competition, therefore, as compared with three years ago, has been very notably reduced. That the movement is wholesome the *Argonaut* will not maintain; it has its doubts about it. It would prefer to see business diffused in many small shops rather than concentrated in a few large ones. But there can be no dispute as to the facts, no question that the retail business of the city is in fewer hands than before. All this, no doubt, has been in the minds of our retail merchants and has had its effect in stimulating the ambition and courage that have created the splendid new establishments in the downtown district.

That common necessity and a common purpose promote coöperative enterprise is a principle long understood. Evidence of its workings may easily be traced in the movement for the Portola festival next October. As a community we duly honor the name of Portola; none the less it is enthusiasm for business rather than heroic reverence which prompts the coming fiesta. We want to make a festival to the end of bringing great numbers of people here to see what we are doing, to exploit and glorify our enterprise and incidentally to buy our goods. The purpose, albeit not without selfish calculation, is entirely worthy and there need be no shame because we make no attempt to disguise it.

San Francisco is perhaps the best city in the United States for this sort of exploitation and it will long so continue. Pretty much everybody within a thousand miles knew Old San Francisco and has a sense of personal acquaintance and interest in the city. All are well disposed toward it, wish to see it recover itself and take on new vitality in the process. It has often been noted during the past three years that visitors manifest more enthusiasm over our rebuilding operations than our own people. There is throughout the country a wish to come to San Francisco now and again to observe the interesting spectacle of a great city renewing itself; and this feeling will be an animating one for a long time to come.

In addition, therefore, to the ordinary attraction of a festal occasion in a large city, we have the special interest which attaches to the physical conditions of the city itself. In other words, the best part of any show which San Francisco may get up for the entertainment of visitors during the coming five years will be the city itself. In inviting the people of the State and the Coast to come to us, in appealing to their interest, we have a ready-made and persistent advantage in the prodigious reconstructive work now in process here. This interest alone will enable us, at least once each year, to summon those festival crowds which modern experience has shown to be so important in connection with the business vitality of any community.

The movement of our business community downtown has served to put special emphasis upon that combination of stubbornness, stupidity, and vanity which has gone far toward shutting off the facilities of trans-

portation between the Sutter-Street district and the ferry. Now for nearly a year there has been a difficult, vexatious, and dangerous transfer at the junction of Sutter and Market Streets, to which all who must travel that way have been forced to submit. The facilities for thorough and expeditious service between Sutter Street and the ferry are in existence, but they can not be used because the board of supervisors will not recede from a position which it ought never to have taken. Nobody expects the street railway company to meet the conditions imposed by the supervisors, first because they are impracticable and impossible, second because the company itself loses little or nothing through the public inconvenience. Nobody doubts that an arrangement might be made tending to public convenience and at the same time contributing appreciably to the resources of the municipality, if the city government would put aside its stupid vanities and recall its obligations to serve the public interest.

This old difficulty is having a serious effect upon the retail trade of the city by making the connection between the retail district and the ferry a difficult one. Women who live beyond the bay in many instances do not come to the city at all or else avoid the annoying Sutter-Street transfer. Merchants in the restored retail district adjacent to Sutter Street complain bitterly of a condition which is annoying, injurious, and all the more irritating because unnecessary. The *Argonaut* is not able to regard other than as a joke the theory that the Sutter-Street situation is maintained upon its present basis through the calculation of Mr. James Phelan by way of making the connection between the ferry and his own property more convenient than that between the ferry and the centre of the best retail district. But whether this be a joke or not, there are those who, feeling the pressure of a great public inconvenience and seeing the hand of Esau so prominently in our city government, can not be convinced that if Mr. Phelan's building were not on Market Street, but on Sutter, the vexatious transfer would speedily be avoided.

In any event it is time, in the interest of the public convenience, that this long-standing quarrel should be accommodated. It has come to be an obstacle to the restoration of the city. It is not right that a mere difference of opinion between the board of supervisors and the United Railroads should become a chronic annoyance to a hundred thousand people and a hindrance to business every day in the year. There ought to be manhood and resource enough in the board of supervisors to bring this annoying and injurious contention to an end.

#### Concerning Marriage.

Those who argue that marriage is the personal and private concern of those who marry, concerning which nobody else has any interest or right of protest, hold very shallow views. By the same process of reasoning, association of the sexes without marriage is a purely personal and private matter in relation to which society has no proper interest. Under this process of reasoning all laws of this or other countries relating to marriage are without justification. On its face the idea is preposterous, and it can find no approval or sanction outside of that sphere of social and moral eccentricity dominated by the vulgar "free love" theory and aiming at complete disregard of ordinary social obligations.

Marriage is indeed very much a matter of public concern, since the character of the race and the maintenance of those fixed social ideas which lie at the foundation of organized society are connected with it. Society has the right to insist that marriage shall be so regulated as to support not merely the common decencies of life, but the broad responsibility which marriage implies. Society founded in fixed purposes has a perfect right to prevent such courses of license as may tend to nullify these purposes; and all marriage regulations in this country and elsewhere rest upon this idea. For it is universally recognized that marriage is the first and most important fact in any system which calls itself by the name of civilization.

Then there is another right, that of unborn children. Somebody has said that it is the right of every child to be decently born; and what of this right when the circumstances of a particular marriage tend inevitably to the infliction of a practical curse upon the children to be born of it? Take the case of the Emery girl, who has married a Japanese. The father of this foolish young woman was entitled by every consideration of propriety to such conduct on the part of his family

as would not reflect unfavorably upon him in his relations to society. How does this marriage affect him? The question answers itself. He is discredited by it to the prejudice of every interest with which he is associated. That it has distressed him greatly there is evidence enough; that it will embarrass him in his relations to his professional work is a matter not to be doubted. For what church will want the ministrations of a man of his domestic experiences and connections? Who will be willing that a social example so flagrant shall be held before any church parish? Had Mr. Emery no interest in, no right of protest against this marriage?

There is, too, the case of the church with which Mr. Emery is connected officially. In these days church organizations, even the best and highest, are maintaining their place in the world, in so far as they are maintaining it at all, with great difficulty. The church with which Mr. Emery is associated as an official is injured and humiliated by a marriage in defiance of universal social sentiment. By many this marriage is pointed at as illustrating the possible contaminations and degeneracies of missionary work as it is promoted by the church. It is pointed at, too, as illustrating the inefficiency of the social ideas cherished and promoted by the church to control the conduct of the young, the inexperienced, and the headstrong. If the discipline of religious life, there are many to say, can produce no better practical result than this, then indeed it is a futile and worthless thing. And so the church of Mr. Emery's association is embarrassed, scandalized, and injured in its moral influence by this reckless marriage.

We have already referred to the children possible to be born from an ill-assorted union. What place in the world, let us ask, is there for a child to be born of the Emery woman and her Japanese husband? Is there any possible opportunity under our social organization for those at whom all will look askance, with whom nobody will wish to associate, and for whom no natural and orderly way of life is provided? Will not the children of this marriage surely rue the day when they came into a world where no place, no reasonable opportunity, no possible success awaits them?

No doubt the mother of this foolish girl knew what she was talking about in pleading "the best of reasons" for supporting her daughter's wish to enter into this marriage. We can only pity her as one whose course of life has been marred irretrievably by the fault or willfulness of a daughter who should have been her highest happiness.

In regarding this incident even in a few of its leading relationships, the theory that marriage is merely the personal and private concern of those who marry is quite sufficiently exploited. Marriage within certain broad lines is, indeed, a private matter, but marriage outside the lines of conventional, social, or racial limitations is a matter in which very many besides the contracting parties may have a legitimate interest and positive rights.

#### Editorial Note.

The Fresno *Republican* thinks Mr. Heney badly used by the *Argonaut* because he "was paid for the work he did in Oregon." This, perhaps, is as near the truth as a journal which gets most of its facts by the processes of imagination and prejudice can easily come; at least, it is as near the truth as the *Republican* often comes when it gets outside the line of mere academics. It is because Mr. Heney took large sums from the government for "work" which neither he nor anybody else did in Oregon that the *Argonaut* holds him in contempt—for this along with other things. If the *Republican* had common intelligence and if it had that kind of honesty which insists upon knowledge of facts before forming and declaring judgments, it would know that the work of the land fraud prosecution in Oregon—if it may be so called—has been shamefully and scandalously neglected. Many men, some of them of high standing for honesty and general character, have been under indictment for three years and more, but not brought to trial. The whole procedure has degenerated into fraud and farce. In the meantime, Mr. Heney has been drawing money from the government on account of the Oregon land fraud cases to the tune of about two thousand dollars per month. And, while thus accepting large sums for a "work" neglected and abandoned, he has sat in smirking complaisance while his associates have applauded him before the public as a self-sacrificing patriot doing a great work gratuitously, and have even publicly begged for contributions on the score of his personal and domestic necessities. Is



there wonder that the *Argonaut* "sneers"? The real wonder is that there remain those like the Fresno paper, so infatuated in devotion to a false light as to give support to one who has lost all claim to respect.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From Professor McMurray.

BERKELEY, CAL., March 23, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: May I have leave to correct a report of some remarks made by me in a recent address at the University of California, which serve as a basis of an article in your issue of March 20, entitled "An Executive Government"? I am credited with the following sentence:

Things have reached such a state in this country that something will have to be done to get and keep the power out of the hands of Congress and into the hands of an executive.

I did not utter the words or the sentiment quoted, nor any words or sentiments that could, by the wildest stretch of fancy, be construed as meaning anything of the sort. Your text, therefore, is the inspiration of the perfervid imagination of some youthful reporter. So far from demanding that "something ought to be done," my remarks in large part were a protest against "doing things"—in favor of a "wise passivity."

What I did point out, in substance, was that the distinction between lawmaking and administration had been confused; that Congress has interfered unduly in the matter of administration, which, in its details, ought to be left largely to the executive; that this was a departure from the early and correct practice of the government under Hamilton and Gallatin; that the undue stress placed by Congress and the State legislatures upon mere matters of administration had served to handicap the legislative department in its works in its proper sphere—law-making. I further pointed out that latterly our history showed a tendency to trust our executive more and more with important matters involving administration, and that there was a growing demand for expert knowledge and technical equipment in dealing with such questions, for example, as the tariff or currency questions, which could only be met by entrusting the suggestions of reform to proper commissions of experts, as has been done, for example, by Germany.

In short, I maintained, and still maintain, that the details of administration—for example, whether a postoffice shall be built in Peoria, Illinois—may as safely be left to properly equipped officials as the interpretation of the laws, which is in truth only an administrative function of a specialized kind, to the courts. I never for a moment thought that the President should have any power in legislation beyond his present limited negative power, nor that Congress should pass to the President the power to raise money. On the contrary, the principal function of Congress, so far as the exercise of administrative powers is concerned, ought to be in the direction of limiting the demands which the best executive will make for new and extravagant appropriations.

May I add a word of protest against the remarks of the "great lawyer" whose words you quote? I do not so much object to the words themselves as to the point of view indicated by them. They are too strongly reminiscent of the Honorable Elijah Pogram and Martin Chuzzlewit. To lay all the responsibility for our liberty and economic superiority over the rest of the world upon our "institiushuns" is really working the Constitution overtime, and if there were a properly constituted lawyers' union, would demand the services of its walking delegate. I am willing to admit that the Constitution has served, still serves, and will doubtless continue to serve a noble purpose, that of the perpetuation of the American State, but that it has much to do with the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" of the individual (further than that it has provided a stable government), is a thesis that admits of discussion. Persons with moderate estimates of their own intelligence may doubt, without too much presumption, even the greatest lawyer when he tells them, as your unnamed authority does by implication, that the right to buy and sell with reasonable freedom, or the nine-hour day, or the best of American products, the American character, are solely, or even largely the products of government. An ingenious debater might well make out a good case on the counter-proposition that they exist in spite of government, and not because of it.

Where does your unnamed champion of the Constitution get his "cases" to bear out the proposition that representative government "has many times failed and perished from the earth, the liberty of the people giving way to tyranny"? I had always thought that "government by discussion" was almost as much of a novelty in politics as the aeroplane in transportation, and had believed that popular government had in its elements of indestructibility. Until the precedents overcame my mind, I shall continue not to "despair of the republic," in spite of the initiative and referendum, the "trusts," and Kenesaw M. Landis.

ORRIN K. McMURRAY.

George Thorndike Angell, the leader in the humane educational movement in the United States, died in Boston, March 16, aged eighty-six. Mr. Angell was the president and one of the founders of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and for the last twenty years had been president of the American Humane Educational Association, another organization he had helped to establish. He was born at Southbridge, Massachusetts, was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1846, and after studying law at Harvard was admitted to the bar in 1851. In 1866 he became interested in humane work for dumb animals, and, prompted by the action of Henry Bergh, who in that year started the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Mr. Angell established the publication *Our Dumb Animals*. Since that time he had been actively engaged in the interest of his chosen life-work. In one year he had printed more than 17,000,000 pages of humane literature. He traveled all over the United States and many other countries in pursuance of his humane work and caused to be established more than seventy thousand "Bands of Mercy" in America and England.

The Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston, has received bequests during the past year amounting to a million and a half. Of this aggregate \$750,000 was the gift willed by the late Eugene Tompkins, the theatre manager.

Motor-cabs are displacing the historic hansoms in London. There was only one motor-cab in the city in 1890, but last year nearly 3000 were licensed.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

As illustrating the new order of things at Washington—or rather the new return to the old order—it is authoritatively understood that the President will in all cases consult with senators before making appointments, and he will do this regardless of political or factional affiliations. The President believes that senators are just as patriotic as he is himself and that if there should be any deviations from rectitude he is a sufficiently good judge of human nature to detect and circumvent them. There will be no opportunity to repeat the giving of unworthy advice, and ostracism from the White House will therefore imply something more than personal spite or the vindictiveness that comes from wounded vanity. In pursuance of this policy Mr. Taft has refused to make appointments in Ohio in advance of recommendations from Senators Dick and Burton. Under the previous administration and by the exercise of a peculiar diplomacy Mr. Dick was forced into an attitude of seeming hostility to Mr. Taft. Now Mr. Taft says that Mr. Dick must be consulted.

The tariff bill was introduced on March 19 and its reading occupied four hours and twenty minutes. The records so far to hand do not say how many members faced and survived this formidable ordeal, but those who retained their seats probably relieved the monotony by private prayer or official correspondence. An effort was made to have the bill "taken as read," but as such a departure from formality would have caused the Constitution to fall in ruins about our heads the daring attempt was manfully and successfully resisted.

But the reading was something of a *tour de force*. The bill occupied 233 pages and contained about 53,000 words, that is to say, it was equal to somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty columns of the average newspaper. To intrust the reading to a single clerk would have been equivalent to depriving the poor wretch of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," which would be unconstitutional, and so the weird task was divided between two officials, who took twenty-minute parts alternately, one of them reading while the other sought to restore his shattered intelligence by sips of water mitigated with certain curious cordials recommended for such purposes. Even then the feat was a great one. It meant an average reading of about three and a quarter words a second, including time spent in changes of costume and scene shifting. Three and a quarter words a second may not seem very much, but a good deal depends upon the kind of words, and these were not all of the "Now I Lay Me" order. Those who are disposed to underrate the ordeal might try their hand upon a single clause—upon the following, for example, which is to be found in paragraph 528:

Coal tar, crude pitch of coal tar and products of coal tar known as creosote oil, benzoal, toluol, naphthalin, xylol, phenol, erol, toulidine, xylidin, cumidin, binitrotolul, binitrohenzol, henzidin, tolidin, dianisidin, naphthol, naphthylamin, diphenylamin, henzaldehyde, benzyl chloride, resorcin, nitrobenzol and nitro-tolul; all the foregoing not medicinal and not colors or dyes.

A mistake in pronunciation would, of course, have been fatal to the bill and perhaps to our institutions, and would have given opportunity to the satanic ingenuities of the free-traders, but there were no mistakes and the two clerks are said to be doing as well as can be expected.

Debate upon the bill has begun already, and it will continue merrily until April 15 at the earliest. No effort will be made to stifle discussion, as has been upon other tariff occasions in the land of the free. It is recognized that a large number of members are suffering acutely from suppressed speech and that any undue attempt at inhibition might have serious results. Even if the leaders were disposed to be tyrannical there are at least sixty Republicans who would refuse to curtail debate, and with the pillars of the commonwealth already swaying under the pressure of lower duties it would never do to add to the strain or to provoke naughty passions among friends. By April 15 there ought to be opportunity enough for the outpouring of the spirit, and every one concerned should by then be reduced to the desirable point of malleable imbecility.

The maximum and minimum clauses are occasioning some searchings of heart. They are very much in the position of having no friends, although at first the principle was hailed with delight. On the one hand we are told that under the maximum and minimum plan we may see a great many duties increased instead of lowered, while from the opposite camp comes the corresponding complaint that under the same expedient we may get a good many duties lowered instead of increased. A lot of animated discussion may be expected upon this portion of the bill.

Whatever shape the tariff may ultimately assume, it will have to be a revenue producer. During the last eight months the country has run up a deficit of \$86,000,000, and this money has to be extracted from some one. We can all of us form a pretty shrewd idea of who that some one will be. It will be the consumer, although why a particular class of people should be called consumers it is hard to say, seeing that we are all consumers. If the present rate of deficit continues the end of the fiscal year will see the country about \$129,000,000 to the bad, and this is not due to a failing revenue but to increased expenditure.

Economy is out of the question. Governments never economize and we have bought a variety of things that we can not give up, such as rural free delivery, the Panama Canal, river and harbor improvements, and naval and military expansions. In other words, we have spent recklessly without much regard for the source of the money, and now the tariff, or something else, must stand the brunt of the extravagance.

Of course, there are alternatives. A hard issue is one of them much favored by Micawber-like people who give an I. O. U. and say, "Thank God, that's paid." Then there is the expedient of special taxes, such as those adopted during war times, and we are told that there would be no particular objection to these and that they would be readily paid on the assurance that they were only temporary expedients and would

be remitted when convenient. Upon that point there may be a difference of opinion. No taxes are paid "readily," and as for the assurances of remission we can hardly imagine any one willing to swallow the pill upon such gilding as that. We have heard of temporary taxes before. The tariff itself may be said to come under that heading, and the tax that is to be remitted when it is "convenient" to do so may be said to have discovered the secret of immortality.

Then, again, there is the income tax, and Mr. Cummins of Iowa intends to introduce an income tax bill into the Senate. Its reception will probably be of the arctic variety. Similar measures will be introduced into the House and by Republicans and Democrats alike. Other revenue-raising measures, each with its coterie of adherents, are death-duties and taxes on revenue derived from interstate commerce, but the reception of these various expedients will not be hospitable. They are too radical, it being always understood that a "radical" measure is one that requires wealth to pay in proportion to its size, while "conservative" measures are those that ask the poor man to pay everything. Now, a tax upon patent medicines or beer would be "conservative," because the consumption of these poisons is largely confined to the third estate. On the other hand, an income tax is an entirely new institution and therefore not to be approached cynically or without caution.

A good many people are interested in the tariff upon works of art, and it is satisfactory to note that the present barbarous schedules are to be modified. The idea that native talent is discouraged by the importation of a Ruhens, a Titian, or a Rembrandt is one that could hardly occur to any but a congressman and is responsible for more sneers at American culture than all other things together. The present proposal is to admit free of duty all works of art that are more than twenty years old has much to be said for it, although it may prove difficult to determine just how old a work of art is. It might keep out some of the flood of copies, good, bad, and indifferent, that now pours into the country and vitiates the popular taste and judgment. It is hard to see why there should be any duty at all upon works of art any more than upon Bibles. Whatever serves to broaden the popular appreciation of art is good for native artists, and it is not surprising to find that American painters have been foremost in demanding free trade in art as a measure of self-protection.

The New York *Evening Post*, commenting on the acquittal of the Standard Oil Company, says that the calmness with which the public has received the news is more important than the acquittal itself. It betokens a new attitude of the public mind. The excitements, the explosions, the vast agitations of the past few years, the people are preparing to put away like a closed book. It is not that the material for sensation and outcry is lacking; it is only the motive that seems now to be wanting. In this dismissal of the famous prosecution of the Standard Oil Company, so indifferently noted by newspapers and their readers, there is an abundance of good shrieking matter, if powerful politicians could see their advantage in making the welkin ring with it.

The charges against Governor Hughes of New York are many and varied. Among them is the reproach of lacking in human weakness, and nowadays to lack in human weakness is to lack also in human strength. But a correspondent of the New York *Sun* refutes this charge in the following language:

From the columns of the *Sun* time and again it has been revealed that Governor Hughes occasionally refreshes tired nature in true German style: that sometimes at social functions he is not averse to partaking sparingly of the scintillating inspiration of "bubble water"; that a long black cigar is his frequent companion. Furthermore, the writer once discovered him in the attitude of a true democrat having the time of his life in the midst of a group of smoke-begrimed, overalled laborers on the platform of the Albany station, not doing all the talking either.

It would be interesting to read what kind of devilry the *Sun* would have Governor Hughes cultivate when it invites him to invest his character with "a human weakness of endearing dimensions."

It is hard to see what more can be wanted. To refresh human nature "in true German style" seems to carry unutterable possibilities with it and should be effective in bringing Governor Hughes at once to the level of the human frailties that we understand and of endowing him with a "weakness of endearing dimensions."

Known all over the world at one time as one of the finest gambling houses in the United States, the Pennsylvania Club, at Long Branch, New Jersey, was sold at public auction a few days ago for \$70,000. In his lifetime "Phil" Daly, owner of the place, had refused \$200,000 for the property. Originally built for John Chamberlain of Washington, D. C., it remained under the management of the Southern man only a few years, and then "Phil" Daly became its owner and manager. At that time the Monmouth Park race track was in operation, and Long Branch was an attraction for sporting men from all over the United States. Even after the race track was closed the Pennsylvania Club was a powerful attraction to New York and Philadelphia men fond of high play at cards, and the place continued to be profitable until Judge Fort, now governor, issued the decree which ended its career as a gambling palace.

In Tokio there is an industrial school for young women with more than one thousand students learning embroidery, sewing, and the making of silk flowers, and other articles for export.

It has taken eighteen years for the Atlantic steamships to cut down the transatlantic record one day.



## "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME."

Miss Jeannette Gilder Writes About a Play That Has Set England by the Ears.

If Major Guy du Maurier's play, "An Englishman's Home," is accepted by the English people as typical of middle-class home life, I can only say that the home life of the average middle-class Englishman is a very pitiful thing. I do not suppose that Major du Maurier wishes or expects his play to be taken too literally. It is perhaps a tract and a satire at one and the same time. No one supposed that when W. S. Gilbert represented an English admiral as having gained his exalted rank by polishing up the handle of the big front door that he was to be taken seriously. So I do not suppose that Major du Maurier when he makes the captain of an English militia company a silly ass who has to consult his note-book every time he gives an order expects to be taken seriously. If we take "An Englishman's Home" as a satire on England's unpreparedness for war, we no doubt take it as it was intended, and we may also apply it to our own unpreparedness, only we don't.

With admirable enterprise "Mr. Charles Frohman presents" Major du Maurier's sensational and sensation-making play at the Criterion Theatre. I was among those who assisted at the first performance. The theatre was packed and jammed. Expectancy was written on the faces of even the most unemotional and jaded first-nighters. What was it going to be like, what was it all about, would it be interesting to Americans, would it, above all, be interesting to the toilers along the Great White Way? These were the questions asked by the eyes of the audience, but not by the lips, for they preferred to sit and wait rather than to show sufficient interest to put their query into words. According to report, England has seldom, if ever, had such a sensation as this play has given her. The booking at the London theatre where it is performed is for months in advance, and so deeply has the spirit of patriotism been stirred that the recruiting offices can scarcely handle the crowds that come to enlist in his majesty's service. Knowing all this, it is not strange that we were impatient to judge of the play for ourselves.

One scene, and except for the soldiery there are only eight characters of any importance in the play. The curtain goes up on the sitting-room of the Englishman's home and there the family are assembled. And such a family! Old Father Brown is playing Diabolo, the girls and one young man are bemoaning the fog as it prevents their attending a football game, another young man is busy working out the missing lines in limericks, while all sing music hall songs and rail at a visiting young man because he belongs to the volunteers. While all this is going on, Father Brown looks out the window and sees strange men on his lawn. He orders them off in sharp words, reminding them that an Englishman's house, including grounds, is his castle. They pay no attention, and one soon comes into his house, from which he orders him out with more angry words. A big, blustering fellow explains in broken English that he is from the North Country and that he is Prince Yoland, whoever he may be. For the time being he takes possession of the house and locks its inmates up in dust bins and sculleries, while pater familias goes for the police!

The scene of the second act is the same. Here we have the English volunteers, who are the greatest of greenhorns and would do discredit to the wildest burlesque. The men have no idea what to do with themselves, and run about the place to as little purpose as a chicken with its head off. "Put a few men in the rooms upstairs," commands the captain. "How many are a few?" asks the sergeant. "Two or three," replies the captain. "How many shall I put in each room," asks the sergeant. "Two in the big rooms and three in the small rooms," shouts the irate captain, who then and there declares the house in a state of siege. Furniture is piled up against the windows and mattresses are dragged down from the bedrooms for the same purpose. Father Brown protests and tells the captain that he will hold him responsible for any damage done by his men. The young people think it all very funny and the family jester jumps upon the centre table to better see the fun when a bullet from without flies through the window and shoots him dead. This is the curtain, which was called up at least half a dozen times upon this tableau.

Act third and last is the stirring one. Shots fly through the windows, fired by the invading hordes, "bombs burst mid air," the ceiling falls and so does everything that can fall. Confusion reigns while Mr. Brown, true to his character and in defense of his "castle," seizes a gun and shoots a soldier on sight. Being a civilian, this is a crime, and the old man is taken out upon his own lawn and shot as dead as Cæsar. In the end British troops arrive and the enemy is routed. I believe this was not the original ending, but was added as a sop to British pride. Some one, not Du Maurier, put it in; Barrie, they say, but I do not know. At any rate, Barrie is immensely taken by the play and when Mr. Frohman cabled him "Would it go here?" he is said to have wired back, "This play would go anywhere." I am not as sanguine as Mr. Barrie. It went with applause on the first night, and except for a few laughs in the wrong places, seemed to be liked. But who shall say? Not I, for one.

The lesson is not needed here. We are separated by more than a channel from the enemy (if we have an

enemy), and we are not shut off from the world by fogs. An enemy would have a hard time landing on our shores. He might do a little bombarding, but we would soon put a stop to that. We have more to fear from within than from without. It is the enemy within our gates that is our menace! Still I should not be surprised if "An Englishman's Home" had a success of curiosity. Every one will want to see it, if only for the sake of giving an opinion.

The success of Major du Maurier has been made as quickly as the success of his father. "Trilby" sprang into popularity over night. There was never such a success known as was made by that story. The success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has covered more years and more miles of paper in its day and in ours, but while the "Trilby" craze was on everything else was forgotten. It was a name to conjure with, so everything that could be was called after it, from hats to hearth brooms. "An Englishman's Home" is not a name that can be given to hats or hearth brooms, and for that young Du Maurier ought to be truly thankful. His father was made positively unhappy by the publicity that "Trilby" thrust upon him. Indeed, it was the success of "Trilby" rather than the failure of "The Martians" that killed George du Maurier.

Major Guy du Maurier is in the wilds of South Africa and he can only hear the echo of his great success as a playwright. It can not pursue his sleeping and his waking hours. There are no reporters on his trail, there are no cameras in the bush. His comrades have not seen the play, they can not discuss it with him, and the elephants and the tigers are not interested. And as for the natives, if you should ask them they would say that as the Englishman had invaded their country they were glad to know that there was danger of some one invading his.

What Major du Maurier will do as a playwright hereafter remains to be seen. It will not be easy to find so vital a subject. The capital and labor struggle has already found its way to the stage and he can not do this invasion again. Still there is an opportunity in a French invasion and the American invasion into trade is getting to be a more burning one every day, as witness the new department store in London.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, March 25, 1909.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### My Castle in Spain.

There's a Castle in Spain, very charming to see,  
Though built without money or toll;  
Of this handsome estate I am owner in fee,  
And paramount lord of the soil;  
And oft as I may I am accustomed to go  
And live like a king in my Spanish Château.

There's a dame most deliciously rounded and ripe,  
Whose wishes are never absurd,  
Who doesn't object to my smoking a pipe.  
Nor insist on the ultimate word;  
In short, she's the pink of perfection, you know,  
And she lives like a queen in my Spanish Château.

I've a family, too; the delightfulest girls,  
And a hevy of beautiful boys;  
All quite the reverse of those juvenile churls  
Whose pleasure is mischief and noise,  
No modern Cornelia might venture to show  
Such jewels as those in my Spanish Château.

I have servants who seek their contentment in mine,  
And always mind what they're at;  
Who never embezzle the sugar and wine,  
And slander the innocent cat;  
Neither saucy nor careless nor stupidly slow,  
Are the servants who wait in my Spanish Château.

I've pleasant companions; most affable folk,  
And each with the heart of a brother;  
Keen wits who enjoy an antagonist's joke,  
And heavies who are fond of each other.  
Such people indeed as you never may know  
Unless you should come to my Spanish Château.

I have friends whose commission for wearing the name  
In kindness unfailing is shown;  
Who pay to another the duty they claim,  
And deem his successes their own;  
Who joy in his gladness, and weep at his woe;  
You'll find them (where else?) in my Spanish Château.

"O si sic semper!" I oftentimes say  
(Though 'tis idle, I know, to complain).  
To think that again I must force me away  
From my beautiful Castle in Spain!

—John Godfrey Saxe.

Japan is establishing commercial bureaus and museums throughout the Far East. There are now about forty of these, including many in Japan. One is located in Korea, another at Singapore, and a third at Bombay. Similar museums have been started in Hankow, Chungking, Shasi, and elsewhere in China, and one was recently opened in Bangkok. Of the local institutions, the largest are in the big cities of Tokio and Osaka. The Tokio museum fills nearly all of a large three-story building, and it has about 25,000 samples of foreign and native made goods. It contains all kinds of foreign raw materials and manufactured products, shown side by side with those of Japan. There are large displays of machinery and electrical works of home manufacturers, and of all sorts of metal articles from aluminum to iron.

Already since the first night of Major du Maurier's patriotic play, "An Englishman's Home," which has been a sensation in London for several weeks, more than one thousand youths have come forward to join the London division of the Territorial army, which is still, however, 20,000 men short of its full strength.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Andrew Carnegie was the guest of honor at the first banquet held in the new club house of the Lotus Club, New York, a few days ago.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, retiring president of Harvard University, has been chosen by President Taft for ambassador to Great Britain.

Vice-President Sherman has established a new precedent by declining to order a new and expensive inkstand for his official desk. He said the old one would do.

John Burroughs, the eminent naturalist, now in his seventy-second year, is exploring the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, in company with John Muir, the California nature enthusiast.

George Meredith, the English novelist, has been for fifty years a consistent advocate of suffrage for women. He has sent encouraging messages to the suffragists in their present campaign in Great Britain.

Bernhard Ziehn of Chicago, the associate censor and promoter of the late Theodore Thomas, is recognized as the most profound theorist authority in music. He has given his life to a study of the scientific side of music and has solved many problems in the evolution of musical art.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., is spending a million dollars in New York in the construction of model tenement houses to provide sanitary homes for tuberculosis patients and their families. These buildings will occupy eighteen city lots, and will accommodate nearly four hundred families.

Guglielmo Marconi, the wireless telegraph inventor, was recently the guest at dinner of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. To his majesty Marconi made the statement that by the erection of an extra powerful plant at Coltano, near Pisa, he expected within twelve months to have direct wireless communication with America.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, the wife of the British Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, is one of the most prominent women in England in political affairs, and is deeply interested and active in the interest of her husband, who has held his present position since 1906. She makes brilliant and effective speeches in public, and in this achievement follows and improves the example of Mrs. Lloyd George, the wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Bucknam Pasha, the Turkish admiral and aid-de-camp to the Sultan, was formerly Captain Bucknam of the Pacific Mail steamship line. After leaving the service of the Pacific Mail, the admiral took service in the Cramps shipyard at Philadelphia, and was sent thence to Constantinople in charge of a new vessel constructed for the Turkish navy. At the end of the voyage he so won the regard of the ruler that he was at once taken into the Turkish naval service.

Frederick William, the crown prince of Germany, is now twenty-seven years old, and has already displayed a marked individuality and strength of will. He rows and sails well, is a daring and clever horseman, goes to football matches, and never misses a regatta or athletic exhibition. At the Prussian Home Office, the finance ministry, and latterly at the admiralty, the prince has proved an earnest and apt pupil. A few weeks ago he spent a day at the Alexander-Platz, Berlin's Scotland Yard, inquiring keenly into police and detective methods. Aeronautics also interest him keenly. He has been up in the army airship twice.

Amelia Materna, the opera singer of international fame, recently made her farewell appearance in Vienna. The great artist, the first Bayreuth Brünnhilde and Kundry in the years 1876 and 1882, was heard once more in concert, and from now on she will confine herself to teaching only. She appeared in the "Musikvereinsgebäude" in the same hall where thirty-four years ago, under Richard Wagner's own leadership, she sang Brünnhilde's final number from the "Götterdämmerung" on the occasion of its very first performance; and again this time, as a white-haired matron, with the same inspiration of the master, she aroused enthusiasm in her listeners. She retired from the stage thirteen years ago. Her glorious voice sounded with all its old-time power and fullness and, indeed, in absolute beauty of tone it is still unsurpassed among singers.

Lord Esher, deputy governor of Windsor Castle, whose "Letters of Queen Victoria" was published in 1907, recently delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution on "Queen Victoria." The lecture was given with the permission of King Edward and contained much new information concerning the late queen. From the age of thirteen and until within a few days of her death, Lord Esher said, Queen Victoria kept a daily private journal, which will never be published in its entirety. Those works, recording the daily life events of the queen, would fill one hundred volumes. All were written in her small, running hand. Her entire correspondence and papers when arranged and completed will fill more than a thousand volumes. "We owe to Queen Victoria," said Lord Esher, "the re-statement of the monarchical principle in the eyes of all grave and earnest men. I have had exceptional opportunities for examining at first hand the inner history of her reign, but I found no trace of any grave mistake committed by Queen Victoria in her capacity as sovereign."



## A TURBULENT TOUPEE.

By William Lightfoot Visscher.

"Which it's more or less marvelous," said the cowboy, "that a party who is brought up prosperous, has schooling from soda to hock, well-spoken folks throughout, never-failing lines of pious precedents, that-a-way, should take to teetering talk just because he hits the hills, later, and herds with longhorns. Specially me, working that line of talk, mixes my meditations a whole lot, till I tumbles.

"It's plenty natural that a youth of downy adolescence who lights out from the paternal domicile and goes herding with longhorns—men and beasts—should fall into their facetious ways of expression, forthwith, adopting, as he does, the customs and costumes of the two-legged cut-out thereof.

"Some reckless rioter 'mong the proverbs has said, 'When you're in Rome do as Romeo does,' and that mighty nigh accounts for these chameleon kinks among the whole line of lizards, human and horizontal.

"But, as I hints heretofore, why me, coming as I do out of college, commerce, and cultured communications? Moreover, I'm way past the verbal vaccinating period long before I ever cinches a broncho or sees one.

"Lem'me let you in.

"I'm a well-bred country boy with folks that are fixed, plenty, and they send me to all the schools in sight, and polish me a whole lot in the State University. The altitude of their hopes is high pertaining thereto, aiming me for wide cloth in a swell profession.

"But I'm stuck on the store.

"My maternal uncle whose name is Jack, with all the leanings of such appellations, has a dry goods and general store in the town adjacent to my father's layout of land, and youths, mostly, in my mess, have ambitions to 'stand in a store.'

"Standing in the store means mighty good clothes, perennial, shade in summer-time and a heap of shelter from the north wind in winter.

"Moreover, the daisies from the gardens, social, lean loving to the store-clerk, a whole lot. Anyhow it's me for the store.

"Years canter along, ceaseless, and I am joyous, protracted. I'm also advantageous.

"That Uncle Jack of mine don't pan in his domestic circle, none. Aunt Sue and him are not a heap harmonious and he does the hiatus, frequent. The nearest city is two days too near for him and he seeks the more distant metropolis for them alleged 'laying-in-stock' trips of his. I'm acquainted with his griefs and stands silent. He calls me his 'silent pardner,' and I'm a fixture for a fact.

"Early I follow a family failing, on the he side of the house, and a spot the size of a saucer comes on the top of my head that's as bald as a tin cup.

"They tell me that I look like Shakespeare. Still I'm not seized, premature, or pending, with a proclivity to write poetry, or any other print-stuff. Of course, I've had my tilt at writing heart-welling verses to them daisies that dally in the village, and them lilting lines that lally along with moonbeams and babbling streams, bowers and flowers, love and dove truck, full an' plenty, but they never get exposed more than on the tabs where I scratches 'em, spontaneous and superfluous.

"I did not yearn for the dizzy heights of literature, whatever, or any other dizzy heights, total. I'm plumb content to buy and sell eggs, lie a whole lot about retentiveness of color in calico, play to help Uncle Jack's hand in the domestic deal, and scatter around, promiscuous, in the store-clerking line. In short and long, following this trail till my years and ears get a heap prominent from loss of hair on the top of my think-nut.

"Then I ropes me a wig of the sort that comes branded 'A Toupee.'

"It don't matter, none, how or where I cuts out the wig, being as that would elongate the lesson useless. But I accumulates it legitimate, all right and regular.

"I never had been a booze-fighter. Aint now as to that. Not drawing it too fine, I was that abstemious some folks counted me as religious and 'low'd that the water-wagon had been instigated and erected, first off, by me, personal.

"Sudden I become bibulous and inclined to write literary messes.

"Now wouldn't that jostle you, some?

"Wild to shine, scintillate, radiate, fulminate and irritate, in poetry, romance, and literature, clean through the deal—Me!

"This sort of a furious flight plumb locoed me, but next to it, sticking like a red king in a club-flush, was a state of abject and trifling procrastination, extreme.

"Hot stories and rich as free-gold rock, would rise up in my think-tank like white-caps on the sea-side of the Seal Rocks. Come they would for me to write 'em. But I did not, any whatever. Moreover I took a hankering for the West that nothing could hobble. Nothing short of being a plumb centaur, half man and half horse, would fit my fancy, for a finish. But I would start in as a common cow-puncher, pending further development.

"Spells like that would linger all day, then when I would hit the downy at night, they would light out. Which it k-pt me canterin', weavin', wobblin' night and day, betwixt going and staying.

"All this time these spells of itch for scribbling, and no strength to scratch, capered through my system, incessant, and me more or less lined with liquor, throughout. In the summer, when the cycling time

was on—for I was the champion wheelman of that range—I would leave off that wig that I had roped, for the sake of both comfort and convenience, and with short-cropped tonsure sail about, in off hours, on smooth streets and good roads, with the best bicycle in the bunch, and an utter but contented abhorrence of anything stronger, in the way of a thirst-chaser, than a seltzer lemonade or a cup of common coffee. Which, in such seasons I had no call to be a Kipling, or yet a—well, none of them, any.

"This antipodal state of affairs and condition of things, heretofore stated, lasted during the progression of seasons through about three years. In the winters I only kept the seat in my business saddle by the cinch of former faithfulness, my silent partnership, and the apparent reformation that trailed in with the summers. Finally, however, my winter habits and the literary loco, ropes me down and it becomes necessary for me to seek some other means of livelihood than that of standing in the store, in which, with all my years of service, I had hooked up a high degree of importance—country-store-wise—had my habits been more to the good.

"Eventually, in the strangling necessity of the situation, I so far conquers procrastination that I finally gets my thoughts herded and millin' till they settles on a lurid story, and it goes—and don't come back. A big literary corral brands it in with the accepted bunch and it goes to market, me, with the money for it, high-priced, and in my war-bags.

"The win-out over procrastination worked me chesty, I histed nose-paint in glory of the game and that leaves me away back on the trail. Moreover, I tumbles to the fact that I can't indite those lurid romances without wearing that wuzzy wig. My think-works won't weave without the cover of that acquired hair, me possessing no other of the flowing hirsute beyond the lambrequin around the base of my alleged brain, which is insufficient, utter and entire. I must leave literature or keep to the wig and inebriety.

"That West and centaur loco is still surging' around in my system and I turns up, final, in a cow-camp, wig on and poetry pulsing.

"A bald-headed cow-puncher would have been unprecedented and hilarious, hence I holds to that extraneous hair, some tenacious, and that exuberant and meandering manner of cow-talk flows natural. Game roosters don't learn to mix in mortal combat more extempore.

"However I'm store-clerk all through the previous decades worries me to ruminate touching thereof. Riding herd beats a bicycle from jack to seven spot, both ways, and how I'm pestering around among them effete dry goods till I plumb shed bald, has not, up to this time of this year, been fully elucidated.

"Some more years come sliding along, resistless and fully welcome. Me and that turbulent toupee deceiving all comers, tranquil and some guileless, the false hyperions staying plumb pat and no questions asked.

"Bug juice don't flow like milk and honey in Canaan, out on the range, but among cow-punchers it is no wise considered unforgivable moral obliquity to percolate such quarts and other quantities of that inspiring fluid as crosses the drive, semi-sometimes.

"A young doctor maverick who has jarred his nervous system well nigh to the motion of a quaking-asp or a hill of jelly, in trying to annex the whole thing, mental and professional, joins the outfit and never lets up a little in his researches. He digs up health, plenty, and once in a spell of redundant exuberance and super-saturation, I expose my hand as pertaining to them acquired locks.

"Forthwith the medicine man—which I wouldn't represent that 'Forthwith' is the style of his signature in the States—but forthwith he is a heap regardful, to a degree absorbing. He investigates and cogitates continuous, in the wig way, all by his lonesome, till he opens up like daylight on the mesa.

"Learning and wisdom are the belongings of this Doc. to the size of a royal flush and he plays 'em close to his chin in my behalf. He lets me in on the winning and this here was in the pot on which, theretofore, I had laid down all hands so far dealt in the game:

"This wise young doctor-sharp showed up that the whole thing was cached along the trail of electro-physico-psychology, decorating the sides of which, in caves, canyons, and other off-leads, camps hypnotism, faith-cure, sciomancy, chiromancy, and all that brand of perplexing abstrusities.

"This here medicine-man not only makes a profound study of my case, himself, personal, but he hooks the hefty help of other stray scientists as holds all the earmarks and brands on the medical range. In the investigations that follow this round-up the maverick who makes my wig is finally cut out, roped and hog-tied. Whereupon it is discovered that this hair-piece has been made from the long locks of a red-haired writer who has been branded for an early drive as a cow-boy poet. This literary longhorn has habits, previous to having his hair cut, identical the same as mine are when wearing his lost capillaments. He is, as a writer, an able man at all times and has been a drunkard only when his ringlets are long. Clipping his plumage takes away the strength of his procrastination and drink habits, though he is still affected by these, desultory. When he is rounded up he is however, fairly sober and working fine. A wig from an ordinary man's hair would have been useless to me, utter, in literature, so I takes the advice of my science pardners and cultivates this denuded poet's friendship. Of course I hides from him the chronicles herein and plots to trail him into

a dipsomania-cure, plumb successful. It works smooth as down-hill sledding and easy as a billionaire's scooter.

"Now this poetry-pard of mine has got a sister relative that is nigh on, or a mite surpassing, any maverick of her persuasion as has ever cut my trail till yet, and Byron Jim—that's my pard's range handle—he indites her, and some more of her sex and sort, some alluring invitations to trail into camp when we are close adjacent to her villa on a rodeo.

"There's a making of a long story in them incidents, but say—I'm between two hurries and I'll cut out the deflections.

"Somehow or another she's on the off side of that herd—Byron Jim's sister is—capering about on a pony that hasn't got much the bulge on a big dog, as to dimensions and heft, and that band of Texans makes a stampede, her plumb in the way of the longhorn digression. The pony has just got sense enough to go away from there, but not enough to sheer off. Besides, them brief legs of his'n wouldn't have carried him to the safe edge of the sheer, anyhow.

"I'm off after her, like a kyote seeking safety, and it looks like a fool break, but I'm aiming to lift her to my broncho and take chances, knowing that her pony is going to get mingled with the sand, indistinguishable, early.

"But the pony is going for all that there is in him and when I'm about the length of a lariat in the following, he loses his feet and equilibrium and him and the small lady goes to the terra, indiscriminate.

"The longhorns being that close I could about feel their breath, there aint no time for me to think but once and that a heap sudden. Hesitating to pick up the girl would have been a bad play, utter, but in the goodness of things there was a lone pinyon standing where the precipitation occurs. I swing into the limbs of that, some abrupt, leaving my broncho to sail on, and in two winks I have roped that damsel at the cinch as she raises a bit and swung her clear and high above that mass of hoofs and horns, holding her there till the herd passes out.

"Which the proceedings immediate thereunder, went to the discard, as to me proper. Whatever sense had been dealt to me was lost in the shuffle, and I fell out of the pinyon.

"Howsomever, some of 'tothers had got there and among 'em Byron Jim. They had let the girl down previous to my bid-farewell, and that imbecile, Byron Jim, seeing I was locoed and swaying, tries to ease my fall. Me being much as a brick house is to a bale of hay, proportionate, I don't do a thing but break his bones a whole lot, descending.

"The ingredients of a hospital were thus located, plenty, as to victims thereof—the girl, Jim and yours truly, all out. The girl come to, some forthwith, being only shook up with a skeer. I rallied like a cabbage-plant by sunset, only recording a gash in the subclavian district from the stub of a dead limb of the pinyon. But Jim had to be held together with split sticks and mortar for some time, them fractured bones being disposed to scatter, some divergent.

"He was a game little cuss, Byron Jim, was, all cow-puncher, poet, and a strain of stock filtered fine.

"There was gratitude on tap, in tubs, from that out and—well Jim, and me, and the girl, don't ride herd, none, no more.

"That short-haired poet pard, and yours truly, quits that broncho-busting game and collaborates, literary, to a high financial degree, that sister relative keeping cases and general lookout on the domestic game.

"Riding herd was entrancing some, and I adheres thereto, contented as a bear in winter, till I meets up and conjoins with this poetry pard, literary, and that relative, connubial.

"We work unanimous and harmonious as a Thomas orchestra, thereby building and outfitting the bungalow where we live, love and labor, indefinite.

"Howsomever, when I hanker to cut the trail for a season and leave off the literary, I simply locks that wig in a safe-deposit receptacle and makes a red streak through the atmosphere with the color of a forty H. P. go-sudden."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1909.

It is not generally known that there was a Baronet of Maryland, but it is confirmed by "Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionship," which states that the present Baronet of Maryland succeeded to his title in 1873 and married in 1886 Sibyl Frances, daughter of William Grey. He is also Baron of West Auckland. The present Baronet of Maryland is a direct descendant of Sir Robert Eden, the last proprietary governor of the province, who left America in June, 1776, and was rewarded for his fidelity to his king by being created Baronet of Maryland. He married Caroline Calvert, sister of Frederick, the last Lord Baltimore. It is perhaps more generally known that Caroline and Eden streets in Baltimore owe their names to Sir William Eden and his wife. The present Baronet of Maryland entered into litigation with the artist Whistler on account of a painting of his wife by the artist which Sir William Eden thought poor. Lady Eden is considered one of the most beautiful women in England, and her daughter has also much beauty and charm. Whistler published his reason of the dispute in a pamphlet called "Baronet and Butterfly."

The average age of the Taft Cabinet is fifty-seven years, which is about two years more venerable on the average than the Roosevelt Cabinet.



## A LITERARY LIFE.

Hall Caine Tells Us Something of His Story and the Celebrities He Has Known.

Mr. Hall Caine, in a word of introduction, tells us something of the motive that originally prompted the writing of "My Story." He did not intend it to be his story at all, but the story of his great contemporary, Rossetti. He published a little volume about Rossetti immediately after the poet's death, and his original intention was to enlarge and revise it. But these efforts resulted not only in a new book, but in the necessary importation of much autobiographical material that seemed essential as a background, and so "My Story" gradually shaped itself, and the book, from the public standpoint at least, took on a new and larger interest and importance.

In the literary architecture of the book it is easy to distinguish the new additions. The Rossetti portion occupies, indeed, its clearly defined frontiers. Upon either side of it lie the particulars of Mr. Caine's earlier life and his experiences after Rossetti had become a memory and other great figures had stepped upon the stage. Mr. Caine's autobiography—if to a work so restrained, so modest, and so self-repressive such a name can be given—is a model of what such works should be. When we reach the last page we wish there was more of it and that the author had been less relentless in his expurgations. He holds himself too severely in the position of a point of view, or rather as an atmospheric medium through which we may look at others. His finger points unceasingly at contemporaries whom he would have us admire and love. It is something of a new experience in autobiography, which is usually the stamping ground for vanities that are either subtly and delicately pervasive or impudently naked and unashamed.

Of his quite early life Mr. Caine tells us very little. He was born nearly half a century ago "in a little thatched cottage on the high-road through one of the remotest parishes in the Isle of Man." Through family misfortune, his father migrated to Liverpool, and here it was that the boy gained his first real experiences of life:

But, meanwhile, it was in Liverpool for the most part that I went to school, and there, while I was still a very young boy, I started in life. I was something of an adventurous city gipsy myself when I first tramped out into the world, and my recollection is that the direction I took was due to nothing more serious than an impression that I could draw and the sight of an advertisement asking for a pupil to an architect. The architect turned out to be a remote member of the Gladstone family, and through him I came into casual relations with the great statesman. It must have been in the year 1863 that I saw Gladstone first, for I have some recollection of running all day long, on the day of the great election, to his brother's office in Union Court, with telegrams announcing the results of the contests all over the country. I see him as he was then, sitting behind an office table, a tall man in a stiff-looking frock coat of the fashion of an earlier day, with a pale face and side whiskers and very straight black hair, thin on the crown and brushed close across his forehead. He was my hero, my idol, my demi-god, in those days, but that did not prevent my blurting out the big news of great majorities before he had time to open his telegrams, and then his pale, serious, shadowed face, almost sad, and apparently preoccupied, would lighten to a smile that was like sunshine.

Mr. Caine gives some sixty pages only to his earlier life. The Rossetti episode occupies over one hundred and sixty pages, that is to say, nearly half the book, and this will show how large a place it occupies in his treasure house of memories. Mr. Caine was a young man when he first knew Rossetti, but men far older and more experienced would need no apology for succumbing to the fascination of a Titan whom none, indeed, could resist. Mr. Caine makes no claim to have painted a picture of the complete Rossetti, "but it shall at least be true to Rossetti as he appeared to me, twenty-five years his junior, and coming to him, full of admiration and affection, during the last years of his life."

The glimpses are indeed charming, and all the more charming because they are wholly faithful and sincere. Rossetti would sometimes read aloud his own poems and so suffer over again some of the travail that their production had cost him:

Once or twice, after the emotion of the written words had broken up his voice, he would pause and laugh a little (a constrained laugh in his throat), and say: "I dare say you think it odd to hear an old fellow read such love poetry, as much of this is, but I may tell you that the larger part of it was written when I was as young as you are."

I remember that he read, with especial emotion and in a voice that could hardly support itself, the pathetic sonnet entitled "Without Her":

What of the glass without her?  
What of her pillowed place  
Without her?  
What of the heart without her?

The lines came with tears of voice, subsiding at length into something like a suppressed sob, and they were followed by an interval of silence. But after a moment, as if trying to explain away his emotion and to deprive it of any personal reference to my mind, he said:

"All poetry affects me deeply, and often to tears. It doesn't need to be pathetic, or yet tender, to produce this result."

Then he went on to say that he had known in his life two men only who were similarly sensitive—Tennyson, and his friend, Bell Scott.

"I once heard Tennyson read 'Maud,'" he said, "and while the fiery passages were given with a force and vehemence which he alone could compass, the softer passages and the songs made the tears run down his cheeks like rain. Morris is a fine reader, too, and so of his kind, although a little prone to sing-song, is Swinburne. Browning both reads and talks well—at least, he did so when I knew him intimately as a young man."

The saddest feature in Rossetti's life was his addiction to opium, a failing that a less skillful hand than Mr. Caine's would have suppressed altogether. Here is the incident in which he confesses the existence of the "skeleton in the cupboard":

Then I saw that on the table were two small bottles, sealed and labeled, and beside them was a little measuring glass. Without looking further, but with a painful suspicion over me, I asked if that was his medicine.

"They say there's a skeleton in every cupboard," he said in a low voice. "That's mine; it's chloral."

When I reached the room I was to occupy for the rest of the night I found it, like Rossetti's bedroom, heavy with hangings and black with antique picture panels, having a ceiling so high as to be out of all reach and sight, and so dark from various causes that the candle seemed only to glitter in it.

Presently Rossetti, who had left me in my room, came back, for no purpose that I can remember except to say that he had much enjoyed my visit, and I replied that I should never forget it.

"If you decide to settle in London," he said, "I trust you'll come and live with me, and then many such evenings must remove the memory of this one."

I laughed, for what he so generously hinted at seemed to me the remotest contingency.

"I have just taken sixty grains of chloral," he said, as he was going out. "In four hours I shall take sixty more, and in four hours after that yet another sixty."

"Doesn't the dose increase with you?" I asked. "It has not done so perceptibly in recent years. I judge I've taken more chloral than any man whatever. Marshall" (his medical man) "says if I were put into a Turkish bath, I should sweat it at every pore."

Mr. Caine suggests that this may have been an exaggeration or that the doctor may have deceived his patient as to the amount of the opiate that he was taking. When he went to live with Rossetti and the dispensing of the chloral came under his supervision he was warned that a very much smaller quantity should be administered and this was given as late as possible, so that the victim should sleep until daylight. Here is an account of the trick played upon Rossetti by Mr. Caine and one that has a distinct psychological interest:

I was already painfully aware of the corroding influence of the drug on Rossetti's better nature, and one morning, as I took out of its hiding place the key that was to open the glass doors of the little cabinet that contained the chloral, I caught a look in his eyes which seemed to say that in future he would find it for himself. To meet the contingency, and at the same time to test a theory which I had begun to cherish, that the drug was only necessary to Rossetti because he believed it to be so, I decided to try an experiment, and so defeat by a trick the trick I expected.

The solution of chloral was hardly distinguishable at any time from pure water, and certainly not at all in the dead white light of dawn, so, with the connivance of the nurse, I opened a bottle, emptied it of the drug, filled it afresh with water, corked and covered it again with its parchment cap tied about with its collar of red string, placed it in the cabinet, and then awaited results.

Next morning I awoke of myself exactly at the hour at which Rossetti had been accustomed to awaken me, and I heard him coming as noiselessly as he could down the corridor toward my room. He opened the door, leaned over me to satisfy himself that I was asleep, fumbled for and found the key to the cabinet, opened it, took away the bottle I had left ready for him, and then crept back to bed. After some ten minutes or more I rose and went to his room to see what had occurred, and there, sure enough, lay Rossetti, sleeping soundly, and my bottle of water standing empty on the table by his side.

This was not the only occasion when the author came into contact with the opium habit. Wilkie Collins was as hopeless a victim as Rossetti, and even defended the practice as stimulating the brain and steadying the nerves. It had the same effect, he said, upon him as upon Bulwer Lytton, for "he told me so himself." But when Mr. Caine asked him "Do you advise me to use this drug?" Wilkie Collins paused, changed color slightly, and then said quietly, "No."

Of the beautiful aspects of Rossetti's character—and they were nearly all beautiful—we get many pleasing glimpses. The great social problem of the women "who carry the sins of men into a wilderness from which there is no escape" interested and moved him profoundly:

On Rossetti it seemed to sit like a nightmare. For the poor women themselves, who after one false step find themselves in a blind alley, in which the way back is forbidden to them, he had nothing but the greatness of his compassion. The pitiless cruelty of their position affected him to tears. That they had transgressed against all the recognized rules of morality and social order, and were often wallowing in an abyss of degradation did not rob them of his pity. No human creature was common or unclean. "With our God is forgiveness," and feeling this, Rossetti also seemed to feel that behind the sin of these sinners there was always the immensity, even the majesty of their suffering.

Mr. Caine entered the portals of literature by way of a humble journalism, and opportunity seems to have sought the man rather than the man the opportunity:

Among the few members of the devoted circle which had surrounded Rossetti was William Bell Scott, a poet and painter, who had never achieved the fame which I thought was his due. To right this wrong, it occurred to me one day, while we were at Birchington, to publish an article in his honor, and for reasons I can not recall, I sent it, uninvited, to the Liverpool *Mercury*. The article was published in due course, and it led to two very contrary results, the first being that I lost forever the friendship of Scott, who became for the remainder of his life my bitter enemy; and the second, that I received a letter from John Lovell, the then editor of the *Mercury*, saying, as far as I can remember, "I have for some time thought of asking you to join our staff as an outside contributor, and I should be glad to know how you would like some such arrangement as that we should pay you, say £100 a year, and that you should write for us as much or as little as you please."

It was certainly an extraordinary proposal; but I think in the sequel proved both the generosity and the practical wisdom of the man who made it. After the first six months of our informal relations, I received a second letter from the editor, saying:

"The proprietors of the *Mercury* had not anticipated that you would do so much work, and therefore they desire to increase the honorarium to £150."

The first novel came soon after, and the story of

some of its birth pangs may carry their meed of consolation to other authors who have their bitter reasons to lament the inappreciation that has usually been the lot of aspiring genius. Mr. Caine finished his novel and took it in person "to a certain great publishing house" and left it to the tender mercies of the office boy:

After waiting three torturing weeks for the decision of the publishers I made bold to call again. At the same little box at the door of the office I had once more to fill up the same little document. The boy took it in, and I was left to sit on his table, to look at the desk which he had been whittling away with his penknife, to wait, and to tremble. After a while I heard a footstep returning. I thought it might be the publisher or the editor of the house. It was the boy back again. He had a pile of loose sheets of white paper in his hand. They were the sheets of my book.

"The editor's compliments, sir, and—thank you," said the boy, and my manuscript went sprawling over the table. I gathered it up, tucked it as deep as possible into the darkness, under the wings of my Inverness cape, and went downstairs, humiliated, crushed, and broken-spirited. Not quite that, either, for I remember that as I got to the fresh air at the door, my gorge rose within me, and I cried in my heart, "By God, you shall—" and something proud and vain.

Three times has that same publishing house come to Mr. Caine and asked him to write a book for them. He could not do so, but he had no malice. He tells the story only for the opportunity that it gives him to say to those in like case, "Keep a good heart, even if you have to knock in vain on many doors and kick about the backstairs of the house of letters. There is room enough inside!"

The story I have told of many breakdowns in the attempt to write my first novel may suggest the idea that I was merely serving my apprenticeship to fiction. It is true that I was, but it would be wrong to conclude that the writing of a novel has been plain sailing to me ever since. Let me "throw a crust to my critics," and confess that I am serving my apprenticeship still. Every book that I have written since has offered even greater difficulties. Not one of the little series but has at some moment been a despair to me. There has always been a point of the story of which I have felt confident that it must kill me. I have written nine novels (that is to say, about ninety) and sworn as many oaths that I would never begin another. The public expects a novel to be light reading. It may revenge itself for an occasional disappointment by remembering that a novel is not always light writing.

There is much more of the same kind, many a fascinating reminiscence, many a shrewd and kindly reflection upon men and things. "My Story" is one of the books of the day, a permanent contribution to the great history of literature.

"My Story," by Hall Caine, illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$2.

General Edward S. Bragg, whose eighty-second birthday anniversary was just celebrated in Wisconsin, has long been noted for his pungent utterances. His view of the Cubans in a letter addressed to Mrs. Bragg necessitated his transfer from Havana to Hongkong. There he would have been in quite as much hot water had any one been sufficiently unkind to quote the things that he was quite ready to say (observes the Boston *Transcript*). He did not particularly like Hongkong, was out of sympathy with its slow-going British atmosphere, and was specially displeased with the Americans who blew in upon him from the Philippines, usually seeking pecuniary aid. The length of the next stage in the journey, whichever direction they were going, was such that to help an American get away involved an outlay of thirty or forty dollars, and this usually proved a quite permanent investment. The general was assigned these positions by President Roosevelt in recognition of distinguished military service and also of Bragg's later-day defense of Republicanism after he had been for the greater part of his life a prominent Democrat, and one who made some most daring proposals in connection with the party's policies. At the convention of 1896, which nominated Bryan, Bragg headed the Wisconsin delegation, and whereas other conservative leaders were content to sit in silence after the free silver declaration had been adopted, the doughty old warrior lost no occasion, when Wisconsin's name was called, to put in an emphatic word of disapproval of the proceedings then in progress and carried through disastrously.

George Bernard Shaw recently aired his disregard for a new Socialist marching song called "The Red Flag." "That ignoble air will be the death of Socialism in England if it is not sternly suppressed" (he said.) "The composer, whoever he may be (and I don't care if he is my best friend), can republish it as 'The Funeral March of a Fried Egg' if he likes; but let him take it out of our already sufficiently obstructed path. . . . A tune so abject and depressing, so mean and commonplace, that the human spirit broke before three bars of it had blighted the welkin." Unfortunately for Mr. Shaw, the tune is from Mozart's first mass and is known and sung all over Germany under the name "O Tannenbaum." It seems to be neither ignoble or depressing.

A forty-pound box of dynamite fell over 200 feet into Zuber's stone quarry near Gadsden, Alabama, where sixteen men were eating, during the noon hour, and landed on the capacious front of Otis Browne, the "fat man" of the county, thus miraculously saving his own life as well as those of his companions.

An English ornithologist has successfully bred the black swan, one of the rarest of birds except in Australia.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity*, by George Barton Cullen. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

This somewhat delicate subject has been handled tentatively and sectionally by other writers, but never before with such ample analysis as we find here. The book lacks, as all such books must lack, some definite scheme that shall cover the whole range of human mentality and to which all phenomena may be referred for classification, but that is due in no way to the author but to the deficiencies of a science that still gropes blindly through the vast *terra incognita* of mental abnormalities. So careful a survey as that now before us, so elaborate a collection of facts, must help materially toward the work of exploration and elucidation.

If a comparison not used by the author may be allowed, it would seem that normal human consciousness corresponds in a sense with the visible color spectrum or with the audible scale. But as there are colors at each end of the visible spectrum and sounds above and below the audible scale, so there are states of consciousness above and below the normal range, and it is these that are sometimes called into play by religious fervor. Their nature presumably depends upon individual predisposition as well as upon the nature of the religious stimulus. To refer these phenomena generally to the subconscious mind is only to say that their source lies outside the normal. The subconscious mind may have a hundred divisions. It may include the angelic above and the demoniac below. In other words, it has no definite meaning.

But to recognize the ways in which abnormal consciousness may act under religious stimuli is enormously helpful toward psychological geography. We know from the author's admirable survey that it ranges from a lofty mysticism to demoniacal possession and that along the path are ecstasies, visions, dreams, stigmatization, and inspiration. From it come religious epidemics and revivals, and we find its fruits in faith cures, Christian Science, and the pseudo-occultism of the day. It may produce a fine and spiritual inspiration or it may deviate into sexual excesses. The subject is lifted out of the planes of normal consciousness and thrown into the vast regions of the abnormal, there to gravitate upward or downward, to saintship, to devilism, to idiocy, or to lunacy, as his character may determine or his acquired bias direct.

It may be said that the author covers the whole range of the religious abnormal consciousness, and if we have yet no scale of consciousness as we have a scale of heat upon a thermometer, we may arrange the phenomena to suit ourselves from the facts given to us in such extraordinary abundance. The author has done his work well. He erects no theories that shall be fatal to contradictory facts, however well proved, and he never occasions a suspicion of credulity. He shows us that personal religion is a state of consciousness and that it may plunge us immeasurably below the plane of normality, as it may raise us immeasurably above it. He enlarges our concept of the human mind by affording us a glimpse of the vast regions that lie about us and to which religion is the only legitimate key.

*A British Officer in the Balkans*, by Major Percy E. Henderson. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$3.50.

This fine book comes opportunely at a time when the eternal Balkans are likely to push themselves more prominently than usual into public notice. Those who wish to know something of the many kinds of people included in a now painfully familiar term can hardly do better than read a work by so careful an observer as Major Henderson.

He traveled through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Turkey in Austria, Magyarland, Bosnia, and Hercegovina, and we note that he spells the last name with a *c* instead of the more usual *s*. Nothing escapes his attention and he writes of people, customs, religions, art, music, history, and archaeology with an envious catholicity of knowledge that never becomes prolix or tempts from a light and easy style. Indeed, we wish sometimes that he would go a little deeper and throw a more direct light upon racial problems and the antagonisms that underlie a perpetually volcanic situation, but perhaps the character of the people themselves, so abundantly illustrated throughout three hundred pages of keen observation, is the best and most lucid explanation of Balkan unrest.

Major Henderson has a happy faculty for condensing a situation into a paragraph and coloring it by an anecdote. Little Turkish girls, he tells us, will imitate their elders by pulling their shawls over their faces or turning their backs if looked at too curiously. It is not easy to get a snapshot, and to this end they must be taken unawares. Education for women is not yet made good its foothold, and a Moslem Turk, listening stolidly to a usual, please, replied coldly, "Let my wife read and write! For what?"

That she may write love letters to other men, or receive them." Of the Levantine and Bosnian Turks he quotes approvingly the old couplet:

A Turk's heaven is easily made;  
A pair of black eyes and some lemonade.

It may be said incidentally that there are some who believe themselves further along the path of evolution than the Turk and for whom lemonade forms no part of an earthly paradise. Elsewhere we are told of the respect in which the Greek priests are held by the populace. It is no uncommon sight to see Serb children rush up to the priest in the street and kiss his hand, addressing him the while as "papa," and this, as the author very truly remarks, is "a custom which, if adopted by children in England toward their pastors in the streets, might be productive of not a little embarrassment and lead to misunderstandings."

The volume contains fifty illustrations reproduced from photographs taken by Mrs. Henderson.

*The Actress*, by Louise Closser Hale. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This romance of stage life comes refreshingly after the tawdry eccentricities with which we are familiar. It is fresh, human, and wholesome.

We are introduced to Rhoda Miller as she is at supper with Aaron Adams, the New York stockbroker and prince of good fellows, who wants to marry her but can not yet wear her from the fascinations of the stage. A very small lover's quarrel prompts Rhoda to say that she will take the first foreign engagement she can get, and the very next day comes the chance to go to London with an American company, and what we may call the theatrical interest of the story begins at that point. Aaron remains artistically in the background, but he none the less plays the first and last scenes with triumphant success, and, indeed, he inconspicuously pervades the book from end to end.

The account of Rhoda's stage life in London is charmingly done. We know every member of her company and we like them all. Beyond a certain engaging unconventionality, they are ordinary, fresh, delightful human beings, passionately enthusiastic about their art, and proving their devotion by unsparring work. Every detail of the picture shows that it is drawn to the life and reflects faithfully not only the larger ambitions of the actor, but his daily hopes and tribulations and the little triumphs that seem so pitifully small in print, but are actually as the breath of life to the stage folk. We see the actual terror with which they anticipate a possibly hostile reception, the drudgery of rehearsals, the agony of the mistaken lines that the audience never notices, the exhaustion that causes utter forgetfulness of the part played upon a hundred consecutive nights and the laughter of the house that is so hungered and schemed for and exulted in. Rhoda says of her successor: "She was on the stage, the new half-breed, quite different from me: taller, deeper voiced, doing things I had not done, reading lines as I had not read them, yet harvesting her laughs with the skill of a woman who knows how." In the narrower and technical sense that is the keynote of the story—to get laughs, and laughs are spoken of always as less interesting people would speak of pearls. Rhoda thinks far more of her "laughs" than she does of her salary, and if the average reader of "The Actress" has a heart hidden anywhere in his anatomy he will resolve henceforth to laugh more and louder at the theatre—always, of course, observing the proprieties—and to give to his cachinnations a joy imparting value that they were never suspected of having.

Of Rhoda herself it would be hard to say too much. She joins the noble army of literary sweethearts and becomes a gracious and winsome memory.

*Old Edinburgh*, by Frederick W. Watkeys. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; in two volumes.

The author disclaims any intention to write a history of Edinburgh and we may be glad that he allowed himself to follow an inclination that leads him unerringly to the most delightful phases of Edinburgh's story, rather than to confine himself to the stricter limits of consecutive narration. He has done his work with evident enthusiasm and at no small cost to himself in laborious research. To visit Edinburgh, to compile the sayings of guide books and of guides, and to serve them up with a more or less literary sauce is always easy, and it is the way in which too many of such books are written. To saturate one's self with historical lore, to excavate it from the rubbish of libraries and of tradition, is another thing altogether, and those who do it are worthy of recognition.

In this case the author has allowed himself to be fancy free in his historical wanderings, but with a certain due regard for chronology. He comes down through the centuries at a leisurely gait, pausing when the occasion warrants it and never without cause. He tells us of old Edinburgh, of the city under the Stuarts, under Mary of Guise, and in the time of James VI. We have a glance at the Covenanters, at the Rebellion

of 1745, reminiscences of literature, of the ancient trades, of the celebrated clubs and taverns, and of the many geographical features of the city, such as the Tolbooth, the Canongate, and the Castle, that conjure up visions of great deeds and pictures of light and shade, heroisms and crimes, sublimities and superstitions. The illustrations are a notable feature of these two handsome volumes. Some of the eighty-four cuts are of modern Edinburgh, but most of them are reproductions from the ancient, of unusual interest and printed in tone and form consonant with their subject.

*Travels in the Far East*, by Ellen M. H. Peck. Published by Mrs. James Sidney Peck, 5 Waverly Place, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; \$3.

Mrs. Peck explains in her preface that this book was written for her daughter and is published at her daughter's request. A public interest "will prove a pleasant recognition of a modest plan."

There are two kinds of travel book. The first is a record of facts somewhat after the Baedeker style, while the second relies for its strength upon the personality of the author and a literary skill in depicting impressions. Mrs. Peck's book may be placed under the former classification. She spent nine months in Egypt, Northern India, Burma, Southern India, Ceylon, Malay Peninsula, Java, Siam, Southern China, Japan, Northern China, Manchuria, and Korea. She records her journey step by step and tells us of the notable sights, the scenery, the buildings, the statues, the ceremonials, and the street scenes. Nothing could be more useful to those undertaking a similar voyage and who wish to be spared some of the labor of independent inquiry and exploration. As a guide book Mrs. Peck's book should find its sphere of usefulness.

That "Travels in the Far East" will have much practical interest outside the traveling ranks may be doubted. Humanity is chiefly interested in itself, and we could have spared the unexciting record of movements from place to place—few of them off the well-heaten track—in favor of personal impressions of people and customs. Calcutta, for example, is dismissed with four pages. We have a few lines about a military review, a modern church, the Imperial Museum, and a Hindu Temple, but no reference at all to the marvelous street scenes. Eleven lines are devoted to the Black Hole, which should have been either named, and left at that, or fully described. The story of the Indian Mutiny, compressed into about a page, should have been omitted. So ought many other historical condensations of facts already known in detail to the whole world. There are too many of the trivialities of travel, too much attention to the modern aspects of the East rather than to the ancient, too many sketchy recitals of well-known elementary facts, and far too little of the sort of description that shows the impress of the East upon the Western mind.

The illustrations are beyond praise. There are 174 of these, artistically selected and admirably reproduced.

*The Teacher: Essays and Addresses on Education*, by George Herbert Palmer and Alice Freeman Palmer. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.50.

These papers deal with the broad principles of education rather than with their immediate application in the classroom. In the chapter on "The Ideal Teacher" we are told that the teacher must be willing to be forgotten and must expect unthankfulness. That note of unobtrusive personality seems to run all through these writings and it is in pleasing contrast to the personal exaltation that we find sometimes elsewhere. The chapters on "Ethical and Moral Instruction" are equally felicitous. Here we find no clamor for textbooks on religion, no demand that religion be scheduled with arithmetic and grammar. On the contrary, there is a recognition that the only valid instruction in right conduct must come from the force of example and from a mental aroma of clearly sighted ideals. "University Extension," "The Elective System," "The New Education," are the subjects of other chapters redolent of fine and conscientious thought, while Mrs. Palmer's contributions should be read with attention by those interested in women's education and willing to profit from the observations of a teacher of exceptional ability and experience.

*The Delafield Affair*, by Florence Finch Kelly. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

This is a story of ranch life in New Mexico told with much accurate detail and with the sustained and exhilarating note that speaks of experience. But the motive, the mainspring, is inadequate and incongruously sordid. Curtis Conrad, the hero, is in every way but one a fine fellow. He is superintendent of the Castleton ranch, brave, generous, and manly, the best type of the educated frontiersman. But he is obsessed by a spirit of revenge upon an Eastern hanker named Delafield, who swindled and nearly ruined his father and many others, and then came West under an assumed name. The one object of Conrad's life is to discover the identity of Delafield

and to shoot him at sight, and this in spite of the fact that Delafield is making restitution as rapidly as possible. The vindictiveness of Conrad is a serious blot upon his character and sometimes we almost despise him.

Delafield himself, under his assumed name of Bancroft, is well aware of his danger should his identity become known to the man who has actually become his intimate friend. The situation is still further complicated when Conrad falls in love with Bancroft's daughter and we wonder a little anxiously what Conrad will do when he discovers a fact already known to nearly every one else. Interwoven with the romance is a good sketch of political life in New Mexico, and the story would be thoroughly enjoyable but for the weak motive which inspires a feeling of such insane revenge for a wrong done when Conrad himself was a child. It would have been so easy to supply a stronger motive and one that would better justify a resentment that seems a little despicable.

*Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons*, by Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Mrs. Forbes has not only written a series of delightful romances, but she has done a work that can not fail to revivify a general interest in the California missions. She has used her imagination to good purpose in thus reconstructing the most fascinating pages of California history, and while we are by no means inclined to place fiction at a higher value because it is "founded upon fact," an exception must be made in the case of stories that have such distinct historic value. Mrs. Forbes tells us that the salient point of these tales are derived from "facts, stories, and reminiscences told to me by California pioneers," and to this basis she has added the results of other inquiries upon the field and a patient search of the literary material still available in many places. In all there are thirteen stories in the volume and they cover well-nigh the whole ground of mission activity. They are told with all the effectiveness of simplicity, while the nine full-page illustrations by Langdon Smith have caught successfully the spirit of the day.

A word of praise for the artistic production of this volume is well deserved. Every page is framed in decorative drawings of admirable and consonant design and printed in green, while the letter-press is bold, and comfortable to read.

William de Morgan has written a new novel. It is called "Blind Jim" and its publication is announced for next spring.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## What We Drink.

*Beverages, Past and Present*, by Edward R. Emerson. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

At the first glance we are surprised that two large volumes should be devoted to such a subject as Beverages and that it should be considered not only commercially, scientifically, and historically, but with a certain humorous philosophy that commends it to the mental palate. But such hesitation is recognized at once as having a conventional basis and as being therefore unworthy. Much more than this has been written on the subject of clothes, and clothes are much less nearly related to the man inside them than are beverages to the man outside of them. There is, of course, a connection between man and his raiment and a connection that is not entirely, not even chiefly, physical, but how much more intimate is the relation between man and what he drinks. We have, of course, still the problem of discrimination between cause and effect. Do we think beer because we drink beer, or do we drink beer because we think beer? Perhaps Mr. Emerson will write some more books about this.

His knowledge of beverages—a theoretical one, of course—is certainly encyclopaedic. He leads us around the habitable globe and invites us to look into the cups that cheer, and usually inebriate, to examine them, to analyze them, and to learn their history, their effects, and their predecessors. We are amazed to find how infinite is the variety of beverages and how cunning their composition. But the work is by no means in the nature of a catalogue. It has a warm and sprightly human interest, while its historical survey is of the widest. It contains disquisitions upon social life and upon morals, and it is enlivened by a sense of humor that is always subtle and delicate. We are told, for instance, that while the Turk is forbidden to drink wine, he does not include champagne in the interdiction, as the effervescent peculiarities of this beverage are nowhere mentioned in the sacred definitions. But if at the time of making these explanations the said Turk be watched closely "there may be an almost imperceptible drooping of the left eyelid." This may be ascribed to the "eau de gazeux," and the remedy is to refill his glass.

Altogether, we may say that "Beverages, Past and Present," is a thoroughly entertaining book and rich in information that is good for us to know.

*The Man in Lower Ten*, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

We expect something good from the author of "The Circular Staircase," and we certainly have it. Mary Roberts Rinehart is upon the ascending scale of merit. She can tell a detective story that is vividly humorous and human, and we do not recall a male writer who is capable of the same feat.

Laurence Blakeley, a lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with some forged papers that are to be used in a forthcoming prosecution. He gets sleeping berth No. 10, but when he is ready to use it he finds it occupied by a stout gentleman in the enjoyment of intoxication. To avoid a disturbance he gets into No. 9, which happens to be vacant. When he wakes in the morning he finds that he is in No. 7 and that his clothes and the bag containing his papers have disappeared. The suit left for him is as good as his own, but the loss of the papers is irreparable, while his embarrassment is increased by the fact that the intoxicated gentleman in No. 10 has been murdered during the night. A prettier situation can hardly be imagined and it would be a pity to spoil it by premature disclosures. Let it suffice to say that a charming girl is involved, that no one is hanged, that wedding bells are distinctly audible as the curtain falls, and that in spite of pervading tragedy there is plenty of cause for laughter all the way through.

## New Publications.

William Elliot Griffis has given us a collection of Japanese fairy stories under the title of "Fire-Fly's Lovers" with appropriate colored illustrations. It is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have published a pocket edition of "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus," translated by George Long, with biographical sketch and index of terms. Price, 35 cents.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have published "Salvage," by Owen Seaman, a collection of some forty pieces, mostly humorous verse, selected from the author's recent contributions to *Punch*, of which he is editor. Price, \$1.25.

From the A. Wessels Company, New York, comes a little volume of poems by Charles Sprague Smith. The verses show reflection and optimism, and when we have expunged a few that are trifling there are some that are worth remembering.

From Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, comes a tasteful little volume for children. It is entitled "The Little Brown Hen Hears the Song of the Nigbtigale," and it is by Jasmine

Stone Van Dresser. The colored illustrations are particularly good and the marginal decorations bright and pretty. The price is 75 cents.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, have published "An Ode to Harvard, and Other Poems," by Witter Bynner. Much of this volume has appeared in magazine form and has been applauded. Its issue in a more permanent form is justified.

"King Solomon and the Fair Shulamite" is a metrical version of "The Song of Songs," published by Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York. The main feature of the little volume is the series of exquisite line illustrations by Simeon Solomon, seven in number. The price is \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Elinor Macartney Lane, author of "Nancy Stair," and other well-known novels, died at Lynchburg, Virginia, March 15. She had been for eighteen years the wife of Dr. Francis Lane, formerly principal of the Washington, D. C., high schools. Her first novel was published in 1901. Her last work, "Katrine," is soon to appear, published by Harper & Brothers.

It is said that some important and hitherto unpublished letters by J. S. Mill are about to see the light.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes occurs on August 29, but it will be celebrated by a memorial meeting in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Tuesday evening, April 27. President Eliot will preside and addresses will be delivered by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson of Concord, Colouel Thomas W. Higginson, Dr. David W. Cheever, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Crothers. Charles Townsend Copeland will read two of Dr. Holmes's poems, "The Last Leaf" and "The Chambered Nautilus."

It was recently pointed out by an observant man of letters that the inhabitants of Carcassonne pay small homage to the bard who made it famous by his lyric. The distinguished scholar, H. Snowden Ward, who edited the Dooneland "Lorna Doone," which, after exhausting several printings, has now gone into a new impression, says: "It is almost forty years since 'Lorna Doone' was published, and most of the moor folk, who know anything of the story at all, know it as being written by 'a gen'lman up to Lunnion.'"

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin sailed from New York on March 31 to spend the spring and early summer as usual in Great Britain. She has just completed a new story.

Dr. Francis Galton, in his recently published "Memories of My Life," tells a good story of the thirst for information when a boy, a thirst that has not been lessened by years, although tempered by discretion. "I was," he says, "so keen at my medical work that, being desirous of appreciating the effects of different medicines, I began by taking small doses of all that were included in the pharmacopœia, commencing with the letter A. It was an interesting experience, but had obvious drawbacks. However, I got nearly to the end of the letter C when I was stopped by the effects of croton oil. I had foolishly believed that two drops of it could have no notable effects, but indeed they had, and I recall them now."

Last week a perfect copy of the first edition of Isaac Walton's "Compleat Angler" brought \$5425, and this is by no means the highest price which has been paid for this work.

Mrs. Charles Carey Waddell (Louise Forslund), author of "Old Lady Number 31," tells some good stories of the Long Island seafaring people from whom she draws much of her literary material. One old man, who had told her many sea yarns, is a particular friend; and after she had written down the interesting things he related she brought him her work and asked him to point out any mistakes she might have made. This he did with great pride and importance. When the book was published she gave him a copy and said: "Captain, here is the book you helped me write." The old man straightened up, and replied: "Wall, my light was dim, an' my glasses wa'n't of the best, or I could 'a' improved on it."

The discovery of two violin concertos by Joseph Haydn comes opportunely just before the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Beatrice Harraden, in spite of her novel "Interplay," is said to be not at all connected with the London type of "militant suffragette." Her sympathy with the demand for equal suffrage is said to be more of the character that appeals to American women.

The sale of a first edition of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" for \$1000 at an auction sale in New York last week, and the recent publication of this work by the Houghton Mifflin Company in a library edition indicates the high regard in which this classic is still held.

Ignatius Donnelly's "proofs" that Bacon was the author of works attributed to Shakespeare and others are half forgotten, but the

spirit whence they proceeded is by no means laid, as witnesses Mr. William Stone Booth's "Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon," to be published April 24 by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Mr. Booth rests his case against Shakespeare upon some 195 acrostic signatures of Bacon which he has deciphered in the first folio, and, inasmuch as first folios are among the things which many gentlemen's libraries are without, he furnishes facsimiles by which his statements may be tested. He brings forward similar evidence that Bacon composed other works now attributed to Spenser, Marlowe, and Putterham; he also shows acrostics discovered in the writings of John Milton, Bishop Hall, and Ben Jonson.



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## THE OATHS OF THE MARQUISE.

How a Schoolgirl's Pranks Routed an Invading Army.

The Marquise Thérèse de Lionne, the most adorable old lady in the world, a grandmother, with fluttering little curls and the laughing eyes of a child, has but one fault, and that so grave a one that you would hardly believe it. Dainty and pretty as she is, and *grande dame* to the tips of her taper fingers, she punctuates her most ordinary conversation with the strangest of oaths. At the slightest provocation, or on no provocation at all, she will come out with "the deuce!" or "the devil!" or even a "damn!" that shocks every one who hears her. "It's an old habit of mine," she explains, "and I cling to it because it is an old one. And then," she adds, with a gay smile, "it saved me once from the greatest peril a woman can run."

And here is the story as the marquise tells it:

"Old though I am, I am not a very serious person; but, as a little girl—ah, how long ago that was, how long ago!—I was the greatest madcap that ever got out of breath chasing butterflies, or tore her gown and left her hair-ribbons on the hawthorn trees; though that did not prevent me—egad! would you believe it, at fourteen!—from being very much interested even then in the handsome hussar, gold-laced, embroidered, and be-dizened, who adorned the front pages of the romances of that day.

"Naturally, my friends were hardly less feather-brained than I; you would have to search long to find a dove-cote more full of turbulent chatter, and laughter, and flights of song than the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where I took my vows—never to be a nun.

"It was in the evening that we used to play our greatest pranks. We had discovered a way to slip out of the dormitory without waking up the sister who was supposed to guard over us. As soon as she was asleep, we would creep downstairs into the great dark garden, carrying with us tablets of chocolate, a coffee-pot, and an alcohol lamp, and, climbing up to a favorite perch high in an old oak tree, we would make chocolate and drink it triumphantly in the darkness.

"In the town where this convent was, there was also a garrison. The walls of our garden were very high, and we never so much as set eyes on a uniform; but walls that prevent seeing do not prevent hearing. The officers and common soldiers—naturally attracted by the presence of so many girls, I suppose—used to stroll along on the other side of our wall in the evenings, chattering together, and we girls used to listen. We could hear them so well! They would describe what they had done in battle, or what they would do in case there should be a war, and when they got excited, they used to talk in the most blood-thirsty way. It was terrifying to hear them, but so fascinating! And what formidable oaths they used! We could remember a few of them.

"One day, as we were walking together in one of the paths, Eveline de Sabran exclaimed: 'By thunder, girls, this is a devilish fine evening!'

"It was a revelation! From that time forth, the entire convent, inspired by her example, began to pepper their conversation with oaths that would have done credit to Napoleonic veterans. And we did not content ourselves with the garrison expletives overheard across the wall. We recalled pleasant profanity we had heard years before, and hunted through romances to find the oaths of fine gentlemen, roysterers, and serving-maids. It was not long before we had acquired a special and remarkable erudition in that line.

"As you may imagine, it was not in the classes, before the pious ears of the sisters, that we aired our new accomplishment. In the daytime, we swore only before the abbess, who was deaf as a post. But as soon as night came—oh, we did not think of chocolate any more, you may be sure—we met on the lawn under the big oak and had a grand time. 'Deuce take it!' Jane de Seaux would begin. 'I would follow with 'By thunder, blast your eyes!' and the others would chorus 'Devil fly 'way with me!' 'Dumme, sir!' 'By 'r lady!' 'Ten hundred thousand devils!' 'Grape and canister!' 'Thunder and lightning!' 'Confound it!' To see us strutting about with our hands on our hips or twirling imaginary mustaches, with our little voices coming from the bottoms of our boots, you would think we were more terrible than a regiment of dragons."

As she said this, the marquise burst into a peal of merry laughter, and imitating the childish uproar of the precocious blasphemers, the gentle old lady swore delightedly.

"It must have been an amusing scene," we said, laughing; "but we don't see the danger it saved you from."

"Devil take you, my dears," she replied, "how impatient you are!" and checking her laughter, she continued her story:

"After the convent comes marriage—after the mother-superior, a superior of another kind. M. de Lionne was presented to me—a fine-looking army man. I thought immediately of the hussar of romance. He could talk the prettiest too. And, zounds! why should I marry him? Thirty-five years of

age, but much younger in spirit, of proved courage and unquestioned honor—in fact, how shall I say it?—he pleased me very much. Only one thing kept me from saying 'yes' at once. Novels were already being written at that time; I had read some—far too many—and they had put a lot of absurd ideas into my head. If I were to give myself to a man forever, I must know his intimate thoughts, his past, above all.

"One fine evening, then, between two cups of tea, I said bravely to M. de Lionne:

"Well, yes, I love you. But come, tell me frankly, looking me straight in the eye—it is not very disagreeable to do so, is it?—have you nothing, absolutely nothing, to reproach yourself with—if not as regards men, as regards women?"

"Nothing," he replied, with an ingenuous earnestness that made me wish to throw myself into his arms.

"Then he suddenly blushed. 'I had forgotten one incident,' he said. 'I confess that I have committed, or almost committed, a bad, a very bad, action.'

"Blushing at first, he had now turned pale. I almost regretted having asked him. But it was too late to curb my curiosity.

"Tell me everything."

"I obey. Twelve years ago I was in garrison at T—. There was talk of war in the air at the time, and this, added to our youth, gave us an audacious, almost a ferocious, gayety. One evening when we were all tipsy—for we got tipsy in those days, which I hope you will pardon—a sub-lieutenant, more tipsy than the others, proposed that we scale the walls of a convent in the neighborhood and frighten the nuns and pupils in their sleep. It was a stupid, an infamous idea! Wine is a bad counselor: not a man there, brave and honorable though they were, slapped the face of the man who had made the wretched proposition. We rushed out of the tavern, found ladders I don't know where, scaled the wall, and ran across the garden like looters in a captured city."

"Oh!" I cried.

"You despise me, do you not? You will never be my wife?"

"I have not said that yet. I sincerely hope you did not carry out your horrible project?"

"Chance saved us. As we reached the convent door, we heard deep voices in the garden, swearing the strangest oaths. There could be no doubt that rough fellows of some sort—gardeners or peasants come to pay their rent—were near at hand in considerable numbers. Yes, they were countrymen, for under the trees we could see garments that looked like skirts—they must have been long blouses. We began to be less courageous, remorse seized us, and we fled to the ladders; and no one ever knew that we had entered the convent garden. But I have always had a bitter recollection of that night's escapade."

"The dear fellow!" I assured him that I thought none the worse of him for it, and, a month later, I was the Marquise de Lionne."

When we had finished laughing—for, it must be confessed, the adventure was amusing—we demanded of the marquise:

"And did your husband never know the truth? Did he never learn that it was you and your schoolmates—?"

"Perhaps he guessed it. The night we were married, just as he was about to take me in his arms and kiss me, I suddenly sprang away, crying: 'Damme, sir! Ten thousand devils! By thunder!'

"But he didn't run away that time."—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French by L. S. V.*

## The Shakespeare Lectures.

This Saturday afternoon, at Christian Science Hall, William Shakespeare, the famous singing master, will give his first lecture, the subject being "The Art of Singing." Monday night, April 5, the subject will be "Singing Considered Historically."

In London people come from all parts of Europe to hear this master speak at the Royal Academy, and these lectures will be invaluable to every student and teacher of the vocal art as well as to all who care for the human voice in song.

There are few more democratic monarchs alive today than King Victor of Italy. He is very fond of going out chamois hunting quite unattended, and one day he met with an amusing experience. He had shot a chamois, and a peasant boy, who had seen the animal fall, offered to go and fetch it. The king thanked him, but the lad inquired what was to be his reward. "Well, what do you want?" asked King Victor. "A franc and half your luncheon," was the reply. The bargain was struck, and the peasant went off and fetched the dead chamois. The king handed him a franc and proceeded to divide his luncheon into two equal portions. But the peasant turned away in contempt, for the royal luncheon consisted only of black bread and a large raw onion. "Bah!" exclaimed the hoy disdainfully, "I thought you were a real gentleman, signor, but I see you are only a poor beggar like myself after all."

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## Admiral Evans's Talks.

No American has had a more interesting or dramatic life than Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, popularly known as "Fighting Bob." Since the beginning of his career as a midshipman during the Civil War until the present day, daring adventure and heroic actions have marked every step of his progress. His book, recently published, "A Sailor's Log," in which he recounts his life story, is as fascinating as any work of fiction, and there is no citizen of the country more beloved and worshiped by the whole populace than "Fighting Bob."

Manager Will Greenbaum has secured his services at the highest fee ever paid a public speaker for two of his interesting lectures, and they will be given at Dreamland Rink on Wednesday night, April 14, and Sunday afternoon, April 18.

The first subject will be "From Hampton Roads to San Francisco with the Fleet," in which he describes the great journey in command of the biggest fleet that ever toured the world. The second will be "Our War with Spain," in which he describes the naval campaign in the West Indies, etc. Possessed of a great fund of humor, Admiral Evans manages to keep his audiences in a cheerfully interested mood, and all who heard him speak at the banquet given him at the time of his visit with the fleet say that he is one of the best talkers they ever listened to.

On account of the enormous demand for

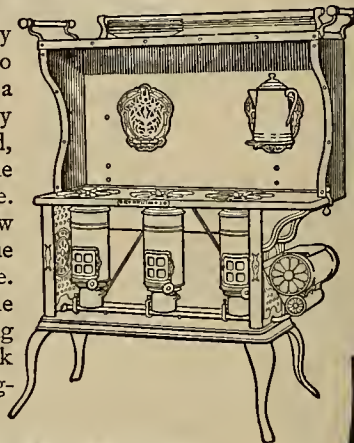
seats, a mail order sale will be opened at once. No more than ten seats will be sold to any one person, so that speculators will not be able to gather in the best places. The prices will be \$3, \$2, and \$1.50 for the course of two lectures, and single lectures will be \$2, \$1.50, and \$1. The acoustics of the building are perfect and every seat is a good one. Mail orders should be accompanied by check or money order and addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The public sale will open Monday, April 12. Admiral Evans will appear in Oakland Monday night, April 19, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Manager Bishop laying off his company for that night in order to permit the citizens of Alameda County to welcome "Fighting Bob" in a fine auditorium.

In one sense the opera is one of the oldest forms of entertainment, for its origin is to be found in the old Greek drama. In its modern sense, however, it dates from the year 1600, when Peri produced the first true Italian opera to grace the festivities of the marriage of Henry IV of France and Maria de Medici. The work attracted great attention, and many Italian nobles figured in the cast. In France the opera was the outcome of the ballet and in England of the masque. Purcell is entitled to the honor of producing the first real English opera, although one of Ben Jonson's masques was set to music as early as 1617.

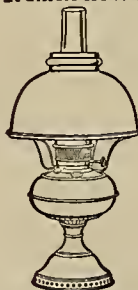
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## BISPHAM AT THE GREEK THEATRE.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

More and more does Bispham make one realize the wonders possible with a right use of that most lovely and flexible instrument, the human voice. On Saturday afternoon it seemed as if this singer of scholarly tastes and ardent enthusiasms was lifted up to a pitch even beyond his usual lofty plane of achievement, by the inspiration of singing for the first time in the Greek Theatre. On a chill and cloudy day that constantly threatened rain, he held spellbound an audience of several thousand. Never had he more truly proved himself possessed of the supremest gift of vocal expression. Bispham wisely chose for this farewell concert the choicest jewels from his casket of treasures. We heard the prologue from "I Pagliacci," "The Evening Star" from "Tannhauser," "The Erl King," which, as is so often the case with masterpieces, seemed to take on a new meaning, because whatever Bispham gives us, no matter how familiar, is vitalized anew; in this the sufferings and terrors of the Erl King's son seemed to symbolize the long struggle of a desperate but doomed conscience. In "The Two Grenadiers" we realized as never before the wonderful hypnotism exerted by great leaders over their humble followers. "It Is Enough," from "Elijah," was particularly welcomed by those who wished to hear this master of expression render a religious composition. In "Hark, hark, the Lark," we tasted the exquisite satisfaction of hearing beautiful music wedded to poetry as delicately and airily lovely as frost pictures, and delivered with matchless appreciation of the finer beauties of phrasing, accent, and expression. "Tom the Rhymer," an old Scotch folk-ballad, proved to be a beautiful descriptive piece, with a fairly delicate ripple of accompaniment.

Whitman's sublime burst of heroic eulogy known as "Captain, My Captain" is placed in a disappointingly tame musical setting, but the eloquent music of the singer's voice made the lack less perceptible.

But, after all, the numbers that won an almost awed recognition of Bispham's marvelous vocal resources were the old favorites, "Dannie Deever" and "Edward," and the new favorite, "The Raven."

Having lately passed through a Gogorza enthusiasm, comparisons would seem to be in order. The two baritones are alike in this respect, that each is dowered with a temperamental ardor of expression far beyond that ordinarily possessed by the highest artists. Each appreciates the power that lies in the infinite tonal colorings they know so well how to employ. But Gogorza, being a Latin, excels more particularly in singing songs of ardent love, or tender sentiment. I preferred his "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" to Bispham's, in spite of the exquisite tenderness which Bispham breathed into the delicious old classic. But Bispham is not only the ripper scholar, but he is a better vocalist. It is doubtful if Gogorza can conserve his voice to anything like the staying power which Bispham's has shown. And then the latter, in the matter of his versatility and magnificent dramatic force, can not be approached by any one. In "Edward" he is as arresting as a burst of thunder. It really seemed to me on this second occasion of listening to "Edward" that it was unique in dramatic and musical annals, this strange, wild, wailing, sombre bit of musico-tragedy.

And then, "The Raven"—I have heard people say that they didn't care for "The Raven" as a poem, but Bispham thoroughly cured them of that impression before he got through with them.

Oh, the haunting, mournful music that he makes of it! Oh, the heart-break in that voice breathing of utter soul-longiness, and an eternal longing for "that rare and radiant maiden whom the angels called Lenore."

The singer's voice, like the music had a recurrent Lenore motive, and there was, during the delivery of the poem, a curious sensation, as the harmonious mingling of speech and music flowed on and on, and we were held captive by the spell of that most eloquent voice, as if one were scarcely conscious whether it was to music or poetry he listened; arising probably from the fact that the artist, with sure instinct, pitched his voice in the key of the music.

Well, it was an occasion to remember. To me it was the *ne plus ultra* of concerts. Wonderful is the power of the man who

gave it. He held us in the hollow of his hands. The very clouds seemed spellbound, and withheld the threatening lances of rain. The trees hushed the windy sighing of their leaves, and stooped to listen. And the multitude present resolved itself breathlessly into one listening ear. For we were in the presence of a great artist who gave us of his choicest treasures. He played upon our heart-strings with unerring fingers, and bestowed upon us the healing gift of tears. It was a rare feast for the finer senses, given thus, in that temple of stone built on the stately and severe lines of the antique theatres, and one came away unwilling to break the spell, and to plunge once more into "the same wide, weary world before us." The audience lingered as if loth to go, and, indeed, before going, offered to the white-haired singer the tribute of heart-felt admiration and appreciation, which is the true artist's most deeply prized reward.

To really appreciate and enjoy musical comedy, one must have some personal interest in it. The amateur players who, reinforced from the idlers of drawing-rooms, occasionally venture before a paying public, are apt to select songs and dances as the vehicle for the easiest conveyance of their attractions or capabilities. Such people study the dances and listen to the songs, which they encore often enough to receive a very tolerable lesson in memorizing them, and copying stage effects—in a mood of business, and of self-interest.

All men look at pretty girls on parade with a keen personal interest. The male chorus, by the way, never seems to attain to like importance as heart-snatchers. The matinee maidens are very much more interested in the chorus girls—and seldom seem to cast a second thought to the dapper young men of the chorus. But, in spite of the personal equation involved, one of the curiosities of the century is the hold that musical comedy has taken on the public. It is, to be sure, a light-minded public. One who practices theatre-going steadily is bound to notice the different character of audiences according to the nature of the attraction.

I took in "Mary's Lamb" and "Nancy Brown" on the same evening recently, and when I got through I felt rather swimming in the head, as if I had been drinking California champagne. Both shows are, for this class of entertainment, good. There are plenty of pretty girls in the chorus both at the Van Ness Theatre and the Princess. There is a first-class comedian at the Van Ness in the person of Richard Carle, who, added to his business and composing versatility, has a very decided gift of comedy acting. He has much more finesse in his methods than the ordinary musical-comedian, and is well adapted to convey adroitly the somewhat prurient suggestion that lurks in the lines and scenes in "Mary's Lamb," which is an adaptation of a French farce.

In the one act that I saw of "Nancy Brown" at the Princess—the closing one—I thought the comedy was rather thin, and the leading comedian treated a little shabbily in consequence. The main attraction, indeed, at the Ellis-Street Theatre lies in the girls. The chorus girls would be passed upon enthusiastically, I feel sure, by a male verdict, and there is plenty of color, costume, movement, and gay nonsense in the piece. May Boley's voice is of much lighter weight than her solidly handsome person, and Zoe Barnett, in the second act at least, is extinguished in a small rôle much below her powers. So the singing was not up to what the company can do. The charmer of the week is, of course, Cecilia Rhoda, who, in "Mary's Lamb," is well placed in the rôle of one who is seasoned in the polite art of tempting side-stepping husbands from the straight and narrow path. Miss Rhoda is pretty, and has a figure full of attractive curves. Furthermore, she can throw into her glance that fascinating *diablerie* which is one of the earmarks of the instinctive beguiler of men's faltering, paltering souls. Furthermore, she is a vocalist, although her best abilities are scarcely drawn on.

Considering that "Mary's Lamb" is a modification of a French farce—done by Richard Carle, by the way—it is rather deficient in what is popularly known as French wit. The piece opens with a quantity of unintelligible persiflage exchanged by members of the chorus, but when Richard Carle and Julia Ralph appear, the atmosphere clears. Miss Ralph is well adapted for the rôle of the female skipper that commands the Lamb ménage; and has a speaking voice that a sea-captain might envy.

There is, by the way, another singer in the troupe besides Cecilia Rhoda; a Miss Violet Seaton, who reminds one of a gramophone, by the tremendous alternations of volume in her voice. She has some big notes, but a truly vile method, and makes you jump by the unexpectedness with which she pours forth a broadside after you had concluded she had, so to speak, pulled down the vocal shutters.

I heard some very harsh chorus singing, by the way, in "Mary's Lamb," and I thought the Van Ness chorus was decidedly discounted by that at the Princess.

## Gabrilowitsch, "Poet of the Piano."

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian piano virtuoso and composer, will give his second concert Sunday afternoon, April 4, at Christian Science Hall, and will introduce to music lovers a work of a young American composer, Daniel Gregory Mason, which is receiving splendid notices wherever played. It is called an "Elegy in Variation Form," and is a welcome addition to pianoforte literature. Beethoven's "Sonata," Op. 31, three Chopin works, and numbers by Moszkowski, Arensky, and Liszt complete the offering.

Next Tuesday night, April 6, Gabrilowitsch will play the most interesting programme given in this city for many years. The first number will be Schumann's "Fantasie," Op. 17. Then a group of Chopin works, consisting of the "Etudes," Op. 25 and 10, and the "Polonaise" in A flat major; this will be followed by the most important pianoforte work of Edward Grieg, the "Ballade in Variation Form," Op. 22.

For the closing group we are promised Dvorak's "Humoresque," so closely associated with Fritz Kreisler's visits; Rubinstein's valse, "Le Bal"; "L'allouette," Glinka-Balakirew; and a "Caprice Burlesque" by Gabrilowitsch. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Next Wednesday afternoon, April 7, at half-past three, the above great programme will be repeated in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse. Seats for this event are on sale at the theatre box office in Oakland only.

"Ragtime has had its funeral," said John Phillip Sousa, recently, in discussing popular music today. "It had the gout or dyspepsia long before it died. It was overfed by poor nurses. Good ragtime came, and then half a million imitators sprang up, and as a result the people were sickened with their 'stuff.' I have not played a piece of ragtime this season," he continued, "and it is simply because the public does not want it. I used to play it. I do not discriminate between ragtime and grand opera or anything else that possesses merit. Some of the best of the old ragtime pieces will bear as clever manipulation as Dvorak bestowed on the old Slavonic dance tunes."

Kussewitzky, the king of contrabass players, was recently heard in concert in Berlin. The left-hand agility and accuracy of this renowned Russian virtuoso are said to be simply astounding; his hand flies up and down the huge, unwieldy instrument with a speed and certainty that baffle description. The artist's manipulation of the how also shows great strength and flexibility. His conceptions always reveal the true musician of lofty aims, and the soul of the real artist shines forth in every piece he plays.

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NOTE—The Valencia Theatre will be closed Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday Commencing Easter Sunday Matinee, April 11—"PETER PAN."



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## VANITY FAIR.

Those who are addicted to the weekend habit are finding that their path is easier for them than was the case a few years ago. It is evident that without the coöperation of hostesses the amount of baggage that must be taken even for a two or three days' visit would be formidable. Women and men, too, no longer believe in "beauty unadorned adorned the most," and toilet accessories occupy no small amount of baggage accommodation. Then, too, there would be the annoyance of packing and unpacking, while the problem of transportation and storage and the incidental worries would go far to rob a weekend trip of most of its pleasures. But the hostess has come to the rescue. She supplies all those little aids to beauty and the toilet that women used to carry around with them, and as a result the guest can reduce her impedimenta to a minimum.

A lady who describes herself as a "regular rounder" speaks eloquently of the new convenience. When she made her first visit she spent an altogether needless lot of time getting her things together:

The house I visited, which, so far as guest rooms go, is about like any other modern country house in which New Yorkers entertain, opened my eyes to the fact that I could get along with a large suit case or a small steamer trunk and that most of the things a woman uses in her bedroom could safely be left at home. I remember that when I swung open the mirror door of the wardrobe in the room to which I was assigned my first thought that was some one had been there before me and forgotten to take away her belongings. A second later I adjusted myself to the situation and began to enjoy myself. The room was upholstered in pale yellow. In the wardrobe hung a beautiful Japanese flowered yellow silk kimono and in a shoe pocket were a set of high-heeled bedroom mules and a set of heeless bathroom slippers. The gown was hung over a quilted, scented crosspiece.

In the bathroom was a fresh cake of the sort of toilet soap every woman likes, or at least the sort any woman would have no objection to using on occasion; a small fresh box of the best quality face powder, toilet water, cologne, extract of violet, each in its own bottle and invitingly set out in a row. The dressing bureau contained a full set of toilet articles—fresh comb and brush, powder box, hand mirror, manicure things—everything in short a woman ever uses when making her toilet. An electric hair-curling appliance, I forgot to say, was also included in the bathroom outfit.

On a writing table near a window were several varieties of writing paper and pens, ink, of course, postage stamps, sealing wax, a candle, etc. Nothing at all was lacking. On another table were a new novel, a new magazine, a paper cutter and a drop light.

I looked at all this and then turned to look at my trunk, which appeared just then along with a maid, who wanted to know if she could not help me unpack. I declined her offer for the simple reason that I didn't care to let her see that I had brought along a full set of toilet silver, expecting to find an empty bureau top, and the usual array of toilet preparations most women use. This is why women so often say that it is as much bother to pack for a few days' trip as for a few months' trip. The things I mention took up about one-third of the trunk. A bath robe, silk negligée, and extra slippers took up a lot more room. Really the evening gown and the afternoon costume I had brought along were the only things beside my night dress that I required to make me comfortable from Friday until Monday.

As may be imagined, the next weekend I was asked to did not find me loaded down with excess baggage, and now about the most I do is to tuck a couple of gowns into a suit case and be off. It is possible, in fact, to get on with one evening dress, supposing the house one is visiting makes a feature of outdoor sports. In that case a street gown may be worn until it is time to dress for dinner. These days extra coats and wraps for automobile seem to be lying around loose at the service of guests in the country houses of New York people, for which reason guests arriving by train need not take the trouble to load themselves down with heavy wraps. Ten chances to one they will only be in the way. All this makes weekends a delightful experience instead of an experience attended with a lot of tiresome details.

I will not say that in the case of crowded house parties of young people who double up when it comes to sleeping arrangements that kimonos and slippers will be at the service of every young woman; but these parties are comparatively few. The average weekend to which married folks are asked includes not more as a rule than three or four women and a few extra men—if they can be got—one hostess confiding to me that it was not possible to get more than a dozen congenial people together at one time under one roof. This woman, by the way, gives the most delightful weekends at her country house of any hostess I can think of, for the reason that she is always careful to match her guests and never to have large house parties.

But even in the case of a full house such as I encountered a few weeks ago on Long Island, when thirty guests were asked at one time for the weekend, there is never a dearth of toilet things, every bathroom being fitted up quite like a beauty parlor.

On that occasion, being alone, I was shown to a smaller guest room than I generally have given to me and I noticed that the usual kimono and slippers were not in the wardrobe when I started to dress for dinner, and for a second I wished that I had brought a negligée along. Then I forgot all about it. Evidently the maid who helped me get into my gown was well trained, for when I went to my room that night a blue silk kimono and bathroom slippers hung over the back of a chair near the bed.

These conveniences are not confined to women. For bachelors who accept eleventh-hour invitations to weekends it is absolutely true that anything and everything from a bathrobe to collars and neckties is put at their disposal, the only difficulty being the

question of fit. So long as he has time to stuff into a suit case a change of linen and his evening clothes no man need hesitate about accepting invitations to the smartest houses for weekends. The valet or valets at such places will do the rest. The guest need not ask for what he lacks even, provided the valet gets a look at his bag or suit case. As a matter of course the things he needs when he needs them will be spread out ready to his hand.

It has happened now and then that advantage has been taken of a host's generosity by young men of not over sensitive disposition, but as these persons never get a chance to offend more than once in the same house there is less danger than might be imagined of an abuse of hospitality at weekends.

Visitors to London (says *Tit-Bits*) are sometimes temporarily alarmed by a sudden stoppage of the traffic. Looking for the cause of it, they see that the police on point duty have "held up" all vehicles for apparently no reason whatever. Presently a closed carriage drives swiftly by; the police salute, lower their arms, and then wave the traffic on again. Some member of the royal family was in the closed carriage.

Spectators of this scene often wonder how the police are able to distinguish a royal carriage from a number of others.

The police are always furnished with three or four clues to the ownership of the royal carriages. The carriages themselves are usually slightly larger than those generally in use, and the horses are larger in proportion. The difference in size between the royal horses and those of other people is plainly apparent to any close observer at any big royal procession. On those occasions the royal stables can not supply all the horses required, and a number of other horses are "jobbed" for the day. The hired horses are naturally the best that can be procured, but in point of size they are vastly inferior to those in the royal carriages.

At one time the royal carriage horses could always be distinguished by the red bands on the fronts of their bridles, but harness of this description is not now used exclusively by royalty. The police, however, can tell from the livery of the coachman and footman that they are in the service of the royal family. There are no bright metal buttons on the coats; the buttons are covered with cloth matching that of the coat. There is also a slight difference between the royal cockade and that of a private individual, but, although the difference is so slight, it is sufficient to enable the police to distinguish the royal servants in a crowd of others.

"Did you ever notice how the tailors while measuring a man for a suit of clothes mix in a few letters occasionally among the numbers?" asks a correspondent. "Whenever I have been measured for a suit of clothes the tailor always said S. B. L. in a subdued voice as he took the measure for the length of my trousers. I often wondered what this secret signal meant and on one occasion made so bold as to ask, but was put aside in some casual way, which plainly showed me that the tailor did not wish me to know the meaning of the mysterious S. B. L. Well, I never knew what these letters meant until one day this winter, when I stumbled across the solution quite by accident. I was waiting to have my measure taken while a strapping big fellow was on the rack. As he measured the length of the trouser leg the tailor said: '33, S. B. L.' 'Yes,' came back the reply from the big fellow, 'and d—d bowlegged, too.' All these years tailors had been accusing me of being 'slightly bowlegged,' and I had never caught on until I was practically told the answer in the accidental way."

A lady writes to the *New York Evening Post* deploring the waning of courtesy in the metropolis. As a music lover she attends the opera regularly, but the audience is never complete until about half an hour after the raising of the curtain, and the late arrivals seem anxious to attract attention to themselves by their noisy advent. There is comparative peace for an hour and then the exodus begins. The idea is not so much to get away at a particular time as to leave half an hour before the end. No matter whether the end comes at midnight or at half-past ten the regular set will not remain. It has become a matter of caste habit to enter the theatre half an hour after the play begins and to leave half an hour before it ends. The same thing is to be found at concerts and at church. The beginning and the end of every performance must be ruined by a noisy stampede of ill-bred persons who try to show their superiority by a brutal disregard of the feelings and the enjoyment of others.

Lady Granard, who was Miss Beatrice Mills, has discovered that England is a cold country and that the houses have no general heating system. Lady Granard was unfortunate in encountering a particularly wintry March, for not even in England is it usual to have heavy snow during that month. At a dinner given by Lady Saville it was so chilly that Lady Granard found it necessary to wear her furs during the meal. But all that will

be changed before another Christmas, so far at least as the house upon Charles Street is concerned. A heating system will be installed and the house will no longer be a "refrigerator."

Lady Granard was received informally by the king and queen at Buckingham Palace. When she was admitted she found the queen resting before the completion of her toilet and she was invited to make herself comfortable in a big armchair before the fire. Then the Duchess of Buccleuch was sent in quest of a volume of photographs of country houses that had been taken by the queen herself and these were explained to the American bride by the royal photographer, who has made a serious study of the art and does work that is really good. The king came into the room for

a few minutes during the interview and Lady Granard was presented to him.

It is said that King Edward has signified his disapproval of the Directoire gown, not upon the ground that it implies an artificial deformity of the body, but because it interferes with the depth and the grace of the courtesy. The king is an admirer of the full, old-fashioned bow and he dislikes a costume that gives rigidity to the figure and makes everything beyond a slight bend impossible.

Nell—When they were married he promised not to interfere with her religion. Belle—Yes, and now he refuses to buy her a new hat for Easter.—*Philadelphia Record*.

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**Women's Underwear**

**Brown Shirtings**

**Bleached Shirtings**

**Wide Bleached Sheetings**

**Wide Brown Sheetings**

**Ducks**

**House Linings**

**Colored Denims**

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?" "I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.

A friend of the late Lord Granville, noted for his haldness and avarice, was speaking one day about a mutual friend who was going to be married. "I would like to give him, my lord," said he, "something rare but not expensive." "Present him a lock of your hair," Granville whispered, sweetly.

There is excuse for hesitancy in accepting proffered information under extraordinary conditions. "All the latest popular novels!" sang out the train hoy. Then, holding out a copy of "The Guest of Quesnay" to a prosperous looking passenger, he urged: "Buy Booth Tarkington's latest work, sir?" The man looked annoyed. "No! I am Booth Tarkington himself." "Then buy a copy of 'Three Weeks,'" persisted the hoy. "You aint Elinor Glyn, too, are you?"

At the recent meeting of the Nebraska State Bar Association that body undertook to select ten lawyers to be recommended to the governor as good timber from which to choose appointees for the four recently created places in the State supreme court. The first vote was purely informal, each member voting for whom he pleased. When the ballots were opened it was found that ninety-nine votes had been cast and that the same number of candidates had been put forward.

Sages assembled in the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott amhed in. "What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "Would you call Si Perkins a liar?" "Wall," answered Uncle Bill slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much: when feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs, he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."

Frederick Remington, the illustrator, fresh from a Western trip on which he had been making studies of Indians and cowpunchers and things outdoors, met an art editor who insisted upon dragging him up to an exhibition of very impressionistic pictures. "You don't seem enthusiastic," remarked the editor as they were coming out. "Didn't you like them?" Remington, remembering what he had been told as a boy, counted ten before replying. Then: "Like 'em? Say! I've got two maiden aunts in New Rochelle that can knit better pictures than those!"

A lawyer by the name of Mayne, who was a highly respected but decidedly heavy person, had risen to a judgeship, while Jeffrey Keller, who had entered on his legal career at about the same time with Mayne, but was more noted as a wit than as a lawyer, was still much in want of clients and fees. The latter was in a courtroom one day, when Mayne was solemnly presiding, and he turned to a friend who sat beside, and plucked at his sleeve. "See there!" he whispered; "there sits Mayne, risen by his gravity, and here sits Keller, sunk by his levity. What would Sir Isaac Newton say to that, I'd like to know?"

Count Bertrand, who recently died in Paris, was a very eccentric man, and to one of his eccentricities he ascribed his long life. Once a year he would hetake himself to bed and stay there for three months. On these occasions he would see no one but his servant, who brought him his meals, and even him he forbade to speak. Just before the Germans began the siege of Paris, the count went to bed, and the servant, true to his injunctions, said nothing of the events going on around him. One day the bread proved so bad the count demanded an explanation, whereof, of course, he learned that Paris was encompassed by the enemy. Springing out of bed, the count paced the floor, repeating, "What should a Bertrand do under such circumstances?" Suddenly he stopped, exclaiming, "We should go to bed!" and to bed he went, and stayed there until the siege was over.

Some years ago, many farmers along the line of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway brought suit against it, and engaged a young lawyer named Brown. Judge Gantt, who was presiding, was compelled to throw many of the cases out of court because they were improperly brought. Brown was mad all over. Swelling with indignation, he arose and said: "Your honor, will you please tell me how it is possible in this court to get justice against a railroad company?" Judge Gantt quietly ignored the contempt of court shown by the lawyer and asked: "Do you wish an answer to that question, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir," defiantly replied the indignant lawyer; "yes, sir, and I want to know how a farmer can get his case into this court so that it will be heard." Judge Gantt smiled and said: "Well, first, Mr. Brown, I'd advise the farmer to hire a lawyer." Brown wilted.

Of the two celebrated harristers, Balfour and Erskine, the former's style was gorgeously verbose, while the latter's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. Coming into court one day, Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was handaged. "Why, what's the matter?" asked Erskine. Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in his usual roundabout way: "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to the gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came into contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Lenten Sacrifices.

Father's gave up billiards  
(Since he lamed his wrist),  
Sister's gave up dancing,  
Mother's gave up whist.  
Folks with no bad habits  
Still may have some hope.  
They can get in line like me,  
I have gave up soap.

—Circle Magazine.

## Lines to a Common Hen.

O hen!  
Thou bunch of feathered imbecility,  
Disturber of the soul's tranquility,  
Whence comes thy consummate ability  
To rouse such wrath in me?

O hen!  
Again!  
Must I walk 'round that coop  
And give an awkward scoop  
To clutch the vacant air  
And find that you're not there  
Nor anywhere!  
And then  
Begin again,  
O hen!

O hen!  
Thou gem of animal depravity,  
Thy skull naught but a witless cavity,  
Philosophers assert with gravity  
That I am kin to thee!

O hen!  
What then?  
Must I walk 'round the fence  
Because you squawk pretense  
You can not find the hole  
Through which you lately stole  
In aimless stroll,  
And then walk 'round again,  
O hen!

—Susan F. Burbank, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

## At the Auto Show.

He talked about transmission and magnetos in a way  
That made you think he owned a car and drove it every day;  
He kept the salesman busy showing him the new devices,  
And was not interested when they quoted him their prices;  
But after all his posing and the fine way he had talked,  
When it was time for going home I noticed that he walked.

He could spot the latest models, their advantages he knew,  
He hoped some day to find a car that wouldn't skid or slew;  
He spoke of carburetors in a most convincing way  
Till a crowd had gathered round him to hear what he had to say;  
But when it came to buying, it was there he always balked,  
And when it came to going home I noticed that he walked.

Human nature is a study and the auto show's a school,  
The human trait of showing off is one that's bound to rule;  
We want the world to view us as we some day hope to be,  
And not the way we really are. That's human I'll agree.  
In other things as motorcars, the man who loudest talks,  
May soar in speech but when it comes to going home—he walks.

—Detroit Free Press.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The quiet of Holy Week has settled upon the social world, and until after Easter no entertaining save of the most intimate and informal nature will take place among the socially elect. Weddings galore are planned for the early summer months, and there is every prospect of a revival of the season, as there are to be so many events for the brides-elect.

The engagement is announced of Miss Caroline Mills, daughter of Mrs. C. T. Mills and granddaughter of Mrs. Simon Wenhan, to Mr. James Fletcher of Yokohama. Their wedding will be an event of this month.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Laura Belle Jenks, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Jenks, of Berkeley, and Lieutenant Charles Fullington Thompson, United States army. The wedding will be an event of the near future.

The wedding of Miss Helen Josephine Deming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Deming, to Dr. Gardner Perry Pond took place on Monday at the home of the bride in Santa Cruz, the Rev. W. C. Pond being the officiating clergyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson entertained at a dinner on Sunday evening last at their home in San Rafael in honor of Ambassador Bryce and Mrs. Bryce.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Florence Breckinridge.

Mr. Knox Maddox was the host at a dinner on Saturday evening last at the St. Francis in honor of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Harkness of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont on Saturday evening last, at which twenty guests were present.

Captain Sterling Postley Adams and Mrs. Adams entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week, afterward going to the Presidio hop.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Mackey of Chicago entertained informally at luncheon at the St. Francis on Friday of last week.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was the hostess at an informal luncheon on Saturday last at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Remi Chabot entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday last in the gray room of the Fairmont in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Lynch of New York.

Mrs. John A. Darling was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mr. Edward Tobin was the host at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas entertained at a bridge party on Friday evening of last week at their apartments at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt was the hostess at an informal tea at the Fairmont on Tuesday afternoon of last week.

Captain Henry T. Ferguson and Mrs. Ferguson entertained at a tea at their new quarters at Fort Mason on Sunday afternoon.

Miss Ethel Moore was the hostess at an informal tea yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

Mrs. Edward de Laveaga entertained at luncheon in honor of Mrs. Harry Taylor, her sister, who has just returned from her wedding trip. Miss Helen Sullivan and Miss Dorothy Van Sicken. The affair was held in the gray room of the Fairmont.

Mrs. Josiah Beedy entertained at tea during the past week at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden entertained at dinner at the Fairmont on Saturday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhhs, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Quay, and Mr. Samuel Murphy.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Florence Breckinridge will leave on Monday next for New York en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst will leave this month for a brief visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Miss Katrina

Page Brown, and Miss Mary Keeney have returned from the Grand Cañon.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin expect to leave on Tuesday next for a month's stay in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle left on Sunday last for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Taylor, who have spent the winter here as the guests of Mrs. Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, have returned to their home in Boston.

Miss Elizabeth Newhall has been visiting friends at Menlo Park.

Miss Harriett Alexander has returned from a three weeks' stay in Santa Barbara and Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson have returned to town, after a month's stay at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhhs sailed last week for the Orient.

Mrs. Edward Barron and Mr. Ward Barron are at the Potter, Santa Barbara, for a visit.

Mrs. William Kohl, who has returned from Southern California recently, is a guest at the Fairmont.

Miss Dorothy Boericke and Miss Louise McCormick will return next week from a month's stay at Paso Robles.

Mrs. James A. Robinson returned last week from a week's trip to the Grand Cañon.

Miss Jessie Wright left last week for Ross Valley to visit Miss Natalie Coffin.

Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Tristan have returned to San Mateo, after a month's stay at the Parrott ranch near St. Helena.

Miss Ethel Cooper is visiting Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittrick at their ranch near Bakersfield.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has been visiting at Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Mr. Athole McBean has been on a brief trip to Portland.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden is sojourning for a few weeks at Redlands.

Miss Marian Miller has returned from a fortnight's stay at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

Miss Joy Wilson has been in town recently as toe guest of Miss Augusta Foute.

Mr. Lansing Mizner has returned from a trip to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve and their guest, Miss Munson, will leave today (Saturday) for San Mateo, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Lucie King has been the guest of Mrs. George Cameron in San Mateo.

Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop has arrived from New York for a short visit.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace has returned from several months' sojourn in Europe and is at the Granada.

Mr. D. O. Mills was recently in the city a few days and had apartments at the Fairmont.

Mr. David Carle is at the Fairmont. He is accompanied by Mrs. Carle and Mrs. Edwin Gilbert.

Mr. F. M. Dick of New York and his son, Mr. J. J. Dick, are stopping at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. David Starr Jordan was a guest of the St. Francis last week.

Baron and Baroness de Roguefeuil have been visiting at the St. Francis in the course of a world tour.

Mr. Newton B. Knox has been called to Korea on professional business. Mrs. Knox will join him, traveling by way of the Suez, and they will return to London in July.

Among arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. L. R. Marlow, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bruner, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Shainwald, Mr. George A. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Carlisle, Dr. A. M. Goss, Mr. H. E. Goss, Mrs. Lionel Heyneman, Mr. J. Hartzberg, Mr. W. H. Merrill.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral U. R. Harris, U. S. N., who has been stationed at Olongapo, arrived from the Orient on the *Manchuria* on Monday, en route home to await orders.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, spent a few days last week in this city, having been ordered to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for treatment.

Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., and Colonel John B. Bellinger, U. S. A., have returned from a brief trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Colonel George Andrews, adjutant-general, U. S. A., at one time military secretary of the Pacific Division, is relieved from duty at headquarters,

Department of Colorado, to take effect June 30, and will then proceed to Chicago, Illinois, and report in person to the commanding general, Department of the Lakes, for duty as adjutant-general of the latter department.

Colonel Edward T. Brown, Fifth Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted leave to May 20, to take effect while changing station to the United States.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., returned on Monday last on the *Manchuria* from a tour of inspection of the river and harbor work in the Hawaiian Islands.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert L. Bullard, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended fifteen days.

Major Archibald Campbell, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from his present duties and will proceed to Vancouver Barracks and report May 1 to the commanding general of the Department of the Columbia for assignment to duty in that department.

Major Percy M. Ashburn, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the examining board convened at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, vice Major Edward R. Schreiner, Medical Corps, U. S. A.

Captain Rush S. Wells, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to the Yosemite National Park for the purpose of making arrangements for the encampment of troops to be stationed there during the coming season.

Captain Alden Trotter, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Sixty-eighth Company to the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Company, and will join the company to which he has been transferred on expiration of his present leave of absence.

Captain Frank D. Ely, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., now awaiting orders at Plainfield, has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey and report to the commanding officer for duty at the School of Musketry.

Surgeon J. G. Field, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Training Station, Yerba Buena Island, San Francisco, and ordered to Washington, D. C.

## The Great Easter Music Festival.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces the completion of arrangements for the big Music Festival to be given Easter Sunday afternoon in honor of the visit of Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The affair will take place at Dreamland Rink and the seats will be ready Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, at popular prices, a good seat being obtainable for as low as seventy-five cents.

Here is the complete offering:

Grand Choral March, "With Sheathed Swords," from "Naaman," by Sir Michael Costa; "Unfold Ye Portals," from "The Redemption," both given by the Cecilia Choral Club of one hundred and twenty-five singers and the Festival Symphony Orchestra of forty-five players.

With piano accompanist the choral club will sing "By Babylon's Wave," one of Gounod's masterpieces, under the direction of Percy A. R. Dow.

The orchestral numbers will be Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave," and "Three Dances" from "Neil Gwynne," by Edward German.

The vocal soloist will be Miss Elsa Thorns-vard, of the Grand Opera at Elberfeld, who will sing the brilliant aria from the opera "Mireille," by Gounod.

The main feature will, of course, be Ossip Gabrilowitsch's performance of Chopin's Concerto for E minor for piano and orchestra. He will also play a group of solos.

The orchestra will be under the direction of Paul Steindorff.

Mr. Greenbaum believes this offering will compare with any music festival ever given in this country even at double and triple the prices. It certainly will be the biggest concert ever given in this city.

Chaliapine, the famous Russian basso, so a St. Petersburg newspaper asserts, has made up his mind to leave the operatic stage and devote himself to the spoken drama. In an interview printed in the *Lit-tok*, he declared that he could no longer endure following the rigid traditions of the opera. In his opinion the conventional forms of the opera are antiquated and extremely inartistic. "In modern opera there is no improvement, everything follows the old paths, the only exception being Wagner."

The Hotel Rafael has been sold by the Baroness and Baron J. H. von Schroeder to J. H. Holmes, owner and manager of the Hotel Green, Pasadena. Mr. Holmes is a hotel man of experience and ability, and his plan contemplates a community interest between his two establishments. Winter tourists who visit the Southern California hotel may be attracted north, and summer tourists here will be pointed the way to another delightful place to visit.

The average nightly income at the Paris Grand Opera is \$2702. In New York that would just about pay for the lighting, heating, house staff, stage hands, advertising, and printing at any of the opera houses, with no money left for the "stars" or other principals, minor singers, chorus, conductors, and orchestra.

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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Pretty Peggy" at the Valencia Theatre is a delightful offering, for it gives Blanche Stoddard an opportunity in the name-part which she does not often have. It is not too much to say that Miss Stoddard was never more attractive or more effective in bringing out the appeal of romantic or semi-tragic situations. Regret that these are her farewell appearances at this theatre is shared by the many admirers she has won during her stay there. The play as a whole is remarkably well staged, with many novel effects, and there are several in the big stock company who have won especial favor in the characters they assume this week.

Such success has been won by the presentation that the play will be continued through Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings of next week. On Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday the playhouse will be closed. "Peter Pan" will have its first presentation at the matinee on Easter Sunday afternoon.

Richard Carle, at the Van Ness Theatre in "Mary's Lamb," is already a firmly established San Francisco favorite. He has reason to know what that means, as he could not fail to note the glad reception given Cecilia Rhoda, who has a prominent position in his company, when she appeared Monday evening. Mr. Carle is an original comedian. He copies no other mummer, and his method, quietly antic, is notably effective. His transition from the meek and submissive husband of a superior tyrant to the real director-generalship, is done without a break in character or tone, but it is immensely amusing. Miss Rhoda is attractive in her rôle of the enticing widow, but her songs are not so taking as some of older memory. The musical farce, with all its Gallic motives, goes with a ceaseless accompaniment of laughter and applause. It will be continued all next week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances.

May Boley is "Nancy Brown" at the Princess Theatre this week and next, and is in some particulars even more engaging than during the memorable run of "It Happened in Nordland," when she was an ideal figure and delightful funmaker as Queen Elsa. If there is a comedy possibility in lines or situation, in speech or song, she makes the most of it, and often finds inspiration for deft improvements on the dramatist's work. Frank Moulan, Fred Mace, and Budd Ross, are inimitable in rather slender characterizations. James T. Stevens has good songs in the second act. And the chorus—well, it does not include a single aged, unattractive, or sluggish specimen of the chorus girl species. "Nancy Brown" will run only one week more.

At the Orpheum for the week beginning with the Sunday matinee, the chief new feature will be the celebrated prima donna, Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, of Metropolitan Grand Opera House fame. She will be heard in several celebrated operatic selections, and in some favorite hallads. Her accompanist will be the gifted pianist, Signor Angelo Fronani. S. Miller Kent, one of the successful younger dramatic stars, will present a short comedy by Edgar Allen Woolf, entitled "Marriage in a Motor Car." Mr. Kent as Harold Matthews, the husband, is most happily cast, and is admirably supported by Miss Donah Benrimo, a San Francisco girl, who has won an enviable reputation in the East. Dorothy Keane will also assist Mr. Kent. Joly Violetta, Parisian beauty and danseuse, will make her first appearance, and will be assisted by M. Armand, a Brazilian dancer of renown. Violetta presents her act in two parts, the first being a series of parodies and the second characteristic Brazilian dances. Elsie Faye, Miller and Weston, will introduce what they term "The Act Dainty," which introduces Miss Faye and her associates in very attractive songs and dances. Next week will be the last of Tom Nawn and company, who will appear in the new act farce, "The Politician." It will also conclude the engagement of Charles Matthews, the champion jumper, the Four Casting Dunhars, and the Melani Troupe.

Madame Alla Nazimova will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre this month in a series of her greatest successes. She will be supported by her entire New York company. Five productions are to be offered during the two weeks' stay of the great Russian actress.

Otis Skinner in his most recent success, the four-act romantic comedy, "The Honor of the Family," will be the next attraction at the Van Ness Theatre, opening a two weeks engagement on Monday, April 15.

Harrison Gray Fiske has just completed arrangements to present Mrs. Fiske and her splendid New York company at the Valencia Theatre in her latest success, "Salvation Nell," for two weeks in June.

Paul McAllister, one of Henry W. Savage's actors, who created the part of the artist

in the New York production of "The Devil," has been engaged as leading man for the Valencia Theatre stock company, and will begin his engagement at the conclusion of the run of "Peter Pan" in a sumptuous production of "If I Were King."

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### An April Wind.

Oh, once I heard an April wind  
On hilltop, plain, and lea:  
"Drop all that ties your foot, behind,  
And follow, follow me."

"I breathe the breath of vanished snows.  
The combing clouds I ride.  
In wild-flower woods my spirit blows.  
Oh, follow swift beside!"

By flood-lapped bluff and dipping boom  
I walked the upland plain;  
And fresh arose the earth's perfume  
And cool dropped down the rain.

And happy, happy, happy, I  
Beyond my thought or guess  
Who chased beneath the changing sky  
My unfound happiness.

For veiled and far the early star,  
And scattered far and pale  
Hepatica and dogtooth are  
On April shore and trail.

By black-turned loam, by white-flocked foam  
Where winds and waters streamed  
I never found to carry home  
The very flowers I dreamed.

More, more than what I missed or found  
The open-valued day,  
The river chords, the fragrant ground,  
The wind's wide voice and way—

"Oh, follow, follow, follow me—  
My pulses run and leap  
By valley, plain, and upland lea,  
By foam-lapped bluff and steep."

"I breathe the breath of vanished snows  
And wild-rose sprays unborn.  
Through cloud-rocks cool my footstep goes  
Where high-sweung mists are torn."

Down April roads the rain-dropped wind  
Ran coursing fresh and free:  
"Oh, seek not what you lose or find;  
But follow, follow me."  
—Edith Wycott, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

#### The Road to Cahinteely.

Oh, the lonely road, the road to Cahinteely,  
'Tis there I see a little ghost, and gaily singeth she.

She plucks the swaying cowslip, nor stays for all my calling,  
But flies at my pursuing, who once did run to me—

She once did run to me.

I follow ever eager the dancing shade elusive,  
The phantom feet that leave me so lone and far behind.

Then comes her merry laughter like elfin music chiming,  
She cares not for my sorrow, she once to grief so kind—

She was to tears so kind.

Her kiss falls swift and tender on breaking bud and blossom,  
Her flitting fingers touch them, fair as white butterflyes;

Her slender arm enfolds them with soft and sweet embraces,  
Remembered shy caresses she now to me denies—  
She all to me denies.

On the haunted road, the road to Cahinteely,  
'Tis there a little dancing ghost her merry way doth take.

She sings no song of sorrow, nor knows no pain of weeping.

I would not wish her home again, though my lone heart should break—  
Though my poor heart should break.  
—Doro Sigerson Shorter, in *McClure's Magazine*.

#### Afterwards.

Somehow it is the little things that last  
And make the picture when the model's fled—  
Her smile, her voice, the way she tossed her head,  
Coquetting; when the memory is past  
Of line and feature, then such trifles set  
Their fingers to the brushes.

Henriette  
Was just that sort: illusive, here and there.  
I knew her quite ten winters—loved her one—  
And yet, no sooner was the story done  
Than I could scarce have told you if her hair  
Was black or golden. (There, I sometimes think,  
Lay half her charm: a man could look and drink  
Great draughts from all her prettiness, and then  
Go, and forget, and long to drink again!)  
Well, so tonight, five years since when we said  
Good-bye, without a heartbreak, were I sent  
Da Vinci's art to fetch that lineament  
Most fleeting and distinctive back to me,  
And paint on some spick canvas her dim head,  
So all the world would straight acclaim it she,  
Even so, my hand would fail me utterly.

And yet I know her still: her laugh and frown,  
The sweep of shoulder and the fall of gown;  
And how, at moments, her unwavering eyes,  
That were so innocent, could seem so wise;  
A dimple darting like a butterfly  
About the flowers in the pink and white  
Lost garden of her cheek: the leaping light  
Glad in the tides between a smile and sigh;  
The perfume of her hair, and how the rose  
She wore once at her throat assumed new grace,  
And that shy sadness her unconscious face  
Wore in its moments of untaught repose.

And that is all? It should be all, and yet  
This last remains: that I recall that I  
Have wooed so often her faint memory,  
While she was ever ready to forget!  
—Reginald Wright Kauffman, in *Smart Set*.

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**Checkers**—Years ago I had money to burn and I burnt it! **Neckers**—How? **Checkers**—On an old flame of mine!—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

**Sunday-School Teacher**—What was Adam's punishment for eating the forbidden fruit, Johnnie? **Johnnie** (*confidently*)—He had to marry Eve.—*Life*.

**Bridegroom**—Where shall we go, dearest—Nigara Falls or Washington? **Bride**—We might go to both places and see which we like best.—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Don't you know that no one listens to or reads your speeches?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "in that way I avoid making enemies."—*Washington Star*.

**She** (*reading*)—Mice are fond of music, and will get as close to it as they can. **He**—Just cut that out and I'll send it to the girl in the next flat.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

**She**—They say girls can't throw straight, but when a girl throws sly glances I notice she generally hits the mark. **He** (*recently bitten*)—Yes; the easy mark.—*Boston Herald*.

**Elsie**—When all the boys sing together it is just charming. But why don't you have soloists in your glee club. **Teacher**—They prefer to divide the responsibility.—*Princeton Tiger*.

"How do you tell had eggs?" queried the young housewife. "I never told any," replied the fresh grocery clerk, "but if I had anything to tell a had egg I'd break it gently."—*Christian Guardian*.

**Wickwire**—I like Timmins's stories. He has such a light touch. **Simmins**—Yes, that's one thing in Timmins's favor; he rarely strikes one for more than two or three dollars.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

**She**—Economizing, are they? You surprise me! I understood they were simply rolling in wealth. **He**—Well, that may be true, but I believe they have to be careful not to roll too far.—*St. Louis Times*.

**Watts**—There is no such thing as telling the quality of whisky that you taste these days, is there? **Lushforth**—No. The only test is the feel. **Watts**—The feel? **Lushforth**—Yes. And you have to wait till next morning for that.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The haughty young typewriter drew herself to her queenly height. "George Vermillion," she said, in icy tones, "no one could mistake your attentions to me. My lawyer says I have a beautiful case. Either I will sue you for breach of promise or else you must give me the legal right to write 'Mrs. George Vermil-

lion' on my calling-cards." "Write it?" gasped the unhappy employer; "great Caesar, girl, you can't even spell it!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Did Miss Flavilla seem pleased when you asked her to go to the theatre?" "Pleased! She wanted to keep the tickets for fear something might happen to me."—*Chicago Record*.

"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?" "You bet I wouldn't." "I can't understand how you can have any faith in such a silly superstition." "No superstition about it—Saturday's pay-day."—*Chicago Journal*.

"I do not think," she of the shy brown eyes remarked, "that it is quite proper for two persons to sit on the same sofa. Do you?" "Nay," quoth he of gall, taking the hint, "not if there is a chair in the room."—*Town Topics*.

**First American Financier**—I have no patience with the people who go to Monte Carlo and drop all their money. **Second Ditto**—Neither have I. Why can't they patronize home industry and drop it in Wall Street?—*Philadelphia Record*.

"You seem to be going home in a very cheerful manner for a man who has been out all night." "Yes. You see, my wife is an amateur elocutionist, and she's saving her voice for an entertainment tomorrow night."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Halloo, old chap, where are you off to?" said one man to another. "I'm going over to the postoffice to make complaint about the dilatory delivery." "What's the trouble?" "Why, that check you promised to send me ten days ago hasn't reached me yet."—*Tit-Bits*.

**Mamma**—Has Mr. Dorrance given you any reason to believe that he means business? **Clara**—Business! I should think he did mean business! I'm sick of the word business. All he has talked about the last three times he has been here was papa's business.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Sadeye is a man I admire. He and Butts had been had friends for a year; but when he heard that Butts's wife was dangerously ill, he went up to him and offered his sympathy." "Um! You are probably not aware that Sadeye has gone into the undertaker's business."—*Philadelphia North American*.

**Near-Sighted Lady**—The boy who is trying to tie that tin can to that poor dog's tail ought to be thrashed within an inch of his life—the horrid little brute. **Maid**—It's your boy, mum. **Near-Sighted Lady**—My Boy? **Maid**—Yes, mum. **Near-Sighted Lady**—Tell him, if he'll stop, I'll give him some cake.—*Christian Advocate*.

Jewels gone



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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: A Gracious Compliment Well Deserved—A Threat from Japan—Mr. Sydney Brooks on India—Work and Wages—Mr. Spreckels and the Car Strike—Booming and the Boomed—Ex-Vice-President Fairbanks—About Stockings—Editorial Notes.....	225-227
CURRENT TOPICS .....	228
OLD FAVORITES: "Pampina," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich .....	228
OPERA IN NEW YORK: Miss Jeannette Gilder Draws Some Comparisons Between the Manhattan and the Metropolitan .....	229
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.....	229
BRITISH RULE IN INDIA: Sydney Brooks Deals with Some of the Charges Made on Behalf of Disaffected India .....	230
SOME WOMEN MALEFACTORS: Mr. R. H. Trowbridge Tells the Stories of Seven Women Who Have Made History .....	231
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	232
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	233
LALLY BROUGHTON'S DEBUT: An After-Dinner Confidence. By C. J. Willis.....	234
DRAMA: Two Dramas. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	235
VANITY FAIR .....	236
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	237
THE MERRY MUSE.....	237
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	238
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	239
CURRENT VERSE: "I Would Not Be the Housed Soul," by Mildred McNeal-Sweeney; "An Old Violin," by Helen A. Saxon; "The Foreloper," by Rudyard Kipling .....	239
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	240

### A Gracious Compliment Well Deserved.

At the banquet given to Dr. Blue last week three hundred representative citizens of San Francisco applauded Chairman Charles S. Wheeler to the echo when he introduced Governor Gillett as "one who has made good." It was a compliment graciously given, for Mr. Wheeler has not been either in personal or political sympathy with Governor Gillett. Likewise it was a compliment well deserved, for in difficult situations and under trying circumstances Governor Gillett has carried himself worthily as "the governor of all the people." In recent times no governor of California has been called upon to deal with so many or such perplexing problems. Beginning with the street railroad strike of two years ago, one crisis has followed another calling for judgment and resolution in the State executive. A man of uncertain mind, of feeble judgment, or of hasty temper might have plunged us into distressing social confusions upon half a dozen occasions. A man studious of effects and solicitous for his own political fortunes might easily have made wreck of principles extremely dangerous for communities to disregard.

Amid these complicated conditions Governor Gillett has steered a straight course, and it is gratifying to observe that he finds approval among thoughtful men quite apart from considerations of political parties or factions.

It is curious how under all conditions and circumstances the man who boldly walks the path of duty no matter how unpleasant it may be, the man who speaks his mind and acts his part bravely, wins approval where the dodger and the trimmer fail. Even in politics, that most uncertain and difficult of all fields, this principle holds good. In spite of its whimsies, in spite of its resentments and even in spite of its own sharp criticism, the American public likes the man who has the courage and hardihood to follow the line of duty. Take the case of Governor Gillett; in connection with the street-car strike, likewise in connection with the recent Japanese agitation, he was compelled by the positive mandate of duty to antagonize large and politically potent elements of our citizenship. He took a firm course and held to it in each instance without hesitation, without timidity, and without noise. He went straight ahead doing simply the right and manly thing. He gave no heed to the "politics" of any situation, yielded nothing to the counsels of political timidity or of political ambition. And today we find him approved and commended even by those elements whose enmity might not unreasonably be expected. All of which goes to show that the way to command the respect of men, in politics as in other things, is to do one's duty as it presents itself without evasion or apology, without dodging or trimming.

### A Threat from Japan.

It would be well for us to give a heedful eye to the diplomatic negotiations now going on between Japan and China; lest we find ourselves involved to a greater extent than is pleasant. It need hardly be said that the cause of contention is Manchuria. Ever since the close of the war China has been waiting more or less patiently for the evacuation of her territory in accordance with the treaty of Portsmouth and Japan's innumerable pledges of disinterested motives. Japan, however, shows no signs of withdrawal or of loosening her octopus grip on Manchuria, and as China becomes more restive under the foreign occupation so Japan grows more determined to remain where her armies placed her in the guise of a deliverer. The Chinese envoys who recently arrived in America unquestionably came upon this business of Manchuria and with the hope of arousing American intercession, while the government at Peking has been unresting in its direct demands upon Tokio.

China's latest suggestion is to the effect that the whole matter be referred for determination to The Hague tribunal, and the reply of Japan is not only a direct refusal, but it also strikes a new and unpleasant note in the relations between the two countries. China is told in so many words that no outside interference or mediation will be permitted, that the dispute must be settled by the principals alone, and that in making such proposals of arbitration by The Hague she has allowed "malign interests" to prevail and has been "guilty of slight courtesy" to Japan. Such language in a diplomatic note given out for publication is either deliberately provocative or it is inspired by the spirit of contempt that is felt by a compact and powerful nation for one that is unwieldy and helpless. Nor need we overlook the tacit intimation that the white world has nothing to do with the yellow and no part in its disposition.

It is evident enough that Japan objects to The Hague because such an appeal would bring the dispute officially to the notice of the powers, and particularly of America, who are pledged to the evacuation of Manchuria and the integrity of China. America is not only morally responsible for the Treaty of Portsmouth, but she has emphasized her attitude toward evacuation again and again. Mr. Root expressly notified the American con-

suls in Manchuria that they were to recognize Chinese sovereignty and none other, and in the diplomatic notes recently exchanged between America and Japan the same understanding as to the integrity of China in Manchuria was again and emphatically expressed. And yet we are now told that this is a domestic matter for Asiatic settlement only and that neither The Hague, nor the individual powers, nor even America have any *locus standi* whatever. This last note was officially addressed to China, but by its prompt publication in Tokio we may infer that it was indirectly intended for other perusal.

What action America can, or should, take it is hard to say. To a great extent she has tied her hands and committed herself by the exchange of unofficial notes that so much excited the resentment of our Senate. That note was, of course, intended to allay a state of supposed tension between the two countries and to avow a sort of perpetual love feast between Washington and Tokio. Professing to enumerate the possible causes of discord between the two countries it expressed an agreement of policies as to Manchuria, but carefully omitted all the matters of contention, such as the school and immigration questions that were then in the air. From our own point of view the notes were silent where they should have spoken and they spoke where they should have been silent. They avowed a vague unanimity as to Manchuria, although Japan even at that moment was lying directly athwart the stream of American interests, and they refrained from all mention of the matters that were then burning issues. In other words, we shut our eyes and passed the sponge over the slate with a broad sweep of amicable good intentions.

Japan, of course, took all the profits. Freed by this general tossing up of hats and *banzais* and pledges of good fellowship from all the embarrassments of a possible quarrel with America, she was free to restore her financial position—now a comparatively easy matter—and reestablish her credit throughout the world and to plan the aggrandizements that she had never abandoned. It is hard to see how we can now make any representations on the subject of Manchuria, seeing that the situation has in no way changed since we avowed our full accord with Japan three months ago. Her reply to such representations is obvious. Nothing, she would say, has happened since our exchange of notes a few months ago and our mutual declaration of a cloudless sky. Why, then, this sudden suggestion of a breach of faith? Our views are exactly as they were then and the integrity of China continues to be a matter for hopeful anticipation. In the meantime we will continue a situation that was so eminently gratifying to America only last winter.

We may as well face the fact that Japan intends to go on and to expand. We must look carefully after our trade interests, and so long as we get our fair share of the Manchurian business it is not of much account to notice the particular color of the Asiatic flag that flies over that province. We incurred just about the same obligations to Korea that we did to Manchuria, but Korea today is as much a part of Japan as is Tokio itself. No one can say what will be the ultimate fate of Manchuria, but even though Japan may be checked in that particular direction we may expect her to hold her foot in constant readiness to plant wherever opportunity may offer.

### Mr. Sydney Brooks on India.

The letter by Mr. Sydney Brooks on "British Rule in India" that appears upon another page can not be dismissed as one of those instances of special pleading that are always called forth by a great issue. Mr. Brooks is one of the best-known writers of the day, one of the most cautious, and one of the most critical. He has made a profound study of the causes underlying the disaffection in India and he writes with the impartiality that comes only from a wide acquaintance with



facts. He has no axe of his own to grind, no "cause" to be sustained by biased exaggerations, and no sectional prejudices or sentiments to be exploited. His reputation is of the kind that inspires confidence, while in this particular instance he gives us added proof of his habitual care in the collection of evidence.

Mr. Brooks's immediate object is to controvert an open letter signed by seventeen gentlemen who felt themselves called upon to protest against Mr. Roosevelt's recent eulogy of the Indian government. Most of these gentlemen, says Mr. Brooks, are clergymen and therefore not of a class distinguished for its knowledge of practical affairs. Others are well known as extremists who view with equal antipathy every attempt of the white man to govern the Oriental, whether in the Philippines or in Bengal. But their profession and their antipathies would not matter in the least if they were able to advance facts in support of their denunciations and to justify their assertions by something in the nature of proof. How far they are from doing anything of the sort is shown by Mr. Brooks. Taking their accusations in sequence, he shows either that they are wholly untrue or ludicrously exaggerated, while his own facts are of that definite and statistical kind to be easily verifiable from authentic sources. That the government of India has made mistakes there can be no question. A problem of such stupendous magnitude could not be solved without error by any human intelligence, but Mr. Brooks seems to have upon his side the responsible opinion of the world when he argues that India upon the whole has been well governed, that no charges of irresponsible tyranny can be maintained, and that the condition of the country is incomparably better than it could have been without the strong hand of the white man at the helm.

#### Work and Wages.

Under the practice of stove foundries in San Francisco an average worker in tin or sheet-iron makes eighteen joints of pipe in a working day of eight hours. Under the practice of twenty years ago the same workman made forty-eight to sixty joints of pipe in a working day of ten hours. Wages twenty years ago were averaged about \$2.50 to \$3 a day; wages today average \$3.50 to \$4 a day. With a reduction of 20 per cent at the point of time and with an increase of approximately 30 per cent at the point of wages, there has been a decline of approximately 40 per cent at the point of working efficiency.

We make these citations not by way of finding fault with anybody or of "placing the blame" upon any particular situation, but simply to show a tendency of the time, and partly by way of explaining why the cost of every blessed thing that enters into domestic consumption has grown so prodigiously in the last few years. If only the shortening of hours and the advance of wages were to be considered, the increase would be considerable, because things will cost more under an eight-hour scheme and a four-dollar wage than under a ten-hour scheme and a two or three-dollar wage; still, people would bear this sort of thing with a large measure of patience, since everybody of decent human feeling wants to see the workingman have reasonable hours and reasonable pay, to the end of promoting more human conditions of life. But the greater part of the increased cost of things must be charged not to shorter hours, nor to higher rates of wages, but to a downright deterioration of the efficiency of labor. The average workman in these days of labor unionism does not put into his work the same full measure of cheerful productive effort that he did twenty years ago. This is the most serious fact; this is a fact which determines not merely the increased cost of things, but marks a positive moral deterioration of the working class.

In the days which preceded unionism, the American workman deemed himself a practical partner in whatever shop he was employed. His effort, conscious or otherwise, was to contribute his mite to the productive energy of the establishment or the particular job upon which he was engaged. Today the average workingman is at enmity with his work. He has little or no sympathy with his employer; he works without the stimulus of personal interest, with a feeling, indeed, of enmity against his employer.

In great industrial establishments where every detail of mechanical labor is subject to accurate measurement, it has been discovered that with certain large classes of work done in unionized shops on the Pacific Coast the average performance per man is only 60 per cent of that in certain open shops at the East. The union idea

as it has been developed here under the Mike Caseys and the P. H. McCarthys, establishing as it does ill-will, malice, and resentment between employer and employed, has to this tremendous extent cut down the working efficiency of labor.

Of course, this sort of thing can not continue without readjustment, such a readjustment as will strike hard at both ends of the scale. It will first limit our industries by reducing their power of competition; second, it will work distress to the workingman by destroying the ability of industry to pay wages. We are suffering under it now very consciously, to be sure, but in forms which perhaps the bulk of people do not recognize because they do not stop to analyze the conditions. We pay more for everything, so much more that the higher wages which the system has temporarily produced yield nothing of real advantage. A mechanic who now gets \$4 a day is no better off than the man whose wages twenty years ago were \$3 per day. The increased cost of everything entering into domestic consumption has more than wiped out the margin of increased pay.

Then there is to be considered the moral effect upon the individual of the later as distinct from the earlier attitude of the workman. The man who twenty years ago, working with a will and in cheerful cooperation with his employer, made between fifty and sixty joints of pipe a day was a self-respecting man, in harmony with his work and at peace with the world. He was a type of the American workman who was good as a king because he had more than a king's independence and self-reliance. He was one who in the phrase of Longfellow "looks the whole world in the face." How does this type of workman whom we all remember—a type, indeed, to which many of us belonged—compare with the modern unionist workman whose effort is not to do his utmost but his leastmost, not his best but his worst? Those familiar with the two types of men will grieve at the reflection which this question brings. For who has not observed that the condition of ill-will toward work and employer, the wish to slight rather than promote the particular job in hand, the fixed determination to do as little as possible for the highest possible wage, the attitude of resentment as against the attitude of cheerfulness—who has not observed that these things are rotting the mind, the heart, and the character of every man of whose mind and spirit, under the schooling of extreme unionism, they have possessed themselves?

These matters are worth thinking about.

#### Mr. Spreckels and the Car Strike.

Question has arisen with respect to the responsibility of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels and his associates of the graft prosecution for the street-car strike of two years ago. Two officials of the old carmen's union have made statements to the effect that the prosecution instigated the strike; and under a sense of holy horror at this accusation, a member of the prosecution group has charged these men with criminal libel and caused their arrest. Now the *Argonaut* has small confidence in these agitators and no faith whatever in the legitimacy of circumstances leading up to their statements or to denial of them. It suspects that either of these cheap gentlemen might be induced by the right kind of "encouragement" to make any kind of statement that anybody wants, and then for more "encouragement" to make denial of the whole business. It is, we suspect, a case where anything that anybody wants may be had for a reasonable fee.

As to who instigated the strike, there has yet been developed no evidence at once positive and reliable. The *Argonaut*, which claims some character as an off-hand guesser, has its ideas upon the subject, but since they have no support in definite evidence we shall not venture to set them forth. But leaving aside the question of who instigated the strike, and turning to the equally significant matter of who encouraged and promoted it, we quickly find ourselves on firm and certain ground. We have not here to depend upon surmise, inference, nor the testimony of questionable persons, for there stands in plain view a record which can not be denied or argued away and which all men may understand. The matter is very clearly in the mind of the *Argonaut*, for it was at this point that it came to comprehend the true inwardness of the prosecuting movement—to see, in truth, that it was not a disinterested moral movement, but a scheme of private vengeance under a mask of moral pretensions.

At the time the strike was declared, the most effective factor of the city government—the board of supervisors

—was under the authority of the prosecution. All but two of the eighteen members of the board had made confession of criminality, and in consideration of immunity from prosecution, stood pledged to do whatever the prosecuting agents might demand. Still in office, they were the merest puppets of the prosecution—"good dogs," as Mr. Heney designated them by way of refined pleasantry, bound to do as they were told. It was an extraordinary responsibility thus assumed by the prosecution, that of forgiving the crimes of sixteen felons and retaining them in authority for the express purpose of controlling their official course. It was a responsibility accepted with full knowledge of its significance and openly boasted about as a mark of the prowess and success of the prosecuting movement. The acts of the board of supervisors while thus under duress were essentially the acts of the graft prosecution and so understood to be at the time, for, we repeat, it was with the open and avowed purpose of controlling them that the individual supervisors were forgiven their crimes and retained in office.

There were many things which the board of supervisors—Mr. Spreckels's "good dogs"—might have done to discourage the strike if Mr. Spreckels had so wished and commanded, precisely as he wished and commanded in relation to other matters. If Mr. Spreckels had wished to discourage the strike he might have had his "good dogs" call upon the police to protect citizens in their rights and to maintain order. He might, at least, have held them to the line of neutrality. But not so. The supervisors, creatures who scarcely dared to breathe without Mr. Spreckels's permission, took an active and eager attitude toward the strike from the standpoint of sympathy with it. They cooperated with the then mayor, Schmitz, in directing the Geary Street Railroad Company, a line operating without a franchise and therefore under direct municipal authority, to concede the demands of the strikers upon penalty of being forced out of business; and it was due to their action that the Geary-Street line was rendered derelict during the period of the strike. But this was not all. The fact that the franchise of the Geary Street Company had lapsed afforded an opportunity to strike a blow at the United Railroads Company. It was an opportunity in direct line with the purposes of Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan and it was not permitted to pass unimproved. While the strike was still in its virulent stage, the board of supervisors—Mr. Spreckels's "good dogs," if you please—appropriated the great sum of \$720,000 out of our exhausted city treasury for the inauguration of a municipal street railway project; and when some flaw was discovered in the original act of appropriation, and in the face of outspoken public disapproval, the scheme was forced through a second time.

There could have been no purpose in this proceeding excepting that of assaulting the United Railroads Company at a time when its back was against the wall, facing embittered enemies. The scheme was in direct line with the avowed plans of Mr. Spreckels, since it called specifically for that particular type of street railroad construction of which he had made himself the special champion. When the circumstances of the case are considered—Mr. Spreckels's control of the board of supervisors, his rivalry with the United Railroads Company and his enmity to Patrick Calhoun, the relationship of the act of the supervisors to the interests in contention—it is idle and absurd for him to attempt to evade responsibility.

But this was not all. While the strike was still in its virulent stage, when men were being shot down in the streets by strikers and their sympathizers for no other crime than that of working legitimately upon their own contract, when public excitement was intense, Mr. Spreckels issued through the *Bulletin*, then as now the special organ of the prosecution, the following declaration of approval and sympathy with the riotous strikers:

I think the union men of this city are earnestly endeavoring to preserve the peace, and should be encouraged to continue to do so, instead of being incited by statements intended and calculated to anger them. I believe the citizens should take steps to prevent Patrick Calhoun from issuing the inflammatory statements that he is giving to the press, which tend only to stir up the resentment of the carmen and their sympathizers. Governor Gillett's statement that if there were no brickbats there would be no shooting may apply to Mr. Calhoun. If he did not incite union men by his statements in the press there would be less cause for acts of violence on the part of the sympathizers of the carmen. The citizens should induce Patrick Calhoun to cease throwing his kind of brickbats.

In the face of this record it is something worse than ridiculous for Mr. Spreckels to declare that he did not assist the carmen's union at the time of the strike or



at any other time. He may not, indeed, have instigated the strike. We have heard no testimony worthy of absolute credit to that effect, and he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. But that he did sustain the strike through the action of his "good dogs"; that he did by the public declaration above printed put the moral powers of the graft prosecution—and at that time its moral powers were large—behind the strike, there can not be the first reasonable doubt. He is now quoted as saying within the week: "I never suggested, advised, nor approved the car strike in May, or any other car strike. And at no time did I assist the carmen's union, or any member thereof, directly or indirectly, in time of strike, or at any other time." This is false, cowardly, futile.

### Booming and the Boomed.

Up at Portland they have organized a "Five Hundred Thousand Club," and in pursuance of the aims implied in the name are planning a "publicity campaign" to cost a hundred thousand or more dollars. All of which sounds familiar. We have seen something like it in San Francisco and, on a reduced scale, something like it in various towns roundabout. The *Argonaut* has never been able to develop any enthusiasm in connection with these movements. It has usually observed that back of each one there is the sinister calculation of some professional boomer who wants to be paid for making himself a common nuisance. And further it has failed to observe that any practical good ever comes from mere noise and self-glorification.

The fortunes of communities are a product of conditions which are not affected by mere exploitation. Take the case, for example, of Portland herself. Where rival cities have adopted the noisy method, Portland, by her temperament, her traditions, and her habit, has gone quietly along minding her business and keeping steadily at it. The result is that Portland is today precisely what she has always been, namely, the most substantial, the most solidly prosperous, the most civilized community in the northwestern country. If relatively her growth has not been as great as that of Seattle, it has practically been all that it should have been. It has been as rapid as it could be without successive shakings-up of the entire social fabric with the submergence or destruction of individual prosperity and without the sacrifice of those conditions upon which the truest elements of social welfare are dependent.

The *Argonaut* is by no means certain that Portland will be better off with five hundred thousand people than with half that number; but of one thing it is certain, namely, that a population of five hundred thousand would be an embarrassment and even a calamity without such development within and without as would enable so large a number of people to live in an orderly, assured, and decent way. Portland ought not to have and surely will not have five hundred thousand people until the region roundabout and upon which it lives and with whose activities it coöperates, has at least three or four times that number.

The way to give Portland five hundred thousand people is to set to going the tremendous potentialities which now lie idle or only partly active in the magnificent Oregon country. Germs potentially productive of five hundred thousand people for Portland may be discovered all over the Oregon region, and for their development there is call for foresight, confidence, courage, energy, persistence, and the processes of time. Let those who would see five hundred thousand people in Portland look to the development of industry and production, to enlarged facilities for transportation, to the creation of markets, to the courage of capital and the discipline of labor not merely at Portland, but thereabout. By these means, and only by these means, will population largely increase; and if without them the city should gain five hundred thousand people it would be a misfortune of overwhelming magnitude.

Nobody need trouble himself about the future of Portland further than legitimately and persistently to make the most of obvious and manifest opportunities. Portland sits at the junction of two great valley systems—that of the Columbia and that of the Willamette. It is what railroad men call a water-level haul from every considerable district of the Pacific Northwest to Portland. The ocean facility, if now somewhat limited by the sandbars at the mouth of the Columbia River, may and surely will be made all that can be desired. With half the money spent in the development of the New York ocean gateway there can be developed at the mouth of the Columbia River conditions quite as good. With these

tremendous advantages and surrounded on every side by a country of incomparable resource, Portland will gain new people quite as fast as she can digest them—that is, as fast she can work them over to her own proper and legitimate purposes.

All our towns are in too great haste to gain population, to grow big and to grow rich. There is, indeed, small advantage in bigness and richness without other forms of development. Once, long ago, the late James Anthony Froude, English thinker and man of letters, remarked to the editor of the *Argonaut*, "Ye have told me, young man, of the growth of your communities; do you mind that I care more, vastly more, for the quality and character of your people rather than for their numbers or their wealth. For what matters it if ye have increase of populations, growth of cities, multiplication of commodities, if with these things you have not in due proportion intellectual and moral progress?"

Portland, Oregon, stands honorably distinguished for many worthy things. At some points relating to community self-respect, to the solid interests of civilization, Portland stands at the head of Pacific Coast communities. Let her be worthily jealous of her higher distinctions; let her cherish those things which make the better part of her repute; let her take care, in attempting by noisy methods to stimulate her activities, that she lose not that which counts for more than mere growth, more than multiplication of commodities and accumulations! Let her take care that in "booming" their town by noisy methods they do not rob her of her unique respect and of her dignity.

### Ex-Vice-President Fairbanks.

The *Argonaut* is glad to see that Southern California is giving cordial and public welcome to ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, who is spending a brief time in that region of sunshine. Mr. Fairbanks is a man who deserves well of the American people, a dignified and irreproachable figure, belonging to the old rather than to the modern style of statesman. There is nothing of the spectacular about him; he does no "stunts." But he is a man of capacity, acquainted with the affairs of his country and devoted to patriotic aims and purposes. He has not, indeed, the personal charm which comes of a warm temperament, but he has dependability, respectability in high degree. He has served his country well in the past and he may again serve it well in the future. There are times and conditions when a man of Mr. Fairbanks's type, a man impersonal by nature and breeding, a man of fixed and assured character, a man of experience and of force, may be of inestimable value to the nation.

### About Stockings.

The California Equal Suffrage Association has issued its protest against the tax upon stockings imposed by the Payne tariff bill. Of course the protest does not specifically mention the article in question. Emanating from ladies, addressed directly to Sereno Payne, who is a mere man, and intended for publication, it could hardly be expected to do so, but the meaning is clear enough. The California Equal Suffrage Association refers to stockings when it denounces "any tax which will add one feather's weight to the burden already carried by the 6,000,000 toiling women and children of our country, forced out of their homes by industrial conditions, and who are now overworked, underpaid, and helpless in the hard struggle for existence."

Now to impeach a lady's logic is never a pleasant task, especially when it is framed in such resonant, if somewhat overworked, terminology as the above. But are we really to understand that these women referred to with so much creditable pathos as forced out of their homes, overworked, underpaid, and helpless, wear imported stockings? Our own knowledge upon this subject is dense and abyssmal, but we were under the impression that the imported variety appealed rather to wealth and luxury and that the "toiling masses" encased their lower extremities with cheaper goods of home manufacture, equally comfortable but less ornate. The spectacle of these "overworked, underpaid and helpless" women deprived of the choice products of the *Maison de Paris* and the *Magazin du Louvre* by the operations of a brutal tariff law would of course melt the heart of a stone tiger, but we were not aware that they patronized these establishments. If the Payne bill should persuade these six million women to transfer their patronage from Europe to America and to buy the stockings made by their countrymen and countrywomen rather than by foreigners, it would seem

that the direct and indirect benefits to women must be of the most marked kind.

So far as the direct plea for the representation of women in legislation is concerned, we may express a certain amount of sympathy, just as much sympathy, in fact, as women themselves have for such a plea. As soon as women ask for such representation they will get it, just as they get everything else that they demand. But to speak of women as having no "voice in the affairs of our country" is a little inaccurate, seeing that at the present time our newspapers contain column after column of "voice." Equally inaccurate is it to speak of "striking where there is no defense." The self-defensive powers of women are as great as those of men, and greater, and it is to be feared that when they get the vote, as no doubt they will, there will be a bitter realization of its ineffectiveness and also of the fact that new weapons imply new assailants. It may also be said in conclusion that a tax upon stockings does fall "upon men and women alike," as demanded by the protest in question. It is true that men seldom wear stockings, but it is a part of their proud and inalienable privilege to pay for the stockings worn by their wives. And they pay without protest.

### Editorial Notes.

After all, there is to be a fight over the estate of Lucky Baldwin. The wife, who under the will was none too well treated, demands a larger share and under private arrangement with other heirs her claims have been acceded to. Incidentally, let it be remarked, nobody will begrudge her anything she may get. Then it appears there is a daughter over Oakland way who wants more than the will gives her. She will force more liberal terms from the other heirs or, failing in the attempt, will sue for a full daughter's share. All of which is mainly a matter of personal interest. In this connection, however, there is a point of much more than personal interest. It appears to be taken for granted in this as in other cases that the heirs to an estate are the only parties in interest with respect to the disposition of it. If the heirs are satisfied or can be brought by any means to any kind of adjustment by common consent, then the practice of the courts is to make distribution. The will of the dead man, his wishes or purposes, appear to cut no figure in the settlement. Agreement among the heirs may violate every purpose manifest in the will, but if such agreement can be secured, the courts follow it, giving no heed to the declarations of the will. It hardly needs to be said that this practice nullifies the purpose for which wills are made and that it opens the door to the grossest mischiefs. It makes it possible for anybody with a shadowy claim to hold up the settlement of an estate and force the rightful heirs to yield tribute. It makes the machinery of the law an aid and support to fraud and blackmail. No great harm is likely to be done in the particular case under consideration. None the less, the practice of the courts is a vicious one, wrong in theory, mischievous in effect, and grossly disregarding of the purposes of the makers of wills.

Senator Flint's effort to create better house facilities at the Presidio military establishment merits all the support that can be given it. Under our system of sending troops to the Philippine Islands and of receiving them upon their return, the Presidio has come to be one of the great military establishments of the country. But poor provision has been made for the housing of the multitudes who come and go. Several fine barrack buildings have been constructed, but even with them there is not room enough, while there has been almost absolute neglect at the point of providing quarters for officers. In one notable cantonment the dwellings are scarcely better than shacks, shabby, unsightly, without comfort, and defective sanitarily. If it be worth while to station troops at the Presidio, it is surely worth while to provide for their decent and comfortable maintenance.

Now that it is practically certain that dirigible airships flying above German soil will be numerous enough within the next few years to make some means of signalling necessary, Major von Frankenberg, president of the German Aero Club, says *Popular Mechanics*, advises that huge signboards be placed on the roofs of church towers and high buildings, with a certain code of signals, visible from airships aloft, inscribed upon them. He also suggests that the frontiers of the different European countries shall be marked by the same method, and that at night the signs shall be illuminated in such a way as to make them visible. Aeronauts would carry a signal code book, enabling them to decipher the meaning of the signs.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

How the nation is to pay its way still remains the question of the hour at Washington. Mr. Stevens of Minnesota started a seven hours' debate by announcing that he intended to introduce an income-tax bill. He said that the Supreme Court decision of 1893 declaring the income-tax law of that year to be unconstitutional did not settle all the questions involved; in other words, it was not final and he intended to draft a bill that would escape the condemnation of the court. While avowing his personal responsibility for his action he admitted that he had discussed the matter with the President, who had promised the cooperation and assistance of the executive departments in the preparation of the bill.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the words used by Mr. Taft as an indication of his probable attitude. Speaking at Cincinnati on July 28, 1908, he said:

The Democratic platform demands two constitutional amendments, one providing for an income tax and the other for the election of senators by the people. In my judgment, an amendment to the Constitution for an income tax is not necessary. I believe that an income tax, when the protective system of customs and the internal revenue tax shall not furnish income enough for governmental needs, can and should be devised which under the decisions of the Supreme Court will conform to the Constitution.

There is now a rumor that the President will recommend some kind of income-tax scheme in his December message to Congress. He is known to have discussed the matter freely and even to have gone out of his way to do so, but it is hardly likely that anything will be done at the present extra session.

The following is a useful tabulation of the main provisions of the tariff bill as presented to Congress. The resemblance that the ultimate bill as it leaves the Senate will bear to its original form is a matter of some speculation and not always of the optimistic hue:

Downward revision, with maximum and minimum provisions, which impose an average maximum duty 20 per cent in excess of Dingley tariff.

Provisions to increase revenue \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000, making total estimated revenue \$300,000,000.

Tax on inheritances, to produce \$20,000,000 annually.

Panama Canal bond issue for \$40,000,000.

Increase of treasury certificate issue from \$100,000,000 to \$250,000,000.

Limited amount of sugar and tobacco to come free from the Philippines.

Coffee free, unless export duty is charged; tax of 8 cents a pound on tea imported directly, and 9 cents if imported indirectly.

Internal revenue tax on cigarettes increased; that on beer and whisky unchanged.

Placed on free list: Iron ore, hides, tallow, cottonseed oil, works of art and wood pulp, agricultural implements and soft coal if there is reciprocity.

Fifty per cent cut in duty on steel and lumber.

Forty per cent reduction on hoots and shoes; other leather manufactures in proportion.

Wool for clothing unchanged; for carpets, reduced materially; shoddy and waste reduced 5 per cent.

Sugar reduced 5-100 of a cent, and starch one-half a cent a pound.

Pig-iron cut from \$4 to \$2.50 a ton; scrap from \$4 to 30 cents a ton; steel rails and railways bars reduced one-half.

Perfumeries, toilet articles, and toilet soap, increased from 50 to 60 per cent *ad valorem*; feathers from 15 to 20 per cent; ornamental pins raised one-fourth.

Spices from free list to tax of 30 per cent *ad valorem*.

Cements, in which gypsum is chief element, from 30 per cent to 35 per cent *ad valorem*.

Watch movements increased sharply.

Meats and lard reduced.

New method of determining valuation provided.

To speak frankly, no one is prepared to get up any astounding enthusiasm for the Payne bill at its present stage. The lower house may applaud or protest just as it pleases, but it is not easy to get up a great interest over proceedings that may be wholly nullified by the Senate. And already there are plenty of people who profess to account for the apparent complacency of Mr. Cannon and other stand-patters of his calibre upon the theory that there is a clear understanding with the Senate, and the low tariff men may be safely allowed to speak and vote to their heart's content so long as the Senate stands in the background to rectify the mistakes of an "undue precipitancy."

The Chicago Tribune is despondent almost to the point of tears. It points out that Senator Hale has already sharpened his little tomahawk and painted himself with all the sinister colors of the warpath. Senator Hale says that the Payne bill "absolutely murders the wood pulp and paper industry of Maine. This is the most important industry in our State and we shall resist the change with the utmost possible vigor." When Senator Hale says "murder," of course, he uses a figure of speech. What he really means is that the profits of a trust would not be quite so large as before. The Tribune prophesies:

Before long one or both senators from Pennsylvania will announce that the infant steel industries of the State can not stand lower duties and that there will be patriotic and vigorous opposition to a cut. Some Pacific Coast senator will announce that an "infant industry" of his section would be ruined by a lower duty on lumber. Some senator from a cattle-raising State will proclaim his undying hostility to free hides.

Walter Wellman says something of the same sort in the Chicago Record-Herald. First of all he deals a cheerful thwack at the Democrats, who are altogether too selfish to do any good to themselves or any one else in this matter of the tariff. In point of fact, the Democrat is no more a free-trader than is the Republican, and he is quite ready to play over again the farce associated with the Wilson bill. When it comes to be pinch all principles are forgotten except the supreme principle of I, My, Me. "Protection for the interests of my State" any share of the good things, instantly becomes the ruling passion. "Every American is for tariff reform all right," for "vision downward, provided it is in the other fellow's field."

High tariff combination in the Senate embraces almost all Democrats as Republicans, proportionate to their

number. In the House the Democracy has split in twain, one wing making arrangements and bargains with Speaker Cannon and his lieutenants, selling out for tariff favors or committee places; the other wing, with Champ Clark for leader, makes a brave pretense of keeping up the fight for simon-pure Democracy of the Bryan stamp. The Democrats of the House had a glorious opportunity to defeat Cannonism, but they threw it away for a few flesh-pots. In the present wretched state of the minority in Congress any serious stand for an improvement upon the Payne bill is out of the question. Half the Democratic senators and representatives are scrambling for their share of the pickings.

Mr. Wellman does not use the word conspiracy. That would be in bad taste. But that is what he means. He says there are well-informed men in Washington who helieve the whole thing is a sort of confidence game and that a concerted effort is being made to thwart the intentions of Mr. Taft. When Mr. Cannon surrendered to the President a bitter feeling was aroused among the men who have so often heard the Speaker declare that

This rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.

But Mr. Cannon had no option. He must either yield or cease to be Speaker, and this unpleasant alternative was recognized by his critical friends. Their first plan was to lower the tariff to a point that would have brought every commercial interest in the country to the point of revolt:

But here comes the nub of the story. At this juncture, according to well-informed men, the House leaders reached an understanding with Senators Aldrich and Hale and other "directors of legislation" at the north end of the capitol. This understanding was that the House must try to keep the promises which Cannon, Payne, and others had made to Mr. Taft, but that the Senate was to "make the bill over and take the curse out of it." In other words, Cannon and his men had been forced into an uncomfortable corner, and the easiest way out was to appease Mr. Taft and the public opinion behind him and throw the responsibility for introducing higher protective duties upon the Senate. The Senate is not unwilling to accept this responsibility. It is a body well organized for just such things, being more responsive to large financial and industrial influences, as a rule, than to public opinion.

My information is that the Senate leaders in effecting this arrangement or tacit understanding with the managers of the House insisted upon one point, and this was that the Ways and Means Committee should not go so far with its downward revision as to make too much of a contrast with the action which the other branch of Congress is to take later on.

Mr. Wellman does not seem to think that there will be the least difficulty in carrying out this pleasant little programme, and he believes that the President will have no alternative but to sign the ultimate measure. But upon that point there may be a difference of opinion.

Governor Hughes has dismissed the charges against District Attorney William Travers Jerome of New York County. The governor bases his decision entirely on the report and recommendations of Richard L. Hand of Elizabethtown, Essex County, formerly president of the State Bar Association, whom he had designated to take testimony on the charges. Commissioner Hand presented his report, in which he found the charges not sustained in any particular, before the election last fall. Governor Hughes agrees with Judge Hand that nothing was found to warrant sustaining the charges.

While there is no official authority for the statement, there is good reason to believe that one vacancy, and possibly two, will be created on the bench of the United States Supreme Court some time in the coming summer. Chief Justice Fuller and Associate Justice Brewer at an early date may signify to President Taft a purpose to retire, both having reached the age for retirement.

The Minnesota delegation in Congress has decided to place Judge Walter H. Sanborn of the Eighth Circuit in nomination for a place on the Supreme Bench. They are proceeding on the theory that there will be at least one vacancy in the court within the coming year. Justices Harlan and Peckham are also eligible for retirement.

The New York Sun seems to take the view that the state of tension between England and Germany is not wholly a matter of hysteria, and that a rupture between the two countries is not a matter that America could view with equanimity or even impartiality. The Sun says:

England's children are a mighty multitude. Animated by a common impulse in obedience to an awakened emotion of nationality and heredity, it would be a singular contingency in which they did not prevail.

A union of Englanders would more profoundly concern this country than any other phenomenon possible to humanity. That we realize in ourselves the type of complete independence in a degree that no other nation has approached would serve only to make us the more sensitive to the significance of such a union. The vitality of the idea as a purely intellectual speculation is the more apparent if certain considerations are kept in sight; such, for instance, as that we are divided or separated from the "British possessions" on our northern border by only a custom-house and by nothing more, and that of all the nations of the earth we should be the most acutely concerned and the most materially involved in any disaster to England such as that now universally intimated by German ambition.

In the machine of civilization known as England, the great vehicle of human circulation and material life, the United States has a larger interest and a greater stake at issue than a majority of all other countries. We have no entangling alliances, and there is nothing upon the face of creation of which we are in less need than of an alliance of any kind. All the same we are not any more blind to the reality of our interests or to their length, breadth, and thickness than we are deficient in intelligent sympathy respecting the source whence they are affected.

Joseph Joseph Josephs, a former Roumanian soldier, who was sworn in at a recruiting office in New York a few days ago as a member of the United States Army, is the last alien who will be allowed to enlist, according to the local authorities. Josephs does not intend to remain an alien long. A few minutes after the enlistment formalities had been completed, he appeared at the Federal Naturalization Bureau and took out his first papers.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Pampina.

Lying by the summer sea  
I had a dream of Italy.

Chalky cliffs and miles of sand,  
Mossy reefs and salty caves,  
Then the sparkling emerald waves,  
Faded; and I seemed to stand,  
Myself a languid Florentine,  
In the heart of that fair land.  
And in a garden cool and green,  
Boccaccio's own enchanted place,  
I met Pampina face to face—  
A maid so lovely that to see  
Her smile is to know Italy.  
Her hair was like a coronet  
Upon her Grecian forehead set,  
Where one gem glistened sunnily  
Like Venice, when first seen at sea.  
I saw within her violet eyes  
The starlight of Italian skies,  
And on her brow and breast and hand  
The olive of her native land.

And, knowing how in other times  
Her lips were ripe with Tuscan rhymes  
Of love and wine and dance, I spread  
My mantle by an almond-tree,  
And "Here, beneath the rose," I said,  
"I'll hear thy Tuscan melody."  
I heard a tale that was not told  
In those ten dreamy days of old,  
When Heaven, for some divine offense,  
Smote Florence with the pestilence;  
And in that garden's odorous shade  
The dames of the Decameron,  
With each a loyal lover, strayed,  
To laugh and sing, at sores need,  
To lie in the lilies in the sun  
With glint of plume and silver brede.  
And while she whispers in my ear,  
The pleasant Arno murmurs near,  
The dewy, slim chameleons run  
Through twenty colors in the sun;  
The breezes blur the fountain's glass,  
And wake Æolian melodies,  
And scatter from the scented trees  
The lemon-blossoms on the grass.

The tale? I have forgot the tale—  
A Lady all for love forlorn,  
A rose-hud, and a nightingale  
That bruised his hosom on the thorn;  
A jar of rubies hurried deep,  
A glen, a corpse, a child asleep,  
A Monk that was no monk at all,  
In the moonlight by a castle-wall.  
Now while the large-eyed Tuscan wove  
The gilded thread of her romance—  
Which I have lost by grievous chance—  
The one dear woman that I love,  
Beside me in our seaside nook,  
Closed a white finger in her hook,  
Half vexed that she should read, and weep  
For Petrarch, to a man asleep!  
And scorning me, so tame and cold,  
She rose, and wandered down the shore,  
Her wine-dark draogry, fold in fold,  
Imprisoned by an ivory hand;  
And on a howler, half in sand,  
She stood, and looked at Appledore.

And waking, I beheld her there  
Sea-dreaming in the moted air,  
A siren lithe and debonaire,  
With wristlets woven of scarlet weeds,  
And oblong lucent amber heads  
Of sea-kelp shining in her hair.  
And as I thought of dreams, and how  
The something in us never sleeps,  
But laughs, or sings, or moans, or weeps,  
She turned—and on her breast and brow  
I saw the tint that seemed not won  
From kisses of New England sun;  
I saw on brow and breast and hand  
The olive of a sunnier land!  
She turned—and, lo! within her eyes  
There lay the starlight of Italian skies.  
Most dreams are dark, beyond the range  
Of reason; oft we can not tell  
If they are born of heaven or hell;  
But to my soul it seems not strange  
That, lying by the summer sea,  
With that dark woman watchin' me,  
I slept and dreamed of Italy!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

One of the strangest of capital cities is that of the Troglodytes, or Matmatas, the cave-dwellers of Tunisia. It contains about 3000 inhabitants, and the principal of its architecture is to dig into the earth rather than to build upon it. These Troglodytes are to be found between the town of Gabes, on the Tunisian coast, and the sand-hills of the Sahara. The country is a high, rocky plateau, barren, sun-baked, and swept by the simoon. When a Matmati wants a new dwelling, he chooses his spot, traces a circle, and then digs until he has reached the desired depth, which varies according to the number of stories he requires. The rooms consist of caves hollowed out in the sides of the circular pit, the bottom of which forms the *patio*, or courtyard, which is the usual feature of a Moorish house. Besides the rooms, a passage is also dug, communicating with the outside world, and a door is made at the outer end. The soil, which is a kind of malleable clay, is easily cut, and lends itself well to excavation, the roof of each room requiring no support as long as it is arched. These underground dwellings are not damp, their chief drawback being lack of light, which can only penetrate the caves through their entrances.

When William H. Seward in behalf of the United States government paid Russia \$7,200,000 for Alaska he was spoken of as a dreamer and the purchase was known as "Seward's Folly." At the coming Seattle exposition a pile of virgin gold from Alaska will be exhibited and the one heap of yellow metal will represent in actual value more than five-sevenths of the purchase price of Alaska.



## OPERA IN NEW YORK.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Draws Some Comparisons Between the Manhattan and the Metropolitan.

When Mr. Oscar Hammerstein feels sad—that is, when business is not up to high-water mark, he composes a funeral march with which to bury dead hopes. When business is good he composes a waltz. For the twenty weeks of opera just closed business was good, very good. Four hundred thousand dollars were taken in in subscriptions as against fifty-four thousand three years ago. This subscription money does not include sales for nightly performances. No wonder that Mr. Hammerstein wrote a waltz and had it played on the closing night. The only wonder is that he did not come before the curtain and dance it. I am sure that the audience would have been delighted. They do such unconventional and intimate things at the Manhattan! Mr. Hammerstein calls his waltz "Cara Mia" and dedicated it to Mme. Tetrassini. That delightful singer is the most amiable of her profession, and she was in the gayest of gay spirits on this memorable occasion. When she finished the "mad scene" from "Lucia" the audience roared and cheered itself hoarse. To acknowledge the applause by mere bowing and smiling was not enough. Mme. Tetrassini looked about the house in her temperamental way for some one to kiss, but there was no one in sight, not even Mr. Hammerstein. Just then she spied her sister, Mme. Campanini, in a stage box. To see was to act. Rushing to the box, she leaned far over the rail and throwing her arms around her sister's neck kissed her repeatedly on either cheek. At this the audience applauded wildly and shouted "encore," while every man in the house looked at the woman nearest him and wished that for the time being she was his sister.

It is little informalities such as this that put us on a more friendly footing with the people of the Manhattan than we feel for those of the Metropolitan Opera House. There are so many directors up there. They could not all write waltzes to show their feelings. Nor do I imagine that they would be inspired to do so by the business results of the season which closed a week later than the Manhattan. A funeral march would better typify their emotions at the present time over the net results. They must look on and wonder how Mr. Hammerstein can win out, while they, with all the prestige of wealth and fashion, can not make their operas pay. The secret of the whole thing, to my mind, is the one-man power.

There are too many cooks at the Metropolitan, and too many cooks spoil the broth. There is an old nursery rhyme that reads somewhat like this: "Many men of many minds, many fishes in the sea, many men who can't agree." I always think of this when I think of the Metropolitan. There are too many men and too many minds up there. And even so they have to call in outside aid when they want to know where they are, as was proved by the calling in of Mr. C. B. Dillingham to go over their accounts some weeks ago and show them what the trouble was. I think that Mr. Dillingham could have told them in a few words had he wanted to be rude. But he preferred to be polite, or shall I say diplomatic.

A number of years ago when I was about to start a literary journal in this city I met Clara Morris, then at the height of her fame, walking up Broadway. Being full of my subject and counting upon her friendly interest, I held her up on the corner of Eleventh Street and told her what I proposed doing. She listened with attention to my not too well defined plan and then she said: "Make up your mind to what you are going to do, and don't wobble, but above all don't wobble before the public." I have often thought of that wise advice, not only in my own case, but, for example, in the case of the Metropolitan Opera House directors. They do not seem to know what they want, and they are constantly changing their plans and wobbling in public. Look at the number of changes that they have made since the Manhattan Opera House was started, while Mr. Hammerstein has gone right along in the way he planned to do from the start. There is where the advantage of the one-man power comes in. He knows what he wants and he knows what the public wants, and he does not have to consult any one, for he is

the cook and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
And the boatswain tight,  
And the midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

In other words, he is the whole thing. Besides all this, he is a man of infinite resources. If you knock his feet from under him he hangs on by his hands, and if you tie his hands he hangs on by his teeth. There is no downing Oscar Hammerstein, for even when the bottom seems to drop out of things and he goes down in the crash he will "bob up serenely" with a new idea and undaunted, while every one says, "Did you ever see such a man as Hammerstein?" and every one replies, "No, never," and they never have—since Barnum. But then Mr. Hammerstein is not a humbug; neither was Barnum. He was a showman and a shrewd man of business, and so is Hammerstein. Either one of these men could have made a success in any line of business that came to hand. When Hammerstein was only a cigar roller he invented a machine that rolled cigars faster than he could and incidentally rolled up a fortune for him. If some unforeseen calamity should strip him of his opera house and all his money and the only thing

that he could find should be a dishwasher's place in a hotel he would invent a dish-washing machine and sit back with a cigar in his mouth and sell his patent to every hotel in the country. He might even compose a waltz on the strength of his success.

We all feel this about Hammerstein and we all admire his pluck. Indeed, we have got to feel a personal interest in the Manhattan Opera House. It is to the present generation what the Academy of Music was to an older generation, "the home" of opera, whereas the Metropolitan is more of "a temple of music." We never shout and cheer and go on at the Metropolitan as we do at the Manhattan, and if we did what figure as familiar as that of Hammerstein with his hat of the boulevards in his hand and his general air of pleased proprietorship would appear before the curtain? It is the personal equation that counts in this case as it counted in journalism in the old days when it was "Greeley's Tribune," "Bennett's Herald," "Raymond's Times," and "Dana's Sun."

Mme. Tetrassini has been a great favorite at the Manhattan, but Mr. Hammerstein's greatest card has been Mary Garden. Mary Garden in "Thais," in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," in "Pelléas and Mélisande," but more than all in "Salomé." The music of the latter is an acquired taste, but those who have acquired it seem to enjoy it. Fortunately for the producer's sake, it takes at least five hearings to begin to like it and five more to decide whether one really likes it or only thinks he does. "Mr. Dooley" has given the best description of this opera that I have seen. It ought to give him a niche in the Hall of Fame. And his explanation to "Hennessy" that the story was taken from the Bible, but that since Mary Garden sang it it can never go back again is inimitable.

I think that Mr. Ben Ali Haggin's portraits of Miss Garden have done much to whet public curiosity. They are life size and nothing is lost in the telling. When the one of her as Thais was first exhibited in the window of a Fifth Avenue picture dealer the police had to be called to keep away the crowds that blocked the sidewalk in front of it, and in the end it was removed from the window. I do not remember seeing the one of her as Salomé on exhibition, but I have seen it in the pages of a magazine, and I can say that Miss Garden may have been in her right mind when it was painted, but she certainly was not clothed.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1909.

The central relief committee appointed by the government for the distribution of all the money contributed in Italy and abroad for the earthquake sufferers has been greatly blamed for not rendering immediate aid. The committee has only now decided about the distribution of the remaining \$3,037,000. The committee held a sitting, presided over by the Duke of Aosta, its chairman, and approved the proposal of the director of the Bank of Italy for the following expenditure: The sum of \$300,000 has been destined for those earthquake sufferers who have suffered permanent injuries and are unable to work. It has been ascertained that so far 663 sufferers are entitled to be supported all their lives by the committee, but it is foreseen that the number will increase, as many survivors who are still in hospitals are permanently disabled. A portion of this sum has been destined for subsidies granted to the Messina fishermen. Then \$400,000 has been granted to the Patronato Regine Elena for the earthquake orphans, who number so far about 2000, and an equal sum is to be expended in helping small tradesmen in the earthquake area, and thus enabling them to continue their trade. The sum of \$800,000 is to be employed in the purchase of lumber and the building of sheds to shelter the survivors, especially in small out-of-the-way villages, and finally the sum of \$200,000 is to be distributed in cash among the sufferers. The committee decided to use the remaining \$937,000 as subsidies to 200 university students and 700 boys from the secondary schools, in order to enable them to complete their education and for other cases of urgent relief.

A curious example of the mistakes of history comes from Paris. For more than half a century a house of the Quai Conti has borne on the front a tablet with this inscription: "Historic Memorial. In 1873 the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, officer of artillery, on leaving the School of Brienne, lived at this house in the fifth story." Then follows that the tablet was placed in position by his majesty, Napoleon III, on October 14, 1858. After this great length of time it has been discovered that Napoleon never lived in the house, so the tablet has been removed.

When Sir Armoric Tristram landed at Howth in 1177 and defeated the Irish at Ivora, he won thereby the Barony of Howth and his sword still hangs in Howth Castle. The twenty-eighth baron was created Viscount St. Lawrence and Earl of Howth in 1767, but this ancient peerage has now become extinct by the death of the fourth Earl of Howth, who has just passed away, unmarried, in his eighty-second year. As Lord St. Lawrence, he sat in Parliament for Galway, and was twice state steward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

A man in Denver has invented a phonographic safe lock which can be opened only by the voice of the man who closed it.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Charles F. Murphy, the "boss" of Tammany, is said to be "a shining example of temperance."

Sir Robert Hadfield, the inventor of manganese steel, is a member of the Senate of Sheffield University.

General Miles recently called at the White House, to "pay his respects," after an absence of about seven years.

Prince Alexander, the second son of King Peter of Serbia, is taking an active part in smoothing over the difficulties that have surrounded the crown prince, his brother George, since the latter's statement that he renounced all claim to the Servian throne. Alexander declares, "I shall under no circumstances agree to take my brother's place. If he can not be a good king neither can I."

Major George P. Ahern, U. S. A., recently accomplished a journey around the world at a cost of less than a thousand dollars. The major chose the route across Siberia from the Philippines, where he was stationed. His actual time was sixty-seven days, fifteen hours. He was not trying to break a record, nor was his choice of route, in most cases, the easiest one at his disposal.

Henry C. Ide, who is to be minister to Spain, has been identified with the civil government of the Philippine Islands from 1900 until recently, having been commissioner, vice governor, and governor. He was chief justice in Samoa from 1893 to 1897. A native of Vermont and sixty-four years old, he was a leader in politics in his State before his appointment to the Samoan judgeship.

Ambassador John G. A. Leishman, who is to be transferred from Constantinople to Rome, has been in the diplomatic service since 1890. From 1890 to 1901 he was envoy to Switzerland; since 1901 he has been at Constantinople, serving as envoy until 1906, when he was advanced to be ambassador. Mr. Leishman is fifty-four years old and a native of Pittsburg, where he had been in the steel brokerage business prior to entering the diplomatic service.

M. Souvorin, editor of the great Russian newspaper, the *Novoe Vremya*, now seventy-five years old, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his literary career. He became part owner of the *Novoe Vremya* in 1876, and sole proprietor two years later. He has founded other papers, and, by means of bookselling depots in the chief towns of Russia, has been a pioneer of good literature for the masses. He is also author of a number of plays and novels.

Romollo Murri, a young priest, has been elected a member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies. He is the first of his cloth to take part in Italian politics. The authorities of the church, however, do not regard his action with approval; in fact, it is understood that the Pope is about to excommunicate him. His election has been made possible by the abolition of the regulation known as "Non Expedit," which forbade priests either to vote or to present themselves as candidates.

Mrs. French Sheldon, whose lecture on "A White Woman Alone in Savage Africa" recently awakened much interest in London, possesses among many other claims to distinction, that of having been the first woman elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. This honor she won by her numerous journeys of exploration and her contributions to geographical knowledge. She has traveled round the world three times, lectured through Europe and the United States, and is also an indefatigable writer and translator. An edition de luxe of her translation of "Salammbô" was placed in Flaubert's tomb by the French government.

John G. Woolley, of Chicago, the Prohibition party's candidate for president in 1900, has renounced the party and will hereafter become active in one of the old political organizations. Mr. Woolley believes that the Prohibition party, as such, has accomplished all the good it can, and that the most effective temperance work can now be carried on outside its lines. He states that the party served its purpose in bringing the liquor question to a national issue, and that then its influence ended. Mr. Woolley for a number of years practiced law in the West and in New York, and held some municipal offices, but afterward he entered the lecture field and has since spoken in the leading cities of the world. He made tours of the world, advocating prohibition, in 1901 and 1905. He is the author of a number of books that have had a considerable sale.

M. Claude Achille Debussy, whose music is beginning to rouse in England and America an interest similar to that with which it is received on the Continent, is now in his forty-seventh year. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire, where he gained the Prix de Rome, its most coveted distinction. His lyric drama, "Pelléas et Mélisande," was produced for the first time at the Paris Opéra Comique seven years ago. Debussy is the founder of a school that would seem bent on doing for music what impressionism has done for art. The movement, which is marked by much sincerity of purpose, is likely to enlarge the boundaries of expression, and to translate into terms of music moods and fancies hitherto beyond the range of the art. The composer's strange harmonic progressions and his general indifference to form rouse academic musicians to a series of exhibitions of bad temper.



## BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

Sydney Brooks Deals with Some of the Charges Made on Behalf of Disaffected India.

LONDON, March 20, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Several American papers recently published, in the form of an open letter to Mr. Roosevelt, a manifesto signed by seventeen American gentlemen denouncing, castigating, and, as I shall quickly and convincingly show, libeling British rule in India. Most of these gentlemen are clergymen, and it would be interesting to inquire how many of them have visited India or have made any particular study of its problems or are qualified to pass upon the stupendous and intricate questions of economics, statesmanship, and social and financial policy presented by the government of the peninsula. Of those who are not ministers of the gospel some are known to me by name as vehement anti-Imperialists who are just as much opposed to American rule in the Philippines as to British rule in India and who seem to regard all government of Oriental peoples by the white race as an abomination. Anybody familiar with the methods of political controversy would expect a pamphlet issued under such auspices to display more indignation than accuracy, more violence than love of truth, and more heat and imagination than knowledge. But the unrestrained bias which these writers display in their strictures upon British rule in India, their recklessness of misstatement, their ignorance of some facts and their distortion of others, have, I confess, surprised me.

(1) "The people of India have no voice whatever in the management of their own affairs." The brief but sufficient answer to this is that over sixty million Indians are governed by native rulers under what is in many cases merely the modicum of British supervision; that the armed forces of the crown in India are two-thirds native and one-third British; that nearly 1,400,000 Indians are engaged in the service of the State; that natives dispose of the greater part of the magisterial work, sit on the bench in each of the high courts and exercise jurisdiction, in all classes of civil cases, over Indians and Europeans alike; that natives greatly outnumber the British on the 750 municipalities and the 1000 rural boards; that Indians sit in all the legislative councils and are consulted as a matter of course by the government before any measure is even drafted.

(2) "Not a tax can be changed, not a rupee of the people's own money appropriated for any purpose, however urgent, without the consent of British officials. Even the new 'reforms' proposed by Lord Morley will effect no essential change." The first statement is substantially, though not absolutely, correct; the second is wholly false. Lord Morley proposes to nominate an Indian to the viceroy's executive council, which is to India all and more than all that the President's Cabinet is to the United States. He proposes to raise the membership of the viceroy's legislative council from twenty-four to sixty-two, of whom twenty-eight will be elected, thus leaving the government with only a very small, and possibly a fluctuating, official majority. He proposes to give to all members the novel right of moving resolutions and dividing the council on administrative questions of public interest and of taking part in settling the actual figures of the budget, both by informal discussion and by bringing forward specific recommendations which will be put to the vote. Any one with the least experience of administration can see at once that these are valuable powers. They transform the supreme legislative council into a real deliberative assembly in which native influence is given a genuine chance of making itself felt.

In the provincial government Lord Morley's reforms are even more drastic. The governors of Madras and Bombay are at present assisted by an executive council of two English officials. Lord Morley proposes to raise the number to not more than four, one of whom is to be an Indian. In the five provinces ruled by lieutenant-governors, where no executive councils exist, Lord Morley is seeking parliamentary authority to create them. But it is in regard to the provincial legislative councils that he makes the most sweeping changes. Not only are their numbers to be doubled and their powers extended, but they are to be divested of official majorities. Henceforward the Indian members of the provincial legislative councils will themselves be the majority and in a position, subject of course to the necessary right of veto, to pass whatever legislation they please. The natives of India have for many years past been trusted by their British rulers with the bulk of the administrative work of the country. From now onward they are to be allowed an effective, an all but decisive and controlling voice in the spheres of policy and legislation. To say that this involves "no essential change" is simply nonsense.

(3) "Today fully 100 editors are serving terms of from three to ten years in prison, many of them without trial, without having had opportunity to defend themselves, in not a few cases without even being informed of the nature of their offense." Every one of these statements is a separate falsehood. I think about seventy-two editors have been imprisoned for incitement to rebellion and anarchism. In each case they have been tried, they have had every opportunity of defending themselves, they have been fully informed of the nature of their offenses. The writers of the manifesto have fallen into the egregious error of confounding imprisonment with deportation. Nobody is imprisoned in India without a fairer trial than he

would receive in a good many countries with which I am acquainted; and as for deportation, only eleven agitators have undergone this form of punishment in the last two years—a form of punishment, let me add, constantly resorted to in the native States.

(4) "In India the mere discussion of reforms is punished by open or secret imprisonment." No more ridiculous statement was ever penned. There are some 8000 native journals, every one of which is devoted to the "discussion of reforms." The national congress has done nothing but "discuss reforms" all the years of its existence; and the government has just issued two enormous blue books, filled with the "discussion of reforms" by native gentlemen of all classes and creeds, from every point of view, Hindu and Mohammedan, land-owning and professional, pro-British and anti-British.

(5) "There is no Indian home that is not liable at any hour of the day or night to be forcibly entered and searched at the instigation of spying police. There is no Indian gentleman, however high his standing or unimpeachable his character, who may not at any moment be arrested and hurried away to an unknown prison." If this is really so—and I believe it is—it merely shows that conditions in India are in this respect precisely the same as conditions in France.

(6) "All telegraphic and other news from India is closely censored in the English interest." There is not a word of truth in this. No censorship over telegraphic or other news from India exists in any shape or form whatsoever; and it has often, I believe, been a source of official complaint that the government should have no power of checking the stream of sensational and provocative misinformation that flows from newspaper correspondents in India and that leads opinion in England into thinking the situation in the dependency worse than it really is.

(7) "India governed herself for thousands of years." Such a statement concisely inverts all that is known of Indian history. India has never governed herself. She has been invaded time and again; her peoples have been massacred by tens of thousands; kingdoms and empires have been carved out of her, have flourished and have passed away in violence and disorder: all her rulers have been conquerors, as alien to their subjects as the British themselves and holding their sovereignty by no older or better title.

(8) "There is no record of Indian wars so bad as the thirty years' war in Germany, and none that compare at all in loss of life with the wars of Napoleon; neither does Indian history show anything that in anarchy and violence equals the reign of terror in France." Well, the thirty years' war thrust Germany back one hundred and fifty years in the scale of civilization, and was perhaps the most terrible calamity that ever fell upon a nation. Tamerlane, however, put 100,000 Hindus to the sword, and the Emperor Jehangir, in the palmy days of the Moghul Empire, lamented in his memoirs that although he and his father had massacred "five or six hundred thousand human beings," Hindustan was still "turbulent and disaffected"; and I doubt whether any of Napoleon's achievements were quite on that scale. As for the reign of terror in France, it is well known that it never raised the French death-rate by the fraction of a point; and it is equally well known that the population of India, under the atrocities and invasions and disorders of what is euphemistically called "native rule," remained almost stationary and only entered on its course of prodigious expansion when the British brought peace and security.

(9) "There has at no time been greater hostility between Hindus and Mohammedans than between Roman Catholics and Protestants in Europe." That is simply equivalent to saying that Hindus and Mohammedans have done nothing worse than burn one another at the stake, duplicate the appalling wars of religion that have devastated Europe, and adopt the methods and practices of the Bartholomew massacre and the Spanish Inquisition. I think that is probably true, and I would only add that if the British left India tomorrow, within three months the old animosities would be again in full swing.

(10) "According to her ability to pay, India is taxed by her foreign rulers more than twice as heavily as England and more heavily than any country in the world." I do not suppose for one moment that the authors of this assertion have entered into the laborious calculations hinted at by that judicious saving clause "according to her ability to pay." I will therefore merely point out that the sum derived from every kind of taxation in 1906-7 amounted to less than \$1 per head and that nearly half of this was the proceeds of the land revenue. The land revenue in India is the precise equivalent of rent in other countries, the cultivator paying to the State what in Europe and America he pays to the landlord; and, unless rent is to be regarded as taxation when the State receives it and merely as rent when a private individual receives it, the sum paid in taxes by the inhabitants of British India is rather less than 50 cents per head per annum.

(11) "The tax on salt alone has reached 2000 per cent of its cost price." The cost of production at the largest sources of supply—the salt lakes of Rajputana—is 4 pence for eighty-two pounds. The duty is 16 pence per eighty-two pounds. Therefore the duty is 400, and not 2000 per cent of the cost price. Even this seems large. But so carefully have the costs of production, transportation, and distribution been kept down that the price of salt to the Indian consumer is not materially higher than in England and is substantially lower than in France or Italy or the United

States—being on an average less than 1 cent per pound. Under native rule, owing to bad communications and transport, crude methods of manufacture and a perfect network of inland customs and transit duties, salt was very much more costly and often, indeed, not procurable. While I am on this branch of the subject I will add that the Indian peasant, who forms from two-thirds to three-fourths of the population, pays no tobacco tax, no tea or coffee tax, and only 3½ per cent customs duty on his cotton garments. No peasantry in the world is so lightly taxed.

(12) "England is burdening a starving people with the payment of wars carried on outside of India." England is now doing nothing of the sort. She used to throw a part of the expense of employing Indian troops outside of India upon the Indian exchequer, but the practice was very properly abandoned several years ago and will never be revived.

(13) "The terrible famines in India are not caused by any lack of food, but by an abject poverty brought about by British rule." Famines in India are primarily caused by the failure of the monsoons. When the rains are regular and abundant, agriculture is possible; when the rains are irregular or insufficient, the main industry of the country comes to a standstill and the government is confronted with the problem of the unemployed on a scale beyond any Western experience. The poverty of India is, it is true, abject and pitiable enough, but to charge it to British rule is grotesque. The social habits of the people, their improvidence, their reckless expenditure on dowries and wedding festivals, have infinitely more to do with it than any external agency has or can have. You might remit the whole of the land revenue and abolish the salt tax and the customs duties and India would still be abjectly poor and famines would still occur. As a matter of fact, every test by which one can gauge the well-being of nations—the increase of revenue in spite of a decrease of taxation, the imports and exports, the industrial and savings banks deposits, the railroad returns, the amount of coin and paper in circulation, the figures for investments and so on—all point to a slowly rising standard of comfort in India under British rule.

(14) "The annual tribute paid by India to England is rated at from \$125,000,000 to \$150,000,000." In the ordinary and recognized sense of the word no tribute whatever is paid by India to England. The British connection imposes upon India the annual payment of certain sums. These sums, which amount to less than \$100,000,000 a year, are in payment partly of military and railway stores and materials, partly of administrative expenses, and partly of interest on debt and upon capital invested in productive industries in India. In other words, for every rupee remitted India has received a full and fair equivalent in goods, services, or capital, and Mr. Roosevelt was thus absolutely and literally right in asserting that all the moneys raised from India are spent on India. The sums due from India in this way are actually paid for by the excess of exports over imports, and the authors of the amazing manifesto I am criticizing appear to regard the surplus of exports over imports as a "tribute" to England. But the United States shows annually a huge surplus of exports over imports in her dealings with Great Britain. So also do Australia and the Argentine Republic. Are these countries also paying "tribute" to England, or are the authors of the manifesto talking nonsense?

(15) "The railroad policy of India is controlled wholly by the prospect of strategic value and financial return to England. It is England primarily that profits by these roads; they are in the hands of Englishmen, and the revenues derived from them go into the pockets of Englishmen; they are built where they will be of most advantage to the English, not where they will most benefit the people of India." A mere glance at the map, showing the railroads that link up all the great centres of population, is enough to dispose of the fatuous allegation that lines have been built for the advantage of a few thousand Englishmen or could possibly be made to pay if they did not minister to the needs of Indians. As for the equally preposterous charge that the revenues derived from them go into the pockets of Englishmen, it is enough to say that of the 30,000 miles of railroad in existence, the State owns over 22,000, realizes a profit of some \$12,500,000 on their working, and in one way or another devotes the whole of this profit to the relief of taxation.

There are one or two other statements in the manifesto that I might challenge with equal success, but I have, I think, written enough to expose it in its true character as a masterpiece of mendacity or ignorance.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

Africa produces the world's supply of ivory. Its elephants are mammoths, different in shape from India's tuskless behemoth, and with ancestors which are found and preserved in Arctic ice today, prehistorically true to today's African type. The Indian animal has never been quite the same structurally; has never grown tusks worthy of the name; and is a plain beast of burden, more valuable alive than dead. The stories of hidden ivory which are constantly mooted in magazine romances have not been authenticated in a long experience of trade. However, a huge "cache" of ivory belonging to the prehistoric mammoth, of greater size than the elephant's tusk but of identical dentine, was found in Siberia and sold at Vladivostok to a company of New York. They converted it into notably fine sets of piano keys.



## SOME WOMEN MALEFACTORS.

W. R. H. Trowbridge Tells the Stories of Seven Women Who Have Made History.

There is something immediately attractive about the title of "Seven Splendid Sinners" that Mr. Trowbridge gives to his latest book. We know at once that the splendid sinners must be women, for no one could make so narrow a selection from the ranks of male malefactors, and no one would wish to read such a record if it were written. Even in the case of women it is evident that some process of invidious selection must have been used. No sooner do we read the names of the chosen seven than other names come unbidden to the mind and we wonder at their exclusion. But Mr. Trowbridge's book already runs to substantial dimensions and perhaps the other frail ones have been reserved for subsequent biographical use.

But the present choice is a good one. After all, we are not so much concerned either with the sin or with the sinner as with the influence upon history of both. And from this point of view the choice is a good one. The author's heroines—if that much misused word may be still further misused—all belong to those periods when the fate of nations hinged upon the vices or virtues of individuals and when history was identical with biography. No such book as this could exclude Catherine of Russia, while we may concede that France never produced a greater woman sinner than the Comtesse de Lamotte, although she does not hold her place altogether without competition. There is, for example, the Duchesse de Polignac, whose claims find recognition in a section of Mr. Trowbridge's book. Then come Mme. de Chateauroux, the Duchess of Kendal, Elizabeth Chudleigh, and Lola Montez, who enlivened the history of Bavaria. The selection, if it must be so small, is at least a good one, and it is well used. The author handles his gallery of celebrities with great discretion. His touch is a deft one, so deft, indeed, that the extent of its revelations is surprisingly full. While there are few signs of original research and while we look in vain for much that is altogether new, he succeeds in isolating his seven splendid sinners and in persuading them to stand for our inspection under a very competent searchlight.

By way of selecting a representative of the seven, no better choice could be made than that of the Comtesse de Lamotte, whose name is inseparable from the period of French history immediately preceding the Terror, and whose amazing career throws a light so baleful upon court and society life under Marie Antoinette.

There seems no reason to doubt that this amazing woman actually belonged to the royal house of Valois, although two hundred years must have thinned as it had certainly degraded the status:

Fortune, however, did not favor the Saint-Remys of Valois, and two centuries later the descendants of Henri II and Nicole de Savigny had so degenerated that Jacques de Saint-Remy, the last but one of the Barons of Valois, had sunk to the level of a common peasant. Through the extravagance of his ancestors he had succeeded to an estate encumbered with debts and a chateau so dilapidated as to be uninhabitable. But instead of attempting to retrieve the fortunes of his family, he did his best to ruin them irretrievably. A gambler and a drunkard, he sold acre by acre all that remained of a once splendid estate to provide himself with money for his debauches, in which he had for his boon companions the peasants of the neighborhood, with whom he fought as well as drank. His marriage with the daughter of a gamekeeper completed his degradation, for his wife was as ignorant and as vicious as she was low-born. Having parted with his last acre, and found a purchaser even for the roofless chateau, he and his family moved into a filthy hovel, where the children, Jacques, Jeanne, and Marianna, aged three, two, and one respectively, "naked and nourished like savages," lived on the charity of the parish, or on what their father, now turned poacher, could steal.

Jeanne, the second child of this precious couple, lived to become the Comtesse de Lamotte, and it must be admitted that her social ascension owed little if anything to chance and everything to aptitude and to ability that up to a certain point could hardly have been more successful if directed by a virtuous and laudable ambition.

Upon the death of her father and the disappearance of her mother, Jeanne became a beggar upon the highways and so reached the lowest possible point of descent upon the social scale. Thenceforward she could do nothing but rise, and rise she accordingly did. The first step was on the Passy road and when these desolate children were alone in the world after the desertion by their mother:

Four weeks after her departure, Jeanne, now eight, carrying her little sister Marguerite aged four, on her back, happened to be begging on the road between Passy and Paris, when the Marquis and Marquise de Boulaivilliers passed in their coach and four. The road was steep, and the heavy coach was proceeding slowly, when suddenly the marquise heard a voice exclaim:

"Kind lady, take pity on two orphans descended in a direct line from Henri II, King of France."

Such an appeal and the sight of the pitiful little waif who made it, harefooted, ragged, emaciated, and carrying on her back an equally forlorn creature almost as big as herself, awoke the curiosity and pity of the marquise. She was for relieving their distress on the spot. The marquis, on the contrary, declared the children were impostors and ordered them to be gone. But the naturally quick intelligence of Jeanne, which misery had sharpened exceedingly, had detected the impression she had produced on the marquise, and she continued to huddle under her heavy harden alongside the coach, repeating the stereotyped formula she had been taught, and which was the only one she knew to excite compassion.

The Marquise de Boulaivilliers, who was one of the most sympathetic and charitable of women, to oblige her husband, refrained with difficulty from tossing Jeanne a coin. But she inquired of the child where she lived, and the next day sent a servant to ascertain from the curé if the little beggars were impostors or not. The curé was, of course, unable to confirm

the royal descent of the children, but he told what he knew of them.

The marquise was apparently satisfied, for we find the two girls, under the protection of the marquise, admitted as pupils at the Abbey of Longchamps. The abbey seems to have been governed by rules that may fairly be described as lax, and we may therefore put a correspondingly vigorous interpretation upon a notification from the abbess that the two sisters must cease henceforth to receive visits from gentlemen, such visits having already given occasion to scandal. Evidently Jeanne was already beginning the career that entitles her to a place in this book. But representations to the king had already been made on her behalf and her royal descent was recognized by the court. That, no doubt, was a consolation under the restrictions of a religious refuge.

We have a personal description of Jeanne from the pen of Beugnot, whose ardent admiration for her did not altogether stifle his critical faculties. He says:

Mlle. de Valois was not exactly handsome, but she was well formed. Her blue eyes were full of expression and arched with black eyebrows; her face was rather too long and her mouth too wide, but the latter was adorned with fine teeth, and her smile was enchanting. Her hands were pretty, her feet small, and her complexion of dazzling whiteness. She had a naturally quick and penetrating understanding, and entirely lacked the moral sense.

Mademoiselle's next move was to get married. We may infer that the ceremony was expedited by necessity, and perhaps the somewhat plebeian figure of M. de Lamotte would never have intruded itself at all in any regular way, but for one of those embarrassments that place marriage among *les convenances*:

The wedding, however, took place at Bar-sur-Aube; "and not a moment too soon," says Beugnot, "for exactly one month afterward the bride gave birth to twin sons, who died a few weeks later." Lamotte acknowledged them as his, and they were baptized in his name, but local gossip was inclined to "attribute them to M. de Suremont or the old Bishop of Langres, who had been very attentive to Mlle. de Valois."

Evidently there was some uncertainty as to the parentage of these luckless twins, an uncertainty that perhaps the mother herself could hardly have removed.

The first serious adventure in which we find the comtesse was in connection with the Cardinal de Rohan. At that time the cardinal was in disgrace at court, and if his downfall was indeed occasioned by his notoriously dissolute life, we may infer that the influence of the Empress Maria Theresa was sufficient to impress some scruples upon the mind of Marie Antoinette. However that may be, the cardinal was in disfavor and as a result he was profoundly dejected. Perhaps his dejection was responsible for his credulity, for he seems to have listened readily enough to the Comtesse de Lamotte's assurances that she could procure the much desired reconciliation. She had, of course, no influence whatever with the queen, but the cardinal, with a touching simplicity, seems to have demanded no credentials:

When, therefore, having wound herself into his confidence, she boldly declared she would reconcile the queen to him, Rohan believed her, because he wanted to believe her.

"I was completely blinded," he admitted at the subsequent trial, "by the intense desire I had to obtain the good graces of the queen."

Thus his eminence was induced to begin a correspondence with the queen, which was "graduated and shaded in such a way as to make him think that he had succeeded in inspiring her majesty with the greatest interest and the most complete confidence." In order to remove all suspicion from the mind of the cardinal as to the genuineness of the letters he received from the queen, the comtesse found it necessary to employ an accomplice to imitate the handwriting and signature of Marie Antoinette. For this purpose she required a trusty forger, and, as luck would have it, she had one to hand in Reteaux de Villette, a friend of her husband's, who "had a talent for imitating handwriting, and loved her to adoration."

The courage of this woman was at least magnificent. It needed no common audacity to forge a series of letters from a queen to a cardinal and to face the ever-present possibility of a meeting between the two. But the comtesse was not satisfied with forging letters. She proceeded to forge the queen herself and so to rivet the fetters that she had already placed upon the neck of the churchman and that she was to turn so soon to her own advantage. The letters that were thus "graduated and shaded" must have some culmination, and with an almost incredible daring the comtesse now proceeded to arrange for a meeting and for an impersonation of Marie Antoinette that should deceive one who knew the queen so well as did the cardinal.

A young lady, Mlle. Leguay, came to hand opportunely for the purpose. Her chief recommendation was a certain resemblance to the queen, but no less useful was a pliability of nature and a weakness of will that made her the ready tool of the unscrupulous woman who had her in her toils. Mlle. Leguay, known as d'Olive, herself tells something of the part that she played:

"It was a dull night," stated d'Olive in her evidence, relative to the famous episode in the Park of Versailles, when the comtesse made the cardinal believe he had an interview with Marie Antoinette; "not a speck of moonlight, nor could I distinguish anything but those persons and objects which were familiar to me. It would be quite impossible for me to describe the state I was in. I was so agitated, so excited, so disconcerted, and so tremulous that I can not conceive how I was able to accomplish even half of what I had been instructed to do."

This was to offer a rose to "a great nobleman," who was to believe he received it from the hands of the queen, and to say to him, "You know what this means."

The cardinal, "covered in a long cloak, and with the wide brim of his hat turned down over his face," no sooner found himself in the presence of the counterfeit queen than he fell on his knees and kissed her hand, which at the same time he held the rose it held. But before he could utter a word, the artful comtesse, to avoid the almost certain risk of detection,

rushed up, and murmuring "Quick, quick; away, away! we are watched!" drew "her majesty" away.

The cardinal, who had not the least doubt he had met the queen, especially since he had "the rose as a proof," was now so firmly convinced that he was about to be recalled to court as minister that when, in the next of the forged letters he received from the queen, he was asked for "a loan of 50,000 francs for certain charitable purposes," he instantly complied. A month later the comtesse got another sum of 100,000 francs out of him.

It was extraordinarily clever. There is probably nothing like it in history, but if a merciful fate had brought the plan to the ruin that it deserved it might have saved the comtesse from her calamitous adventure with the diamond necklace. That story, at least, is known to all the world, of how she played the cardinal against the queen, persuading the jeweler Böhmer that he was selling the necklace to the queen for 1,600,000 livres and persuading the cardinal to be security for the payments. Space may, however, be found for the scene of retribution, a retribution that was to finish in exile and in violent death:

She was under the impression that she was to be banished the country, and it was deemed advisable not to deceive her, in the hope that her surprise, when informed of the terrible nature of her sentence, would deprive her of the strength to resist, and so enable those charged with the disagreeable duty of inflicting the punishment to effect the object the more easily. Consequently, she was called at five in the morning and "told that her lawyer wished to see her." She rose instantly and, wrapping herself in a cloak, went quickly to a room where, instead of her lawyer, she found eight men and the registrar, who had her sentence in his hand. At the sight of these men she realized that she had been duped. She was seized with a terrible fright and tried to fly, but the door of the room had been locked behind her. One caught her roughly by the arm, another by the skirt, and in a second they had hound "her little delicate hands."

Her fright turned to rage. "Why such precautions?" she asked holdly. "I can not escape you. If you were executioners you could not treat me worse."

She still believed it was only a question of conveying her to the convent to which she was banished. But the registrar, as soon as her hands were bound, ordered her to go on her knees to hear her sentence. This she haughtily refused to do, whereupon one of the men who held her gave a sudden blow behind the knees, which brought her to the ground; a halter was then slipped round her neck, and the registrar then proceeded to read her sentence.

When she heard that she was to be whipped and branded, she fell into a fit. While unconscious, she was removed to the court of the Conciergerie, where the punishment was to be inflicted in full view of the public. Owing to the hour, however, there were very few present. Here she regained her senses, and at the sight of the whip and the branding iron "commenced to utter cries not of terror, but of fury."

Addressing the people who were looking on, she exclaimed, "If they treat thus the blood of the Valois, what lot is in store for that of the Bourbons?" The sight of this shrieking, struggling woman in the hands of eight men "drew groans of indignation from the crowd." Encouraged by these signs of sympathy, the wretched comtesse shrieked and struggled the more, till it was found necessary to tear the clothing from her to mark her with the iron. During this operation she launched forth the foulest calumnies against the queen. To silence her, they put a gag into her mouth, but not before she hit a piece out of the hand of one of her tormentors. Gagged, bound, and naked, she still continued to struggle, so that the branding iron which marked her on the shoulder with the letter V glanced off and marked her on a second time on the breast.

Fortunately, in the midst of the process, she lost consciousness, and the whipping which followed the branding was "slight and pro forma." As soon as the sentence was executed she was thrown half naked and half dead into a cah and driven at full gallop to the Salpêtrière. On the road one of the doors of the cah flew open, and those who accompanied her had barely time to prevent her from throwing herself under the wheels.

"Seven Splendid Sinners" makes no claim to a first-class historical importance, but it is well done, of fascinating interest, and deserving of a welcome from those who rightly esteem the value of the undercurrents in determining the direction of national life.

"Seven Splendid Sinners," by W. R. H. Trowbridge. With forty full-page portraits. Published by Brentano's, New York; \$4.50.

Every indication points to the conclusion that for some years to come the diamond field near Lüderitz Bay, in Southwestern Africa, will continue to yield enormous amounts of small but choice stones. There is but little prospect that any large gems will be found, and stones over even one carat will be rare, for fissure diamonds are invariably small and of uniform size. The diamonds are found in an irregular depression of a desolate region about one mile broad by some thirty long, stretching in an arc from Lüderitz Bay to Elizabeth Bay.

Madagascar's railroad from Tananarivo to the east coast (Tamatave) was inaugurated at Tananarivo, the capital, on January 1, 1909, by Governor-General Augagneux. The inauguration was made at the instance of the railroad's entering Tananarivo, the interior terminus, and the installation of a through service between that place and Brickaville, a little more than a hundred and fifty miles. There are nearly a hundred miles yet to be built between Brickaville and Tamatave.

Miss Marion Wade is the first woman ever chosen in Boston to be city bacteriologist. The microscopic work has a very serious and practical relation to the health of the city. Miss Wade has the devotion of a saint. Her home is in Hamilton, Canada, but she graduated from Trinity University; afterward she went to the Boston School of Technology, where she took a special course in the analysis of food, air and water.

Concrete lamp-posts are being tried out in the District of Columbia. They are made in the shape of a Grecian column and support a frosted globe.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Churches and the Wage-Earners*, by C. Bertrand Thompson. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

Not for a long time have we seen so frank, so free and so unembarrassed a discussion of the gulf between the churches and the wage-earners. From beginning to end of the book there is no discernible sign of prejudice, nor conventional thought, no scolding, and no trucking to institutional influences. The author in every way justifies his judicial position, not only by competent knowledge but by direct and trip-hammer expression.

At the same time we may doubt both his diagnosis and his remedy. There can be no dispute that the wage-earning classes regard the churches not merely with indifference, but with dislike and contempt. The author makes this clear enough, but such causes as the caste spirit, the subservience to wealth and the lack of sympathy with economic victims, all cited by him, are secondary and not primary. Surely we may seek for the primary cause in the fact that the churches are no longer spiritual centres, regarding spirituality as the recognition of human unity and its essential fruit to be unselfishness and the extinction of the selfish personality. This is the teaching of which no section of the community will ever tire. It is also the one essential teaching that has been buried by the churches beneath masses of nauseating dogmas that are the soil from which spring all estranging evils. The churches are not religious and the people have gone elsewhere.

The remedy advanced by the author would seem likely to land the churches in the sewer of practical politics. What the people need, we are told, "is social preaching, discussion of social and economic matters from the highest ethical and religious point of view." The preacher who would discourse upon the tariff, or the income tax, or imperialism would do well to walk warily, and surely no friend of religion could hope for such a thing. We do not want materialism in the pulpit. We want an insistence upon spirituality, upon inner human identity, upon the destruction of selfishness in the personal life, and upon the consequent unfolding powers of the soul. In other words, we want a recognition that the whole of religion is to be found in the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The author's inclination toward materialism seems to be a defect of his book. It is also the fatal defect of the churches. The remedy is not to accelerate the pace, but to return to first principles, not a discussion of "social and economic matters," but of spiritual matters that will first recreate the personal life and then the social life.

*The Black Cross*, by Olive M. Briggs. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This energetic story deals with revolutionary Russia and we forgive its deviations from probability in satisfaction at the sustained vividness of the narrative. The Countess Kaya, after her assassination of the Grand Duke Stepan, so fascinates the great Polish violinist Velasco that she persuades him to go through a midnight ceremony of marriage in order that she may escape from Russia as his wife. They are both arrested at the station—they could hardly expect anything else—and sent to Peter and Paul. Velasco is liberated and Kaya sentenced to death, but she escapes and joins Velasco again just as he is about to start. The railroad being out of the question, they disguise themselves as gypsies and tramp to the frontier, reaching their foreign haven a few minutes ahead of the telegram that would have ruined everything.

Russian revolution has proved a tempting theme for the modern novelist. It supplies unlimited sensation, while general knowledge of the situation is so slight that a certain free-hand descriptive treatment is usually safe. The author of "The Black Cross" shows agility in leaping the crevasses of improbability, while she writes with a fervor, romantic and often poetic, that is admirable.

*The American Stage of Today*, by Walter Prichard Eaton. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

It is about as refreshing to read a theatrical criticism by Mr. Eaton as to witness a good play. He is so frankly unashamed of a fine ideal, his view of the dramatic mission is so large, his scorn of the unworthy is so frank, and his praise of good work so generous that he commands the respect due to a high and fixed standard of values and a fearless use of it. Mr. Eaton wants the stage to be a reality in American life, "not a toy shop nor an Elizabethan relic." He finds it too often a stale conventionality that no one can believe in and that can arouse neither thought nor emotion.

Most of the papers in this book are reprinted criticisms of plays that are dead and gone. That they should still be valuable contributions to theatrical literature, that they should be so much less ephemeral than their subject, is evidence of a largeness of vision,

a vitality of principle to which few critics can aspire. It is a case where the sermons are more valuable than the texts, where the texts would, indeed, be forgotten but for the original fineness of the discourse.

Some substantial parts of the book are new, but even in the most recent chapters there is the same fret for the unattained that marks Mr. Eaton's earlier work. He wants the stage to produce some worthy effect upon consciousness. He wants it to represent the facts, the realisms, of today in such a way that the resulting mental effects shall have a modifying effect upon the conditions of tomorrow. The realism that does not suggest amelioration is not realism at all, because it excludes hope and anticipation. It is merely, in Mr. Eaton's words, "pointing a camera at a pig-sty." This seems to be the author's dominant note, his supreme requirements of the stage, that it should be related to human experience, that it should turn the eye inward to the familiar facts of consciousness, perhaps to the base facts, but then also to the other facts that are not base and that are just as much parts of a universal human heritage as jealousy or greed. He quotes Maeterlinck as asking from the drama some revelation of the "beauty, the grandeur, and the earnestness of my humble, day by day existence," some manifestation of the "God that is ever with me in my room." Not merely a tiresome explanation of why some man was jealous, why he poisoned, or why he was killed.

Only one thing can save the stage from the contempt of intelligent men and women. It must so deal with the facts of experience as to create a new order of reality. The old conventions must disappear if they can not be squared with the consciousness of today and with the experiences of today. The drama must paint the real, and upon a canvas broad enough to include the ideal, for that is the greatest reality of all. And it must so paint it that the ideal of today is constrained into the domain of tomorrow's facts.

It is to be feared that Mr. Eaton's voice is as that of one crying in the wilderness and that the theatre of today as a place of mere amusement will not readily give way to loftier and more national considerations.

*The Message*, by Louis Tracy. Published by Edward J. Clode, New York.

It is not likely that this somewhat daring political story will produce international trouble, but it probably throws a correct light upon the constant sparring for position that goes on between England and Germany in Africa. Arthur Warden, in the service of the English colonial office, is amusing himself during regatta week at the Isle of Wight. He makes the acquaintance of a charming girl and has the additional good fortune to discover that the German emperor is using the opportunities of a friendly visit to plot for a hostile extension of his African possessions. When the scene changes to Africa we find the indefatigable Warden on the spot, utilizing his strangely acquired information and indulging in all sorts of adventures, including captivity and plenty of desperate fighting. The girl is there, too, in the service of German employers, who are upon the other side of the game, and we have a delightful romance with some rather stage-worn scenery in the shape of an ancient document inscribed upon human skin and describing the hiding place of a wonderful ruby. Mr. Tracy tells a good story of adventure, free from improbabilities and with just enough of political incident to give it an acceptable flavor.

*The Glory of the Conquered*, by Susan Glasspell. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This powerful story will not tickle the fancy of the groundlings, but elsewhere it will be recognized as a sincere work of art, one that boldly faces a supreme tragedy of human life and compels it to deliver up at least some of its secret of comfort.

The chief characters are Dr. Karl Hubers and his wife. Hubers is a great pathologist who has devoted his life to the pursuit of the cancer germ. His wife is an artist of capacity and promise. We can hardly imagine a union more in accord with the supposed designs of an intelligent Providence or one more hopeful for the well-being of humanity.

But as a direct result of his laboratory experiments Hubers contracts a disease of his eyes and becomes blind. It would seem that suffering humanity must wait for the relief so nearly won. But Mrs. Hubers, abandoning her art, devotes herself passionately to laboratory study, so that she may put her own eyes at the service of her husband and so continue the work of research upon which so much depended. Then when she is at last ready to begin, when the laboratory is ready to welcome its former chief, Hubers himself is attacked by intestinal diseases and dies. It would seem that Providence is actively maleficent or wholly blind, either delighting in a mockery of sublime devotion and unselfishness or pursuing some path of its own to other ends than human happiness.

The author's solution of the problem must be left for her own revelation. A lesser perception would have led her to religious banalities and commonplaces, and that she is able to

recognize life as something that can not be given nor taken away and as finding for itself an immortality of force, a translation of its energy into other channels shows a deep and original insight and an admirable power of sympathetic thought. She has not the whole secret of fate, nor has any other writer, but she does at least show us some glimpses, some suggestions of the golden flame to be found in the darkest caverns of a bewildered despair.

The machinery of the story is beyond praise. The author is among the few who can paint an ideal picture of married life, or of a woman who is both intellectual and fascinating. She knows, too, how to enliven her story by a delicate humor and to give it the fine balance of a work of art.

*Uncle Gregory*, by George Sandeman. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

This delightful story, practically without incident or plot, strikes an entirely new and happy vein. Only unusual literary skill could make it palatable, and that it is not only palatable but delicious is high testimony to the ability with which the story is told.

The late Uncle Gregory—we never see him in the flesh, nor want to—was one of those monstrosities of philanthropy, one of those ponderous aggregations of fulfilled duties that are occasionally to be found everywhere. He has built up a vast fortune and with it he has endowed charities, philanthropies, and institutions, welding the whole into a vast trust pervaded in every branch by his burdensome personality. Uncle Gregory is a sort of stupendous Mr. Carnegie, only more so, more omniscient, more omnipotent, more—may we say?—Providential. And when Uncle Gregory dies he leaves the whole of his money, the whole of his responsibilities, to his married niece, Vera, and her husband. They must execute the whole of his grandiloquent schemes, administer his preposterous trust, and, in addition, write a comprehensive memoir of the departed.

The obligation settles down upon this young couple like an obsessing nightmare. Uncle Gregory ceases to be an individual and becomes a cult, a religion, a system of thought, a code of action and belief, a perpetual miasma. The greatness of Uncle Gregory was already a family dogma; the perpetuation of his greatness becomes a burden honorable to carry, but crushing and destructive by its weight. The reader quickly forms the opinion that Uncle Gregory was a humbug, a pretentious, unbearable, domineering, and intolerable humbug, but his wretched posthumous victims grovel before his memory and shudder at the blasphemous thoughts that come in unguarded moments. It is all so delicately humorous, so human, so pitiable. The picture never caricatures the possible, never drops below its elegant and cultured level. It is a thoroughly clever piece of writing, true to life and sustained in its excellence.

*The Appreciation of the Drama*, by Charles H. Caffin. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

There are so many intelligent books about the drama that their influence upon the theatre-going world should be greater than is apparent. Mr. Caffin's book deserves to rank with the best of these. In the course of twelve substantial chapters he considers as many different phases of the drama from the standpoints of audience, actor and playwright, and all with a view to telling us how much we might expect, how little we sometimes get, and how we may intensify our pleasure by discriminating between good and bad. The author necessarily uses much historical material, and he uses it well and from a large knowledge and experience.

The final chapters, while not necessarily the most important, are the most interesting, because they contain a protest against the silly realism that is supposed to be "true to life" and a comment upon the coming dawn of the American drama. Realism, we are warned, does not consist of fire engines upon the stage, nor pumps, nor four-legged donkeys, nor a patch in a shirt sleeve nor a darn in a sock. Realism is not to be found in details, but in the broad relation of a play to familiar human life. The main theme must be realistic and therefore stimulating to the imagination and

to introspection, and therefore symbolism, impressionism, and even superhumanism may become the willing servants of realism. It is by its effect upon the mind of the audience, by what the audience takes away with it as a permanent possession that we measure realism, not by the trivialities that are "so natural like."

As to the prospect in America, the author seems to think that the distinctively American drama is not yet in sight. We are still in the "pink-tea" stage, and perhaps far from a dramatic presentation of American life in its broadly national aspects. But it will come.

*Infatuation*, by Lloyd Osbourne. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

The earlier pages of this story lead us to fear that it will be weak, but we are pleasantly surprised to find that the apparent weakness is an element in a considerable strength. Phyllis Ladd, the daughter of the wealthy railroad president, is presented to us as a painfully ordinary young woman, silly, fickle, and brainless. Sent to the marriage market at Washington, she captures the eligibles of the day only to dismiss them for a whim, and then, returning to her country home, she becomes madly infatuated with a second-rate actor at a cheap theatre, who adds the offense of being called Cyril Adair to the grave defects of dissipation and immorality. It is a bad beginning and we see a dreary and sordid vista of intrigue, disillusion, disgrace, and ruin. But we are agreeably disappointed. Elopement and clandestine marriage are the beginnings of better things and not of worse. Cyril finds himself actually in love with the girl whom he intended only to debauch, while she upon her part devotes herself to his reformation with an assiduity and an intelligence past all praise. And she succeeds. She not only makes a man of Cyril, but she makes an actor of him, too. She forces him to retrace his evil steps, to reconcile himself with the managers whom he has estranged, and to aim at the highest places within his reach. The curtain drops upon an ideal menage, upon a father who accepts wholeheartedly a situation that seemed entirely hateful and upon a prospect of good fortune and ideal domesticity. Sometimes the author permits himself a directness of speech that is a little undesirable, but his book is artistic because it brings us out from moral gloom into moral sunshine and shows us the creation of a man and a woman from the dust of the ground. Mr. Osbourne has not done anything worthier than "Infatuation."

Jean Webster, the author of "Much Ado About Peter," is a grandniece of Mark Twain and the daughter of his old publisher Charles L. Webster.

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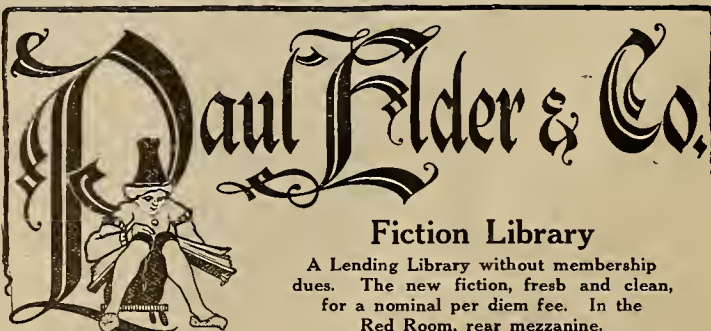
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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Immigration.

*Race or Mongrel*, by Alfred P. Schultz. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

This is one of the books that we read for its exuberant enthusiasm, for a certain literary sparkle, for its condensations of historical fact, and for its large print. It is one of the books that we close with a smile and forget because it is over-saturated with one idea to which history, science, and common experience must bow obsequiously. If theory is opposed by facts then—so much the worse for the facts.

The one idea is the danger to the race from immigration. Nature, we are told with rather wearisome iteration, has no place for the mongrel. Let us close our doors and avoid the contamination of other races, not because those other races are necessarily inferior, but because they are different. It is not a case of good or bad citizenship, but of the crossing of strains. We are to find a warning in the whole history of humanity and in the long succession of peoples who have culminated and then disappeared beneath the poison of alien blood entering through the arteries of immigration.

The author's terminology is painfully loose, not here and there, but in a hundred places, and his terminology is matched by his arguments and his facts. Drawing an analogy from what he calls "nature" he tells us triumphantly that the domestic animal, being a mongrel, is rejected by nature and would disappear but for human protection. Why this division between man and nature? Is not man a part of nature and is not the fact that he can produce and effectively protect mongrel animals and that these animals, together with their mongrel fruits, are the most cherished and the most useful of his possessions a sufficient proof that man works with nature in their production and not against nature? The triumphant appeal to nature as against man, as though man were extra-natural, has been overworked. It means nothing. A few pages further on we find a casual reference to Oriental religion. "Brahmanism," we are told, "demanded active virtues, Buddhism was content with passive, cloistered virtues." The statement is ludicrously untrue. The ethics of Brahmanism and Buddhism are nearly identical, as can be seen by a comparison of the Bhagavad-Gita with the Dhammapada. Elsewhere we are told that Buddha was not a Hindu, and this gratuitous misstatement seems nothing more than the manufacture of a fact to fit a theory. Buddha was a Hindu and of the Kashitreyya caste. The Buddhists were not expelled from India because they were alien either in race or faith as the author asserts, but because they opposed the ruling caste of the Brahmins in precisely the same way that Catholics and Protestants have mutually persecuted each other in Europe. *Ex uno disce omnes*. In spite of the author's erudition and his brilliant presentation he seems to be so obsessed by a theory as to be indifferent to accuracy. Whatever agrees with that theory is therefore and thereupon true.

No doubt we shall restrict immigration. We are doing it already, but the only proper grounds are a lack of the elements of good citizenship. Vague appeals to nature and to distorted history will not persuade us that the mongrel—that is to say, the result of mixed races—is an evil. Our experience in every department of nature seems to suggest the contrary.

*The Ring and the Man*, by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This political story of New York is so convincingly told that we are almost persuaded of its possibility. George Gormly, coming out of the West as an unknown youth, founds a store in the metropolis and by the time he is forty years of age he has built up a colossal business and become a multimillionaire. Stimulated by his love for Miss Haldane, who has the good woman's admiration for the men who "do things," he decides to run for the mayorship of the city, to clean out the civic sewers, and incidentally to prevent the Gotham Freight Traction Company from securing a franchise for certain connections that would place New York wholly at their mercy. He announces his candidacy, declares war upon the administration, resolutely refuses all cooperation with the opposing machine, and appeals to the people upon his own merits. Naturally he has to meet the whole armory of slander, persecution, and malice. He discovers that Miss Haldane's father is the secret head of the traction company and he publishes the fact, regardless of that gentleman's offer of his own daughter as a bribe. A seemingly incredible incident of his early youth in the West is held over him as a menace by the police, but he replies by printing the whole story. And he wins triumphantly by thus playing the game in his own way and defying the organizations, the machines, the "practical politics," and all the traditions of municipal elections. He appeals directly to the voter on the strength of his manhood and rectitude. Mr. Brady almost persuades us that the aver-

age voter has some kind of rudimentary intelligence and embryonic conscience. It is, of course, an effort of the imagination, but it is done so convincingly and with such a stimulating swing as to cause a hope that it may come true.

The book contains some finely told incidents. The interview between Gormly and the chief of police when that brigand comes to him with a threat to disclose the story of his boyhood is finely sensational, and there are other passages of the same calibre. The author has been seeing visions and dreaming dreams, and it is well that such ideals should be presented in a form so fascinating and so certain to grip the imagination.

## New Publications.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, have published in volume form "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy," by Wallace Irwin, with illustrations by Rollin Kirby. Price, \$1.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have reprinted a collection of short stories by Clare Benedict under the title of "A Resemblance." There are ten of them, mostly of a high order, such as "His Comrade," but with an occasional lapse into inconsequence, such as "Brand's Guardians."

"Autumn Leaves," a book of verses by Ardelia M. Barton of San Francisco, ought to be received sympathetically. The whole of the author's original manuscript was destroyed by the fire of 1906 and the work of rewriting was courageously undertaken two years later. The present pleasing volume is the result, creditable alike to the author and to the printer. The book is issued by Bruce Brough, San Francisco.

A very remarkable book is "The Life and Teachings of Jesus," by G. H. Walser. Saturated with a spirit of profound reverence, it approaches its subject with a striking originality, a wide and intelligent survey of historic religion and a fearless disregard of convention. The idea suggests itself that the author has an unnamed religious philosophy of his own which illuminates his theories of Christianity and which gives him a standard of comparisons. He has, at least, written a scholarly work and one that commends itself by its sincerity. It is published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston; \$1.35.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An English clergyman was sitting with Rudyard Kipling in his garden at Rottingdean, England, the other day, when a street organ struck up "The Absent-Minded Beggar." The poet squirmed and presently said: "If it were not suicide, I would kill the man who wrote that." The Springfield *Republican* tartly remarks that if poets write doggerel, they must pay, pay, pay!

Louise Closser Hale dictated "The Actress," her new Harper novel, to a delightful English girl who worked in the typewriting office of Charles Dickens's granddaughter. "Imagine," says Mrs. Hale, "the granddaughter of Charles Dickens taking in any effort of mine! I found her a restraining influence when I came to speak of English conditions, for we Americans are apt to exaggerate British faults; and whenever I saw anything among my notes that I thought would make her 'hopping mad,' I adroitly changed it, or, at least, remoulded my thought more gently. We used to stop at half-past four and have tea, Miss Dickens bringing it in herself and stopping to chat a moment. She is a bright little bird of a woman, and might well have stepped out of the covers of the great novelist's books."

The Lincoln celebration this year was responsible for no less than twenty-seven separate books, lives, odes, reminiscences, recollections, etc.

Dr. Eliot, lately president of Harvard University, said recently at a reception in New York: "My career appears to strike a considerable number of people as a successful one. People congratulate me on what they call my success. But my career has certainly not been successful in what is considered to be the American idea of success. It has not been successful in a pecuniary way. It is success in terms of service—service to the community. Now, does not this refute the common opinion that the American estimate of success is a pecuniary one?" Dr. Eliot then related an incident in one of his travels by boat when the vessel's officers came to him and said: "We officers want to ask you a question. We know you are a smart man. We want to know why, being a smart man, you are not rich?" Dr. Eliot did not repeat his reply, but concluded his remarks on the subject by saying: "The real American estimate of success in the world is serviceableness and not wealth."

Harry Thurston Peck, writing in the April *Bookman*, speaks of the intimacy between Catulle Mendès and Gautier, whose "Le Capitaine Fracasse" Mendès adapted for the stage. But Gautier mistrusted him; and perhaps the reason was that Gautier had a daughter upon whom Mendès cast the eye of admiration. Judith Gautier was only a year younger than Catulle Mendès. Her beauty matched his

own. It was of a most unusual type. Her face was white and pure like that of an antique cameo; her movements were graceful with a certain Oriental indolence. Those who often saw her declared that there was something feline about her—most of all in her unfathomable golden eyes, which might well have suggested Balzac's *filles aux yeux d'or*. "Half goddess and half cat," was what they said of her; and yet she was a timid girl, a little morbid in her nature, and full of odd caprices. She had her father's gift and wrote in prose and verse; yet she went beyond the field of literature and studied science. She sought for knowledge with insatiable curiosity, and yet all the while she was really seeking love. And so, whether she was listening to lectures delivered by grave professors of chemistry or astronomy or zoology, or whether she was collecting lizards and playing with them and letting them creep about her snow-white neck, she was really waiting for some one to arouse in her the flames of passion by which she was willing to be consumed if only for a time she might blaze amid them gloriously.

The centenary of the birth of Edward Fitzgerald occurred on March 31. He was born and spent most of his life in Suffolk, England. While he was one of the few great letter-writers in English, his greatest achievement was, of course, his translation of the quatrains of the Persian astronomer-poet, Omar Khayyam.

Professor Munsterberg of Harvard, whose new book on psychotherapy is now on the stocks, says he is frequently asked by physicians if it is really true that he gives such value to the soul in the treatment of patients. In such cases he feels inclined to answer as the Shah of Persia answered Queen Victoria when she asked him if it was true that the Persians worship the sun: "Yes, your majesty, and I trust that the English people would worship the sun, too, if they ever had a chance to see it."



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LALLY BROUGHTON'S DEBUT.

An After-Dinner Confidence,

They were having their coffee, after a rather elaborate dinner—Quavers and Oliver. Quavers, the composer, was the fashion; though not ten years before he had been trotting about in soled hoots, and *recherché* little dinners, such as the one he had just eaten, were not at all in his line. His host, Sir John Oliver, known to his friends and acquaintances as "Coaly," only three-and-twenty, was the son and heir of the great coal-mine proprietor, Mathew Oliver, who had obtained his honors not because he went to bed drunk every night of his life, nor because he had risen from nothing by an extraordinary combination of brute strength and force of character, but because he had been all his life a horn leader of men. There was nothing of the rough, though, in young St. John. "Auld Mat" had given him the best education to he had for money; he had inherited his father's magnificent constitution; he dressed like a gentleman and he looked like a gentleman; and he had become his own master and a patron of the drama—that sort of young man can be of much use to music and the drama. "Quite the right sort of a chap to have at your back, you know," as Mr. Vampire Trappe, the manager, had observed to old Mr. Steel, the dramatic author.

"Well, Oliver, what do you want to get out of me? Out with it; come to the point at once. Your dinner was a good dinner."

"Oh, hang it, Quavers, you know—"

"Don't heat about the hush, my boy; diplomacy is wasted on a chap like me. You want something, of course. I hope you haven't been writing a sentimental song and are wanting me to set it?"

"Oh, it is not so bad as that," replied the young fellow, with a blush, "though it is a sentimental matter. It is about some one I take an interest in."

"Don't," said Quavers; "it's just the one thing I never will do; I know what you want; it's the old story. You've been got hold of, Oliver. She thinks she can sing or she thinks she can act, and she has told you to try and work me, and I am to pitchfork her into something good, and money is no object, and you'll come down handsomely. I know, I know; but it won't wash, my boy—you've come to the wrong shop."

"You needn't sulk," said the young fellow; "I wanted to speak to you about Lalage Broughton."

The eyes of Mr. Quavers twinkled with suppressed amusement, and he chuckled audibly. "Oh, little Lalage Broughton," he said; "what has she done? Been making an ass of yourself and want your letters hack, eh?"

"It isn't exactly that," replied young Oliver; "I wish I had been making a fool of myself, and if I had," he added, with a great sigh, "I shouldn't want my letters back—there, Quavers."

"Oh, it's as bad as that, is it?" said Mr. Quavers. "Pour le bon motif, eh? Good gracious! King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid, and all that sort of thing. Consult a doctor, my boy—chap who practices in lunacy, if possible."

"Quavers!" cried the young man, excitedly, "I want you to introduce me to her. I—I—hang it, man! I worship the very ground she walks on, and I've sent bouquets and floral hanjeos, and I have sat in the same seat all through the long run of that new comic opera of yours, and every night I've tossed a floral tribute of some sort or other at her feet; and every night, Quavers, she has howed and smiled at me—until last week, and then I was ass enough to put a ring and a note among the flowers, and the next day I got 'em back in a registered letter, and now she just pushes my flowers aside with her foot."

"Of course she does; perhaps she expected a bracelet, and thought you mean."

"It aint that, Quavers," said the young man; "she's not that sort. I made inquiries; it was a mean thing to do, but I did. And I want you to introduce me to her, Quavers, for I know you're a pal of hers. And then, perhaps, she'd forgive me. I swear to you—"

"You needn't, dear boy; you've evidently got it very badly, and I'll oblige you; though it isn't the sort of thing I'd do for everybody; but because you're not a bad sort of chap and you mean honestly. You do mean honestly, eh?"

The young fellow took Mr. Quavers's outstretched hand. "I'm a fool," he said; "I know it, and I've come of a common lot; but I'm not a howling blackguard, Quavers," he cried, and then he shook the hand.

"I'm sorry for you," said the composer, kindly; "and," he added, severely, "you've wasted expensive flesh-pots on me, young man; but I will introduce you. You'll have to wait a for night, and then the run of 'The Little Siren' will be over, and the next day I'm going for a little tour, and I'll introduce you to Lilly Broughton in the morning; is that good enough?"

"Quavers, you're a brick!" cried the young man, excitedly; "if—"

"Oh, I know—if the devotion of a life-

time,' etc. I'll take a whisky-and-soda instead, and then I'll spin you a little yarn."

It is just three years ago (began the composer) that I made little Lally Broughton's acquaintance under very peculiar circumstances. My first comic opera had been accepted, and the final rehearsal was on. It was, to a certain extent, a dress rehearsal, and most of the people had got their clothes, but some of the shoes weren't ready and some of the wigs weren't ready; and there wasn't a soul in the house except half a dozen artists from the illustrated papers, who were making sketches from the stalls. But the whole strength of the company was on the stage; the musicians were in their places. We began at nine-thirty a. m., and we were not done—not really done—till ten that night; and we went right through everything, and a precious anxious time it was I can tell you. And everybody was down upon me, and the stage manager was down upon everybody; and the hallet master had lost his head, and the chorus master was like a raving lunatic; and I had tumbled over the train of Miss Dulcet, the popular favorite, our prima donna, and she had used language to me that she must certainly have learned in Italy when she was completing that expensive musical education of hers; and we were all tired and hungry and pretty well utterly done up. Mr. Wackles, the low comedian, who was playing the part of an innkeeper, had just got through that first song of his about the Staff of Life. He put in a lot of words of his own which he considered funny, but which the author didn't; and he and Sparklebury, the author, were shaking their fists in each other's faces. And the prima donna's understudy had just sent in a medical certificate—not that I cared very much about that, for Miss Dulcet, our sheet-anchor, was in splendid voice. Just then a very curious incident happened. A little, pale, blue-eyed chorus girl suddenly fell down all in a heap at my feet. Wackles and I picked her up and popped her into a property chair; the girl had fainted.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said Wackles kindly enough, when she came to herself.

"Oh, Mr. Wackles!" said the girl—for she is but a girl—"I didn't mean to, I really didn't; please don't say anything about it."

"It aint a time for fainting, Miss Broughton," said Wackles, beating on his chest in his best low-comedy manner; "look at me—I don't faint. When a professional lady wants to faint, she should faint out of business hours; or, if she feels she must, she should go to the canteen and get a corpse-reviver. Can I offer you anything, Miss Broughton?" he said, with a low bow.

"Please don't, Mr. Wackles," said the girl, with a little soh. "And, oh, Mr. Wackles," she added—and there was an awful look about her eyes—"is that a real loaf, sir?" she said, gazing hungrily at the staff of life, one of those long French loaves of bread, which Mr. Wackles was carrying over his shoulder as though it had been a battle-axe.

"Of course it's real," cried Wackles.

"Oh, please," said the girl, "would you give me a slice of it, sir? I haven't got a penny in my pocket, and I haven't tasted anything since eight this morning. These nine weeks' rehearsals, sir, don't bring any salary, and mother and I are very poor."

"Good Lord!" cried Wackles. Then he cut her off a great slice, and, in order to keep her in countenance, he cut off another for himself and began to eat it with great apparent gusto.

Lalage Broughton ate that hunch of bread as though she had been a hungry dog.

"Poor little devil!" cried Mr. Wackles; "it's an infernal shame. I'll give our stage manager a hit of my mind."

I don't know what he said to the stage manager; but they both got very angry.

At that moment I was sent for into the manager's room. Sparklebury was there; so was Mr. Mephiosheth, who represented the syndicate that was running our piece.

"Miss Dulcet has thrown up her part and has left the theatre, Quavers," cried the manager.

"We are just hush," said Sparklebury.

I felt that I was a ruined man.

"Go after her, dear boy," cried Mephiosheth; "promise her anything, promise her everything, promise to marry her if you like, but bring her back. We have no understudy and we've got to produce tomorrow."

I rushed out. I ran across the stage. "Wackles," I said hurriedly to the low comedian, "we are done! Dulcet has chucked us, and there is no understudy."

"Zeruhahel!" shouted Mr. Wackles.

"Please, sir," cried little Lally Broughton, clutching my arm—"oh, please, Mr. Quavers, do give me a chance, sir. I'm letter-perfect in the music and words and I know all the business; and I feel—I know I can pull you through."

All of a sudden I saw that the little girl in the shabby cloth jacket was an angelic being.

It was my only chance.

Lally Broughton did the trick, sir. We rehearsed the last act, she went through the other three with the principals the next morning, and in the evening we sprang our new prima donna upon the world of fashion.

That girl has made my fortune, Oliver; I'm

to be married to her this day fortnight (added Mr. Quavers, with a smile). I think I should like you to be my best man, because, you see, we are both in love with her.

"Quavers," replied, Oliver, after a pause, "I—I shall be delighted. You're a lucky fellow."—C. J. Wills in *St. James's Gazette*.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues, which are regular annual events in the big Eastern cities, will again visit San Francisco, after an absence of four years. They present by means of motion-pictures, panoramic and beautifully colored views, exactly what Burton Holmes and his fellow-travelers saw in their jaunts through foreign countries. Busy street scenes, religious ceremonials, national dancers, beautiful views, and even aeroplane ascensions and motor races are depicted true to life and nature. The talk which accompanies the pictures is filled with useful information and personal anecdote. Mr. Wright Kramer, the well-known actor, who for many years has been Mr. Holmes's companion on his tours, gives the descriptive talks.

Three courses will be given here and they will be arranged so that one need only attend twice a week to hear all the subjects. Two of these courses will be in the evening and one in the afternoon, and the subjects will be "Berlin," "Vienna," "Paris," "London," and "Fez," the principal city of Morocco. The talks will be given at Christian Science Hall, commencing with "Berlin" on Thursday night, April 29.

A course of three of the Travelogues will be given in Oakland on Friday afternoons at Ye Liberty Playhouse, commencing April 30.

Mischa Elman.

The opening attraction at the Garrick Theatre, which is to be the new name of the present Orpheum building on Ellis Street near Fillmore, will be Mischa Elman, a young Russian violinist, who at the age of eighteen is hailed as a master-player. Not on account of his marvelous technic, not on account of his wonderful tone, nor on account of his youth, is Elman recognized as a marvel, but on account of his wonderful insight into the works of the masters. Manager Will Greenbaum announces three concerts in this city, Tuesday and Thursday nights, April 20 and 22, and Sunday afternoon, April 25. The prices will be \$2, \$1.50, and \$1, and seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Thursday morning, April 15, when complete programmes may be obtained. Among the great works promised are the "Symphonie Espagnole" by Lalo, and Mendelssohn and Saint-Saëns "Concertos."

On Friday afternoon, April 23, Elman will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

English Reform in Dancing.

When the king and queen visited Berlin last month the programme at the ball given in their majesties' honor included a number of dances popular in the days when elegance was considered to be a desirable feature of deportment. This fact has prompted an English society of dance teachers to urge that the king should follow the splendid example set by the Kaiser and arrange to include a revival of some of the famous court dances of former periods in the programme of at least one State ball during the season, remarks the *London Daily News*.

Many people object to dancing, and they have more than a little reason when one considers the catch-as-catch-can methods of grabbing a partner which prevail in the majority of hallrooms today. Courtesy—perhaps stately and frigid, but none the less delightful

—was an absolute essential to the proper execution of the graceful court dances of olden times. There is no doubt that a partial reform such as that suggested by the dance teachers would undoubtedly be welcomed if made fashionable by royal favor.

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In place of the Kindergarten, a French school has been opened, where the French language is taught by means of charts, pictures, games, songs, and stories.

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## TWO DRAMAS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Big doings are on at the Valencia, with "Peter Pan," and all its attendant mechanical and scenic wonders, in prospect. So much so that the theatre will be dark during several days of preparation. "Pretty Peggy" is filling out the first part of the week most acceptably. Costume plays always seem to go well with young audiences, and the Valencia's patrons are largely recruited from the ranks of youth.

This is Blanche Stoddard's last week—an excellent system; this of frequent changes in the personnel of theatrical companies. Mace Greenleaf, by the way, seems to have quietly drifted away. I am convinced that, with Miss Stoddard and Mr. Greenleaf in the positions of leading man and woman at the Valencia, "The Devil," which with Robert Warwick and Willette Kershaw was full of sensuous suggestion, would have been quite innocuous. Neither of the two has subtlety, or the slightest suggestion of secret reserves. Perhaps that is one reason why Blanche Stoddard appeared to better advantage as Peg Woffington, or, at least, the frank, careless, loyal kind of Peg that is the heroine of "Pretty Peggy."

I always find myself speculating, when I am watching Miss Stoddard act, as to the cause of her lack of charm. She has a good stage figure, at once slender and gracefully rounded, a well-featured, and often very pretty face, large, telling eyes, abundant blonde hair, and a far-reaching voice. But I think her great lack is the artistic temperament. The indications are that she does not often enough fall into the slough of despond and conclude that she is a failure as an actress. Such a state of mind is very healthy for artists, as it induces study and the putting forth of greater efforts.

Miss Stoddard, for instance, is probably unaware that, in spite of her voluminous voice, her words frequently fail to carry, because of lack of modulation. There is something for her to work with—a voice that has carrying power in itself and physical vigor behind it to keep it fresh and strong, but that always has a monotonously complaining note. Her Peg Woffington, in the matter of externals, was pretty well conceived, but it lacked in the subtle essence of feminine charm.

Mr. Thomas MacLarnie, temporarily acting as leading man, is good looking, well set up, has something of the air of a man of the world, but his emotions, as expressed in acting, always seem to proceed from a shallow pool, instead of a deep, exhaustless fountain.

"Pretty Peggy," however, is a play built entirely on the obvious. It contains no psychology, and nothing particularly original, being much in the style of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." The author, borrowing an idea from "The Royal Box," has an effective finale, which necessitates the occupancy of two of the stage boxes by members of the company, while a powder-and-patched and silk-and-satin-clad troupe of gallants comes charging down the aisle, waving their swords, and shouting disapproval of the two French dancers on the stage, against whom in common with the Dublin actress Peg's enemies have hatched this plot, in order to bring her to confusion in her part. Of course, Peg comes on the stage and, in a fine brogue, stills the tumult, orders off the offending pair, puts her antagonists to shame in the sight of the public, and generally covers herself with lime-lighted glory. No doubt at all but hers is a fat rôle. This scene is the grand culmination of an otherwise absolutely unremarkable play. I looked at the audience, which, of course, suddenly found itself caught up in the whirl of action, and playing the part of spectators in Covent Garden Theatre, with much interest, to see just how far the illusion went. I saw that it didn't go at all. We were too close to the players, who were wrangling and shouting just about two inches from our noses. But, at the same time, the spectators thoroughly enjoyed the excitement, the din, the contiguity of the players. They were all grinning from sheer enjoyment, but the grins were an indication that they were not really entering into the sympathetic emotions supposed to be awakened in their bosoms by the exciting, undoubtedly effective, but, in a way, inartistic finale of "Pretty Peggy."

A marked tendency of the age seems to be toward dramatic representation. It is curious

to observe how many social organizations gravitate toward it inevitably. Women's clubs, social and civic, religious and educational associations, the clubs organized both by toilers and idlers, seem always eventually to gravitate toward giving a public theatrical representation of some kind.

Newspaper correspondents reflect the prevailing interest; they play around all kinds of subjects, but invariably settle down to dealing out information about the latest thing in the world of theatrics. The literary department of a college curriculum tends toward the study of drama. Notable dramatic representations in the leading colleges are getting now to be more and more a regular institution.

This tendency has naturally received a great impetus at our own State university on account of the existence of the Greek Theatre. The people in San Francisco, as well as the string of cities across the bay, feel a great pride in the Greek Theatre, which is, no doubt, deeply reflected in the breast of the donor, as, indeed, it well may be.

On last Saturday night the stage of the mighty amphitheatre wore an unusual aspect of color and luxury, in preparation for the performance of "The House of Rimmon." Henry Van Dyck's scholarly play. Yes, that is the word—scholarly. A little too scholarly to be vital and interest-compelling; but, as a stage spectacle, quite imposing.

Extra preparations of an unusual nature were evident. A double flight of steps, leading to an upper gallery, broke up and diversified the broad spaces of the great stage. In the centre, a pair of rich curtains swayed in the night breeze, making occasional revelations of the concealed shrine in which reposed the image of Rimmon, the favored god of the Damascenes. Rugs and rich stuffs were disposed over the railings, and pale torch flames fluttered and swayed in the night wind.

Upon this luxuriously arranged space came and went kings and envoys, priests and warriors, courtiers and revelers, and a dark plot involving wifely disloyalty, treachery to the king, and treason against the State and the people of Damascus was gradually unfolded before us.

The young collegiates had been carefully tutored in their rôles by Garnet Holme, the university coach, and did extremely well. The acoustics of the great structure are perfect, and the voices carried perfectly up to the very highest of the lofty tiers.

In the matter of vocal equipment these amateurs were far ahead of many professional performers. Another point that is much both to their credit and that of Mr. Holme was the dignity of gait, attitude, and gesture assumed by the players.

Incidental music, made up of selections of appropriate spirit and sentiment, was rendered by the University Orchestral Society, under the leadership of Paul Steindorff, and some peculiarly beautiful vocal selections characterized by a striking, semi-harsh strain, heightened the effectiveness of the general performance.

The action of the play transpires some eight hundred years B. C. Henry Van Dyck's keen interest in, and scholar's knowledge of these ancient times, together with his well-known literary taste and discrimination, have assisted him in the composition of a creditable and dignified drama. As often happens, however, with erudite scholars who turn to play-writing, the drama is heavy, and moves with too ponderous a dignity. It was so, too, with Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Judith of Bethulia." Yet "The House of Rimmon" was a good choice. There were no great standards of acting in the memory by which to institute invidious comparisons, and the scoffer who came to crack peanuts and jokes remained to listen and enjoy.

Mr. Will Greenbaum, our local impressario, continues to bring to us a steady procession of men and women renowned for various arts in the world of music.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the young Russian known as "the poet of the piano," charmed, this week, the faithful little coterie that, inspired with a sincere love for the best music, always assembles on these occasions to show their appreciation, and support Mr. Greenbaum in his sometimes discouraging enterprise.

Gabrilowitsch is a pale, rather austere looking young man, with an aureole of crisp hair, and that peculiar depression at the backward portion of the crown of the head that is often a characteristic of musicians.

He gave an interesting programme, the principal number of which was the Elegy in variation form by Daniel G. Mason, the American composer. In this the young pianist demonstrated his fine mastery of the grandeur of style, great delicacy of technique, and well-controlled strength of execution. His most thunderous chords carried their meaning and their message perfectly, and the piano passages were marvels of delicately caressed murmurings. After the rich Rembrandt glooms of the American composition, whose numerous and taxing movements were rendered with unabated freshness and enthusiasm, the Chopin Impromptu A flat came like a flash of brilliant light. The work of a great artist often revives associations of kin-

dred arts. The marvels of tone are prone to suggest words, to the lover of thoughts beautifully expressed, and the Chopin Nocturne E minor seemed to resolve itself into "a long and leafy Lebanonian sigh."

Warm appreciation was shown toward the youth, who almost possesses the power of making an instrument articulate, and much interest is bound to be felt in the third appearance of the young Russian during Greenbaum's coming Easter festival of music at Dreamland Rink.

## French Academy Introductions.

In an essay on "The Forty Immortals," printed in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the essayist, Mme. Charles Bigot, a Frenchwoman who writes under the pen-name of Jeanne Mairret, gives extracts from several of the addresses made by newly elected members of the French Academy. It is the unwritten law that each speaker, on his first appearance, shall eulogize the member who formerly occupied his seat, and these discourses are always gracefully done, often they are eloquent tributes. Here are some examples, quoted by Mme. Bigot:

When Renan was named, in 1879, the amiable Pingard had much difficulty in finding even stools for the fine ladies who crowded the hemicycle. Renan's oration was noble and simple. He said: "What is this company, gentlemen, but a centre for liberty; here, all political, philosophical, religious, literary opinions, all the different ways of understanding life, every sort of talent, all kinds of merit are assembled in perfect equality. That is the secret of your eternal youth; that is why your institution puts forth new shoots as the world grows old. . . . We reach your circle at the age of the Ecclesiast, a charming age, the most conducive to serene gaiety, where a man begins to see, after a laborious youth, that all is vanity, but also that many vain things are worthy to be tasted and relished."

Of M. Paul Bourget's discourse (1895) I shall quote a paragraph only; it does him more credit than many of his rather lengthy pages of analysis:

"A youth plucks, in hooks, the flowers of human sentiment. . . . He is like his child-brother who, picking flowers to play at being a gardener, plants them in a heap of sand, thinking that he has thus created a real garden. At noon, he leaves it bright and perfumed; but in the evening, returning, he finds the blossoms faded and he weeps, for he is but a child and does not know that flowers need roots. . . . The youth likewise is ignorant of the law which imposes certain conditions to the growth of sentiment. He does not know that ecstatic moments are rare and that one must become worthy of them, worthy of love, worthy to feel, I was going to say, worthy to suffer."

M. Jules Lemaitre, that prince of critics, that most charming of writers, was elected in 1896. Those who expected intellectual fireworks from the witty polemist were disappointed. His task was to praise the historian and professor, Victor Duruy, and he accomplished that task with all the earnestness and dignity of which he was capable. He remembered that he, also, had had the honor of wearing the professor's robe. Of this oration, I shall quote only a portrait of Napoleon III, which has, I think, never been equaled:

"The epic poem of his uncle's life, the marvelous strangeness of his own, acted upon him as a sort of opium, all the more that circumstances had greatly come to his aid, and that he had known the extremities of fortune without being in any sense a man of action. With half-shut eyes, he dreamed confusedly of the enfranchisement of nationalities, of the establishment of a slightly socialistic and yet Caesarian democracy, of the historical completion of the Revolution: vast projects; how they were to be accomplished remained vague in the gentle fatalist's imagination, dazzled as he was by a prodigious destiny, of which he had been the toy and of which he thought himself the hero."

It was on the 19th of March, 1859, that Gounod's opera, "Faust," was produced for the first time at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris—in which city it has been sung some fifteen hundred times. This would in itself be a remarkable record; but when we remember that the piece has enjoyed a continuous popularity from the beginning at every European and American capital, and throughout the whole civilized world, and remains, in spite of all the operas of the last half century, very near the head of the list, its vitality becomes especially worthy of note.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The women of this fair land are up in arms—if the expression may be allowed—against the tax upon stockings and also upon gloves. A sort of mass meeting has been held at Chicago and the old battle cry against taxation without representation has been raised. It is a delicate matter. That women wear stockings, that there is any part of their anatomy needing such attire, is not one of those things that the truly chivalrous and fine-minded man will admit without protest. It belongs to a department upon which he has no information and seeks none. In the recesses of his nature he may entertain a faith in things not seen which is said to be one of the finest attributes of religion, but that a brutal tariff bill should thus rush in where angels fear to tread, that mere vulgar male politicians should thus lay their hands—but our enthusiasm is running away with us and we are getting into blushing difficulties. Be it sufficient to say that a tax upon ladies' stockings is an outrage, that it forces their reputed wearers into embarrassed protests, and that it may even lead to the taxation of other things still more unmentionable and even unthinkable.

Now, in the case of gloves we are upon firmer ground. Gloves are supposed to be an article of luxury, and therefore fair game for the rapacious tax collector. No doubt they were articles of luxury when the tax was first imposed, but they are certainly so no longer. Nor can they be said to be altogether articles of necessity, seeing that the women of Chicago, in mass meeting assembled, solemnly pledged themselves to do without gloves if the increased tax were imposed. Gloves evidently occupy some middle ground between luxuries and necessities, but the threat of the women of Chicago to do without them is a formidable one. When women begin to do without things it is time for tariff minions to sit up and take notice. But really the women should be a little more consistent. In the case of gloves they threaten that they will do without them. Why do they not threaten also that they will do without stockings.

The suggestion to tax bachelors has recently been mooted in America and was received with some favor by married men. The bachelors themselves emitted a feeble bleat, but they knew enough not to make themselves conspicuous, and they had, moreover a consciousness of guilt. The proposal now finds an echo in Europe, where, indeed, it originated and was actually carried into practice long ago. The question was debated by the Oxford and Cambridge Union Societies at Lincoln's Inn upon the motion "that this House would welcome the imposition of a special income tax upon bachelors above the age of twenty-five."

This was moved by Mr. Arthur H. Forbes. We may assume that Mr. Forbes is married and that the stern eye of his spouse was upon him. He said he looked forward to the day when bachelors would be looked upon with contempt by all civilized countries—"and also in Ireland." Mr. Forbes may make his mind easy. They are already.

But the speech of the evening was made by Miss Woods, who described herself as a "surplus woman," and perhaps was prejudiced. She said that bachelors had no income to tax. That, at least, was what they said when she asked them to account for their degraded isolation. Moreover, she preferred bachelors to married men and here again we must allow for the personal equation. Married men she described as "cramped and selfish and in many ways objectionable." She herself had followed many men to the altar (in the capacity of bridesmaid) and she had invariably noticed that whereas the bride improved after marriage, the bridegroom went steadily down hill. So she preferred men to remain bachelors.

A lady (unmarried) thought twenty-five was too young—thirty-five was quite soon enough, and from that age she would impose cumulative tax. So that if a man was not married at fifty he would be taxed out of existence. She said quite frankly that she much preferred married men to bachelors, who seemed to be under the impression that if an unmarried woman asked them to tea she was going to turn the gas down and get him to propose.

A gentleman blandly turned the debate into the channel of tariff reform, and discussed the feasibility of taxing imported bachelors—though he was not quite sure whether they would come in under the head of raw material or manufactures. He was also responsible for the suggestion that if bachelors were taxed there should be as a corollary a stamp duty on refusals.

Whenever Mrs. White returns from her annual trip to Paris we know that a lot of shocking revelations are in store for us. Male curiosity as to Mrs. White's importations is of the liveliest kind, and no sooner has that remarkable woman come to anchor in New York than she is surrounded by newspaper men who wait for her to explain the very latest improvements in the female form divine. Mrs. White is willing to do it. She has the engaging frankness of a Lydia Pinkas men are proverbially of slow

understanding she is ready to throw reserve to the winds and to give practical demonstrations to all and sundry.

The new gown was under discussion upon the latest of these occasions. The figure must, of course, be made to fit the gown and not the gown to fit the figure. If Providence has shown itself unaware of modern sartorial needs, then Providence must be corrected by methods hydraulic and otherwise. Mrs. White dismisses this preliminary with easy and omnipotent grace. "The first and indispensable thing," she says, "is to make over the figures of all women." That seems simple enough. There are only about five hundred millions of them. It must be done, because "as things now are the women could never wear the gowns at all." That, of course, settles it. The gowns must be worn, and so the helpful Mrs. White has "special corsets which enables them to mold their figures to the requirements."

The bashful exhibitor is quite willing to tell us about these corsets. We have a settled conviction that she would show them to us *in situ* if we pressed the point at all, which, of course, we would not do. We are willing to take her word for the geographical details when she says that "the corset will reach almost to the knees, and the waist line will be half way between the thighs and the knees."

Now, this seems like a radical structural alteration in the original specification, and we are not sure that we like it. A woman's waist has tender associations of which Mrs. White seems to know nothing, but some kind of injunction ought to be issued to prevent her from carrying out her fell design. The feminine waist in its present admirable position has so far answered all demands made upon it. The creative design seems to us to have placed it exactly where it will do the most good and not without distress and foreboding can we see it thus carried away, so to speak, and deposited in an entirely new place. If this sort of thing goes on we shall never know where to find it. We can not now learn new tricks, and after the male arm has acquired throughout the centuries a certain automatism of direction it is hardly fair to make an entirely new survey of the ground and a redistribution of properties that must inevitably end in confusion. And it is so unpoetic. A thousand singers have voiced the charms of a woman's waist. How can we speak of the lover who at the critical moment allows his arm to encircle the adored one "half-way between the thighs and the knees." It would be an undignified position for any man of average height and it would be decidedly embarrassing for the lady.

No. Mrs. White must check her wild career. We do not wish to see any reconstruction of the female form. It is exactly as it should be and to meddle is to spoil. Least of all must there be any tampering with the waist. Metaphorically, we are all prepared to grovel during courtship days, but not physically. The waist is the one part of a woman that can not be said to belong to her. It was reserved for tender and sacred purposes and we wish to have it left exactly where it is and where we can always find it at a moment's notice.

Henri Rochefort, the fire-eating editor of *L'Intransigeant*, has made an effort to ascertain the wifely characteristics most desired by the average Frenchman. He asked how, in the opinion of his readers, the following thirteen good qualities in a woman should be graded in point of importance: Beauty, kindness, courage, constancy, fidelity, good nature, brightness, frankness, cleverness, wealth, health, wit, and talent.

Some 20,000 men sent in answers, and the result is surprising.

It might be thought that a Frenchman, or, indeed, a man of any other country, would put wealth or beauty first, but no, the majority put wealth about half way down the list, and beauty last of all. Neither idealists nor realists were prepared for such a result.

The quality regarded as the most precious of all is health. Then comes courage. Frankness comes fourth; then follow wit, fidelity, cleverness, wealth, and constancy. Last but not one comes good nature, and last of all beauty.

Of the 20,000 replies only 342 placed beauty among the first half dozen desirable qualities.

The women of the churches and of the so-called "temperance" organizations are hot upon the trail of Mrs. Taft. They are not without hope that Mrs. Taft can be persuaded to follow the fatuous example of Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes and banish intoxicating liquors from the White House. There has been a skurrying through the clubs and a beating-up of the fanatics, petitions have been signed and special meetings called, and while the numerical results are not very striking there has been a great display of activity and of the unctuous rectitude that consists of hampering the liberty of other people.

It is needless to say that Mrs. Taft is unmoved. She does not propose to make herself ridiculous or to place White House hospitality in the humiliating position that it occupied under President Hayes. The whole nation, and for that matter the whole world, laughed

consumedly when Evarts said of a Hayes dinner that "water flowed like champagne."

It is strange that the suffragettes do not try to muzzle the self-righteous sisterhood, for this same sisterhood is a serious enemy to "the cause." Every time the women's organizations attempt a piece of impudent coercion such as this we get an object lesson in the sort of thing that women would do if they had the legislative power. We should become a nation of total abstainers by force of arms, we should be legally forbidden to smoke, to drink coffee or to go to bed without saying our prayers. A woman's opinion of desirable legislation is usually grossly tyrannical. It is her fixed conviction that whatever is undesirable should be forbidden by law and that whatever is desirable should be compulsory. This is the spirit shown by the women who want to exclude wine from the White House. It is shown by nearly all women who find direct or indirect legislative power within their grasp, and of all other factors it is the most hurtful to the cause of the suffragette.

According to mailed reports from Sweden, the people there are gravely agitated because King Gustav wore a colored dress coat at a ball that he recently gave at the castle in Stockholm. The courtiers all wore similar coats, while the ladies of the court had their hair powdered.

This "unheard of gorgeousness" called forth protests from the press, one newspaper saying that the wearing of colored dress coats made an unpleasant impression upon the well-to-do classes. Dress coats, if worn at all, ought at least to be black, colored dress coats are the invention of the evil one.

Both leaders in Parliament, the paper adds, are much disturbed by the king donning such a gorgeous garment, and questions to the ministers are expected.

The undergraduates of Cambridge University are determined to turn their trousers up in spite of the dictates of fashion that now require the trousers to be turned down. There is a simple reason for this obduracy. The turned-up trousers permits the display of a certain amount of sock and the undergraduate delights in this opportunity to show variegated colors and startling designs. Brilliant

marmalade yellows were popular for a time, and then came bright purples, greens, and reds. Sometimes there were appalling combinations of color and of geometric patterns, and that all this gorgeousness should be hidden beneath the trousers was more than the undergraduate soul could stand. What cared he for a changing fashion? Was he not a law unto himself? And so, by way of protest, the undergraduates recently turned out in force with their trousers not only turned up in the usual way, but double turned, so that the magnificent socks were displayed to their very edge and a good deal of not so magnificent leg into the bargain.

The Bishop of London recently gave some remarkable advice to the students of a fashionable girls' school in the West End. The curse of that part of London, said the bishop, was not what might be called open immorality, but the prevalence of the "catty" spirit, by which he meant the way in which many persons spent their lives saying ill-natured things about others. He had known of the reputations of good men and women being taken away, he said, by the "catty" spirit prevalent in the West End drawing-rooms.

"Never be cats," the bishop advised his young audience. "There is all the difference in the world between an old maid and an old cat. Some of the old maids of London are the most loving and gracious people in it, and you needn't be afraid of being an old maid so long as you are not an old cat."

Mr. Wabash (to Miss Waldo, of Boston)—I suppose, Miss Waldo, that your father is in business in Boston? Miss Waldo—Oh, yes; he is one of the prominent shoe manufacturers there. Mr. Wabash—Ah, indeed. I have never had much business experience myself. Now, about how long does it take your father to make, say, a good eight-dollar shoe?—*New York Sun*.

"Haden't you better wash the dishes before we go?" said a man who was taking a hired girl out for a walk; "your missis will be sure to see them and scold you." "No, she'll not," replied the girl; "as soon as she learns I am going out for the evening, she'll spend all the time looking through my trunk."—*Puck*.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Several years ago the late Sir Francis Lockwood got a prisoner off by proving an alibi. Some time afterward the judge met him and said: "Well, Lockwood, that was a very good alibi." "Yes, my lord," was the answer; "I had three offered me, and I think I selected the best."

John Bright used to tell how a barber who was cutting his hair once said to him: "You 'ave a large 'ead, sir; it is a good thing to 'ave a large 'ead, for a large 'ead means a large brain, and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can 'ave, as it nourishes the roots of the 'air."

The canine specimen did not appear in any way remarkable, but he had a value. "Yes, sir," boasted the hotel proprietor, "that dog's the best rat-catchin' dog in the State." Even as he spoke two big rats scurried across the office floor. The dog merely wrinkled his nose. "Rat dog!" scoffed the traveling man. "Look at that, will you?" "Huh!" snorted the landlord. "He knows them. But just you let a strange rat come in here once!"

Mexicans have a nice, delicate way of saying even unpleasant things. A young Mexican lady, talking with a prisoner in the penitentiary, politely asked: "How long do you expect to be away from home?" A lawyer in Mexico writes, politely, of a certain señor: "I have written to Señor about the documents, and I am awaiting his reply. He has not answered, although there has been plenty of time. I hear he is in jail, and that, of course, handicaps him to some extent."

A newly elected senator from the West was on his way to Washington. He was thinking great things, when the conductor came into the car with his characteristic "Have your tickets ready." The senator began to fumble in one pocket, then another. When the conductor came to him he was still looking for the ticket. "Did you have it when you got on?" inquired the conductor, somewhat impatiently. "Of course I did. This isn't my first trip." "Then you couldn't have lost it." "Couldn't have lost it?" replied the irate politician. "H—l, I lost a bass drum once."

The commercial traveler had been summoned as a witness, and the counsel for the defense was cross-examining him, and eliciting many interesting details as to "exces," etc. "You travel for Jobson, Hohson, Slobson & Co., don't you?" said the lawyer. "Yes, sir." "How long have you been in their employ?" "About ten years." "And you have been traveling all that time, have you?" "Well, no, sir," confessed the nothing-but-the-truthful witness, making a hasty mental calculation, "not actually traveling. I have put in about four years of that time waiting at railway stations."

A Boston lawyer named Ames was retained as counsel for a man who stepped in a hole in the street and broke his leg. Suit was brought against the city in the sum of one thousand dollars, and Ames won the case. The city appealed to the supreme court, but here, also, the verdict was in favor of Ames's client. After settling up the claim, Ames handed his client a silver dollar. "What is this for?" asked the man. "That is what is left after taking out my fee, the cost of appeal, and other expenses." The man regarded the dollar a moment, then looked at Ames. "What is the matter with this?" he asked. "Is it bad?"

Mr. Dingley was riding up one day in the trolley car from the capitol with Mark Hanna. He said: "Mark, you are many years younger than I am and you have made millions. I never have been able to get ahead of the game in life, and yet my legislation has made rich men richer and poor men rich. Now, how do they do it?" Hanna said: "Dingley, I can tell you right off how to make 25 per cent on your investment." Dingley turned eagerly to his supposed benefactor and said: "For heaven's sake, Mark, how?" "Why," said Hanna, "these 5-cent tickets upon which we ride are sold by the railroad company in a bunch at 25 per cent discount. There is your fortune, if you invest enough."

Dean Farrar, in his "Reminiscences," says that the first proofs of Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" informed the reader that from the monastery of Sinai was visible "the horn of the burning beast!" This was a fearfully apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil for "the horizon of the Burning Bush." The original proof-sheets also stated that on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethany, "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of—Jones!" In this startling sentence "Jones" was a transmutation of "Jerus," the dean's abbreviated way of writing "Jerusalem." When the dean answered an invitation to dinner, his hostess has been known to write back and inquire whether his note was an acceptance or

a refusal, and when he most kindly replied to the question of some workingman, the recipient of his letter thanked him, but ventured to request that the tenor of the answer might be written out by some one else, "as he was not familiar with the handwriting of the aristocracy."

The French author, Martainville, who began his career toward the close of the last century, was a Royalist, and did not hesitate to attack the French Revolution and its authorities. Presently, of course, he was summoned to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, with the terrible Fouquier at its head. The revolutionary tribunals at that time did not hesitate to send everybody to the guillotine who had ventured to attack them. Martainville expected to go with the rest of the victims. "What is your name?" asked the revolutionary judge. "Martainville," said the young author. "Martainville!" exclaimed the judge; "you are deceiving us and trying to hide your rank. You are an aristocrat, and your name is De Martainville." "Citizen President!" exclaimed the young man, "I am here to be shortened, not to be lengthened! Leave me my name!" A true Frenchman loves a witticism above all things, and the tribunal was so much pleased by Martainville's grim response that it spared his life.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Motor Goose Rhyme.

Sing a song of motors,  
Whizzing à la mode;  
Four and twenty victims  
Killed on the road.  
When the copper hails him,  
The chauffeur speeds his pace;  
Isn't that a pretty way  
To treat the human race!

—Carolyn Wells, in Metropolitan Magazine.

## Jerry.

The cassowary is a bird  
That's hard to capture, very,  
Folks hunting for her plumes have made  
The cassowary wary.

—Kansas City Times.

## Fabulous.

It happened one day  
On a street car, they say,  
And the man came from Mount St. Elias.  
He stood on his feet,  
Gave a lady his seat,  
And "she thanked him." (3:6, Ananias.)

—Harvard Lampoon.

## Incense.

When you these days into the fire of Spring  
Your winter garment of repentance fling,  
Unless you long your neighbors to abuse  
Do not include your winter overshoes.

—Boston Traveler.

## Elijah Brown.

Elijah Brown, the cobbler, was enamored of the muse,  
And all his time was given up to stanzas and to shoes.  
He scorned to live a tuneless life, ingloriously mute,  
And nightly laid his last aside to labor at his lute;  
For he had registered an oath that lyrical renown  
Should trumpet to the universe the worthy name of Brown.  
And, though his own weak pinions failed to reach the heights of song,  
His genius hatched a brilliant scheme to help his oath along;  
And all his little youngsters, as they numerously came,  
He christened after poets in the pantheon of fame,  
That their poetic prestige might impress them, and inspire  
A noble emulation to adopt the warbling lyre.  
And Virgil Brown and Dante Brown and Tasso Brown appeared,  
And Milton Brown and Byron Brown and Shakespeare Brown were reared.  
Longfellow Brown and Schiller Brown arrived at man's estate,  
And Wordsworth Brown and Goldsmith Brown filled up the family slate.  
And he believed his gifted boys, predestined to renown,  
In time would roll the boulder from the buried name of Brown.  
But still the epic is unsung, and still that worthy name  
Is missing from the pedestals upon the hills of fame;  
For Dante Brown's a peddler in the vegetable line,  
And Byron Brown is pitching for the Tuscarora mine;  
Longfellow Brown, the lightweight, is a pugilist of note,  
And Goldsmith Brown's a deck-hand on a Jersey ferry-boat;  
In Wordsworth Brown Manhattan has an estimable cop,  
And Schiller Brown's an artist in a Brooklyn barber-shop;  
A roving tar is Virgil Brown upon the bounding seas,  
And Tasso Brown is usefully engaged in making cheese;  
The cobbler's bench is Milton Brown's, and there he pegs away,  
And Shakespeare Brown makes cocktails in a Cripple Creek café! —Syracuse Courier.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

After the quiet of Holy Week comes the gayety of the post-Lenten season, and from Easter Monday until the end of June an unusual number of weddings are to come. The exact dates of but few of these have been announced thus far, but April, May, and June are to be devoted largely to bridal couples and their entertaining.

The engagement is announced of Miss Harriett Borden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ivy L. Borden, to Paymaster Harry Collins, U. S. N. Their wedding will be an event of the summer.

The engagement of Miss Anna Woodworth Kalkman, niece of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cheschrough of Oakland, to Mr. Charles Edward Townsend was announced Thursday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Charles Parker Hubbard.

The wedding of Miss Helen Walcott-Thomas, daughter of Mrs. Lillian Walcott-Thomas, to Mr. Joseph Weller Sefton of San Diego will take place on Friday afternoon next at half-past three o'clock at Trinity Church.

Mr. Frank Michael was the host at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at the Fairmont which was given as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Florence Breckinridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the Fairmont.

Consul-General Walter Risley Hearn and Mrs. Hearn entertained at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at the St. Francis in honor of Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce.

Mrs. J. Athearn Folger was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Frances Martin was the hostess at a luncheon on Saturday last at her home in Ross Valley.

Miss Julie Heynemann was the hostess at an informal tea on Thursday afternoon of last week at her studio on Presidio Avenue in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Shakespeare of London.

Mrs. Irving Wright of Berkeley was the hostess at a tea on Friday afternoon of last week in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont in honor of Miss Nina Pringle and Miss Hess Pringle.

Mr. Prescott Scott was the host at a dinner in the St. Francis last week. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackey of Chicago, Mr. Buckley Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Huha of Philadelphia, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hohart, and Mr. Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Lindsay entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore and several others at a dinner party at The Peninsula on Monday evening last.

Mrs. Philip Mason entertained a small party of friends at luncheon in the St. Francis a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas entertained at a dinner in the St. Francis last week. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., Judge James Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, and Mrs. F. W. Kenble.

Mrs. Alden Anderson entertained last week at the Fairmont. Among the guests were Mrs. James N. Gillett, Mrs. Charles M. Belshaw, Mrs. N. A. Dorn, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Frank Buck, Mrs. W. J. Shotwell, Mrs. Robert I. Bentley, Mrs. George Fish, Mrs. J. C. Wright, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Thomas Williams, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Alexander Bergevin, Mrs. Crawford Clarke, and Mrs. Feldman.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye at the recent concert at the St. Francis.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Florence Breckinridge left on Monday last for New York, en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. A. N. Drown and Miss Newell Drown have sailed from New York for Europe by the Mediterranean route and will spend the summer traveling on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Margaret Calhoun, and Miss Louisiana Foster are expected home today, after a fortnight's stay in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William H. Crocker left last week for New York, but will return again to her Burlingame home a little later in the season.

Mrs. George Cadwalader left on Sunday last for New York, where she will spend a month with her mother, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, who has recently returned to America from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. August Spreckels arrived last week from New York and are the guests of Mrs. Claus Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase left last week for a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin, who have been at Coronado, came north last week to visit Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard at San Mateo.

Mrs. Theodore F. Payne, who has spent the winter at the Fairmont, has gone to her Menlo Park home for the spring and summer months.

Mrs. John B. Casserly is visiting relatives in Pasadena.

Miss Marian Miller has returned from a visit to Miss Frances Martin in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper have been in town recently from their Burlingame home for a brief stay.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and Miss Bessie Zane will leave shortly for Europe for an indefinite stay.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle left a few days since for Santa Barbara, and will from there go East for several months' travel.

Mrs. Henry Du Bois, Miss Hannah Du Bois, and Miss Emily Du Bois left last week for a sojourn at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John A. Murtagh and Miss Ethel Shorh are leaving in the near future for a visit to friends and relatives in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page and Mr. Stanley Page sailed recently for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Toland Cameron, who have been at San Mateo since their marriage, will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hunter of Monterey have been spending a few days in town recently.

Mrs. George Gibbs has been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. John Gallois has returned from a brief visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles A. Grow and family are at The Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson came over from San Rafael to spend a few days at the St. Francis last week.

Mrs. Henry Schmeidel, who has been staying at the Fairmont this winter, expects to return soon to her rooms at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. de Cozotte are at The Peninsula.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss F. C. Low are at The Peninsula for the season.

Mr. James W. Byrne and Mrs. Margaret Irvine have registered at The Peninsula.

Major William Rotheram of Dublin, Ireland, is at the Fairmont.

Miss Genevieve Harvey came up from Del Monte for a week's stay in San Francisco with her grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Judge and Mrs. William H. Snell of Tacoma, Washington, are at the Fairmont, having recently returned from a long journey to Cuba. They will remain a few days in San Francisco before returning to their home city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Schevlin of Portland and Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd are registered at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. and Mrs. Gardner Perry Pond are spending a part of their honeymoon at Del Monte. After

touring down the Coast they will make their home in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Myatt, who are traveling around the world, are now at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Grove L. Johnson, who have been spending some time at the Fairmont, are now at Del Monte.

Mrs. F. R. Keeper is up from the Presidio of Monterey to visit for a few days at the St. Francis.

Mr. Everett N. Bee, who has passed the winter in Costa Rica, has returned to his apartment in the Lafayette.

The Clinton Wordens and Mrs. A. N. Towne will soon change their quarters from the Fairmont to Del Monte.

Professor R. E. Allardice of Stanford University is at Del Monte for the Easter holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Bennett are at The Peninsula.

Mr. W. L. Breeze, the English polo player, and his wife and family are registered at The Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Tyson leave next week with their daughter, Miss Marie Tyson, for a lengthy sojourn in Europe. After a visit to friends in New York and Hartford, they will be joined in New York by their daughter, Miss Jean Tyson, now visiting friends in Washington. After traveling in Europe for some months, they will return to California in the fall.

Among arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. and Mrs. Vincent J. Donovan, Mr. G. B. Bush, Mr. S. Garf, Dr. and Mrs. George Funk and family, Mrs. Charles Meinecke, Miss Minnie Meinecke, Mr. R. F. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Scotchler, Mr. J. P. Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. Rheems, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Best, Mr. George A. Van Smith.

Among the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Miss R. Hertz, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Band, Mr. Louis J. Goodman, Mr. Fletcher F. Ryer, Miss Ryer, Mrs. Alexander McAdie, Mrs. W. B. Coit, Mrs. B. E. Paxton, Miss Marie Frey, Mr. W. H. Corbin, Mr. Daniel E. Hayes, Mrs. Carl Herrman, Mrs. C. E. Heise, Mr. George A. Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. Y. J. Brickett.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel William A. Simpson, adjutant-general, U. S. A., paid an official call as the representative of the Department of California on Captain Crawford of H. M. S. *Shearwater* on Saturday last.

Major Thomas L. Rhoads, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in Philippine Division, to take effect at such time as will enable him to comply with this order and will proceed by the first available transport from Manila to San Francisco and upon his arrival here will report by telegraph to the adjutant-general of the army for further orders.

Captain William R. Smedberg, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred from Troop A to Troop D and will assume charge of the work of organizing the troop to which he has been transferred as a provisional machine gun troop.

Captain W. E. Noa, U. S. M. C., is detached from the Marine Barracks, Philadelphia, and ordered to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, for duty as post quartermaster.

Lieutenant-Commander G. Tarbox, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Colorado* and ordered to the Naval Hospital at Mare Island for treatment.

Lieutenant F. J. Horne, U. S. N., is detached from duty with the *Chattanooga* and ordered to the Monterey.

Lieutenant John H. Lewis, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., Cantonment Oahu, H. I., has been granted leave of absence for three months, to take effect upon his arrival in this city on the transport leaving Honolulu on April 5.

Lieutenant Hunter Kinzie, U. S. A., has had his resignation of his commission as an officer of the army accepted, having taken effect on April 3.

Assistant Surgeon J. B. Kaufman, U. S. N., is detached from the *Tennessee* and ordered to the Naval Training Station, San Francisco.

Assistant Surgeon H. W. B. Turner, U. S. N., is detached from duty under instructions, Medical School, Washington, D. C., and ordered to Medical School Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

Headquarters and ten troops of the Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel George A. Dodd, U. S. A., arrived here on Saturday last from Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and sailed on Monday on the transport *Thomas* for the Philippines.

## For the Maud B. Bonth Home.

A benefit performance of "Peter Pan" will be given on Thursday afternoon, April 15, at three o'clock at the Valencia Theatre for the Maud B. Booth Home for Orphans. The funds realized will be used toward the equipment of a hospital room at the home and a fresh air camp in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

"If I Were King," the romantic drama in which E. H. Sothern scored so successfully, will follow "Peter Pan" at the Valencia Theatre and will serve to introduce the new leading man, Paul McAllister, to San Francisco audiences. Many other new faces will seen in the production, which will be on a lavish scale.

Carrie Brown Kling will give a song recital at Eilers Rectal Hall, 975 Market Street, on Tuesday evening, April 15, assisted by Mrs. Josephine Crew Aylwin, pianist.

Prof. De Philippe, the well-known teacher, and author of French and Spanish simplified, has removed to more commodious quarters, 1380 Geary Street.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Otis Skinner will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre next week in his latest success, "The Honor of the Family." This is an adaptation by Paul M. Potter of Emile Zola's play from Balzac's famous novel, "Le Menage de Gareon." Anything that Mr. Skinner does is notable, for he has earned his right to the place of a star, but in this character, conceived by the great French novelist and depicted with firm strokes, he has found an opportunity worthy of his talents. Philippe Bricard, the central figure of the play, is still a faithful Bonapartist after the emperor's downfall. He is a soldier, and something more—a diplomat, ready and unscrupulous, and with a tongue that never refuses to utter convincingly the word of the moment. Mr. Skinner makes his recklessness, courage, and unflinching effrontery especially taking. The part has been praised without stint by Eastern critics. There are, naturally, other effective rôles in the play, and Mr. Skinner's support is adequate, as it includes such well-known players as Miss Percy Haswell, Frederick Sargent, R. V. Ferguson, Alfred Hudson, Jr., Harry Burkhardt, Harry Barfoot, Russell Crawford, Walter Scott, and Sarah Padden. Miss Haswell was induced to relinquish her stellar plans for the present season in order to appear with Mr. Skinner in the rôle of Flora Brazier, a part of exacting and complex nature.

Fred Mace, who made a hit the first moment of his appearance as the duke in "The Rounders" at the Princess Theatre, will be given a great opportunity next week. Beginning Monday night, "The Umpire," a hase-hall musical comedy which was a great success in New York, will be presented at the Princess, and Mr. Mace will have the title-rôle, his creation in the original production. The action of the play takes place in Tangier, at a period when no extradition treaty existed between that country and the other nations of the world. Will H. Hough and Frank R. Adams, who are responsible for the libretto and lyrics, have constructed a diverting story which abounds in surprising complications, and Joseph E. Howard's pretty music is appropriate. The play will be beautifully staged and costumed and given a cast of particular excellence. May Booley will have a good opportunity as Marihel Lewton, daughter of an absconding member of the Beef Trust. Helen Darling will make her reappearance and have a congenial rôle in Lady Stella Brighton Fitzbush, an Englishwoman who is sojourning in Morocco for reasons best known to herself. Zoe Barnett will be Edith Proby, an American girl with a big American heart, while the other characters are distributed as follows: The Honorable Shifty Goode, Budd Ross; J. Stanley Lewton, Reginald Travers; Robert Griffin, Walter Catlett; Nazuma, Ethel Du Fre Houston; Ralph Carlton, James F. Stevens; James, Jennie Metzler; Mulai, Oliver Le Noir; Hotel Clerk, Frank Smith. "The Umpire" will be staged by Edward P. Temple, who promises a superlative presentation, of which the Princess chorus will be an alluring feature.

The Valencia Theatre will be closed until Easter Sunday afternoon, when, after weeks of careful rehearsal and painstaking preparation, "Peter Pan," J. M. Barrie's delightful fantasy, will be presented for the first time in San Francisco by a stock company. It is needless to say that the event has been looked forward to with happy anticipation by not only the regular patrons of the playhouse, but by all theatre-going parents, as well as the young people of their households. "Peter Pan" will serve to introduce the Valencia's new leading lady, Harriet Worthington, who will appear in the name-part, and in addition to all the favorites of the stock company a large number of new faces, particularly children, will be seen. Little Zena Kiefe, a child actress of renown in the East, will appear, and the three Walter children, who have just concluded an engagement in the Los Angeles presentation of the play, have been brought to San Francisco for the production, which the Valencia Theatre management promises to be of the highest order of excellence possible. Herman Heller and his orchestra, which will be augmented for the occasion, will play all of the music from the original score and the incidental numbers will be appropriate and unusually interesting.

The programme for the Orpheum for the week beginning with the Sunday matinee performance is one of the strongest hits to be made for popular favor. Mlle. Zelle de Lussan, the prima donna, who has entirely recovered from her cold, will positively make her appearance, and will be heard in her choicest operatic selections and ballads. Adeline Dunlap and Frank McCormack, popular Eastern dramatic artists, will, with the assistance of Violet Flugrath, present a dramatic classic called "The Night of the Wedding." Bill Gordon and Nick Marx, styled the Weher and Fields of vaudeville, will convulse the audiences with a skit termed "You Can't Get None." M. and Mme. Sandwinas, Herculean acrobats from the Nouveau Cirque, Paris, will astound with feats of strength. Next week will conclude the engagement of

S. Miller Kent and company, Elsie Faye, Miller and Weston, Edward Barnes, and of the Parisian danseuse, Joly Violette.

"Nancy Brown," now in the closing nights of its run at the Princess Theatre, is one of the funniest, most tuneful, and most handsomely staged shows ever at that playhouse.

When San Franciscans abroad meet former fellow-citizens and are urged to tell all the home news, one of the early questions asked by the homesick exiles is about like this: "Is Rosner still leading the Orpheum orchestra?" And, of course, every traveler is able to assure the inquirer that it would not be the Orpheum orchestra without Professor Rosner. When the new Orpheum moves down town Herr Rosner's orchestra will be a more delightful feature than ever. It will be augmented by the addition of several instruments, which will include a harp and two French horns. The sale of seats for the new Orpheum, which opens April 19, will begin at the box-office of the O'Farrell-Street Theatre next Monday morning at nine o'clock.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## I Would Not Be the Housed Soul.

I would not be the housed soul,—not I,—  
In the pale limit of one dwelling set,  
Having my treasures in a cabinet,  
And of these lovely lands—this dawn flung high—  
Pale copies done in oil hung coldly by,  
Books in a careful row lest I forget,  
In place of field romances dewy wet  
And that perpetual tender page—the sky.

Not this, O god of the Open, god of the Sea,  
God of the Air, whose every breath is change!  
Let thy star-set, illimitable distance be  
My body's house; for my possessions all  
Thoughts, and one Dream forever great and strange;  
And for my feet one Path running ever out of call.

—Mildred McNeal-Sweeney, in McClure's Magazine.

## An Old Violin.

In far Cremona centuries ago  
This little sighing, singing thing was wrought,  
Of dreams 'tis fashioned and its tones are fraught  
With sweetness only centuries hestow;  
But give an artist hand the slender bow,  
And hark the tumult of impassioned thought—  
The Heaven we missed, the earth we vainly sought  
Within our shaken pulses ebb and flow.

Innumerable voices through it rain  
The music of an unremembered past,  
Dim echoes of illusive joy and pain,  
In requiem sob or ringing trumpet-hast,  
Are merged to one incomparable strain  
That holds the heart of every listener fast.

—Helen A. Saxon, in Appleton's Magazine.

## The Foreloper.

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave  
break in fire,  
He shall fulfill God's utmost will unknowing His  
desire;  
And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars  
arise,  
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadow of  
new skies.  
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out and hunger  
arm his hand  
To wring his food from a desert nude, his foot-  
hold from the sand.  
His neighbor's smoke shall vex his eyes, their  
voices break his rest,  
He shall go forth till South is North, sullen and  
dispossessed;  
And he shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall  
bring  
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people, and  
a king;  
And he shall come back in his own track, and by  
his scarce, cool camp;  
There he shall meet the roaring street, the derrick,  
and the stamp;  
For he must blaze a nation's ways with hatchet  
and with brand  
Till on his last won wilderness an empire's hul-  
warks stand.

—Rudyard Kipling.

## The Theatre Claque in Paris.

One of the Paris courts has just had a curious lawsuit to decide concerning the "claque" in one of the leading music halls. According to an old jurisprudence, the claque was looked upon as a public nuisance, and no redress could ever be obtained in courts of law for breach of contract. Such contracts were simply treated as "immoral." The claque, it was argued, was intended merely to give a false impression regarding certain plays and actors, and to drown, if occasion required, the protests of the public against a bad play. The courts could not be asked to uphold such an institution. Within the last ten years, however, this jurisprudence has changed, and on several occasions judges allowed the claque to plead. In the present case a lady who had an eight years' contract with the Olympia, brought a suit because she alleged she had been deprived of her rights eleven months before their expiration. She had paid the theatre a sum of 13,500 francs for the last three years, and a sum of 4250 francs, which she had paid in advance, was still to her credit. Lest the judge should be surprised that such a large sum should be paid for the privilege of applauding actors and actresses from the top galleries, the lawyer for the plaintiff explained that she usually

sold the seats at her disposal for 1 franc each, and that actors and actresses frequently made her presents of money and seats to have a still more vigorous applause.

Among other things, counsel read out the following letter, signed by a well-known music hall actress: "Madame—Enclosed please find 100 francs for the month of September. I count on your amiability." Other letters were read showing that the person charged with the claque received similar gifts from other theatrical artists who were not such great stars. In fact, counsel went on to say, his client, in spite of the heavy price she had to pay for the privilege used to make a profit out of the claque of more than £200 a year. The case will receive a further hearing in a fortnight.

## The Easter Festival Concert.

This Sunday afternoon, at half-past two, the long awaited Easter Musical Festival arranged by Manager Will Greenbaum will be given at Dreamland Rink, on Steiner Street near Sutter. No concert of this magnitude has been attempted in this city for many years.

Ossip Gahrilowitsch, the Russian piano virtuoso, will be the star attraction, and will play the beautiful "Concerto for piano and orchestra" in F minor, by Chopin. In addition he will play the "Barcarolle" by Rubinstein and Liszt's "Tarantelle Venezia e Napoli."

Miss Elsa Thornsvald, coloratura soprano from the Grand Opera House at Elberfeld, will sing the waltz aria from Gounod's "Mireille."

The chorus of 125 voices, known as the Cecilia Choral Club, will join with the symphony orchestra in two numbers, and with piano will sing another splendid work, "By Babylon's Waves," which Mr. Percy A. R. Dow will personally conduct, with Mrs. W. J. Cooke at the piano.

The Festival Symphony Orchestra, under Paul Steindorff, and with William Hoffman and Gino Severi as concert-masters, will play the overture, "Fingal's Cave," by Mendelssohn, and the three charming dances from "Nell Gwynne," by Edward German.

There will be about two hundred participants in this great concert, which will be the first of an annual series of such events.

Seats are to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday at the rink, and the prices run as low as 75 cents, which includes a reserved seat.

## Admiral Evans's Lectures.

America's most popular hero, Admiral Rohley D. Evans, will be the centre of attraction during the coming week. Manager Will Greenbaum announces two of his interesting lectures at Dreamland Rink, the dates and subjects being as follows: Next Wednesday night, April 14, "From Hampton Roads to San Francisco with the Fleet"; Sunday afternoon, April 18, "The War with Spain."

"Fighting Boh" is known to be a most interesting and effective speaker, and his lectures are entertaining, instructive, and as highly dramatic as has been his career. From the time he defied the surgeons to amputate his legs, after being thrice wounded at Fort Fisher, down to the time he threatened to "lick" Chile with one little gunboat, and afterward his work in the Spanish War, and his final achievement of bringing the great fleet of battleships around South America to this harbor, every action of this naval hero is one to inspire heroism and patriotism in the heart of every young American.

Seats for these interesting events will be on sale next Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

On Monday night, April 19, Admiral Evans will lecture in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Manager Bishop laying off his company in honor of the visit. This lecture will be the same as the first in this city.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I am looking for a fashionable overcoat." "All right, sir, will you have it too short or too long?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

*Hoax*—Here comes Borleigh. Do you know him to speak to? *Joax*—Not if I see him first.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Sad about Cholly, wasn't it? Got his cane-head in his mouth, you know, and couldn't get it out!" "How much was it worth?"—*Time*.

*Little Girl*—What's an intelligence office, mama? *Mother*—It's a place where one goes to find out what wages cooks are charging.—*New York Herald*.

*Howkins*—So you sent for a doctor? Does he think you will be out soon? *Robbins*—I imagine so. He said he wished I had sent for him sooner.—*Puck*.

*Husband* (getting ready for the theatre)—My dear, what in the world are you taking that newspaper along for? *Wife* (coldly)—To read between the acts.—*Life*.

*Recruiting Sergeant*—Do you know anything about the drill? *Recruit*—Av coorse Didn't Oi jist tell ye Oi worked in a quarry these foive year past?—*Philadelphia Record*.

*Mrs. Youngwife*—What is the first question you ask of a maid whom you think of employing? *Mrs. Oldone*—I always say first, "Have you ever lived with me before?"—*Life*.

"For goodness' sake, Harriet, why so sad?" "The cook's left, but that isn't the worst of it; she took with her the recipe-book for all the things John's mother used to make."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'" "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."—*Christian Work and Evangelist*.

*Indulgent Popo*—Why, my dear, you had a party last month. How often do you wish to entertain your friends? *She*—This one is not to entertain my friends papa, but to snub my enemies.—*Life*.

*He* (calling)—I'm here promptly, Miss Fannie. *She*—Yes, Mr. Staylate. *He*—I never like to keep people waiting. *She* (significantly)—Waiting for you to come, you mean, of course.—*Washington Post*.

"I say," said Berkeley to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you the night before last, did you? That's a secret." "A secret! why I didn't know it was a secret," she replied, regretfully. "Well, did you tell

it? I want to know." "Why, no, I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret."—*Boston Globe*.

*She*—How conceitedly that man talks. Is he an actor? *He*—Worse than that! He's an amateur actor.—*Life*.

*Fond Mother*—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday! What would you like to do? *Tommy, Darling* (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked!—*Paris Figaro*.

*Nell*—I'm afraid Mr. Guzzler had too much to drink at the dinner last night. *Belle*—What makes you think so? *Nell*—When the charlotte russe was served he tried to blow the froth off.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"If I went out in a small boat," said the teacher, "and the owner knew it was leaking, and I got drowned, what would that be?" After a few minutes' silence a little boy stood up and said: "A holiday, sir!"—*Catholic News*.

Two muscular individuals were hammering at each other in the ring. "Horrible!" ejaculated a tender-hearted spectator. "Horrible, nothing," said a regular patron. "If you want to see a real scrap, get next to them when they divide the purse."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

*Englishman*—You—aw—live in Californiah, I believe? *American*—Yes, sir; San Francisco is my home. *Englishman*—Quite so. Ah, I presume you frequently come in contact with my friends, the Courtneys, in Arizona—an adjoining State, I believe?—*Harper's Bozart*.

*Citizen*—What'll you charge me, Uncle Rastus, to cart away that pile of stone? *Uncle Rastus*—About two dollahs, sah. *Citizen*—Isn't that very high? *Uncle Rastus*—Yes, sah, jes' fo' cahntin' away the stone, but I got ter hire a man to h'ep me hahness de mule.—*Harper's Bozart*.

*Merchant*—Swannagum, your face looks as if it had gone through a corn-sheller. What's the matter? *Swannagum*—Mr. Phipps, did you sell this razor to my wife the day before Christmas. *Merchant*—I presume I did. *Swannagum* (with a dangerous gleam in his eye)—I have come, sir, to request you to take it back and give me the worth of it in court-plaster.—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Lecturer on Art*—Before I sit down I shall be happy to answer any questions that any of you may wish to ask. *Gentleman in Audience* (from St. Louis)—I have enjoyed the lecture much, sir, and have understood it all except a few technical terms. Will you please tell me what you mean by the words perspective, fresco, and mickle-anjelo? (Lecturer sits down discouraged.)—*Chicago Tribune*.



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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Editor

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Tariff—The President and His Brother—A Warning Movement—The Passing of the Great—The Perils of Peace—What the Fulton Appointment Means—The Case of Jan Pouren—The Unspeakable Earles—Editorial Notes .....	241-243
CURRENT TOPICS .....	244
SWINBURNE VERSE: "A Match"; "Etude Realiste"....	244
TWO BREAD LINES IN NEW YORK: Miss Jeannette Gilder Talks about Restaurant Life in New York.....	245
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.....	245
THE MOTHERS OF GASTON. By Edith Hecht.....	246
A STORY OF THE AIR: Rudyard Kipling Gives Us a Glance of What We May Expect in a Hundred Years .....	247
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	248
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	249
THE SELFRIDGE STORE: "Piccadilly" Describes a Recent Phase of the American Invasion of London....	250
CURRENT VERSE: "Friends," by John Kendrick Bangs; "The Tsigane's Canzonet," by Edward King; "The Rio Grande Patrol," by Arthur Chapman.....	250
DRAMA: "The Honor of the Family" and "Peter Pan." By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	251
VANITY FAIR .....	252
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	253
THE MERRY MUSE.....	253
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	254
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	255
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	256

### The Tariff.

It needs no particular skill in reading between the lines to see that the President is doing everything possible to secure an "honest" revision of the tariff, and he is doing it in the only way that can be effective. He has carried himself with such good temper, with such easy dignity, and with such recognition of practical difficulties that there is everywhere a sincere desire to meet his wishes, and no one knows better than Mr. Taft that the worst possible way to persuade a man into a desired course is to quarrel with him. Congress has its own particular way of doing things; it has its organization, its coteries, its local influences, and its system. We may wish that a good many of these things did not exist, but they do exist, and legislation has to proceed through them, and not around them or over them. We need not discuss what the President will do should he find himself gravely disappointed with the tariff bill as it finally reaches him for signature. Such speculations are simply a part of a plan to discredit the bill in advance. Upon its first introduction the bill was generally recognized as a sincere effort in

the right direction, and this in itself was a cause of chagrin to a good many irreconcilables. Then we were told that the Senate would certainly eliminate its good features and emphasize its bad ones, and discussion proceeded as though the Senate had already done so. As a matter of fact, we do not know what the Senate will do, but such slight indications as exist seem to point the other way. The country does well to be watchful and to make its opinions heard in a temperate but resolute manner, but any kind of denunciation is mischievously out of place and tends to defeat its own object. The only thing certain is that the President is employing his unusual powers of conciliation and persuasion to procure a bill that shall be a genuine and substantial fulfillment of the tariff policy so often outlined by him. He may not succeed to the fullest possible extent, but he will, at least, have done the utmost with the tools at his command.

### The President and His Brother.

It is entirely within the bounds of a reasonable ambition that Mr. Taft should wish to serve a second term. The precedent of two terms of presidential service was set by Washington, and it has practically become the rule when the conditions can be controlled by the man in office. It will not, therefore, surprise anybody to learn that Mr. Taft is making his calculations for reelection, and nobody will think less of him for it.

We hope, however, that Correspondent White is wrong in the notion that Mr. Taft is "setting up the pins" of factional intrigue in his home State, Ohio. We hope he is wrong because Mr. Taft has more important things to occupy his attention, because "setting up the pins" is cheap business for a President, and because, finally, that is not the way to be reelected. In the condition under which Mr. Taft has entered upon the presidential office, and in view of his character and pretensions, the game of "setting up the pins" will work, not for, but against reelection. The country had too much of personal politics in the late régime and it has turned with a sense of relief to Mr. Taft; and if now he should turn with close personal interest to the business of setting up pins and pulling wires, it would be to many a keen disappointment. There are many, we believe, who with the *Argonaut* are hoping to find in Mr. Taft's administration not an imitation of a recent bad example of presidential activity in politics, but rather a turning back to an earlier, more dignified, and more worthy practice.

President Taft's best policy in the matter of reelection is to give his time and energies solely to the work of his office, with the smallest possible attention to political interests compatible with the party system. He was chosen as the representative of a party, in promotion of a party scheme of policy, and must work through party. He has, therefore, definite obligations to his party, and in spite of mugwump theories to the contrary, is honor bound to work with, through, and for his party. But this is far from implying such close and personal relations to party interests as would make him an active organizer of factional forces in Ohio and elsewhere.

A man in administrative office who takes upon himself the duties of a party or factional leader becomes inevitably a trimmer or a grand-stand player. It is in the very nature of things that he should mix and confound his official and his other obligations; and when this is done there is loss of character, loss of dignity, loss of prestige. Mr. Taft could not play this game if he should try, because his character, personality, mind, taste, and habit are established on other and larger lines. Power in politics he may have and will surely have, but it will be the power of the thinker and moral pleader, of a wise and outspoken man, not that of a setter-up of pins or a puller of wires.

If Mr. Taft wants to be reelected, and there is every reason why he should, and none why he shouldn't, his best policy is that of dealing wisely and promptly with

his executive duties, speaking the voice of a just mind with consistent courage, and leaving the game of politics to the politicians.

The story that Mr. Taft is scheming for the election of his brother Charles to the Senate two years from now as the successor of Mr. Dick ought not to be true and probably is not true. There are several reasons why. When Mr. Charles Taft was a candidate against Mr. Burton, some three or four months ago, there was no evidence of active interest in the matter by the then President-elect. No doubt his brotherly feelings were involved, but he declared himself neutral and held a neutral course throughout. If Mr. Taft thought at the time that it would be unbecoming for him to mix in a senatorial fight in which his brother was involved, he holds undoubtedly to the same idea now, for he is not a man to change his mind overnight. Furthermore, for him to take an active hand in Ohio politics in the interest of personal relationship would be to antagonize and to offend personal and party elements entitled to consideration at his hands.

And on top of all, the election of Brother Charley to the Senate, if it could be brought about, would be a most serious blow to Mr. Taft's own fortunes. It is true, they don't mind this sort of thing in other countries; it is true that objection to it is not very well founded in reason; none the less, it doesn't go in the United States. It rarely happens that two members of a family find favor with the same constituency; it never happens with cordial and continuous public approval. Mr. Charles Taft in the Senate would find himself handicapped and belittled by his relationship to the White House, and on the other hand, the President would find himself embarrassed in a thousand ways.

Mr. Charles P. Taft has been an affectionate and helpful brother. He has wealth; his brother is poor. He has supplied freely what his brother has needed for his ease of mind, for the development of his great gifts and his political power. The success of the brother, his successive advancements, his high public respect, and his great place in the world—these things of themselves should satisfy and sufficiently glorify Mr. Charles P. Taft.

### A Waning Movement.

The result of last week's elections the country over indicates that the prohibition wave which rose so high about a year ago has spent its force. In Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and in California, local elections have resulted in a series of set-backs—nothing general or signal, to be sure, but enough to make it plain that the country is falling back upon the rule of sober second thought. This is not a new experience. In relation to liquor and a dozen other things, including religion, it has been duplicated time and time again in this country. Sentimentalism and hip-hip-hurrah are in their way potent forces; but their way is a temporary one—they are quickly followed by normal and considered judgments.

The prohibition movement of the past two years has had as its inspiring motive moral resentment against the aggressions of the liquor interest, including the brewing interest. The liquor interest has not been content to answer the natural and legitimate demand for its merchandise; it has with great skill and energy sought to promote the demand. It has sought to push its business, first by stimulating the desire to drink, and second by multiplying drinking resorts. Probably one-half the whole number of saloons in the average American town are directly promoted or maintained by wholesalers and brewers and would go out of business if this support were withdrawn from them. The public has come to understand this and it resents it. It is not willing that the liquor interest shall fatten itself by maintaining agencies for the corruption of the public morals.

The public has resented, too, the alienation of the



liquor interest with low politics. It has seen the saloon, in its eagerness for special privilege, making itself a partner everywhere with the district or precinct boss, lending its powers to the corruption and degradation of political life. Now, in spite of their apparent indifference, the American people are really very sensitive at the point of political morals. Nothing stirs the popular rage more surely than an assault upon the substantial integrity and decency of political life; and the spectacle of the saloon as the universal abettor of all that is worst in politics has long been a public disgust as well as a public shame.

The public has not failed to see that the saloon in its lower aspects is not merely a promoter of vice, but that it vastly augments the charges of government. It should, therefore, be willing to contribute liberally to the expense of government. Policy alone should make the liquor interest a prompt and generous taxpayer. But it has not been so. The liquor interest has, on the other hand, sought to evade the tax-gatherer, and it has not scrupled to employ its political powers to this end.

The prohibition movement, if we may judge from the tendencies of events, is waning; everywhere it is losing strength. But it has, we hope, impressed a good lesson upon the country. Let us hope that it has taught the liquor interest to be content with its natural and legitimate business. Let us hope that it has learned a lesson of moderation and restraint, with the understanding that at best it is a thing resting upon privilege, questionable at the point of moral justification, and subject not illegitimately to an exceptional measure of moral questioning. Let us hope that it has learned to keep its hand out of politics, and let us further hope that it has learned the importance of paying its fair share of the charges of government without protest and without grudging.

This country will never permanently sustain the principle of prohibition. That principle, if it may be so called, is founded upon an error of logic, and upon a false notion of the duty of government. It assumes that because some men abuse the privilege of individual freedom, all men must be denied that privilege. It forgets that laws must be made for the normal and self-controlled man; not for the man of special infirmities and weaknesses. It disregards the first and fundamental tenet of liberty. But while prohibition will never be sustained as a fixed and permanent principle, it is likely now and again to recur with the impetus of a special "movement" as a means of correcting abuses which are sure to develop in connection with any business dominated by greed and selfishness. It is for the liquor interest itself to determine the periods of this recurrence, for they will be promoted by the policy of selfishness and aggression and retarded by moderation and restraint.

#### The Passing of the Great.

The angel of death has been busy during the last few days and with a certain grim selectiveness as though to strike impartial blows at literature, poetry, and the stage. Just as some years are prolific in the birth of the great, so others witness their simultaneous removal, and there are now so few of the Titans among us that the sense of loss is the more profound.

Modjeska, Swinburne, and Marion Crawford form indeed a heavy death-roll for one week. They were none of them old, for even Swinburne carried his seventy-two years with vigorous ease until the illness that followed a six-mile walk and that may almost be called accidental. Marion Crawford was only fifty-five and Modjeska was ten years older. We might have hoped that these bright and particular stars were still far from their setting. To lose all three in the course of a few days seems almost to suggest a malign intention.

Of the three deaths, that of Mme. Modjeska has left the deepest impression upon the mind of the Pacific Coast. Exiled from her own country of Poland, she came at once to California and regarded it henceforth as her home, and it is with some satisfaction we may remember the instant recognition that we gave to her genius. Looking back through the *Argonaut* files for the year 1877 we find the record of a triumph that began with her first step upon the stage of the California Theatre as Adrienne Leeouveau. It was her first step upon any American stage, and from that moment she proceeded to her easy conquest of the English-speaking world. It was a victory due not only to a perfect art, but to a serene and exquisite character. Mme. Modjeska was a good woman in every sense of the term,

equable, kindly, and charitable. Her art was always at the service of humanity, her active aid and encouragement at the disposal of every good effort.

The death of Swinburne appeals to us not less forcibly, but in a somewhat different way. He was the last survivor of a galaxy of great poets, and with his disappearance we must sorrowfully admit that the stage is empty of his peers. The standards of greatness in poetry are necessarily various, the personal equation enters into our judgments, and we are apt to assign the laurels where we find the sympathy. But there is no poet now living who will be hailed unanimously as great, yet in the homage to Swinburne there was no dissentient voice. His mastery of the language of poetry was perhaps more complete than that of any man who ever lived, his access to its uttermost sweetness was perhaps more perfect. He played upon words with the easy and unerring touch of the musician, and like the musician he did what he would with the hearts of his hearers. We need not doubt that the place of Swinburne will one day be taken when great deeds once more call forth great singers, but we must admit that no successor is yet in sight.

Of Marion Crawford's personality we know less than that of either Mme. Modjeska or of Swinburne. Born in Italy, the attraction of the southern land was always strong enough to hold him, and at heart he was probably Italian to the end. But we knew him through his books and he was recognized everywhere as of the front rank among the writers who knew how to seize upon the essentials of life, the things that belong to no one age and to no one people, and to weave them into a fabric of romance. Marion Crawford has left no one behind him who will do just the work that he did or who can fill the place thus prematurely emptied.

#### The Perils of Peace.

There need be no jubilation over what is fatuously called the settlement of the Servian problem. Nothing whatever has been settled, and if a minor danger has been averted it is only because a greater danger has taken its place.

It is not Servia that we have to consider at all, but rather the great powers that have ranged themselves for or against the action of Austria. When the announcement came from Vienna that Bosnia and Herzegovina had been annexed there were protests from Russia, England, and France. Russia, as the traditional protector of the Slav States, not only opposed the annexation, but she sustained the resistance of Servia in every possible way while joining England and France in a united demand for a conference. But a conference did not accord with Austrian ideas, nor, indeed, any other procedure that should fail to recognize the annexation as an accomplished fact. Pursuing an independent course, she pressed Servia to submit and to disarm, massing her own troops upon the frontier as a threat of the coercive measures that would follow resistance. Under ordinary circumstances such action upon the part of Austria would have spurred Russia to instant retaliation, but Russia was not in a position to undertake war. Perhaps Austria alone would not have been deemed an insurmountable obstacle, but Russia was given clearly to understand—it is said by means of an autograph letter from Emperor William—that she must reckon also with Germany, and that a continued support of Servia would mean a formidable and hostile coalition against her. But the intimation came in a still more practical form. Austria had withdrawn large bodies of her troops from the Russian frontier for a possible use in Servia and the place of these troops was at once taken by German soldiers. It is even said that the frontier villages in Austria were notified that the German officers were to be regarded as Austrians and treated accordingly, and Russia was therefore under a menace of the most direct kind. Weakened by her war with Japan, she was in no condition to pit herself against the combined forces of Germany and Austria, and she therefore swallowed her pride and counseled Servia to submit. But the Muscovite does not forge a rebuff nor forgive it, nor does he repudiate his policies.

The rebuff to England and France was of a secondary kind and is perhaps eclipsed by the larger problem of Germany's assumption of dictatorship in European politics. The annexation of the provinces was in defiance of the Berlin treaty and against the wish of the other signatories. Germany has placed herself in the position of sanctioning that defiance and has made herself the arbiter of treaty observances throughout the Continent, and this at a singularly inopportune

time in view of the prevailing tension. If there is to be an alliance between Germany and Austria, an alliance riding rough-shod over the rights of Europe, contemptuous of treaty rights in the pursuit of national ambitions, it would seem that the peace of the Continent has entered upon a stage more dangerous than any that have preceded it.

In this connection some reports of grave significance have emanated from London. Ordinarily speaking, the great commercial interests of the world are the undeviating friends of peace, inasmuch as the financial brunt of war falls primarily upon them. But it is said that the English business houses are satisfied that Germany intends to fight as soon as she is ready, trusting for her reimbursement to a colossal war indemnity and that they are urging immediate hostilities as the lesser of two evils. The cost of defense is increasing at such an alarming rate that war itself would be less ruinous and especially now while England still maintains her immense naval superiority. The outcome at the present time would be comparatively certain, but would it be so certain in a few years' time, when the German ship-building programme as already laid down has been completed? Even if England can maintain her two-power naval standard, which is more than doubtful, would it not be a matter of simple economy to precipitate the issue rather than to postpone it? It is, of course, a Machiavellian counsel, but it is one that Europe, and especially Germany herself, can well understand. It is precisely what Bismarck would have done and exactly parallel to what he did actually do. But perhaps the ethics of statecraft have somewhat changed since his day and are now more in tune with the ideas of an English prime minister, who when told that war must come sooner or later, replied "then let it be later." England seems just now to be in a condition of hysteria, and it is hard to discriminate between "nerves" and the serious causes for apprehension. If the commercial bodies are really in favor of an early war they are taking a mighty responsibility upon themselves and one that seems to be in ill accord with commercial traditions.

#### What the Fulton Appointment Means.

It is reported in dispatches from Washington that the President has tendered the Chinese mission to C. W. Fulton, recently a senator from Oregon and that the latter has asked for ten days to consider the matter. Behind this incident there is some interesting history, among other things bearing upon the attitude of Mr. Taft toward Special Prosecutor Francis J. Heney, who under the administration of Mr. Roosevelt was paid approximately two thousand dollars a month out of the Oregon land fraud fund, nominally for services in Oregon, actually for work done in San Francisco.

A year ago when Fulton, then a senator, was under the direct primary law a candidate before the people of Oregon for reelection, he was assailed by Heney, who charged him with complicity in certain frauds against the land laws. Heney abandoned the graft prosecution in California for a period of several weeks to take the stump in Oregon against Fulton. Without being specific in his charges, he asserted positively that he was in possession of evidence connecting Fulton with fraudulent land operations, promising that he would speedily secure his indictment and proceed against him criminally. This furious assault was accompanied by the usual stage thunder in which Mr. Heney so delights and which was not without its effect upon a community which had not seen enough of his operations to know how much noise he can make upon a small basis of fact or upon no basis at all.

This assault upon Fulton came at a psychological moment and was effective in bringing about his defeat before the people. Other circumstances contributed to it, but this was the main thing. A year has gone by; Mr. Heney has had abundant time to justify his charges, but he has not seen fit to do it. He has not indicted Mr. Fulton nor even sought to do it, and though challenged publicly to support his charges and to make good his threats, he has failed to do it. He has been content to accept the rôle of a slanderer and a liar rather than to face the ordeal. Indeed, he is so shamelessly wanting at the point of self-respect as publicly to gloat over his defeat of Fulton by the easy method of public defamation unsupported by proof.

Although Oregon gave an overwhelming majority for Taft and in the same year chose a Republican legislature, it so voted under the direct primary system as to bring about the election as Fulton's successor in the Senate of a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat. The legis-



lature would gladly have reflected Fulton, for in the period between June and January the futility and malice of Heney's charges had been demonstrated. But it was too late; the die had been cast and Fulton had to leave the Senate to make room for a man who misrepresents the political sentiment and the political aims of the State.

Several weeks ago President Taft let it be understood that he wished in some signal way to recognize the personal and political character of Mr. Fulton. The friends of Mr. Fulton in Oregon suggested various things, among them a Cabinet portfolio, a foreign mission, a United States judgeship. Mr. Heney, catching the drift of things and utterly shameless with respect to his own delinquency in failing to prosecute Mr. Fulton after publicly pledging himself to do it, made haste to protest upon the basis of his character as a prosecutor in the land cases. He went so far as to send a special messenger to Washington—at least this is the story published in Oregon—to lay before the President his charges against Fulton. The President, who it appears was ready to send in Fulton's name to the Senate in connection with some important appointment, was induced to postpone matters, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Heney's information and advice.

Now we have the sequel in the tender to Mr. Fulton by the President of the Chinese mission. Mr. Taft has received Mr. Heney's messages; he has examined such testimony as Mr. Heney has to offer. And thus informed and instructed as to the record and character of Mr. Fulton he has asked that gentleman to represent the government of the United States in a relationship of high authority, dignity, and responsibility. The circumstance speaks for itself. Mr. Taft, as well as any man, knows the value of testimony. He has Mr. Heney's much exploited "information" before him, knowing well how to estimate it at its proper value. Mr. Heney has his answer. Incidentally the public has the President's opinion of Mr. Heney.

#### The Case of Jan Pouren.

The liberation of Jan Pouren, Russian revolutionist, will give satisfaction to large numbers of people who had uneasy stirrings of conscience at the prospect that he would be handed over to the tender mercies of his own government.

Jan Pouren reached New York two years ago and was immediately arrested at the instigation of the Russian authorities, who demanded his extradition upon charges of robbery, violence, and murder. It seemed true enough that Pouren had led the strenuous life in his own country and that he had actually committed the acts of which he was accused, but it was urged upon his behalf that they were of a political nature, that there was no personal motive behind them, and that they formed a legitimate part of the revolutionary movement that was then, and that is now, in progress in Russia. But in October of last year Commissioner Shields decided that Pouren had overstepped the limits even of a revolutionist and that he must be deported.

A public agitation of considerable volume was the result of the decision, and Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, took the matter into his own hands and ordered a stay of proceedings. Mr. Samuel Hitchcock was subsequently requested to undertake a fresh hearing of the case, and the result of this second inquiry has been Pouren's liberation. But there is still no doubt of the actual commission by him of the offenses charged. Indeed, Commissioner Hitchcock expressly says, "However revolting these acts may have been, we must still consider that they were committed while the country was in a revolutionary state and were more or less justified."

There is more than one point for contemplation in this decision. The first is the most gratifying of all because it shows that public opinion can still be effectively aroused on behalf of abstract mercy. Jan Pouren owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Root as well as to Commissioner Hitchcock, but the full burden of his obligation is to the public, because without public intervention he would no longer find himself in this vale of tears. The Russian government has a speedy way with such as he, and even the doubtful hopes of Siberian exile would have been denied him. A volley at dawn or a gallows in the prison yard within a week of his arrival in Russia would have been the end of Jan Pouren.

Another point worthy of attention is the admission by the United States government that Russia is, or was, in a state of revolution, a contention that has always been energetically denied by St. Petersburg. Nothing,

we are assured, has happened at any time except sporadic outbreaks of discontent, readily amenable to the ordinary criminal law and in no way to be dignified by the name of revolution. Now we have an authoritative admission from Washington that Russia was indeed in a state of real revolution, so real, in fact, that acts of robbery and murder, "however revolting," were legitimate acts of war and were "more or less justified."

And so Jan Pouren goes free. Let us hope that he will justify an extension of his terrestrial existence, of which he was probably very much in doubt, and that he will cherish no hard feelings because of his two years' detention in the Tombs at New York. Life, after all, is a matter of relative values, and things might have been very much worse.

#### The Unspeakable Earles.

It seems that Mrs. Earle, of "affinity" notoriety, wishes to be divorced, and is willing to go to almost any lengths to secure her freedom. Unless we are much mistaken, it was Mr. and Mrs. Earle who first introduced this idea of affinities to the sexual pervers of our day. Earle himself was an artist and was already married when he met his present wife. But unwanted wives can be discarded nowadays just as easily as worn-out clothing, and the first Mrs. Earle was disposed of in the recognized way. Then came the revolting affinity jargon that was seized on by the gutter press as though it were a new and substantiated scientific discovery. There can be no question that it was welcomed by feeble and vicious minds all over the country who wanted some excuse for the indulgence of their depraved instincts and that it did something to increase a divorce scandal that was already a reproach to our civilization.

It is not likely that the fate of Mrs. Earle will act as a deterrent. A marriage contracted under such circumstances of discredit could end only in disillusion and disgrace. The first essential of happy marriage is a mutual respect, and underneath the veneer of a mere physical attraction this notorious couple could have felt nothing but contempt for each other. She must have despised him for his readiness to divorce his first wife and he must have despised her for the surrender of her decency and good repute. Of course we do not know the whole story and we never shall. Nor do we want to. The sensational newspapers will unearth for us all the unsavory details within sight and they will invent the rest, but we can form some idea of the deserved humiliation that has fallen upon this woman by her eagerness to escape from her position. Even now she can not refrain from inventing ridiculous phrases with a semi-scientific sound about them and that will no doubt jump into the usual vogue among the groundlings. She says that she was in a "psychological maze" when she married Earle, and people in "psychological mazes" are of course entitled to legal relief from marriage just as other people with "brain storms" are entitled to legal relief from the consequences of murder. We sincerely hope that Mrs. Earle will get no relief. She and her-paramour have done unlimited harm to morality. They have invented a shameful theory as a justification for vice and they have popularized the theory among other base persons of both sexes. The court that grants a dissolution of this marriage will be *particeps criminis* and such a decree would be a direct invitation to the sexual degenerates all over the country to go and do likewise.

#### Editorial Notes.

The direct primary system—or something that bears that name—has been "won," and now there arises the necessity of going about the business of putting it into practical operation. The direct primary system, not more than any other system, will run itself. Somebody must do some pretty careful thinking and some very strenuous acting before this or any other system can be made to yield working results. Now, the *Argonaut* hopes that there will be those to do the work and that they will be of the wise and the good rather than the foolish and bad. It has no great hopes, because it has not observed that the system in its operations elsewhere produces good results. The tendency of the system appears to be to check and thwart the activities of those who are by nature and habit leaders in political affairs and to exalt those who are never able to succeed under conditions of free competition. It was this last type—the chronically aspiring and the chronically unsuccessful—whose persistent acclaim gave us the new

law, and they, no doubt, will seek to find political advancement by it. However, the fact remains that if we are to have efficient government we must have capable and effective people back of it. No system backed by incompetents and mere self-seekers can yield good government or even tolerable government. Because in our folly we have got a bad system, capable men ought not in disgust to withdraw from political affairs. They can not abandon public responsibilities and leave the politics of the State to run wild without in the end sacrificing the great interests, material and moral, which government is instituted for the express purpose of protecting and promoting. The new law, because it is foolish and dangerous, far from excusing capable men at the point of political duty, puts upon them larger obligations.

"Raisin Day" is all well enough as a mere advertisement, but the purpose which it may serve is at best temporary. It is commonly so with special devices which, in the nature of things, deal with temporary and incidental rather than with permanent conditions. There is, the *Argonaut* thinks, a way to increase permanently and legitimately the consumptive demand for raisins and other of our fruit products, and it is by giving them definite brands which may be depended upon as assurance of quality. Every housekeeper has at one time or another had a fortunate experience with California cured fruits, but has failed in the effort to duplicate it. The particular thing held in grateful memory can not be got again because there is no way to identify it in the market. The effort to do it very commonly results in disappointment and vexation. Now if there could be established a series of brands, either personal, corporate, or other, for the different kinds and grades of cured fruits, enabling the housekeeper to get this year, next year, and the year after the particular fruit that was so good last year, it would soon make ten fruit buyers where there is now one. Many people who are extremely fond of our cured fruits do not use them at all because they don't know how to buy what they want. A comprehensive and strictly honest system of brands would cure this difficulty, and liberal advertising would do the rest. The solution of California's fruit problem, we think, is to be found in two words—brands and advertising.

The "revolution" in Cuba boils itself down to the incipient mutiny of half a dozen policemen who came to heel in a few hours upon the appearance of the chief of the department with a detachment from headquarters. So far from there being any indications that it is a part of a "widespread conspiracy," there is no reason to suppose that it has any significance whatever or any other importance than a mere breach of discipline. And yet this is the kind of news that is eagerly manufactured by interested persons in Cuba and as eagerly devoured by other interested persons in America, the sort of news that creates a general impression of Cuban failure that the subsequent facts are powerless to neutralize. Governor Magoon may have a benevolent bias in favor of Cuban self-government, but there is so far no reason to discount his expressions of confidence in Cuba's ability to govern herself. He knows more about the island than any other American, and we may reasonably suppose that the administration is in sympathy with his views when he says that annexation is wholly unnecessary and undesirable and that it will never be undertaken except with the consent of the Cubans themselves.

It is too soon to say that the outbreak in Turkey means a return to the old despotism, but that there would be some kind of reaction was certain. Vested interests, many centuries old, do not die with the first beating of the tocsin, and when we see the reform wave rolling triumphantly up the shore it is just as well to remember that, in the very nature of things, it will roll back again, although not perhaps to its original point. Persia has shown us what reform often means in Oriental countries. A movement that should be spread out thinly over centuries is concentrated into a week or a year and then comes disastrous reaction. It is the familiar story of new wine in old bottles.

Following a series of fatalities in New York, Judge Swann has laid down a rule of law which will help to fix the public regulations of automobile traffic. "The law presumes," said the judge, "that when an owner puts in his machine a reckless chauffeur he knows the ordinary act the man is going to commit." Philadelphia courts have recently seen the necessity of severe punishment in cases of violation of speed regulations.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

The question of gloves has been forced into such extraordinary prominence by women who are facetiously supposed to "have no voice in the government of the country" that we welcome a tabulated statement of present costs as compared with those that will rule under the Payne bill. The statement has been compiled by Chicago experts and published by the Chicago *Record-Herald*.

Women's two-clasp Schmaschen gloves at, marks, 20.  
Cost in Europe, per dozen.....\$5.00  
Present duty ..... 1.75

Net cost, landed.....\$6.75  
Retail today at 75 cents per pair.

Proposed duty, \$4.  
Would retail under tariff at about 95 cents per pair.  
Women's two-clasp lamb gloves at, marks, 25.

Cost in Europe, per dozen.....\$5.00  
Present duty ..... 2.50

Net cost, landed.....\$8.75  
Retail today at \$1 per pair.

Proposed duty, \$4.  
Would retail under tariff at about \$1.35.  
Women's two-clasp kid gloves at, francs, 50.

Cost in Europe, per dozen.....\$10.00  
Present duty ..... 3.00

Net cost, landed.....\$13.00  
Retail today at \$1.50 per pair.

Proposed duty, \$4.  
Would retail under tariff at about \$2.  
Women's sixteen-inch or eight-button mousquetaire kid at, francs, 60.

Cost in Europe, per dozen.....\$12.00  
Present duty ..... 3.75

Net cost, landed.....\$15.75  
Retail today for \$2 per pair.

Proposed duty, \$4.70.  
Would retail under tariff at about \$2.50.  
Woman's twenty-four-inch or sixteen-button mousquetaire kid at, francs, 95.

Cost in Europe, per dozen.....\$19.00  
Present duty ..... 4.75

Net cost, landed.....\$23.75  
Retail today for \$3 per pair.

Proposed duty, \$7.50.  
Would retail under tariff at about \$4.  
Women's twenty-eight-inch or twenty-button mousquetaire lamb gloves at, marks, 80.

Cost in Europe, per dozen.....\$20.00  
Present duty ..... 4.50

Net cost, landed.....\$24.50  
Retail today for \$3.50 per pair.

Proposed duty, \$8.90.  
Would retail under tariff at about \$4.

It is explained by those responsible for the table that "these are net figures. Expenses and profit for importer and retailer, also the cost of landing and the usual trade discount of 6 per cent would be added."

Feminine indignation will not be assuaged by the fact that the increase in rates, so far from being a matter of national policy or necessity, is said to have been engineered from start to finish by Mr. Littauer of Gloversville, New York. Mr. Littauer has been in the glove and high protection business all his life. His first appearance in Congress was during the Dingley Bill session, when the tariff rates on men's gloves were raised to the high scale where it is now proposed to place women's and children's gloves. Mr. Littauer's rise was a speedy one. No man more useful to the interests ever found a place in the House, and he became a strong adherent of the "organization" and of Mr. Cannon.

Mr. Littauer gave up his seat in the House at the end of the Fifty-Ninth Congress, but not before he had given the nation good cause to remember him. It was he who was responsible for the bill raising the salary of members of Congress from \$5000 to \$7500, and the generalship displayed upon that occasion, and the nervous timidity that it had to overcome will not soon be forgotten.

Mr. Littauer's second exploit was the Ship Subsidy bill when it passed the House for the first and only time. The measure had been held up in committee on a tie vote and no amount of pressure had been able to break the tie. Two members of the committee having been absent through sickness, Mr. Littauer secured the resignation of both, took one vacancy himself, gave the other, with the gracious concurrence of the Speaker, to a stalwart friend, gave the usual dinners, and was defeated in the House by a narrow margin. But Littauer was undismayed. Moving for reconsideration, he succeeded in reversing the vote by a still closer majority, but Senator Carmack talked the bill to death in the Senate.

Mr. Littauer is undoubtedly responsible for the present suggestion. He furnished the committee with masses of so-called "evidence" to show how greatly the revenue would benefit from a tax upon gloves and this evidence seems to have been accepted upon its face value, which was nothing at all. Among other wild and whirling guesses he hazarded the prediction that the increase would result in the employment of 50,000 more people to turn out gloves for good American women and children.

But the object of the committee was not so much protective as revenue and so Mr. Littauer squared his sails to meet both. It is evident that a prohibitive tax is of no benefit to revenue and that this immense increase in the American manufacture must certainly point in the direction of a

cessation of imports. But a little difficulty of this kind was nothing to Mr. Littauer. He had no hesitation whatever in assuring his audience that two and two make five, that white is really black and black is really white, and his confidence was well placed, seeing that the committee were quite prepared to accept directly opposite statements and to believe them both. When Mr. Payne was asked if the schedules on men's gloves in the Dingley law was not already prohibitive, Mr. Payne replied:

I want to say to the gentleman that he will remember that Mr. Littauer, who appeared before the committee, said that the importations were greater now than a year before the duty was put on. I have not examined it.

To examine a statement by Mr. Littauer was of course something in the nature of high treason and only to be undertaken by those reckless of the thunders of Jupiter. Now, as a matter of fact, only about 1,000,000 pairs of men's gloves are now imported, as against 13,000,000 of women's and children's gloves, thereby indicating that the duties charged have been prohibitive and that the competition of the American glove-maker with his foreign competitor is something of an unreality. As is pointed out by the *New York Evening Post*, if the duty on women's and children's gloves is increased to the same rate, it is to be expected that the same falling off in importations will happen, perhaps not in the same proportion, but approximately, and that, instead of levying a duty on approximately \$10,000,000 of importations of women's and children's gloves, the Payne bill rates will be applicable, after the American manufacturers take the field, on importations valued at only a million or two.

It is well to be wary in accepting statements as to the President's views upon revenue problems. In this connection Mr. Taft has been chiefly noticeable for the things that he has not said, and his policy of silence until the right time for speech shall arise is one that can hardly command too much commendation. When we are told that Mr. Taft approves of an income tax or an inheritance tax it is usually an expression of the informant's hopes rather than of his knowledge, and is therefore to be accepted *cum grano salis*.

Mr. Walter Wellman is responsible for one of these rumors. He says that Mr. Taft has about succeeded in convincing Speaker Cannon and some of the other congressional leaders—but not Senator Aldrich—that a modified form of income tax, a tax upon dividends paid to the stockholders of corporations, is a justifiable and proper means of raising revenue. From another Washington source we learn that the administration is "seriously considering" the same project and that this has been "established on competent authority." No conclusion; we are told, has yet been reached as to the dividend tax, but there is an impression that the revenue to be derived would be out of proportion to the adverse criticism that would certainly follow such a measure. According to one estimate the revenue would amount to \$15,000,000 a year under normal conditions, the tax rate being fixed at 2 per cent.

President Taft is said to have stated to recent callers that he does not consider the appointment of judges to be a part of the patronage of United States senators. He thinks that here, at least, there should be no political influences at work and that he himself is the best judge of judicial competence. At the same time he would always be glad to receive suggestions and information from senators and representatives as to their knowledge of candidates for such positions. The President has several Federal judgeships to fill in the near future and he has no reason to complain of a lack of advice from those directly and indirectly interested.

The last government bulletin on wages has an indirect but a very positive bearing upon the eternal tariff question. This bulletin gives the results of an investigation into 4000 commercial establishments employing 334,000 persons. The bulletin shows that the weekly wages of these people were 19.1 per cent higher in 1906 than in 1896, while the cost of all commodities was 35 per cent higher. Wages increased 3.9 per cent in 1906 over 1905 while the cost of commodities increased 5.9 per cent.

Commenting upon these figures, Miss Tarbell, in the *American Magazine*, says:

Now what does this mean? Why, simply this, that at a time when wealth is rolling up as never before—this country increased its wealth between 1900 and 1904 by about \$20,000,000,000—a vast number of hard-working people in this country are really having a more difficult time making ends meet than they have ever had before. It also means that in a great number of other hard-working families the increase in wages has been so little in excess of increase in the cost of living that it may be almost said to be a discouragement instead of a comfort by intensifying the common conviction of the workman that no matter how hard he works he will still have to spend it all in the same hard struggle to get on; that there is no such thing for him as getting ahead.

But there is a factor that must not be overlooked. To what extent have the workmen themselves contributed to high prices by labor union regulations? Wages are one of the factors in the cost of production and consequently in the ultimate cost to the consumer. The manufacturer who has to meet the exactions of his men and the diminished output that usually accompanies the artificially increased wages, compensates himself by charging more for the commodities that will be purchased by his own and by all other workmen, and when it comes to compensating himself he will probably add a little more than his actual loss as a provision against eventualities. The workman who strikes for higher pay strikes also for higher cost and the increase in cost is slightly higher than the increase in pay.

An incident wholly delightful occurred in the House during a discussion of a provision in the agricultural bill making appropriations "for the maintenance of reservations for mammals and birds."

The word "mammals" struck harshly on Mr. Macon's ears. He rose to his feet to demand an explanation.

"I notice here some mammals that you want to preserve," he said. "What are they and what use will they be?"

Mr. GRONNA—There are not any on these reservations. The species of birds we have I have mentioned.

Mr. MACON—Are these mammals birds?

Mr. GRONNA—We have on these particular reservations birds that are found nowhere else in the United States?

Mr. MACON—But I want to know about the mammals.

Mr. GRONNA—I am talking about birds.

Mr. MACON—I have understood they are something like rats and gophers, or something of that kind.

Mr. HUMPHRIES of Mississippi (interrupting)—Or possum.

Mr. GRONNA—I will say that if there are any mammals there of any value we will be very much pleased to preserve them.

Mr. MACON—But what are they good for?

Mr. GRONNA—I say we have none that I know of.

Mr. MACON (still puzzled)—What are they good for, or what are they going to be good for if they are there?

At this stage of the colloquy the House was in disorder. Speaker Cannon guffawed until his sides ached, but Macon and Gronna seasawed over "mammals," Gronna concluding with these words: "I will say to the gentleman that if we have any mammals of any value we ought to preserve them."

## SWINBURNE VERSE.

## A Match.

If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,  
Blown fields or flowerful closes,  
Green pleasure or gray grief:  
If love were what the rose is  
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune,  
With double sound and single,  
Delight our lips would mingle  
With kisses glad as birds are  
That get sweet rain at noon:  
If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,  
And I, your love, were death,  
We'd shine and snow together  
Ere March made sweet the weather  
With daffodil and starling  
And hours of fruitful breath:  
If you were life, my darling,  
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy,  
We'd play for lives and seasons  
With loving looks and treasons,  
And tears of night and morrow,  
And laughs of maid and boy:  
If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May,  
We'd throw with leaves for hours  
And draw for days with flowers,  
Till day like night were shady  
And night were bright like day:  
If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain,  
We'd hunt down love together,  
Pluck out his flying-feather,  
And teach his feet a measure,  
And find his mouth a rein:  
If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

## Etude Realiste.

## I.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,  
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,  
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,  
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat  
They stretch and spread and wink  
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink  
Gleam half so heavenly sweet  
As shine on life's untrodden brink  
A baby's feet.

## II.

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,  
Whence yet no leaf expands,  
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,  
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands  
When battle's bolt is hurled,  
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impeared  
Match, even in loveliest lands,  
The sweetest flowers in all the world—  
A baby's hands.

## III.

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,  
Ere lips learn words or sighs,  
Bless all things bright enough to win  
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,  
And sleep flows out and in,  
Lies perfect in their paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,  
Their speech make dumb the wise;  
By mute glad godhead felt within  
A baby's eyes.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.



## TWO BREAD LINES IN NEW YORK.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Talks About Restaurant Life in New York.

We have two "bread lines" in New York. One stands in seared ranks in front of Bovey missions to get the bread of charity handed out at nightfall and which is sometimes washed down by a eup of near-coffee. This bread line numbers thousands of men. The other bread line is further up town. It extends from Twenty-Sixth Street to the Circle nearly two miles away. It does not extend in one continuous line, however, but there are as many people in it. They are better dressed, and there are women as well as men. They come in taxi-cabs and automobiles, once in a while on foot. This bread line begins to form at six-thirty or seven, and with occasional breaks continues until past midnight. It is composed of our well-to-do citizens and our not so well-to-do citizens who ape them as nearly as possible. There is no charity here. Everything is for cash, and bread and coffee play but a small part in the game.

Walk up Broadway and into some of the side streets at dinner-time, after the theatres have disgorged their crowds, and you will think that all New York is bent on eating. Every week or so a new hotel with grill-room accompaniment or a restaurant with café attachment opens in this city, and each one seems to find its customers, for each one is filled to the doors. Hardly an eating place in town that is not enlarging its borders. Every new one tries to outdo the one before it in decorative attractions. Mind you, I say decorative attractions. Not one of them, as I remember, proposes to outdo its rival in the quality of the food it offers. It is in pictured walls, playing fountains, special music, and things that appeal to the outer rather than to the inner man. Except the old standbys, such as Sherry's and Delmonico's, these eating places run to ornate decoration and blatant music. It is what the average New Yorker and the average visitor within our gates like above all things, and it is given to them.

There is one Broadway restaurant that is having more than its share of gratuitous advertising, and this has had such an effect upon its patronage that it is going to double its size. Two theatres are doing all that they can to drag it into the limelight, and as they are patronized chiefly by people to whom lobster à la Newberg washed down by sweet champagne is angels' food, I am not surprised at its increasing prosperity. See what "The Merry Widow" has done for Maxim's. That Parisian resort of questionable morals was out hustling for money a little over a year ago and now it is paying big dividends. Its shareholders should name the Merry Widow as their patron saint. The New York restaurant I refer to can thank Mr. Paul Potter and Mr. Eugene Walter for much of its present popularity. Of course, there are many people who would be scared away from a place if they thought that it was anything like the posters for Mr. Potter's play. And the last line in Mr. Walter's play, "I'm going to Rector's and then—to hell," does not make for conservatism. The linking of the names of these two resorts is suggestive of anything but peace and quiet, and that is what the old-fashioned among us like when we dine or sup. I dare say, however, that there are many people who visit the Broadway restaurant in hopes of seeing a frog-eyed waiter carrying aloft a thinly clad girl in a lobster shell as depicted on the posters.

Shanley's, which has been a fairly quiet place where one could get good things to eat without too noisy accompaniment, is to be torn down to make way for Mr. Dillingham's new theatre, will burst upon our view again in a new million-dollar home on Times Square. There was a rumor at one time that this restaurant was not doing as well as some of its fellows, but it has apparently taken a new lease of life. Perhaps some one is going to write a farce and call it "Sallie of Shanley's," or perhaps some one is writing a "moral" play in which the heroine will be "discovered," as they say in stage land, popping out of a champagne bottle at Shanley's. It must make the restaurants that are not advertised from the footlights green with envy when they see what the stage is doing for Rector's.

Still they have nothing to complain of. It is as much as one can do with bribery and corruption to get a seat at any of the Broadway restaurants after the play. A party of us tried it a few nights ago and only succeeded in getting a table after waiting and bribing until we were tired. In many of the popular places neither waiting nor bribery could help us. There was a "breadline" of such length that we gave up in disgust. Every place that we tried it was the same thing, not a vacant table and a crowd waiting to pounce upon the first one vacated. One of the most popular after-theatre resorts is Murray's, on Forty-Second Street. Decoration has run riot in this place. Mirrors to right of you, mirrors to left of you, mirrors in front of you, so that you did not know whether you were yourself or some one else. Just as you decided that you were some one else, you find that you were indeed yourself, for you are brought up with a round turn against a slab of cold plate glass. Every kind of palm or flower ever invented grows in these rooms where Victor talking machines vie with orchestras in making music (?) and perfumed fountains vie with tobacco smoke in filling the lambent air. The place is crowded to the doors every night by a hungry and thirsty crowd of theatre-goers. Failing to get a table here you go on up the street to the Knicker-

bocker Hotel, recently erected by John Jacob Astor. In such a big place there will surely be a vacant table. Not only is there no vacant table, but there is no vacant chair. The lobby is crowded with men and black with cigar smoke. Some surge through into the bar—there is always standing room there—and even women may peep in at the big mural painting by Maxfield Parrish that fills one end of the room. Then you force your way back through the crowd and try to get down to the grill room, but a rope across the head of the stairs tells you that it is of no use—all the tables are taken and the waiting "bread line" proves this to be true. You think that you will go to Churchill's, but you think again and you don't go. There is Jack's, open all night, but that is not to be thought of. Sherry's or Delmonico's? No? You are looking for something gay. The Waldorf then? Yes, that is gay, if music and people can make a place gay. You try it. Full? No, not quite; you manage to get in and you rejoice that you have at last found a resting place for the sole of your foot.

The Plaza is not so crowded at night, but at tea-time it is like a whirlwind. One who likes a cup of tea and a slice of toast in quiet need not go there. Such a chatter. You can't hear the music for the noise of high-pitched feminine voices, everybody talking at the same time and all the talk about nothing. If you want to study hats it is a good place to go, but if you loathe the present fashions in head-covering as much as I do you will keep away.

There is said to be a floating population of two hundred thousand people in New York, and all on pleasure bent. If by pleasure is meant eating, I think that the number must be underestimated. After a tour of investigation I should say that every one in New York was out to eat and drink after eleven o'clock. We are reminded that these are hard times. Perhaps they are, but the restaurants do not show it. Remember that all this expensive eating, and prices were never so high, is not to appease hunger, but merely to kill time. It is entirely unnecessary. Not a person who does this midnight gorging but would be better without it. To eat indigestible food and wash it down with rich wines is considered "life." People old enough to know better are like the débutante who confided to her first partner that she was "just crazy about life!"

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1909.

The Greeks are celebrating the centenary of Lord Byron's first visit to Greece. A conference on the subject was held the other day at Athens, under the presidency of M. Caclamanos, the head of the press bureau of the foreign ministry (says the *New York Evening Post*). He related the particulars of Lord Byron's earliest arrival in Greece, recalling the poet's impressions and his passion for the "Maid of Athens." He then dwelt at some length on Lord Byron's second visit, and strongly opposed the theory that the poet was really indifferent to the Greek cause, and visited the country because he was sick of life and was in search of the excitement which his temperament required. After carefully analyzing Lord Byron's intellect and character, he declared that time had shown how the unexpected rising of the Greeks and their heroic struggles for liberty had impressed Lord Byron's mind and touched his heart to such an extent as to force him to come to their assistance. After a touching description of Lord Byron's death at Missolonghi, he concluded as follows: "Lord Byron's name has become as a Greek name—as those of the most glorious of our national heroes. Our gratitude makes him ours. Our love immortalizes him a second time."

When Grand Duke Ernest II, of Saxon-Altenburg, ascended his little throne, on February 7, 1908, he appointed a commission to devise a plan by which the ancient Altenburger national costume might be retained without breaking "the modest dress regulations" which had recently been adopted. According to the *Breslauer Morgen Zeitung*, the "Altenburger women wear short, bell-shaped skirts, with which the wind may play havoc," and the regulation of this garment was the object of the commission. In their wisdom the commissioners decided that all short skirts must be provided "at the hem with a stout elastic band, which will keep it in place." On the anniversary of his ascension to the throne Grand Duke Ernest received in audience six young women who wore dresses as prescribed by the commissioners, and he approved of the design. "Truly the cares, duties, vexations, and responsibilities of a monarch are multifarious, perplexing, and severe," is the comment of a Berlin paper.

Robert C. Ogden of New York is at the head of the new commission appointed by President Taft to investigate conditions in Liberia. The other members are W. Morgan Schuster, formerly collector of customs for the Philippines, and Emmett J. Scott, private secretary to Booker T. Washington. The commission, after studying the State Department records bearing on Liberia, will at once proceed to Monrovia, its capital.

The flagship *Connecticut*, of the United States Navy, is now equipped with the most powerful searchlight in the world. The great mirror is five feet in diameter, and was made for the government in Germany. The searchlight will throw such an immense beam of light that it will be able to detect a submarine or torpedo boat at a distance of ten miles.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Major Guy R. Edie has been appointed physician and surgeon to President Taft.

Kaiser Wilhelm recently asserted that the sixty million Germans have seventy million opinions.

Hon. John Bigelow, now in his ninety-second year, has gone to Europe for a summer of travel and recreation.

Chester Dutton, the oldest living graduate of Yale University, is ninety-five years old, and lives at Concordia, Kansas. He was graduated in the class of 1838.

Judge Charles H. Truax, of the New York Supreme Court, is a connoisseur in wines, and he recently declared that some wines were little improved by age and that many deteriorated after years. Champagnes, he said, that were more than fifteen years old were seldom worth while.

Attorney-General Wickersham is the Spanish scholar of President Taft's Cabinet. He reads, in the original, the works of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Valera, and Galdos, having found time to master Spanish before he passed his law examinations. And he talks fluent Spanish, as well as French and Italian.

John Hays Hammond, president of the Rocky Mountain Club of New York, recently gave a dinner to the members at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. The club consists of men having considerable interests in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States. Plans are now under way for the erection of an expensive clubhouse upon a prominent site which has already been chosen and secured.

Sir Andrew Fraser, K. C. S. I., formerly lieutenant-governor of Bengal, India, has crossed the Atlantic with Lady Fraser for a visit in this country and Canada. For thirty-seven years he has represented the British government in India, and at his last post he was the virtual ruler of more than eighty million people, with headquarters in Calcutta. In this service he narrowly escaped assassination last November. He says the anarchistic feeling was limited in extent.

Dr. Frederic de Sola Mendes has been the rabbi for the congregation Shaaray Tefila in New York for thirty-five years. Dr. Mendes is the editor of "The History of the Jews" and revising editor of the "Jewish Encyclopædia." He founded the *American Hebrew*, in 1879, and was its editor until 1885. He is still a frequent contributor and writes for other magazines and papers. He is the author of several books and he assisted in a translation of the Old Testament under the auspices of the American Jewish Publication Society.

Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of United States Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, who has been studying in France for four years, has returned to America to prepare for making her operatic début in this country. She sang in concert in New York this week. Miss Wilson before going to Europe to study appeared at several amateur entertainments in the White House during the administration of President McKinley, and her success as a singer of ballads prompted her to go further in perfecting her soprano voice for concert and grand opera work.

M. Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, is again calling attention to his idea of a geothermic well, to be sunk as deeply as possible. His plan is to dig straight down from the earth's surface to find an economic and almost inexhaustible source of heat, to verify the rate of caloric increase, to find out if the materials constituting the terrestrial globe are in a state of fusion. Who knows what riches, what curiosities geological and paleontological might not be revealed by this investigation into subterranean depths? Iron mines, mines of precious metals, seams of gold, platinum and silver; radium, fossils from the most ancient times, without speaking of all the unknown world which lies in those abysses. And, above all, geology would thus follow in the footsteps of her elder sister, astronomy. Is it not a little humiliating (he asks) to have brought the stars into our range of vision by the power of the telescope, to have measured their distances, to have weighed and analyzed them, and yet to remain in ignorance of what lies at a few kilometres under our feet?

Major L. W. V. Kennon, now commanding a battalion of the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., in building the famous Benguet road through the mountains of Northern Luzon, Philippine Islands, accomplished a feat called humanly impossible. It took music, money, and a mongrel army of 4000 men to do it, but Benguet road stands today one of the remarkable highways of the world. Major Kennon's army of 4000 road-builders did not like to work; when they did it was with slow, sluggish movement. One day Major Kennon assembled his band, made up of men of all nations, and ordered it to move quietly and secretly to a place where several hundred Filipinos were engaged in drilling holes in the cañon walls and play a favorite Oriental air. Instantly the Filipinos caught the spirit of the music and began to beat their drills against the rock in rhythm. The band followed the Filipinos along the way and played wherever they worked. From laborers worth about ten cents a day they developed into musical machines that worked to drum beats. Major Kennon insists that his band saved the Philippine government thousands of dollars.



## THE MOTHERS OF GASTON.

By Edith Hecht.

Vicomte Anatole de Chablois sat in the room adjoining his wife's apartments, smoking a cigarette; which was quite the proper thing to do under the circumstances. Even though his smoke was not the agitated one of tradition, it was the correct, considerate, husbandly thing nevertheless.

That little bourgeoisie in there, his wife, awaited her first born. His first born? Ah! that was quite another matter. It was just one short week since the awful night when Angèle had sent for him. He had slunk out of the château at midnight, cursing his bourgeoisie wife lest her need might come, too, and he be indecorously missing. Luckily the bourgeoisie had not wanted him. Then, in suspense and pain, had come his first born, Angèle's son. It was a splendid boy.

How often had he and Angèle planned it all, as she sat on his knee twirling his waxed moustache or putting his cigarette saucily between her own pearly teeth! Her bright, black eyes would gleam as she unfolded her plan, detail by detail. His wife would need the customary "nounou." Who a better or stronger one than Angèle? An interchange of infants would be so easy. "Bah, it was as already done." Angèle snapped her rosy fingers. As foster mother, Angèle would still practically have her child; while he, their son, would inherit the De Chablois name, and better still the bourgeois millions.

Anatole de Chablois smiled to think of the silk manufacturer's gold enriching the peasant woman's son. Of course this would have to be a boy, too—otherwise the scheme would not work—curse that bourgeoisie, if she bore him a daughter!—would this suspense last forever?

Downstairs he could hear the creak, creak, creak of the Lyons manufacturer's shoes; too nervous to remain up here. He grinned at the ultra-correctness of his own attitude and the impression it must be making on papa-in-law.

He listened a minute. There was a baby's tiny wail. He had heard it too recently not to know. He was speechless with agitation. Then the doctor came out of his wife's room. "A boy, M. de Chablois, I congratulate—" He was surprised at the fervor of the young father's "God be thanked" and the hearty wring of his hand.

The clear-seeing, provincial doctor was for once fooled on human nature. He told his wife that night, "My dear, that young fellow is much maligned. I tell you he loves his wife. Why, he didn't move from the door of her room the entire time; and his agitation when it was over—you can't fool a doctor, my dear; that marriage is all right."

Now, however, in answer to the doctor's permitting nod, flinging away his cigarette, De Chablois entered his wife's room.

Jeanne Marie was lying on the lace pillows, her wan, little face looking more tiny than ever. It would have needed a man of finer calibre than the handsome, dashing vicomte to discern the soul in the eyes, the sweetness and strength of the mouth, in that plain, little face. To him, she would be the bookish bourgeoisie, and nothing more, to the end of her days.

The girl, for she was barely twenty, looked up and smiled. The marriage arranged by her people, she was not yet old enough to understand why her handsome, aristocratic husband repelled rather than attracted her. A coarseness, perhaps, in his point of view, a laugh at her ideals; and she had shrunk back to her dreams. It takes very little to chill a timid girl, especially when good looks are not her portion.

Anatole bent over the baby and let it clutch his fingers in quite the approved paternal fashion. Then he leaned over and kissed his wife on the forehead, correctly, gently. The baby was a mottled, red thing—not like Angèle's bouncing son. But it was a boy. That sufficed.

Of course, the bourgeoisie said the usual thing. "Our son, our own little son. He will bring us close together. Will he not, Anatole? It is too wonderful, our son." He responded very nicely.

Not a week had passed before the scheme was worked beautifully. The doctor himself selected pink-cheeked Angèle, or thought he did; and she arranged the rest, already before the christening, with an ease that caused Anatole and herself many a surreptitious chuckle, whenever he snatched a kiss or pinched her cheek, even in the very corridors of his wife's apartments—that Angèle was so clever, the foxy little baggage.

It was Angèle's boy who received the ancestral name of Gaston at the baptismal font. There had been many Gastons de Chablois in the days of the family glory; knights and gentlemen without reproach. But Jeanne Marie, who had pored long and deep over the musty annals of her husband's house, wished the name on account of that Gaston de Chablois, poet friend of Charles d'Orleans, who had accompanied his royal master in exile. His songs had been overshadowed by the genius of the royal singer, but in Jeanne Marie's eyes he had been the crowning glory of the De Chablois; and it was her wish that the boy should bear his name.

Jeanne Marie loved her supposed son with all the veneer of a neglected wife. Gaston was very handsome, resembling his father strikingly; but somewhere, this child of two healthy animals—

sporting noble and buxom peasant—had inherited the knightly, scholarly strain of those early De Chablois.

At first, the devotion of the bourgeoisie to Angèle's child amused the father. It was a good, practical joke. As the years went on it irritated him. From the first fairy stories lispied under the tall poplars of the château grounds, right through the boy's higher studies, Jeanne Marie drew from shy recesses, all the resources of her unnoticed, brilliant mind, just for this one child. He responded with all the idolatry of his nature.

She made the ancient classic myths and early history alive for him. Under the inspiring clutch of chubby fingers, she told a history and a literature of France that educators would have given much to possess. The child's eyes would grow big with love and glory, as she recounted the valor and courage of old France, or the chivalry of some early De Chablois; whose example she exhorted him to follow.

His mother was not only his ideal, but his idol; and his happiest hours were spent among the long château avenues, living over some long-forgotten tournament or heroic crusade of his ancestors. The glory of motherhood descended upon Jeanne Marie, coloring the sallow cheeks and lighting the eyes that had been growing so listless.

The two foster brothers played together, but Gaston soon outgrew dull, stupid Pierre. "She is so mean to him, his mother," Gaston would say to Jeanne Marie. "She cuffs him all the time. He can not help it that he is so stupid and ugly. I play with him more than I want to, because she whips him when I don't come."

Somehow, Gaston had very little affection for Angèle. Always he called her "Angèle" and spoke of her as "she," quite contrary to the customary affectionate usage toward foster-mothers. The boy shrank continually from her caresses. The woman's coarseness repelled him, and her blows for Pierre incensed him. "Why aren't you a good mother, like mine?" Gaston said one day. Then Angèle, in blind rage, flew at him and hit him viciously, muttering some wild words about "aping his betters and teaching him his place."

The usually sweet-natured lad told his parents. The vicomte, much frightened, took Angèle privately to task for lack of caution; and reproved her publicly very sharply, for laying hands on his son.

Somehow, in spite of approaching middle age and coarseness, despite also interims of intermittent successors, audacious Angèle, with the swing in her walk and the toss to her head, held her own over Anatole de Chablois. He always returned to her repentant after every lapse from pseudo-conjugal fidelity, as it were.

The countryside, possibly his own wife, credited him with the paternity of Angèle's heavy-witted boy. But, unless Angèle were again indiscreet, the other half of the preposterous truth would never be known. Back of fondness for Angèle, back even of fear at detected disgrace, lay pride that Gaston, and not that other, was, in the eyes of the world, his heir. He was absolutely grateful, when he looked from misshapen, low-browed Pierre, now gardener's assistant, to Gaston, heir to the bourgeois millions, as well as to the old name.

Never, even intermittently, did Jeanne Marie interest him. Never once in her life did she possess the slightest attraction for her husband. Even the glory of her motherhood, knowing the truth as he did, left him cold. Never was she anything to him but the bookish bourgeoisie who read poetry, and pinned her hats at prim angles, and whose gowns, even when Parisian creations, had a colorless gentility that got on his nerves. Sometimes, in fact, it was on the tip of his tongue to tell her the truth. He longed sometimes to defy consequences and pull his house about his ears, just for the sheer joy of torturing her. But prudence and fear always prevailed.

He did not know which annoyed him most: the love between Jeanne Marie and Gaston, or her friendly, compassionate treatment of Pierre.

One day, when they were out riding together—for M. le Vicomte was careful of les convenances and took good care to be seen in public fairly frequently with his wife—Pierre opened the gate for them. Jeanne Marie reined her horse and spoke to him. The boy was particularly thick-witted that morning and he took very long to understand the kindly inquiries of Mme. la Vicomtesse. Her husband turned on her with his characteristic high-bred sarcasm. She looked at him with wide analytical eyes. Now, with her woman's maturity, she plumbed correctly the shallowness of her handsome husband.

"Anatole, that boy was born the same week as Gaston. When I realize that he might have been our—my—son"—the vicomte noticed and understood the correction of pronoun—"why my blood runs cold, and there is no kindness too great for me to show him." Her husband said nothing more. Anatole, Vicomte de Chablois, shivered in his shoes.

Gaston was now a youth of twenty, taking the highest honors in his studies and grudging every spare vacation moment not given to Jeanne Marie. Long, separate letters, the time often stolen from sleep, came continuously for her. Angèle, now housekeeper at the château, at the wish of the vicomte, grit her teeth when she handed them to madame. Occasionally, as afterthought, were added regards to Angèle, which she received in sullen silence, when madame delivered them. To Angèle herself he never wrote an individual letter.

About this time the vicomte came home one day from his horseback ride, drenched and chilled from the sud-

den, violent rain. Pneumonia developed and Gaston was summoned home.

Then, on his deathbed, consequences ignored in a last irresistible desire to torture her, he gasped out the truth in cynical, sardonic gurgles. Every detail of the diabolical scheme he told her with his dying breath.

Jeanne Marie wrenched herself free from the strong young arm that was only tightening its grip around her. "Your death matches your life," she said, "only you could rob a mother of her son."

Which son did she mean? Was it the half-witted peasant lad, more repulsive now than ever? Or this splendid youth, the usurper, from whom she now shrank in horror? She had no son now, none at all, neither one. But her heart smote her at the hurt in Gaston's brave young eyes.

"Give half of everything to—to them," he said, huskily; "we don't care about that. But you are my mother—more than ever—now." Imperiously, he drew her to him; nestled her head on his shoulder; and folded both his arms around her. A moment's hesitation, a wild, sobbing cry, and she clung to him convulsively, in defiant triumph of maternal love.

Then Gaston turned and looked his father in the eyes. Thus was the final bitter moment of consciousness vouchsafed to Anatole de Chablois.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1909.

Somehow or other one expects a country with such a name as Swaziland to be happy (observes the *Pall Mall Gazette*), and sure enough, Mr. Coryndon, the commissioner of the country, who is just leaving on his return to Mbabane, the capital, and has just been through the inevitable interview, paints a rosy picture. The country, he says, has never been more prosperous than at present, and he directly attributes this state of things to the wisdom, simplicity and alertness of the chief regent, a lady happy in the appellation of Mdhlovukozu, which is, being interpreted, the Female Elephant. For twenty-five years she has administered justice from her native kraal and been a loyal friend of England. When she travels in state, her coach is a cart drawn by six mules; and her retinue of chiefs and natives is on the grand scale one would expect from a lady of her name.

The measurements by scientists of college men brings out the interesting fact that the American college athlete of today is a much larger man than his father was, and is constantly growing more so. The average height of the Yale athlete today is an inch and a half more than it was five years ago; he is twenty-two pounds heavier with three inches more chest development and forty-two cubic inches more lung capacity; the average height of the Yale athletes is now five feet nine and nine-tenths inches, and their weight 170.5 pounds. At an examination of Harvard athletes last fall, Professor Sargent found that they were an inch taller and from four to five pounds heavier than were the students of thirty years ago.

A small herd of yaks has been presented by the Duke of Bedford to the Canadian government and will be placed on the central experiment farm under the charge of the Department of Agriculture. There are six individuals in the herd, and it is sought to ascertain their suitability for domestication in the northern parts of the Dominion. They constitute the most important form of animal life to be found in Tibet, being used for all purposes except tillage and draught, and conceivably may become a valuable economic factor in those chill and lofty regions of the far Northwest where conditions correspond in a measure to those of Tibet.

Four years ago the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were carved out of a vast area formerly known as the Northwest territories. Their population at the time of their organization as provinces was probably about 70,000 for Alberta and 90,000 for Saskatchewan. The number today is somewhat problematic, but a guess of more than half a million for the two provinces is quite reasonable. Saskatchewan is now producing crops worth nearly \$40,000,000, and Alberta, which is a cattle country rather than a crop country, values its harvest at \$15,000,000.

The introduction of the jinrikisha (man power cart), in Japan in 1871, now anglicized over the East as rickshaw, came at a critical time for the immense hordes of bearers and porters who had been employed on the great main roads. These men had supplied the demands of the processions of the territorial and smaller Daimyo on their journeys to and from Yedo and when the Shogun proceeded to do homage to the secluded emperor in Kioto. These had been out of work since 1868, and much distress was experienced.

Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, has published an article in which he describes the recent pronouncing of a solemn benediction on a new aerodrome and two aeroplanes at Juvisy by Mgr. Amiet, archbishop of Paris, as unworthy of the church and on a par with prayers of intercession in vogue in the middle ages. "This act," M. Flammarion says, "was a piece of inexcusable childishness in face of the progress of modern science and philosophy."



## A STORY OF THE AIR.

Rudyard Kipling Gives Us a Glance at What We May Expect in a Hundred Years.

Mr. Kipling is one of the few men who can write a prophetic story with perfect verisimilitude. A good many have tried it since Mr. Bellamy chose that way to depict the future and to show us a new heaven and a new earth, and Mr. Bellamy secured a passable success by a gift of imagination that enabled him to project himself into time, so to speak. But most of those who have come after him have failed, and this perhaps accounts for the unpopularity of the form, for unpopular it certainly is. To depict the events of the imaginary future is comparatively easy, but it is not easy to imagine the new habit of mind and of expression, the new standpoint, the new vocabulary that the future must bring. And so most of those who have essayed this method, who have attempted the flying leap into the future, have forgotten to leave the present wholly behind. They may successfully imagine future events, but not future states of mind, and so the present day peeps always from behind an ineffective disguise.

But none of this can be urged against Mr. Kipling. He transfers us body and soul to the day when transportation of all kinds is aerial. He needs none of the common artifices of trance or prolonged sleep to bridge the chasm of centuries, the mechanism by which he spans the hiatus of time is wholly invisible. His story is called "With the Night Mail," and he dates it 2000 A. D. We may assume that the story was published in some magazine of that day, for at the end he gives us extracts from its pages, advertisements, book reviews, answers to correspondents, etc. He writes as a London journalist who, by grace of the powers that be, has obtained permission to accompany an aerial ship from London to Quebec. He seems to give us no information other than a journalist under such circumstances would naturally wish to convey to readers who are perfectly familiar with the main facts of aerial navigation but who are unaware of technical details. In other words, he writes just as the journalist of today might do in describing a trip on a railway engine. With every appearance of merely adding technical details to general knowledge, he unveils a world in which terrestrial locomotion is nearly obsolete, while the aerial spaces are mapped and charted, measured and allotted like the streets and squares of a city. Mr. Kipling is the only man who could create an illusion so perfect and so sustained.

The "packet" of Mr. Kipling's aerial machine seems to bear the same relation to the "coach" that a balloon does to its car. The mail coach lies at the foot of the dispatching tower receiving its freight, while the packet it held down at the top. When the coach is ready it is shot up to the top of the tower and clamped to the packet, which is the true flying machine, and the mail is then ready to start upon its transatlantic voyage.

The machine is guided by "Magna's rudder." Of course we know all about this in a general way, but the author reminds us casually that a movement of three-eighths of an inch will send the ship five miles to port or starboard; with the full helm "she returns on her track like a whip lash." A touch in another direction and she sweeps up or down, while still another movement "and she presents to the air a mushroom head that will bring her up all standing within a half-mile."

Eventually a start is made, after watching the arrival of the Bombay mail, which is forty minutes late from unexplained causes. The packet passes over England on her way to the Atlantic, guided upon her course not by landmarks that would be invisible under clouds, but by columns of colored light that pierce the densest vapors:

"Our planet's overlit if anything," says Captain Purnall at the wheel, as Cardiff Bristol slides under, "I remember the old days of common white verticals that 'ud show two or three thousand feet up in a mist, if you knew where to look for 'em. In really fluffy weather they might as well have been under your hat. One could get lost coming home then, an' have some fun. Now, it's like driving down Piccadilly."

He points to the pillars of light where the cloud-breakers bore through the cloud floor. We see nothing of England's outlines: only a white pavement pierced in all directions by these manholes of variously colored fire—Holy Island's white and red—St. Bee's interrupted white, and so on as far as the eye can reach. Blessed be Sargent, Ahrens, and the Dubois brothers, who invented the cloud breakers of the world whereby we travel in security.

"Are you going to lift for the Shamrock?" asks Captain Hodgson. Cork Light (green, fixed) enlarges as we rush to it. Captain Purnall nods. There is heavy traffic hereabouts—the cloud bank beneath us is streaked with running fissures of flame where the Atlantic boats are hurrying Londonward just clear of the fluff. Mail packets are supposed, under the conference rules, to have the five thousand foot lanes to themselves, but the foreigner in a hurry is apt to take liberties with English air. "No. 162" lifts to a long-drawn wail of the breeze in the fore flange of the rudder and we make Valencia (white, green, white) at a safe 7000 feet, dipping our beam to an incoming Washington packet.

There are indicators on board that show the exact height. There is a signalling arrangement that carries the human voice—a sort of wireless telephone—and it is possible to speak not only with some individual ship, but to make general communications of warnings or advice to all and sundry. And each class of navigation has its own appointed level or "lane," the lower heights for slow-moving cargo and the upper levels for the mails.

The greatest curiosity will, of course, be excited by the nature of the force that lifts and propels these strange monsters. The author seems to avoid the balloon expedient altogether and to be driven to an entirely new discovery in which radium plays a part. We can not expect him to be too explicit upon this point, but he

skates over the thin ice with great ingenuity. Here is what he has to say about it:

The turbines whistle reflectively. From the low-arched expansion tanks on either side the valves descend pillarwise to the turbine-chests, and thence the obedient gas whirled through the spirals of blades with a force that would whip the teeth out of a power saw. Behind, is its own pressure held in leash or spurred on by the lift shunts; before it, the vacuum where Fleury's Ray dances in violet green bands and whirled turbillions of flame. The jointed U-tubes of the vacuum chamber are pressure-tempered colloid (no glass would endure the strain for an instant), and a junior engineer with tinted spectacles watches the ray intently. It is the very heart of the machine—a mystery to this day. Even Fleury, who begat it, and, unlike Magniac, died a multi-millionaire, could not explain how the restless little imp shuddering in the U-tube can, in the fractional fraction of a second, strikes the furious blast of gas into a chill grayish-green liquid that drains (you can hear it trickle) from the far end of the vacuum through the eduction pipes and the mains back to the bilges. Here it returns to its gaseous, one had almost written sagacious, state and climbs to work afresh. Bilge-tank, upper tank, dorsal-tank, expansion-chamber, vacuum, main-return (as a liquid) and bilge-tank once more is the ordained cycle. Fleury's Ray sees to that. If a speck of oil, if even the natural grease of the human finger touch the hooded terminals Fleury's Ray will wink and disappear and must be laboriously built up again. This means half a day's work for all hands and an expense of one hundred and seventy odd pounds to the G. P. O. for radium salts and such trifles.

Evidently the gas supplies the lifting power, but there is still another U-tube with another Ray that has the power of instantly depriving the gas of its lifting capacity.

But it seems that aerial navigation is liable to its accidents as much as the present methods. The Ray may be accidentally extinguished or the gas may escape from the tanks, while a fall from the heights is not a fate to be viewed with equanimity. We have an account of such an accident. Captain Hodgson and his guest are disturbed by the ringing of bells and the sound of the brakes and they ascend to the bridge to see what is wrong:

Captain Purnall is not the suave man we left half an hour since, but the embodied authority of the G. P. O. Ahead of us floats an ancient, aluminum patched, twin-screw tramp of the dingiest type, with no more right to the 5000 lane than has a horse cart in a modern town. She carries an obsolete "barbette" conning-tower—a six-foot affair with a railed platform forward—and our warning beam plays on the top of it as a policeman's lantern flashes on the area sneak. Like a sneak-thief, too, emerges a shock-headed navigator in his shirt sleeves. Captain Purnall wrenches open the colloid to talk with him man to man. There are times when science does not satisfy.

"What under the stars are you doing here, you sky-scraping chimney-sweep?" he shouts as we two drift side by side. "Do you know this is a mail lane? You call yourself a sailor, sir? You aint fit to peddle toy balloons to an Esquimaux. Your name and number. Report and get down, and be—"

"I've been blown up once," the shock-headed man cries hoarsely, as a dog barking. "I don't care two flaps of a contact for anything you can do, Postev."

"Don't you, sir? But I'll make you care. I'll have you towed stern first to Disko and broke up. You can't recover insurance if you're broke for obstruction. Do you understand that?"

Then the stranger bellows: "Look at my propellers. There's been a wull-wa down under that has knocked us into umbrella frames. We've been blown up about forty thousand feet. We're all one conjuror's watch inside. My mate's arm's broke; my engineer's head's cut open; my Ray went out when the engines smashed; and—and—for pity's sake give me my height, captain. We doubt we're dropping."

"Six thousand eight hundred. Can you hold it?" Captain Purnall overlooks all insults, and leans half out of the colloid, staring and snuffing. The stranger leaks pungently.

"We ought to blow into St. John's with luck. We're trying to plug the foretank now, but she's simply whistling it away," her captain wails.

"I'll stand by you," Captain Purnall roars to the lone figure on the conning tower.

"Is it as bad as that?" comes the answer. "She isn't insured, she's mine."

"Might have guessed as much," mutters Hodgson. "Owner's risk is the worst risk of all."

"Can't I fetch St. John's—not even with this breeze?" the voice quavers.

"Stand by to abandon ship. Haven't you any lift left in you, fore or aft?"

"Nothing but the midship tanks and they're none too tight. You see, my Ray gave out and—" he coughs in the reek of the escaping gas.

"You poor devil." This does not reach our friend.

It is obviously a case for a rescue, but this duty is saved the mail boat by the timely arrival of a Planet Liner that takes off the crew of four men and a woman. "The liner cheers hollowly above us, and we see the passengers' faces at the saloon colloid."

But the derelict must be disposed of as a danger to navigation. She is sinking rapidly, but she may bring up on the lower levels and drift about indefinitely:

The Mark Boat signals we must attend to the derelict, now whistling her death song, as she falls beneath us in long sick zigzags.

"Keep our beam on her and send out a general warning," says Captain Purnall, following her down.

There is no need. Not a liner in air but knows the meaning of that vertical beam and gives us and our quarry a wide berth.

"But she'll drown in the water, won't she?" I ask.

"Not always," is his answer. "I've known a derelict up-end and sift her engines out of herself and flicker round the Lower Lanes for three weeks on her forward tanks only. We'll run no risks. Pith her, George, and look sharp. There's weather ahead."

Captain Hodgson opens the underbody colloid, swings the heavy pithing iron out of its rack, which in liners is generally used as a settee, and at two hundred feet releases the catch. We hear the whir of the crescent-shaped arms opening as they descend. The derelict's forehead is punched in, starred across, and rent diagonally. She falls stern first, our beam upon her; slides like a lost soul down that pitiless ladder of light, and the Atlantic takes her.

The identity of the "Mark Boat" is not very clear, but we may infer that she is a sort of international policeman and general regulator of aerial affairs, as well as fulfilling the duties of general referee.

This "pithing" of a derelict is "a filthy business," says Captain Hodgson, and the incident leads that doughty

navigator to wonder what it must have been like in the old days when such things were done in war and to vessels "filled with international-speaking men of all the internationalities." It leads to the further reflection that each one of them was taught in those days "(that is the horror of it) that after death he would very possibly go forever to unspeakable torment."

Another admirable touch is given in the description of the hospital ship, for although war has ceased long since, human suffering has by no means been abolished:

To enjoy life and tobacco, begin both on a sunny morning half a mile or so above the dappled Atlantic cloud belts and after a volt-flurry which has cleared and tempered your nerves. While we discussed the thickening traffic with the superiority, that comes of having a high level reserved to ourselves, we heard (and I for the first time) the morning hymn on a hospital boat.

She was cloaked by a skein of raveled fluff beneath us and we caught the chant before she rose into the sunlight. "Oh, ye winds of God," sang the unseen voices: "bless ye the Lord. Praise Him and magnify Him forever."

We slid off our caps and joined in. When our shadow fell across her great open platforms they looked up and stretched out their hands neighborly while they sang. We could see the doctors and the nurses and the white button-like faces of the cot-patients. She passed slowly beneath us, heading northward, her hull, wet with the dew of the night, all ablaze in the sunshine. So took she the shadow of a cloud and vanished, her song continuing. "Oh, ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord. Praise Him and magnify Him forever."

"She's a public lunger or she wouldn't have been singing the Benedicite; and she's a Greenlander or she wouldn't have snow blinds over her colloids," said George at last. "She'll be bound for Frederikshavn or one of the Glacier sanatoriums for a month. If she was an accident ward she'd be hung up at the eight thousand foot level. Yes—consumptives."

"Funny, how the new things are the old things. I've read in books," Tim answered, "that savages used to haul their sick and wounded up to the tops of hills because microbes were fewer there. Same idea. How much do the doctors say we've added to the average life of a man?"

"Thirty years," says George with a twinkle in his eye. "Are we going to spend 'em all up here, Tim?"

The travelers reach Quebec twenty minutes ahead of time, and so they have to wait for their slip until the Yokohama Intermediate Packet has pulled out and given them room. A big Hamburger is on the point of leaving and her crew are singing "Elsinore," which is described as "the oldest of our chanteys." You know it, of course:

Mother Rugen's tea-house on the Baltic—

Forty couples waltzing on the floor.

And you can watch my Ray,

For I must go away

And dance with Ella Sweyn at Elsinore.

Nor—Nor—Nor—Nor—

West from Sourabaya to the Baltic—

Ninety knot an hour to the Skaw.

Mother Rugen's tea-house on the Baltic

And a dance with Ella Sweyn at Elsinore.

The appendix contains announcements from the "Aerial Board of Control," divided into "Lights," "Casualties," "Missing," and "Broke for Obstruction and Quitting Levels." There are three entries under the last heading and in each case the delinquent ship was "twice warned."

Mr. Kipling has written books having a greater popular interest than "With the Night Mail." Some of it is a little over-technical for the quite casual reader, if Mr. Kipling has any quite casual readers. But he has written nothing that is a better example of his peculiar power to saturate himself with his subject and to identify himself with it. There is probably no man living who could produce so perfect an illusion upon such a subject.

Some striking illustrations in color are by Frank X. Leyendecker and H. Reuter Dahl.

"With the Night Mail: A Story of 2000 A. D. (Together with extracts from the contemporary magazine in which it appeared.)" By Rudyard Kipling. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Curiously enough, tea, coffee, and cocoa were almost synchronous in their appearance in England (observes the London Chronicle). Evelyn saw the first cup of coffee drunk at Oxford in 1637 by a Greek called Canopios, and within twenty years there were coffee stalls at the street corners, and a handsome revenue was yielded to the crown by the duty levied upon it of four-pence a gallon. Cocoa is among the many benefits which Columbus conferred upon Europe. Its first appearance in England was in 1657, in Bishopsgate Street, London, where a Frenchman set up a house for the sale of "an excellent West India drink, called chocolate." By the beginning of the eighteenth century, cocoa had become a fashionable beverage, but its high price confined its consumption to the wealthy, and allowed it to be outstripped in popularity by coffee and tea. Oliver Cromwell was one of the first to drink tea, then anything from six to ten guineas the pound, and advertised in the newspapers of 1659 as the new drink, "called by the Chinians Tchæ, and by other nations Tay, alias Tee." It was slow in reaching the middle classes, which accounts, perhaps, for the ignorance of the Scottish lady, who, on receiving some as a present from the Duke of Monmouth, boiled the leaves, threw away the water, and served it up as a vegetable.

Fort the first time an election in Germany has been held up by a woman. A baroness in Westphalia was entitled to cast a proxy vote at a municipal election. Finding that her name had been left off the registry, the baroness protested. When her protest was unheeded and the election was held she appealed to the law. The courts promptly quashed the election and ordered it held over again so that the baroness could cast her vote.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Untrodden English Ways*, by Henry C. Shelley. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$3.

Not all of these ways are untrodden, although it may well be that the traveler who commits himself to the tender mercies of the London guide will miss most of them. Probably he will not find his way to Bunhill Fields burial ground, although it is so close to the roar of the city, and by such an omission he will miss a contact with some of the domestic history of England. Here he will find the graves of Daniel Defoe and of John Bunyan, and are we mistaken in thinking that Swedenborg also lies here, although the author makes no mention of him? Bunhill Fields was originally intended for the burial of dissenters and such-like trash, and the records show that one hundred and twenty-three bodies have been interred in this unconsecrated ground.

The author has a happy gift for the geographical search for the less distinct records of history. He wanders down into Cornwall, and by no means fruitlessly. He returns to Devon—and why does he discriminate against Cornwall by speaking of "Fair Devon"?—and here he is reminded of Charles Kingsley and the great men immortalized by him. Then to Bath, where all the wit and beauty of the kingdom were wont to assemble and that is therefore correspondingly rich in the lighter records that make such admirable reading. The chapter on "Royalty in Wax" has a peculiar interest for only the initiated—and now are we not all initiated?—are aware that in Westminster Abbey is to be found, by those who know how, an extraordinary collection of wax figures, effigies of the great departed that were used as parts of their funeral ceremonies. Perhaps they are not works of art, but the sentiment of association clings around them closely. And so we travel on and glance at famous graves that are not in the abbey, although they ought to be, even at the cost of the summary eviction of some worthies who are there now, but who have no other claim to remembrance. There is Laurence Sterne, who lies in St. George's, and Thackeray, George Eliot, Hogarth, and Rossetti, and we regret, by the way, that great artists do not design tombstones for themselves and for their literary friends. Then we have a chapter on Dick Turpin and the Beaconsfield country and many others of the same kind. The conscientious and intelligent tourist could hardly do better than take this book with him, so that when official guides have done their worst he may go away and browse by himself with this other guide, who is always so kindly and discriminating, and who proves his own good taste by his unerring recognition of what we should most wish to see.

The book contains five full-page plates in colors, fifty-five full-page photographic illustrations and a number of sketches in the text.

*A Working Theology*, by Alexander MacColl. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; 75 cents.

The learned author has attempted to restate the position of Christianity so that it shall conform to recent criticism while meeting the needs of the "orthodox layman." In spite of his orthodoxy—whatever orthodoxy may mean—the layman is beginning to think for himself and to recognize that whenever theology enlarges its frontiers it does so, not willingly, but at the point of the critical bayonet.

But this little hook contains a great deal that must be immensely helpful to a he-leagued faith. On the question of miracles, for example, and their supposed antagonism to science we have the suggestion that a miracle is not departure from law, but from known law, that the miracle of yesterday is the commonplace of today and that it may be defined as "a divine restoration of the true order of nature." Thus the miracle worker is one whose knowledge of natural law is greater than that of humanity. Another luminous definition is that of prayer, which is "the recognition of law."

The author might, perhaps, have been a little more robust in his handling of the vicarious atonement and the dogmas of justification. It is the crude and repulsive materialism of orthodoxy that has had the greatest of all estranging effects upon the world, and nowhere would the virtue of a direct repudiation be so manifest.

*Venetia and Northern Italy, being the Story of Venice, Lombardy, and Emilia*, by Cecil Headlam. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.50.

To visit Italy except under the personal conduct of such a volume as this—and there are but few in the same category—is to risk an oversight of associations that ought not to be missed. Geographically, the ground covered is not extensive. It is to be found in the triangular plain bounded on the north by the Alps, on the west by the Apennines and on the east by the Adriatic Sea.

The author explains that in each town there is a distinct personality. Vernon Lee in her "Genus Loci" finds the same phenomenon elsewhere and it is usually a very real inheritance, as in the case of these Italian towns, from the days when each had its own government and its more or less aggressive and selfish ambitions, and when each found its culmination at varying periods of history. Ravenna, Bologna, Venice, Milan are therefore not so much parts of a whole as towering and isolated individualities, and their history must be studied separately.

The hook is a substantial one, but it is none too large for a formidable task. The author avows a desire "to be of use upon the spot," and he keeps his intention clearly within view. Resisting the temptation to deviate too deeply into history, he confines himself to the events immediately associated with the objects now in sight. He acts as *vade mecum* to the traveler, showing him the things that he ought to see and raising enough of the curtain of history to prove their value and to stimulate interest.

The illustrations form a valuable feature of a valuable hook. Twenty-five exquisite plates in colors by Mr. Gordon Home, with many others in black and white, give an added distinction to the work. Mr. Headlam has written other works of travel, but he has never done anything better than "Venetia and Northern Italy."

*Studies in the American Race Problem*, by Alfred Holt Stone. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$2.

This is perhaps the weightiest contribution to the literature of the race problem that has yet been given to the world. The judicial temperament of the author, his staid and unbiased presentation of facts, his immense wealth in material, and its orderly and literary presentation combine to make a work of unusual human interest and one that the sociologist can not afford to overlook.

If so varied a collection of testimonies and of pleas can be said to have a pervasive idea it is to be found in the proposition of Mr. Henry Charles Lea, quoted by the author with approval, that our "standards of right and wrong are modified and adapted to what at the moment are regarded as the objects most beneficial to the individual or to the social organization." That is to say, the application of moral standards to the colored problem must be based upon local knowledge and experience, and not upon the axioms that are common to the world. The local knowledge of the South must be weighed and considered in relation to the negro just as the local knowledge of the Pacific Coast must be judged as a factor in the Asiatic question.

It is this local knowledge that the author tries to give us. That it is untinted by prejudice is proved by the immense labors undertaken by him in pursuit of the negro point of view. It is, indeed, only at the point of saturation that any man becomes qualified to speak either in defense or in condemnation of the South. The difficulties of defining a point of view, of classifying the infinite and positive impressions that combine into race feeling, are notoriously difficult, but the South is tired of standing at the criminal bar for a policy toward the negro that is not peculiar to herself, but that finds a reflection in nearly every part of the world where the white and black races are in contact.

Mr. Stone covers the whole ground. Passing from a general survey, he considers some of the economic aspects, and the crucial points of post-bellum racial contact. The chapter upon the negro in politics is particularly striking. Admirable, too, are his comments upon Mr. Roosevelt's incursions into the problem and the resulting intensification of difficulties. The concluding portion of the book contains some valuable contributions by Mr. Walter F. Willcox, who devotes himself to negro criminality, census statistics, and the probable increase of the negro race in the United States. A complete index supplies a feature that could hardly be spared.

*The Century of the Child*, by Ellen Key. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

It takes no more than a glance at this work to understand its twenty editions in Germany and its general popularity throughout Europe. Nothing more discerning, intelligent, and trenchant has been written upon education and upon the general training of the child.

The author is unconventional. She makes no salams to precedent, to established authorities, to "eminent educators," or to religious institutions. She gave up her work for female suffrage because she believed that the salvation of women depended rather upon her effectiveness as wife and mother than upon her liberty from these and other restraints. Now she devotes herself to the child and she regards the child not as an incident in woman's life, but as a care to which she must bend every fibre of her being, to which she must devote the whole of her force and time.

She begins her hook with the prenatal influences that are so powerful a moulding force upon the future life. She says exactly what she means and her meaning is of vital

importance, but she says it delicately, as such things are always said where the intention is pure. Perhaps she has too great a dependence upon law, as is universal with women reformers. She demands "that those with inherited physical or psychical diseases shall not transmit them to their offspring." How is it to be prevented? A restriction upon marriage would do very little, nor are we disposed to give further and tremendous powers to every half-baked youth who happens to have a medical diploma.

The author speaks wisely on the faddism that is now introduced into the training of children. The anxiety that they shall eat at a particular moment, go to bed at the hour strikes, he clothed according to strict rules of temperature and protected from every drop of unboiled water "makes them nervous, irritable slaves of habit." A child's life should not be systematized, nor should it be over-protected against the chances and inequalities of life.

The author is no less pronounced on the subject of religious instruction. She regards it as the "most demoralizing factor in education." It says much for the vitality of real religion that it can survive the forms and observances exacted in its name and the poisonous dogmas taught by its authority.

Every page of this hook contains a stimulating thought, every page some stimulating suggestion that commends itself instantly for its practical common sense and its sympathetic knowledge of child nature. The hook will not be popular with the typically modern woman, whose conception of her own evolution is a deliverance from all forms of duty, but it ought to be welcomed by mothers whose children are not among the unwanted.

*A Canyon Voyage*, by Frederick S. Dellenhaugh. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$3.50.

This fine volume is the narrative of the second Powell expedition down the Green-Colorado River from Wyoming and the explorations on land in the years 1871 and 1872. The author was the artist and assistant topographer to the expedition.

Major Powell's first descent of the river was in 1869. He traveled from the Union Pacific Railway in Wyoming to the mouth of the Virgin River in Nevada, a feat, says the author, "unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, on this continent." The second and supplementary expedition was also under Major Powell's leadership, and it is strange that no adequate report of this second journey has ever been published. The present volume is, however, so complete and so readable, its information is so varied and so energetically presented as to reconcile us to the delay. Avoiding unnecessary repetitions and a mere tabulation of facts, the author writes a story of exploration as it should be written. Any one, he says, who wishes to do so can use this hook as a guide for navigating the river as far as Kanah Canyon, the journey being recorded day by day with a heedful eye to the difficulties of those who might follow an adventurous course and one filled with the delights and the dangers of *terra incognita*. Other parties have attempted the same feat since that day, and while some have been successful, others have been disastrous. The toil of future explorers must be immeasurably lightened by this delightful book, written with the accuracy and observation of the scientist and the graphic enthusiasm of the explorer.

Too much praise can hardly be given to the fifty illustrations and the colored frontispiece. Without exception they are works of art, while the five maps are an indispensable feature.

*Wild Life on the Rockies*, by Enos A. Mills. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.75.

The author conducts the Long's Peak Inn in the Rockies and for over twenty years he was the Long's Peak guide. A nature lover by disposition, his opportunities for gratifying his inclinations were boundless, and some of his experiences in tramping over the Colorado Rockies in summer and winter he has embodied in this fine hook. His intimate acquaintance with wild life has been gained without the use of firearms. He holds well-nigh everything to be harmless and speaks of a fear of the wilds as being unreasonable like a dread of the dark. Even timber wolves have innocent motives, and one of his best stories relates the rout of two angry wolves by the click of his camera. He could not even get their photographs. Twenty-four fine full-page illustrations are a welcome addition to a fascinating hook.

*Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land*, by Henry Van Dyke. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is an account of a journey through Palestine, and the name of the author is a sufficient guarantee of a charming style and of irreproachable taste, and it may be said that good taste is not always the strong point of those who deal with the associations of the Holy Land. Dr. Van Dyke never allows these associations to fade into the background nor on the other hand does he allow personal sentiments to be too evident. He has written

a travel hook that no one can read without interest and benefit, and in which light and shade find a perfect blending. The volume contains twelve colored illustrations.

*In West Point Gray*, by Florence Kimball Russel. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

This is a book to be read by those who feel curious as to the manner of life at West Point. Thrown into the form of a story of which a number of typical young men are the characters, it sketches the life of the academy day by day and with an apparently intimate and competent knowledge and in a style that makes capital reading.



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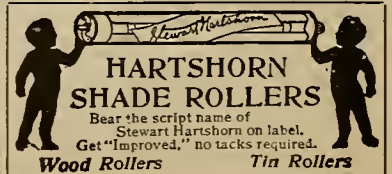
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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Modern France.

*Redemption*, by René Bazin; translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

M. Bazin is an illustration of the extent to which the power of fiction can be enlisted on behalf of religious and social questions. Several of his matchless stories are now at the service of American readers. They give a picture of modern France that is unsurpassed in its skillful simplicity and that makes an appeal to the emotions impossible to pretentiousness or to complexity. They are wholly free from boulevardism and from the smallest taint of suggestiveness and they combine a photographic accuracy with a certain imaginative idealism that owes its force to spontaneity and conviction.

But the special pleading for the church in France is none the less evident for its honesty. In "The Nun" we saw this special pleading in full play, and while it is less direct in "Redemption," we feel that it is still there. "Redemption" is the story of a young girl, Henriette, who is one of a group of milliners in the city of Nantes. Orphaned when a child, she is adopted by her uncle, who gives her the best education at his command and apprentices her to Mme. Clémence, at whose establishment she becomes forewoman. Attracted by a natural kindness toward suffering and poverty, she gradually grows into the place of good angel to the locality, and when she becomes the intermediary for the charity of a wealthy woman she recognizes a vocation that draws her as a matter of course toward the nunnery. And this is where the average reader will rebel, although the author seems to have no sense of outrage upon wholesome human nature. Henriette is wholly delightful. An artist by temperament, mistress of her trade, loved by a good man, an ideal wife and mother in prospective, we are tacitly asked to rejoice in her self-immurement, to regard it as natural and proper, and to accept cheerfully the nunnery instead of the wedding bells. We do it with impatience and even with disgust.

The author is peculiarly happy in his depiction of the struggle between labor and capital, although here, too, there seems to be the constant and overshadowing assumption that the social conflict is due to the estrangement of the church. His stories are like the quiet raising of a curtain and an invitation to look for ourselves at the figures on the stage. They are always simple figures, saying simple things and doing simple deeds, but they typify the great forces that convulse the modern world, and behind homely speech and action we see the menace of conflict and of coming disruption. We can not afford to be without these stories, but we remember that there is another side unrepresented by any actors upon M. Bazin's stage.

*Letters of Cortes*, translated and edited with a Biographical Introduction and Notes Compiled from Original Sources, by Francis Augustus MacNutt. Published in two volumes by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$10.

The second of these two fine volumes with a frontispiece portrait of Charles V in 1519 has now made its appearance. It will be remembered that the first volume, besides a wealth of biographical notes and the will of Cortes, contained his first and second letters, dated 1519 and 1520. In the second volume we find the third, fourth, and fifth letters, dated 1522, 1524, and 1526, together with a fragment of a letter from Bishop Zumarraga and an index of eight pages.

Unstinted praise is due to the mechanical workmanship of this important addition to the historical library. The volumes, of royal octavo size, are printed in bold type upon good paper and tastefully bound in green and gray with gilt lettering. Frontispieces and maps form an attractive addition.

*Trail Dust*, by Daniel S. Richardson. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

Under this modest title and an unassuming descriptive heading, "A Little Round-Up of Western Verse," Mr. Richardson has given us some very worthy verses that have all the exuberant swing proper to the literature of the Pacific Coast. There are only thirty-six selections, but none of them falls below a proper standard of excellence. As an example of Mr. Richardson's energetic composition a single stanza from "Coming Home" may be quoted:

Don't you see the fern-tips there  
Where the hank is lush and green?  
Can't you see the poppies flare  
Through the manzanita screen?  
Throw her open! From the wall  
Nod the lilies as we pass.  
And a thousand wild things call  
From the shadows in the grass.

## New Publications.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, have published a complete edition of "The Poems of Edmund Clarence Stedman." The editors, in accordance with Mr. Stedman's wishes, have grouped the various poems, related either by subject or by the occasion

that produced them, into eleven sections. The volume is printed in comfortable type and contains a handsome frontispiece portrait. The price is \$1.50.

Even the uninitiated can understand the capital golf-story (in 18 holes) by John Campbell Haywood entitled "The Silver Cleek." It is published by Mitchell Kennerley and the price is \$1.

A story that can be safely recommended to boys is "Harry's Island," by Ralph Henry Barbour. It is a record of camp life and of all the possible and even probable adventures incidental thereto. "Harry's Island" is published by the Century Company, New York.

From the Century Company, New York, comes "The Biography of a Silver Fox," by Ernest Thompson Seton, with 100 illustrations by the author. The object avowed by Mr. Seton is "to show the man-world how the fox-world lives—and above all to advertise and emphasize the beautiful monogamy of the better-class fox." Price, \$1.50.

Henry Rand Hatfield, Ph. D., associate professor of accounting at the University of California, has written a valuable work on "Modern Accounting: Its Principles and Some of Its Problems." The book, which is a bulky one, is based upon the author's viewpoint that the essence of accounting is "the presentation, first, of a correct exhibit of the financial status of the concern at a given moment of time, and secondly, a showing of the results obtained during a given period of time." The subject is elaborated successfully and in such a way as to be a practical aid to the accountant. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.75.

Those familiar with "Wild Life Near Home" and "Roof and Meadow," by Dallas Love Sharp, will welcome "The Lay of the Land," by the same author. Many of the more familiar sights of country life, the animals and the flowers that we all know, are dealt with here in a way peculiarly winsome and with the kindly intimate knowledge that can disclose new beauties and new traits for wonder and admiration. The volume, embellished with drawings by Elizabeth Myers Snagg, is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, New York and Boston. Price, \$1.25.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Houghton Mifflin Company will soon publish a volume by President Eliot entitled "Education for Efficiency."

F. G. Aflalo will publish a new book soon giving an account of fishing and other days in California and Canada under the title of "Sunset Playgrounds." The author's recent visit to Catalina Island—the mecca of sea anglers—is described.

Two papers by Ouida, purchased while the author was in the prime of life with the stipulation that they were not to be printed until after her death will appear forthwith in *Lippincott's Magazine*. "Shall Women Vote" will be printed in the May issue and "Love vs. Avarice" in a subsequent number.

Anne Warner has just sent her Boston publishers, from her home in Germany, the last of the proofs of her new story, "In a Mysterious Way."

Mrs. Katherine Macquoid is the veteran of English women novelists. She has just celebrated her eightieth birthday and she is still in good health and full of energy. She has just been finishing another novel, her fiftieth since she began to write. Her most popular story, "Patty," was written in 1871, nearly forty years ago.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, whose novel "Interplay" was published last fall, has had some interesting and peculiar letters either in relation to, or prompted by, her literary work. For instance: "You have a sympathetic heart, I am sure. Please send my daughter away to Italy to train as a singer for three years." Or, "Please send me £300 to finance my new patent, which shall benefit yourself and the whole world."

Mr. DeMorgan writes Mr. Holt that he is still busily at work on the manuscript of his new novel, which has been announced as "Blind Jim," though he himself does not care for this title, and will probably change it to "It Never Can Happen Again." Mr. DeMorgan says it will be longer than "Joseph Vance" or "Somehow Good," and a competent critic who has seen the MS. says it will be his best novel. Mr. DeMorgan adds that the slight earthquake shocks in Florence have been seriously interrupting his literary work. With the Messina disaster in mind, people are apprehensive throughout Italy. One night Mr. DeMorgan was turned out of bed at two a. m. by one of these shocks, which he feared might be the warning of a cataclysm.

The present Lord Tennyson, the editor of the Eversley edition, quotes the following passage out of a letter from Mrs. Brotherton: "Well do I remember your father reading 'The Falcon' to me (still in MS.), in a little attic at Farringford. The ivy outside was blowing against the casement like pater-

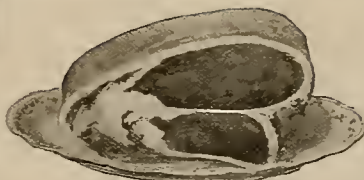
ing rain, all the time. When he had finished he softly closed the simple 'copy-book' it was written in, and said softly, 'Stately and tender, isn't it?' Exactly as if he were commenting on another man's work—and no more just comment could have come from the whole world of critics."

While Canada is agitating for the exclusion from the mails of Robert Herrick's "To-gether" Mr. Stead makes it the subject of a five-page review in the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Stead says of the book: "It is full of suggestion, a book instinct with luminous reflections upon life and love, the book of a student of men and women. . . . Mr. Herrick's book is a powerful plea for a return to the elemental simplicities of life."

Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson of King's College, Cambridge, England, delivered the 1909 Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard University on April 9, his subject being "Is Immortality Desirable?" The lecture will be published in book form next month by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

## The Cambridge Poets.

The Houghton Mifflin Company are to be congratulated upon a series that combines so much external dignity with completeness and accuracy of text and comment. The series now contains twenty volumes, the latest addition being "The Poetical Works of John Dryden," by George R. Noyes of Berkeley. This is the most complete collection of Dryden's works that has yet been attempted in the one-volume popular form. It is the result of a careful collation of the entire text with the original edition, while valuable features are the chronological arrangement of the contents and the reproduction of a considerable portion of Sir Walter Scott's commentary on Dryden. The notes are ample and accurate, while the index of first lines, general index, and table of contents are all that they should be. The compilation and arrangement reflect credit upon Mr. Noyes, and upon Mr. Bliss Perry, who edits the whole series. The price of the "Dryden" and of some others is \$3, the remaining volumes being \$2.



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THE SELFRIDGE STORE.

"Piccadilly" Describes a Recent Phase of the American Invasion of London.

It is a mistake to say, as some have said, that Selfridge's new store in Oxford Street is the first department store in London. A department store is presumably a store that is divided into departments, a store that will sell you laces and ribbons at one end, brass cannon at the other, and hacon and eggs in the middle, and of these London has quite a few, as, for example, William Whiteley's, who calls himself a universal provider and who can be telephoned for a packet of pins or a wet nurse, according to the need of the moment. But Selfridge's is the first typically American department store, the first store to combine its own proper and regular facilities with those of a popular lounge and a club, the first store to make you welcome with a whole-hearted hospitality and to lay itself out for your temporal welfare and convenience without any apparent concern for its own profits.

And it may be said here that there is no public resentment at the establishment of an American store in London, no trace of aloofness in its reception. There is no need for it to pretend to be anything but American, and the more American it is the better it will be for it. The great American flag floating in the wind—for all flags are equally welcome in London—is the best advertisement that it can have, as other American stores, although not department stores, have discovered to their profit. For a long time past we have had in London what are called American novelty shops, and they have a great popularity. These novelty shops abound in the latest Yankee inventions of a simple kind, cunning little contrivances for the saving of domestic labor, new ideas in tools, cheap watches, and everything likely to attract the conservative British eye by its novelty or utility. These shops do a great trade, and the display of the American flag is the best indication of their whereabouts. The Englishman likes a novelty when it is offered to him if it can appeal also by its utility, and it is therefore a little remarkable that his own manufacturers so rarely offer it to him.

The other storekeepers in Oxford Street had a foreboding knowledge that Selfridge's department store would be popular and they were prompted to make a helated hid for public support. They hroke out into a perfect hlaze of music, special attractions, and general frivolity for days before the new store was opened and assumed an air of having always done that kind of thing. What with the competition in prices and the pervading festivities the average shopper had the time of her life, but she evidently felt no particular sense of gratitude for these unusual concessions, seeing that, figuratively speaking, she camped outside Selfridge's store on the eve of opening, and entered in a body as soon as the doors were open. It was true she did not huy very much on the opening day, presumably having exhausted her pocket money, but she was pursued with a devouring curiosity which will certainly bring her hack again when the purse has been replenished.

Selfridge has certainly "done himself proud," and his country need not be ashamed of him. Those who have seen the Palace of Fine Arts in Paris will know just how the exterior of his building looks. Inside there is nothing wanting, and a good many of the conveniences need a special guide for their elucidation. For instance, there is a silence room to which harassed shoppers may retire for awhile in order that jangled nerves may be restored by a stillness that can be felt. This is altogether a novelty in London, but whether it will be popular remains to be seen. There is a place for lost, stolen, or strayed children or where children may be left in competent care while their mothers are purchasing. There is a physician in constant attendance, as well as a nurse in case ladies should suddenly feel themselves to be in need of medical attention. Continental visitors are specially cared for by the corps of interpreters and the special rooms where all civilized languages are spoken, nor must the steamship office be overlooked where the courteous attendant will hand you a ticket to Timhuctoo or around the world with the same nonchalance with which he will supply you with transportation to Oxford or Kew. In short, Selfridge's store will supply all the conveniences of a club and a good many that can not be found in any club. It will be your guide, philosopher, and friend, and the least among its apparent desires will be to sell you something.

Now all this marks a big advance from the day when the shopkeeper expected you to be as businesslike and as prompt as if you were in a bank. Even now the saunterer and the idler are hardly understood in the big London stores. The ubiquitous shopwalker still marks you for his prey as soon as you enter, and follows you from counter to counter with obsequious suggestions. The London shopkeeper has not learned the secret of letting his customers alone in the full assurance that they need no temptation to huy. The average woman would rather be left to her own reflections in a store. She has her own weird mental processes that precede negotiations, and she is not aided by the murmured genuflexions

and oheisances of the immaculate apparition who alternately paralyzes the attendants and grovels before the customer. Mr. Selfridge will have no shop-walkers. Visitors may wander about and huy or not huy just as the spirit moves them, and this alone is startling enough to attract attention.

The attendants, too, will thank the Selfridge store for inaugurating a new policy toward them. There will be no supervision over their lives. They can sleep where they like and do what they like outside of business hours, and their pay will be enough to enable them to preserve their independence. This is hardly the place to discuss the "living in" question or the system that herds the attendants into something like harracks and that regulates every mouthful of food and every minute of leisure and of sleep. It is sufficient to say that the "living in" system has been one of the ugliest features of the great London stores, a feature that has sometimes come perilously near to scandal. Mr. Selfridge will have none of it, and this alone will commend his enterprise to no small section of the London public.

It is too early to predict success for this great undertaking. The competition of rivals, and competent rivals, will be very keen, but the public will be an impartial umpire and it will go where its self-interest dictates, and this seems to place the whole burden of responsibility upon Mr. Selfridge.

LONDON, March 30, 1909. PICCADILLY.

\*\*\*

CURRENT VERSE.

The Tsigane's Canzonet.

No! No!

Bird in the darkness singing,  
I will not forget!  
Trill me thy tender lay again,—  
Thy song of passion and of pain;  
Set all the sweet valse ringing  
With thy canzonet.

Cling to thy branch, O bird, and cry  
"Love me, my love, or let me die!"  
With ecstasy I hear thee,  
And trembling linger near thee;  
So let thine exquisite pure melody o'erflow this  
narrow space, and inundate the sky!

The winds that wander by  
Will hear it to my love:  
But I need not to prove  
My loyalty with song,  
For I have loved her long!  
No! No!

Bird in the darkness singing,  
I will not forget!  
No! No!

Great river nobly flowing,  
I will not forget!  
Tell every flower that bends to kiss  
Thy wave, how truest lover's bliss  
Within my heart is glowing.  
In my soul stays yet!

With murmur sweet, fair stream, proclaim  
The magic of my lady's name  
To every graceful willow,  
That sways above each billow;  
To every reed beside thy banks so broad and low  
tell of her beauty and her spotless fame.

But seek not me to blame,  
For I am loyal still:  
My heart knows but her will:  
The thought of her caress  
Is ever here to huss:  
No! No!

Great river nobly flowing,  
I will not forget.

—Edward King, in "Echoes from the Orient."

\*\*\*

Friends.

May I be friend to all the trees,  
To birds and blossoms and the bees;  
To things that creep, to things that hide  
Through all the teeming countryside;  
On terms with all the stars at night,  
With all the playful beams of light;  
In love with leafy dales and hills,  
And with the laughing mountain rills;

With summer skies and winter snows;  
With every kind of breeze that blows;  
The wide sea and the stretching plain;  
The tempest and the falling rain;  
If I were thus what need had I  
To fear Death's solemn mystery  
That takes me from the world's alarms  
And lays me in earth's loving arms?

—John Kendrick Bongs, in Harper's Weekly.

\*\*\*

The Rio Grande Patrol.

It's pack and saddle and ride ere dawn  
Across the sagebrush flats,  
The pack mule with the cinch tight drawn  
And us in our old white hats:  
The prickly pear thorns tear our clothes,  
The rattlers hiss in the trail,  
But we must move ere the daylight glows  
Or the morning stars turn pale.

Off to the left is the sickly stream  
That divides two nations great,  
And far to the right, where the foothills gleam,  
Are eyes that watch in hate;  
And we must run our quarry down  
Ere it crosses the current slow  
And gains the untrod hills that frown  
Off there in Mexico.

So pack and saddle and ride, ere light,  
With no fire to stamp out;  
No telltale gleam must catch his sight  
And tell what we're about;  
For we must catch our man today—  
Perhaps we'll give and take!—  
Where yonder stream, through desert gray,  
Crawls like a wounded snake.

—Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

\*\*\*

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CLAY (Cable Cars)

STREET

WASHINGTON (Cable Cars)

STREET

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28		11	16		26
28		12	17		26
28		13	18	137.6	26
28	137.6	14			> 2

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## "THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY" AND "PETER PAN."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

In "The Honor of the Family," as played at the Van Ness, we find ourselves mysteriously transferred to that provincial France of nearly a century back which witnessed the passage from Paris of many Bonapartists who plotted against the Bourbons. We can not, either from knowledge or experience, pass upon the correctness of the impression, but we feel instinctively that it is well justified. Aside from the motive and action of the piece itself, the effect has been gained by many thoughtfully planned details in the matter of accessories and costume.

The setting is unchanged throughout the piece, except in so far as details are modified to indicate the change from daylight to night-time. But the furniture, the hangings, the simple, provincial house costume and head-dress of the women, the uniforms of the men, all create an effect that tallies with that vague, general impression gained from Balzac's novels, and convinces us that, for dramatic purposes, the picture is as nearly correct as we can reasonably expect it to be. One almost imagines a musty, old-fashioned, characteristic smell to the walls and solid furnishings of Rouget's salon.

The play, like many scenes preceding vivid events in life, opens rather dully. But in the dialogue that ensues the spectator is fully apprised of the queer state of things prevailing in the house of the rich old provincial Rouget, who is living in the town of Issoudun, completely under the thumb of the fascinating young hussy who acts as his housekeeper.

This Mme. Flora is a type of a beautiful harpy; a woman who, through her sensuous charm, has bewitched the senses of stupid, doddering old Rouget, while keeping a very keen eye on his revenues, and thriftily seeing to it that no generosity is practiced toward creditors or suppliants.

And here is where Mme. Flora, who is practically the mistress of Rouget's house, and the disburser of his means, meets her Waterloo. A loan of twelve thousand francs is denied by old Rouget to his sister, Mme. Bridau, because Mme. Flora will not countenance such an expenditure. And then does Mme. Flora awake to the disagreeable perception that she has aroused the wrong passenger.

Colonel Philippe Bridau, fresh from war and a royal prison, descends jauntily upon the home of Rouget, bringing fate in his path.

He finds there a handsome young vixen in command with a will of iron, but his is of steel. She rules his uncle by a mingling of temper, will, and cajolery. But Colonel Philippe, who is a fine, healthy brute, absolutely proof against sentiment, imagination, or fear, who is a cynic, a philosopher, a gasconading, swaggering hully, a rogue, and a hero all in one, upsets all the careful calculations of Mme. Flora and her lover, with whom she has planned a flight to Paris, following her fraudulent possession of the old man's wealth.

What follows is a war of wits, with the unexpected addition, to Flora, of brute force and invincible skill in dueling on the enemy's side, to render powerless her woman's battery of intrigue.

The duel that ensues between Bridau and her lover, which is, purely as the tactic of a skilled belligerent, deliberately brought about by Bridau, brings an element of tragedy into the scene.

Hitherto the piece, which has been very skillfully Englished by Paul Potter from Emile Fabre's play after Balzac, has seemed almost pure comedy, although comedy of a high order. But the tragic element enters with the anguish of a feline, desperate woman abandoned to the sufferings of a tigerish love deprived of its object and its vent. How characteristic is her cry, the cry of a woman whose creed is self: "He has dared to make me suffer, me suffer!"

The state of the mind of the spectator is very curious. He finds himself caught by the fascination of deeply rooted egotism, of absolutely calm, unruffled courage, and of invincible will in the person of Colonel Philippe.

This dare-devil, who seems as invincible as Satan on a Saturday night, compels our admiration, and wins our suffrage. Even when he takes his cane to beat Flora's creature into submission to his will, he still keeps a hold over us. And even when Flora's sufferings

begin, and we see her writhe in anguish, and ready to renounce all the material benefits at stake for the woman's privilege of receiving the last sigh of the dying, even then, although we pity her, we do not go back on our partisanship. And then, too, the rogue has such a keen sense of humor.

It is a curious study, this, and one that will irresistibly impel those of us who have not read the book to satisfy our curiosity as to what Balzac made of the character of Bridau.

What Otis Skinner has made of it is tremendously to the actor's credit. It is one of the most striking, the most consistent, and the most vivid portraiture on the stage—on our American stage of today. Nobody who prizes the rare sensation of yielding full, unquestioning admiration to an artist's conception will care to miss seeing Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family." The actor has so thoroughly saturated himself with the characteristics of Philippe that his own individuality utterly escapes us.

Mr. Skinner is supported by a first-class company. As Mme. Flora, Percy Haswell made me fear at first that she was a player constitutionally unable to appreciate the expressive value of a pause. But this indication of flurry soon passed away. Miss Haswell is handsome, distinctive, an excellent actress. She made of Flora a vividly heartless animal, except for her capability of experiencing the passion of love in its least edifying form. In a word, she filled in the picture. By his fine, consistent, carefully detailed and splendidly worked out portrait of old Rouget, A. G. Andrews played up to the star in a manner that (almost) made his a companion portrait. True, men in the sixties are not apt to be so infirm as was his Rouget, but the actor recognized the greater dramatic value to be gained by making the old man a dotard and an octogenarian, and no one caviled at the premature infirmities of Rouget. All the other rôles were well rendered, Frederick Sargent satisfying particularly in the rôle of the handsome beau who loves the luscious Flora and her financial prospects with equal fervor.

Other players who were particularly instrumental in filling in this Balzacian picture with the right tone are Mrs. Woodward as Mme. Bridau, Harry Burkhardt as Joseph Bridau, Russell Cranford as Borniche, and Sarah Padden—barring a baffling hollowness of tone—as La Vedie.

The Valencia Theatre is celebrating the big "Peter Pan" production by the installation of a new stage director, a new leading lady, and a new ingénue. Harriet Worthington, the new leading lady, is, however, out of luck. The rôle of Peter Pan is unsuited to her in physiognomy, in figure, and in temperament. She has had nothing left but conscience to carry her through, and, relying on that, came out only tolerably well in the opinion of adults, but was accepted without cavil by children of all ages, who came in droves to see the play. I envied them so. I felt like Wordsworth's apostle of literalism:

A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

To my mind Peter Pan was merely a conventional actress with possibilities who was absolutely miscast. To the children he was what Barrie intended him: The King of Noman's Land but Everyboy's Kingdom, a young hero bathed in the glorious limelight of boyhood's grandiose imagination.

And Wendy was a prettier Wendy than in the Maude Adams production, and a nice little, comprehending Wendy, who understood better than the leading lady what it was all about, Miss Worthington rather impressing me as one who had just landed in San Francisco, and been galloped through her Peter Pan paces before she quite knew where she was at. She was, in fact, a thoroughly feminine Peter Pan; a lady masquerading in boy's clothes, and trying to pass for a boy whose wild, free soul was beyond her woman's ken. For that matter, Maude Adams, in spite of her boyish looks—and she can look startlingly boyish at times—is "but yet a woman." That is a pretty touch of nature in Barrie, to recognize the boy and girl sentiment between Peter and Wendy. But I should like, some time, to see Peter Pan played by a boy—a real live, frolicsome boy. Now wouldn't that have been a piece of stage enterprise to have a genuine male in the part? I shouldn't wonder if that shrewd Lilliputian, Will Arche, who played the little stable rat in "Wildfire," could have played a Peter Pan that would have affected our imaginations as the spirit of adventurous boyhood, which women, assuredly, even if they be Maude Adamses, can not wholly do.

I noticed, in the Valencia production, how much more genuinely and absolutely the children—and a bright little group they are—entered into the spirit of the thing. To them it was more play than work. Now Peter was working—manifestly working, and even child-like Wendy—who is in reality a woman grown—was a little too conventional and young ladyish in tone and inflection.

As an acting play, "Peter Pan" has just one additional rôle beside these two, that of the pirate chief. This was excellently rendered by Robert Homans, who bestowed upon the

abandoned, kidnapping skipper of the piratical brig all the terrifying war paint, the thunderous vocal rumblings, and the alarming glares with which we have always endowed the fearfully enjoyed monsters of our childhood's imaginings.

The great thing about this "Peter Pan" affair at the Valencia is, however, the magnitude of the production as a production.

The children, during the flying lesson they receive from Peter Pan, dip and dart and soar like sea-gulls. The attachment of the connecting link between the flying contraption and their only too willing bodies is invisible.

In the third act the double-decked scene is perfectly contrived, and the pirate ship is a very elaborate and effective piece of stage carpentry. The closing scene, which, as everybody recalls, represents Peter sitting piping in his little house in the tree-tops while the fire-flies light his wild, free solitude with their fairy glow, is far prettier and more effective than in the original production, and, in fact, the remarkable and surpassing resources of this theatre that claims to be "the biggest and most beautiful theatre west of the Rockies" have been most triumphantly demonstrated. It is, indeed, safe to say that not another theatre in town could have put on a piece calling for the employment of so many mechanical and electrical effects in as good shape as is done at this thoroughly modern and up-to-date playhouse.

### Bach's Festival at the Greek Theatre.

Great preparations are being made for the Bach festival at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley on April 22. There will be one hundred and fifty singers, including some eminent soloists, and an orchestra of forty players. Hother Wismer, the violinist, has been appointed concert-master. Among the important works to be given is Bach's High Mass, one of six written by the composer, which has never before been played here.

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BERLIN—Thursday eve, April 29, at 8:15; Friday eve, April 30, at 8:15; Saturday a.m., May 1, at 3:15.  
VIENNA—Monday eve, May 3, at 8:15; Tuesday eve, May 4, at 8:15; Wednesday a.m., May 5, at 3:15.  
PARIS—Thursday eve, May 6, at 8:15; Friday eve, May 7, at 8:15; Saturday a.m., May 8, at 3:15.  
LONDON—Monday eve, May 10, at 8:15; Tuesday eve, May 11, at 8:15; Wednesday a.m., May 12, at 3:15.  
FEZ (in Morocco)—Thursday eve, May 15, at 8:15; Friday eve, May 14, at 8:15; Saturday a.m., May 15, at 3:15.  
Sale of course tickets opens Tuesday, April 20, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and closes Saturday eve, April 24.  
Course tickets securing to the holder same reserved seat at each of the five Travelogues. Prices \$4, \$3, and \$2.  
Single tickets \$1, 75c, and 50c. Ready Monday, April 26. Mail orders, address to Will L. Greenbaum or Burton Holmes Travelogues care of Sherman, Clay & Co., and accompanied by check or money order will receive prompt attention.

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Seats \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Cor. Sutter and Kearny. General admission \$1.00.

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Charles Frohman presents  
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In his realistic incarnation of COLONEL BRIDAU in the famous Balzac success  
**The Honor of the Family**  
Special Wednesday Matinee prices, \$1, 75c, 50c.  
April 26—MME. NAZIMOVA in "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," "Comtesse Coquette."

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Mats. Wed., Sat. and Sun., 10c and 25c; nights, 10c to 50c; box seats, 75c and \$1. Seats on sale at the Emporium.  
Monday, April 26—"If I Were King"



## VANITY FAIR.

The management of the Wolcott Hotel in New York have taken a step that should have been taken long ago and that ought to find imitators all over the world. Here is an announcement that has been issued to all their employees who come into contact with guests:

"Beginning on this date every employee of the Wolcott who comes in contact with the guests of the hotel will report daily to Miss Cora M. Parker, the official manicure, to have his or her finger nails clipped, cleaned, polished, and filed.

"This order is mandatory, and no excuse will be accepted for disobedience except illness or other excuse which the management shall deem to be reasonable.

"A room has been provided for the manicure near the waiters' dressing-room, and she will be on duty from 8:30 a. m. until 5 p. m.

"No charge will be made for the service, which tends to promote cleanliness and which will appeal to the guests of the hotel. There is no reason why the finger nails should not receive the same attention as the hands."

The days have gone by when waiters could be identified anthropometrically by their thumb prints on the edge of the soup plates, but there is still room for improvement, lots of room, and the popularity of the Wolcott Hotel should be increased by this laudable move.

The London young man who has fallen under severe censure for his unwillingness to dance has put forward a defense. It is not a very strong defense, but it is better than nothing. He says that the number of women with whom the average man desires to dance, either because of their ability or their good looks, is strictly limited. Upon entering the ballroom it is no uncommon thing to find that all the desirable partners have already filled their cards and nothing is left but the ladies whose dancing is of a primitive kind or who are otherwise unattractive. Sometimes a lady will give half a dozen engagements to the same man, and as a result a corresponding number of other aspirants are left out in the cold. What more natural than that they should resort to the smoking-room or go on to some other entertainment after a casual glance at the state of affairs.

Now, it seems that in Germany these things are managed better. There a lady is not expected to go through a whole waltz with one partner. A popular beauty, for example, will promise the same dance to as many as twenty men. After she has been round the room once or twice she smiles and bows her dismissal and changes to some one of the others who is lucky enough to catch her eye at the moment. Then she is not obliged to sit out between dances with the man with whom she last danced. She can send him about his business and bestow her sitting-out favors elsewhere or divide them among a number.

It seems that members of royal houses are just as liable to the unwelcome attentions of the blackmailer as any one else, and even more so, because many of the weapons of resistance are denied to them. The German crown prince has been recently attacked by these gentry, but he has had the courage to defy them. It seems that when he was at college he made the acquaintance of a certain Count Hochberg. A warm friendship sprang up and a somewhat extensive correspondence resulted. Later on the count came to America, fell upon evil days, and eventually became a chauffeur. Then it occurred to him that there might be financial possibilities in the letters of the crown prince that he had carefully preserved. So he gave his victim the alternative of purchasing them or of seeing them published. Whether they were really of a compromising nature we can not tell. Probably they were just such youthful confidences as two young men would be likely to exchange, since no one has ever accused the crown prince of indiscretions beyond the ordinary. However that may be, his imperial highness refuses to pay a cent and has notified the scoundrel that he may publish what he pleases. It is safe to predict that he will publish nothing, as the average blackmailer rarely carries out a threat. Somewhat similar attempts have recently been made against the King of Belgium and the Czar of Russia. So far as the King of Belgium is concerned, he may be said to stand upon safe ground. It would not be possible to publish anything worse than what we already know about him.

"There's no city in this country that boasts such a variety of livery as New York," remarked a man who each year visits every large city in the United States. "Years ago everything in the way of livery was either 'coachman's blue' or else 'coachman's drab,' but now Fifth Avenue and the park show most astonishing color effects in private livery. Only the other day I noticed three distinct shades of what I should call wine color, two different lavenders or purples and several very striking brown liveries. Two of these were especially elegant and unusual. One was a dark brown with trimmings of beautifully shaded heaver fur and the other almost yellow, with trimmings of glossy blue lamb. I suppose the variety of colors

used in painting the automobiles has made some difference in the colors used for livery, but whatever the reason this varied assortment of liveries is one of the noticeable features of New York just now, and it seems to me that every observing stranger must be struck with it. For myself I know that when I'm in New York I'm always on the watch for something new in this line, and a walk up Fifth Avenue or a stroll in the park is seldom disappointing."

Almost as many protests have been made against the tall hat of the man as against the corset of the woman, and with as slight a result. It did seem for a time that the silk hat was on the wane, but the Paris hatters now say that the "silk hat can not die."

There were various reasons for its momentary unpopularity. The motor-car collided with it and nearly killed it, for it is obvious that the motor-car and the silk hat are irreconcilable enemies. But the silk hat has triumphed. It refuses to be banished. It has recovered from the momentary shock and is now reestablished more firmly than ever. But there have been some changes. The manufacturers have lessened both the weight and the dimensions, the usual weight now being about four or five ounces, while it has been somewhat shallowed in the crown.

The tall hat is, of course, of a preposterous shape. Theoretically, there is nothing to be said for it, and yet it must be admitted that it gives a dignity conferred by no other article of apparel. In other words, it looks well. It has never been so popular in America as it is in Europe, but even in America it is absolutely *de rigueur* for certain occasions and there is now no reason to anticipate its extinction either in the old or the new world. Henry James says somewhere that the feet are the first object of concern to the dressy American man and that the head is the last. The feet must be irreproachably clad, and after that the interest of the wearer steadily wanes until it reaches its minimum in the hat which for ordinary occasions may be almost anything. The European reverses the process. The hat comes first in his esteem and hence his pathetic clinging to the "topper."

The New York *Sun* prints an interview with a popular actress, in which the lady explains a new method of outward rejuvenation. She was found "wearing what looked like a red gutta percha suit of armor."

"Why this mummy-like swathing in medicated rubber?" asked the intimate caller. "I thought fat women put it on to reduce their hips."

"So they do, but I have discovered that there is nothing like a rubber chin strap to keep your throat and neck young looking, while a pair of rubber gloves will take five years from the age of your hands if you wear them every night for a few weeks," replied the actress.

"Old looking hands are a tragedy to the woman who wants to keep young. It is my greatest fear that my hands will soon show lines and a flabbiness at the wrists and in the back. You know that is the first place most women begin to look old, so I am taking the ounce of prevention before the telltale signs get a fair start."

"Every night before going to bed I have sweet oil rubbed well into my hands and wrists, all over them, the backs, palms, fingers, and especially on the outside of the wrists, where little hollows and creases come almost before you are aware of it. Then I have the wrists massaged gently in an up and down motion to get rid of the kind of bracelets no woman likes."

"After a few minutes devoted to this treatment I draw on a pair of loose rubber gloves, such as the shops sell at 50 cents a pair, and I sleep in them all night. The oil makes them cling to the hands so that they will not come off, even though they are several sizes too large. Smaller gloves would be uncomfortable and might interfere with the circulation."

"Within a week after I began this treatment I noticed a decided improvement in the texture and color of the skin. There is nothing quicker and better for whitening the hands than rubber and sweet oil. You see it accomplishes a double good, improves their appearance and wards off the signs of age."

Why do women like to inspect vacant houses and flats. It would require about twelve policemen to persuade the average man to employ himself in this way unnecessarily, but the sign "To Let" seems to exercise a sort of fascination over the woman that it is hard to explain. Janitors are well acquainted with this weakness and the woman whose rooms are to let has definite opinions about this weakness of her sex. One of them relates her experiences to the New York *Sun* in the following way:

"I see that the persons who ask foolish questions are being exposed these days," said the young married woman who lives in an apartment, "and of all foolish questions those asked by women who are flat-hunting are the most foolish."

"Our apartment is to let, since we are going to move to the country, and day after day I keep answering all sorts of ridiculous

inquiries until I am in a fair way of losing my angelic temper.

"One woman will breeze in as if she owned the place."

"So this is an apartment," she remarks as she prances up the hall. 'How shut in it is! I have always lived in a big house and know nothing of apartments.'

"That's a whopper, for I know she lives in an apartment now; but I smile sweetly and tell her that one has to get used to apartment life. By that time she has reached the end of the hall and I start in to show her the rooms."

"Is this one room?" she asks.

"Now undeniably it is a room, and only one, there not being even an alcove to deceive her. I pass up the obvious answer and tell her she can use this room either as a sitting-room or a bedroom, as she prefers. She moves on."

"And this is another room?" is her query. "Obviously it is. It has four walls and two doors and everything else that makes it a room. A soft answer is necessary. We proceed."

"This is the kitchen, I presume?" she asks next, as if there was some doubt in her mind that it might be a menagerie and the stove and washtubs and other kitchen appurtenances

were put in to deceive her. She is so ignorant of apartments, you know. I assure her it is the kitchen and we pass on.

"Another woman will poke at the furniture as if it belonged to the apartment; and all of them, when they have gone over all the apartment, will ask:

"How many rooms did you say?"

"Now, I hadn't said, but I do say now and respond that they are seven. She looks incredulous and we have to go over it again so that she can count them; and half of them lose count in the middle."

"What makes me downright angry is that most of these women do not want an apartment at all; they are simply rubbering."

"I saw the sign and came in," one will say, and I can tell at once she is doing it out of curiosity and nothing else. Some are quite frank about it."

"I have wondered what these apartments are like," they will say, and go away satisfied after the tour of inspection."

Miss Belle (warningly)—Sally, they used to tell me, when I was a little girl, that if I did not let coffee alone it would make me foolish. Sally (who awes her aunt)—Well, why didn't you?—Life.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a certain restaurant the electric lights were suddenly extinguished. When they were turned on again after a few moments, a lady whispered to her companion: "Somebody kissed me!" "Yes, and somebody took my veal cutlet!" replied the other bitterly.

Hardly had the proud father entered the sick room to get his first glimpse of the new twins than both new-borns set up a loud howling. "Now, now," cautioned the father, holding up his hand and glancing from one red face to the other, "one at a time; one at a time!"

A certain lady prides herself upon always looking at the bright side of things. "My dear," moaned her husband one day recently, as he tossed restlessly on his bed, "it's the doctor I'm thinking of. What a hill he will be!" "Never mind, Joseph," said his wife. "You know, there's the insurance money."

There was once a man arrested on suspicion of a generally fraudulent life. On him was found a map of England, and certain of the towns were marked with the initials T. W. K. The detectives who traced his career of deception from town to town took quite a long time to discover that those letters were a personal warning and stood for "Too Well Known."

A good old west country preacher, who had decided to leave an unremunerative charge, finding it impossible to collect his salary, said in his farewell sermon: "I have little more to add, dear brethren, save this: You were all in favor of free salvation, and the manner in which you have treated me proves that you have got it!"

Little Jean's parents were enthusiastic bridge-players, and Jean was more or less familiar with the sight of cards. At Sunday-school one day the teacher had been giving a talk on David. Finally she held up a little colored print of David dressed in royal robes and asked, "What child can tell me who this is?" Out of the silence piped little Jean's voice: "I think it's a king, but it may be a jack!"

When a once famous member returned to the House of Commons after a by-election for Knaresborough, his unusually delayed appearance was commented upon in the presence of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The newly elected member, though a wealthy man, was known to be extremely careful about stray sixpences. "Isn't it odd," some one said, "Tom Collins doesn't turn up?" "Not at all, not at all," said Sir Wilfrid; "he's waiting for an excursion train."

It was while H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, was working at his first job, delivering the village newspaper, that his inborn capacity became evident. He brought in the name of a new subscriber, Isaiah West. Mr. Anthony, the publisher, wrote down the name. Then he turned to the boy: "How do you spell Isaiah, Henry?" he asked. "I-s-a-i-a-h," said Henry. "You'll do," said Mr. Anthony, with a chuckle. He told the story to a skeptic neighbor. "But how did you know how to spell it, Henry?" asked the neighbor. "I saw him write it down," said Henry.

Not long ago a young couple entered a railway carriage at Sheffield and were immediately put down as a bridal pair. But they were remarkably self-possessed, and behaved with such sang-froid that the other passengers began to doubt if their first surmise was correct after all. As the train moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his overcoat, and a shower of rice fell out, while the passengers smiled broadly. But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled, and, turning to his partner, remarked audibly: "By Jove, May! I've stolen the bridegroom's overcoat!"

He was a fine type of the old Southern colonel, the fiery scion of a race of cavaliers. Also, he was exceedingly wrathful. He had just received a letter from a man, "a low sort of pulson, suh, I assuah you," which displeased him immensely, and he was debating, inwardly, how best to convey to his vulgar correspondent an adequate expression of his (the colonel's) opinion of him. But his stenographer was a lady. The colonel snorted, made two or three false starts, and finally dictated: "Sir—My stenographer, being a lady, can not transcribe what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, can not think it. But you, being neither, will readily understand what I mean."

A Lancashire commercial traveler made a trip to Scotland and in Aberdeen was asked by a prospective buyer to subscribe to the prize fund for the local golf tournament. He parted with five shillings, and as he was interested in golf he remarked that he would like to be kept informed of the progress of the tournament so that he could look out for

the result. "O," said the customer, as he picked up the five shillings and placed it securely in his pocket, "ye needna dae that. The tournament was held last Saturday." This was rather a staggerer for the latest contributor to the prize fund, but he retained curiosity enough to inquire who had proved the happy winner. The guileless solicitor for subscriptions was quite undaunted, however. "The winner?" he said, coyly, "O, just mesel'."

Lord Cranworth, when lord chancellor, used to sit continually with the lords justices, for the purpose, it was said, of enlightening himself on points of which he was ignorant. "I wonder why old Cranney always sits with the lords justices?" said some one to Sir Richard Bethell. As usual, he was humorous, and at the same time caustic. "I take it to arise," said he, "from a childish indisposition to be left alone in the dark." When attorney-general, Bethell once finished an elaborate address just as the court adjourned at noon. His junior, who expected to follow on the same side after lunch, said to him: "Mr. Attorney-General, you have evidently made a strong impression on the court." "I think so, too," replied Bethell; "don't disturb it."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Tennyson Revised.

Come into the garden, Maud—  
The chauffeur, he has flown.  
I'll treat you to a dandy spin—  
The car's at last my own.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Mutability.

Another woman now and then  
Is relished by the best of men.  
—Harper's Monthly.

## Horticulture Study.

Though men make fun of the fashion,  
As it changes from this unto that;  
They don't look so much at the basket  
As they do at the peach in the hat.  
—Town Topics.

## Fashion Note.

By wearing a sheath gown instead of a skirt  
A woman not only doth court  
Attention from all, but provideth withal  
A visible means of support.  
—Cornell Widow.

## The Linguist.

She made a grand tour with Cook's tourists,  
And spent a whole week in Paree,  
So, of course, she speaks French like a native—  
Of Kankakee.  
—The Bohemian.

## Coming Home in the Dark.

The tunnel was dark, the tunnel was long,  
And the lights had all gone out.  
The temptation was assuredly strong—  
Of that there could be no doubt.  
She was sitting by me, a portly miss  
Of thirty summers, or less;  
When a notion struck me that I would kiss  
That vision of loveliness!  
Though the risk was great, I thought it worth  
while,  
For I was full of romance,  
And to steal a kiss in a furtive style  
The pleasure could but enhance!  
So when we had come to the darkest part  
I gave her a silent smack,  
When—I didn't expect it—bless my heart!  
If she didn't kiss me back!  
We gazed at each other in shy surprise,  
When from the tunnel we sped,  
The other passengers must have got wise,  
For our cheeks were burning red.  
At the same depot we left the train,  
When I lost my charmer fair,  
I thought I should never see her again,  
For which I didn't much care,  
But, when I got home, there was the maid,  
And she gave me such a look,  
"Who is that, mother?" I asked. She said,  
"Why, Bobby, that's our new cook!"  
—New York Times.

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## CLUBBING RATES

The Argonaut has club rate arrangements with all prominent publications, and will furnish rates on request.



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Weddings and the attendant gayeties are occupying the time and attention of the social world just now to the exclusion of all minor matters, and this bids fair to continue so until all society has left for Europe, the East, or the country.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Newhall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, to Mr. Athole McBean will take place on May 16 at Trinity Church. Miss Marian Newhall will be maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Maud Bourn, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

The wedding of Miss Grace Baldwin, daughter of Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, to Mr. James Russell Selfridge will take place on Tuesday afternoon next at the home of the bride on Lyon Street. The ceremony will be performed at half-past three o'clock by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt. A reception will follow.

The wedding of Miss Helen Wolcott-Thomas, daughter of Mrs. Lillian Wolcott-Thomas, to Mr. Joseph Weller Sefton, Jr., took place yesterday (Friday) afternoon in the chapel of Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at half-past three o'clock by the Rev. Frederick Clappett. Miss Julie Wolcott-Thomas was the maid of honor. Preceding the bridal party to the altar were Mrs. Welborn Burnett, Miss Sydney Davis, Miss Janet Coleman, and Miss Josephine Smith of San Diego. Dr. Richard Foster of San Diego was the best man. The ushers were Mr. Roscoe Hazzard of San Diego, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Carl Wolf, and Mr. Ramon Reymonts. Following the ceremony a reception to the members of the bridal party took place at the Fairmont.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Amweg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Amweg, to Mr. Walter Scott took place on Monday evening at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Frederick Clappett. Mrs. Clarence Monroe Reed of Oakland was the matron of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Marian Lally, Miss Elise Schultz, and Miss Aloise Gebhardt. Mr. Edward Gunn was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Grantland Voorhies, Mr. George Gunn, Mr. James Cameron, and Mr. Arthur Fennimore. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride on Washington Street. After a brief trip to Southern California Mr. and Mrs. Scott will go to Honolulu for a month.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at a hop on Wednesday evening last in the Presidio clubhouse.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at her home on Broadway on Saturday last at a lecture given by M. Marcel Poete.

Miss Janet Coleman was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday at her home on California Street in honor of Miss Helen Thomas.

Mrs. George Roe was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday last at her home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. M. C. Sloss entertained at luncheon in the St. Francis Monday afternoon.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maud Bourn returned on Saturday last from New York, where they have spent the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Florence Breckinridge will sail on April 24 from New York for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Page returned this week to their home in San Rafael to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman at Burlingame.

Mrs. Edward Barron and Mr. Ward Barron returned recently from a sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have been the guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at Burlingame.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, who has been abroad

for a year, has returned to New York, and after a brief stay there will come to San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Josselyn will leave shortly for Paris. Miss Mary Josselyn and Miss Marjorie Josselyn will occupy an apartment here for the summer.

Miss Helene Irwin has returned from a visit to Miss Jennie Crocker at San Mateo.

Miss Julia Langhorne spent the week-end at San Mateo as the guest of the Misses Nora and Amy Brewer.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Miss Harriett Alexander, and Mr. Douglas Alexander have returned from a few days' stay at Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mrs. Edward Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle, and Miss Hess Pringle left on Wednesday for Charleston, South Carolina. They will go later to New York and for the later summer months will go to Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., left recently for a stay at Napa Soda Springs.

Miss Sara Coffin left last week for a brief stay in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Joseph L. King has returned from a fortnight's stay in Los Angeles.

Miss Edith Berry returned this week from three months' stay in New York and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury are occupying the P. B. Cornwall house on Pacific Avenue. Baron and Baroness von Schroeder and the Misses von Schroeder will leave in the near future to spend the summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond left this week for New York and will sail shortly for a six months' stay in Europe.

Mr. William Carrigan sailed recently from New York for Spain, where he will spend the summer.

Miss Edith Simpson went recently to Fort Hamilton, New York, to visit Captain and Mrs. Robert McMillan.

Medical Director Remus C. Persons, U. S. N., Mrs. Persons, Miss Susie Persons, and Miss Pauline Persons have left Mare Island and gone to Philadelphia for a three years' stay.

Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee left this week for some months' travel in Europe.

Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara will take a house in London for the season.

Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet will leave early in May to join her sister, Mrs. McCreary, in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden will spend the summer at Del Monte.

Mrs. John A. Darling has taken possession of her new home, 3945 Clay Street, and will be at home on Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels, who recently returned from New York, have taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Philip Van Horn Lansdale was at Del Monte last week for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Hunter of Monterey are again at the St. Francis.

Dr. L. Therkelson and Miss Hazel Therkelson of Portland are guests at Del Monte.

The Marquise Piero Marcone of Turin is a guest at the St. Francis.

Mr. Douglas Grant spent the Easter holidays at Del Monte.

Former Vice-President Fairbanks, with his wife and son and his daughter, Mrs. John W. Timmons, arrived at the Hotel St. Francis last Wednesday from Pasadena. They are to leave this week for a tour of the Orient, Australia, Africa, and Europe.

Mrs. J. W. Sefton of San Diego is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Sefton is accompanied by Mrs. Lena Wakefield, who was Miss Sefton.

Mr. C. M. Bonhoff, navy paymaster, and Mrs. Bonhoff, of Mare Island, spent a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster and Miss Elizabeth Oyster, accompanied by Mrs. Oyster's mother, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, spent the Easter holidays at Del Monte.

Among the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Miss T. L. Walters, Mr. M. A. Owens, Miss Mary Leyman, Miss Ella M. Hazard, Mr. A. R. M. Blackhall, Mr. C. A. Marshutz, Mrs. C. Y. Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rossiter.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. H. M. Meyers, Mr. H. G. Martell, Mr. Lester L. Roth, Mr. A. Faget, Mr. and Mrs. Rheems, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Best, Mr. George A. Van Smith, Mr. F. M. Avery, Mrs. Charles Meinecke, Dr. and Mrs. George K. Funk and family.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral Uriel Sebree, U. S. N., commander of the Second Division, First Squadron, Pacific Fleet, will proceed to Bremerton Navy Yard on the flagship *Tennessee* and will then go to Washington, D. C., on one month's leave of absence. On his return he will relieve Rear-Admiral Swinburne, U. S. N., as commander of the Pacific Fleet.

Brigadier-General Stephen P. Jocelyn, U. S. A., retired, accompanied by Mrs. Jocelyn, has been visiting at Ormond Beach, Florida.

Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Bettinger, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A., in addition to his other duties will assume charge of the office of the chief quartermaster, Department of California, during the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert R. Stevens, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A.

Major John P. Hains, U. S. A., paymaster, Department of California, has had the leave of absence granted him extended one month.

Major Albert E. Truby, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect on June 15.

Captain William Roberts, U. S. A., retired, with his consent is detailed for active duty on recruiting service and will proceed to Los Angeles for recruiting duty.

Captain F. L. Bradman, U. S. M. C., was detached from headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, March 31, and ordered to command the Marine Barracks, U. S. Naval Training Station, San Francisco.

Captain Carroll F. Armistead, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved at his own request from duty at the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Arkansas, to take effect August 1. After one month's leave of absence, to take effect upon his relief from duty, Captain Armistead will join his regiment.

Captain Frank Ely, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the commanding officer, School of Musketry, Presidio of Monterey, for the purpose of demonstrating the use, construction, and desirability of his fire control device.

Captain David W. Hand, quartermaster, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Philadelphia and ordered to proceed to San Francisco and report to the general superintendent of the Army Transport Service for duty as quartermaster on the transport *Thomas*, with station at San Francisco, relieving Captain Lawrence D. Cabell, quartermaster, U. S. A.

Lieutenant K. G. Castleman, U. S. N., is detached from the *Kansas*, and ordered to the Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I.

Lieutenant H. Colvocoresses, U. S. M. C., retired, has been assigned to active duty, recruiting service, San Francisco.

## Shakespearean Festival at the Garrick.

Manager Will Greenbaum will not devote his entire time to music in the future, but will also present some splendid dramatic productions, making a specialty of such with music of importance connected. In England and France some of the most important plays have special music composed by the greatest composers, as, for instance, Massenet's music to "Le Cid," Saint-Saëns's to "Henry VIII," Grieg's to "Peer Gynt," Schumann's to Byron's "Manfred," etc.

No dramatist has given more inspiration to composers than William Shakespeare, and some of the greatest efforts of musicians both in the way of vocal and instrumental incidental music, as well as in opera, are due to the genius of the Bard of Avon.

Mr. Greenbaum announces a genuine Shakespearean Festival at the Garrick Theatre, such as is given annually at Stratford-on-Avon, to commence on Monday night, May 3, and end Sunday afternoon, May 9. On the Saturday evening previous (May 1), and Saturday afternoon, May 8, special performances will be given at the Greek Theatre of the university.

The performances will be given by the Ben Greet company of players, numbering over thirty people, besides ballet, chorus, and solo singers, and the Russian Symphony Orchestra of New York numbering forty instrumentalists. Mr. Ben Greet will personally direct the stage.

The offerings will be "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with the complete Mendelssohn music; "The Tempest," with Tchaikovsky's great symphonic overture, "The Tempest" and the charming incidental music by Sir Arthur Sullivan; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with the beautiful music of Nicolai, and "Romeo and Juliet" with the "Fantasie-Overture" by Tchaikovsky, which was played here by Scheel and Damrosch; the same composer's "Funeral March on the Death of Juliet," entirely new here, and incidental music from Gounod's opera.

It is probable that a special performance of "Everyman" will be given with Wagner's "Parsifal" music adapted to the scenes.

## Admiral Evans's Lecture.

The last lecture by Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans will be given Sunday afternoon, April 18, at Dreamland Rink, when his subject will be "The War with Spain," in which he took so prominent a part, especially in the campaign in the West Indies.

The seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Saturday afternoon at five, and on Sunday the box-office at the rink will open at ten a. m.

Next Monday night Admiral Evans will lecture in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on "The Voyage with the Fleet."

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Every second Monday for two months now the Princess Theatre has presented a new musical comedy, and in a style that makes the experienced theatre-goer hesitate to speak of it as "stock-company" work. During the year something like a score of traveling companies come to San Francisco and offer musical comedy, in each instance a piece that has been played by the same people from fifty to two hundred times, and they should serve as a criterion. They have had opportunity to elaborate, to polish, to find the telling points and enforce them. And this is a particularly striking phase—they almost invariably have a two-dollar tariff for orchestra seats. Well, the Princess company rehearses two weeks and at the same time plays another piece at night and Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Yet its work may be compared critically and favorably with that of any visiting attraction. In many details it is far better than any organization on the road.

Last Monday night the Princess Company appeared in "The Umpire." This is a musical comedy made in Chicago, but with a record of something like a year's success. Perhaps the fact that Fred Mace played the name-part from the start had something to do with it. He is doing the same part at the Princess now, and he is excellent in the rôle. All the others are new to their opportunities, but they do not overlook anything. May Boley is more kittenish and captivating than ever as the daughter of a beef-trust magnate. Budd Ross has a human part at last and is even more pronounced in effectiveness. Zoe Barnett, James F. Stevens, and Helen Darling, earn and receive much applause. The chorus is large and well trained. Stage Manager Temple deserves special credit for this.

"The Umpire" has some baseball interest, of course. Fred Mace tells a story redolent of the national game that will inevitably recall "Casey at the Bat." But there is other fun, and much good music, and stage pictures as attractive as one could wish. It will run another week.

"Peter Pan," the delightful fantasy by J. M. Barrie, is pleasing crowds at the Valencia Theatre. The play is reviewed on another page. The adventures in "Never-Never-Land" will be continued another week, with the regular matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, and a special performance Thursday afternoon. The curtain goes up at two-fifteen and eight-fifteen sharp on all performances.

At the Van Ness Theatre Otis Skinner and his notably good company are drawing good audiences and pleasing them with "The Honor of the Family." An extended review of the play appears on another page. The engagement of the company continues through next week. Special attention is called to the Wednesday matinee, when the prices range from \$1 to 25 cents.

What was probably the longest line of waiting purchasers for theatre tickets ever seen in this city began to form before the doors of the new Orpheum Theatre on O'Farrell Street last Saturday, thirty-seven hours before the box-office opened for the first time. It was more than two blocks long when the anxiously awaited moment arrived, and in a little time every seat in the new house, exclusive of those reserved for invited guests of the press, were sold. The new theatre on the historic old site will open next Monday night, April 19, under the brightest auspices. The exterior of this playhouse, devoted to vaudeville, is strikingly handsome. The façade is adorned with a massive sculptured group in high relief, and the entrances and lobby are spacious and attractive.

The opening bill is, as was to be expected, a remarkable one. It will be given Sunday afternoon and evening at the (not yet two-years-) old Orpheum on Ellis Street, and Monday night will be transferred to the new theatre. It includes Grigolati's Aerial Ballet, famous the world over and for several years a feature at Drury Lane Theatre, of "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," "Mr. Bluebeard," and "Humpty Dumpty." Its diversissements commence with a Butterfly Ballet by Mlle. Floretta, the premiere aerial coryphée, and conclude with a dove ballet in which live doves are used for the final pictures and effects. Frank Fogarty, the Dublin minstrel and a clever monologist; Margaret Moffatt, a talented actress, in Sewell Collins's satirical comedy, "Awake at the Switch"; Arcadia, a coloratura soprano, and a gifted violinist; Peter Donald and Nita Carson, Scotch comedians, singers, and dancers, in a sketch called "Alex McLean's Dream"; and Paul Sandor's miniature circus, in which remarkably intelligent dogs impersonate horses, ponies, lions, etc. The programme will also include the Sandwinas, Gordon and Marx, and a series of Orpheum Motion Pictures showing San Francisco before the fire.

There will be no matinee next Monday, but thereafter matinees will be given daily.

Mme. Nazimova will appear at the Van Ness Theatre, commencing April 26. Her repertoire here will be in English and will include "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler,"

and "Comtesse Coquette." Her engagement is for two weeks.

George Osbourne, one of the best-known and best-liked actors among San Francisco favorites, will soon return to this city and appear in the Valencia Theatre's production of Sothern's great success, "If I Were King."

### Miss Carrick's Piano Recital.

Miss Mary Carrick has returned to San Francisco after appearing with exceptional success in Europe, and particularly in Berlin, the great musical centre, and will give a piano recital at the St. Francis Hotel on Tuesday evening next, April 20.

Miss Carrick has made a name for herself by her interpretation of the most difficult pieces of piano literature, and on the occasion of her debut in Berlin was greeted with enthusiasm. Her success was all the more remarkable from the fact that she played in Berlin without previous study there. After receiving a special gold medal for music at Notre Dame College in this city, she continued her studies with Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, who prepared her for concertizing.

The programme which Miss Carrick will present at the coming concert is as follows:

Overture, D major, Bach-Saint-Saëns; Sonata, E major, Op. 109 (Vivace, ma non troppo; adagio espressivo; tempo primo; Prestissimo; Andante con variazioni), Beethoven; (a) Le coucou, Daquin (1694-1772); (b) Le Tic-Toc-choc, ou les maillots, Couperin (1668-1733); (c) Variations on a Theme of Paganini, Op. 35, Brahms; Grosses Konzert-Solo, E minor (Allegro energico; Patetico; Grandioso; Andante sostenuto; Allegro assai agitato; Marcia funebre; Moderato; Allegro con bravura, Liszt; (a) Der Lindenbaum, Schubert-Liszt; (b) Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner-Liszt.

Tickets may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and at the St. Francis news stand. Box seats, \$2; reserved, \$1.50 and \$1.

### Mrs. Lathrop's Concert.

Mrs. Ben Lathrop, who has adopted the concert stage as a profession, and who has met with genuine success in Eastern cities, announces a programme of song at the Garrick Theatre on Monday night, April 26. Mr. Karl Griener, the Viennese violoncello virtuoso, will be the assisting artist, and Mr. Gyula Ormay the accompanist. Mrs. Lathrop possesses a pure and beautiful soprano voice, and is a thorough musician as well as vocalist.

The box office will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and mail orders addressed to Will L. Greenham will receive careful attention.

### Dr. Ludwig Wullner.

Dr. Ludwig Wullner, for many years leading man of the finest dramatic company in the world—that maintained by the German government at Meiningen—musician and singer, has made the sensational success of the musical season in this country. Elman's success as a violinist was of course expected, but Dr. Wullner came in a quiet, modest, un-

heralded way, and instead of giving three concerts in New York, as was planned, gave seventeen, and the last few at Carnegie Hall, which seats over four thousand, and even then hundreds were unable to gain admission.

His interpretations of the great classic and modern songs are said to be nothing short of marvelous. Manager Greenbaum announces three recitals by this exceptional artist at the Garrick Theatre, the dates being Tuesday and Thursday nights, April 27 and 29, and a special matinee Friday afternoon, April 30.

### The Mischa Elman Violin Concerts.

Elman's first concert will be given next Tuesday night at the Garrick Theatre (formerly Orpheum), on Ellis Street near Fillmore. This will be the first time our city has been able to boast of a Class A concert auditorium.

The programme will be a remarkably beautiful one, including a "Spanish Symphony" (in three movements) for violin and piano, by Ed. Lalo; Handel's "Sonata" in E minor; "Menuet," Beethoven; "Deutscher Tanz," Dittersdorf; "Gavotte," Gossec; "Ave Maria," Schubert-Wilhelmj, and "Caprice Basque," by Sarasate.

Thursday night the Mendelssohn "Concerto"; Corelli's "La Folia"; Saint-Saëns's "Rondo Capriccioso," and a group of four charming little works will be the offering.

An equally fine programme will be given Sunday afternoon, April 25. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, at Kearny and Sutter Streets.

Next Friday afternoon Elman will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the programme of his first concert.

### The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues have been described as "easy chair journeys around the world." They will be given at Christian Science Hall, commencing Thursday evening, April 29, and the courses are so arranged that one need go but twice a week in order to hear all of the subjects. Full particulars regarding dates, prices, etc., are advertised in the regular amusement column this week.

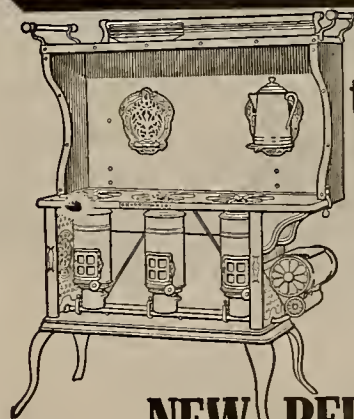
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Student of Astronomy—I have discovered a new star, professor. *Professor*—What's she playing in, my boy?—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Belle—I wish the Lord had made me a man. *Nellie*—Perhaps he has, only you haven't found him yet.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Hotel Clerk—Do you want a room with a bath? *Uncle Hiram*—Wa-al, no; I don't calculate I'll be here Saturday night.—*Princeton Tiger*.

Customer—Give me a bottle of Dopem's Stomach Bitters. *Druggist*—We haven't it in stock, madam, but here's something just as bad.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mrs. Wellbilt—Well, what do you think of my masquerade costume? I am a page. *Mr. Wellbilt*—A page! Heavens! You look more like a whole volume!—*Scraps*.

"How do you ever get on so well with your wife? Don't you ever have any differences of opinion?" "Of course we do. But I don't let her know it."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Johnny—They're makin' shingles out o' cement now'days. *Dickey*—I don't mind that so much, but if maw ever gets a pair o' cement slippers I'm goin' to run away!—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I kept my husband on a string five years before I consented to marry him!" "Why so long?" "Well, you see, I waited until I could see his way clear financially!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Williams—Young Astorbilt isn't at all exclusive, is he? *Walter*—Why, I don't know. *Williams*—Oh, be isn't. Why, this morning I saw him riding in his automobile with a policeman.—*Somerville Journal*.

"Is June the favorite month for marriages out here, too," asked the New York lady. "I don't think so," replied the Chicago woman; "I've been married six times in other months, and only twice in June."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Maria," said Mr. Jenkins, as he pushed the bed against the wall, "Maria, didn't I ask you a week ago to oil those castors? They creak something awful." "I know you did, James. But there isn't a drop of castor oil in the house."—*Stray Stories*.

"I tell you," said the man who likes to wrangle, "that woman is on a different plane. She's given special privileges. She doesn't have to toil, and venture, and dare, and starve. The woman of today is never called

upon to suffer any martyrdom." "Then what," inquired the suffragette mildly, "do you call living with a man?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Magistrate—Did you arrest the prisoner, McNulty? *Officer McNulty*—I did, yer honor. *Magistrate*—Did he offer any resistance? *Officer McNulty*—Only \$2, yer honor. *Chicago Daily News*.

Mr. Simple—I see that this here piano-playin' Paderewski has got the rheumatism in his hand so he can't play. *Mrs. Simple*—Then why don't he use one of these mechanical pianos?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Do you ever abuse that mule of yours?" asked the kind-hearted woman. "Lan' sakes, miss," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I should say not. Dat mule has had me on de defensive foh de las' six years."—*Washington Star*.

Tom (in restaurant)—Excuse me, old man, but would you mind paying my check? I haven't anything but a \$40 bill! *Jack*—A \$40 bill! Why, I never heard of a bill of that denomination. *Tom*—Here it is—a bill from my tailor!—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Gentlemen," shouted the drummer in the hotel lobby, "there are more men pushing the products of my factory than any other house in the world." "And what are they selling?" ventured the timid listener. "Automobiles, sir, automobiles."—*The Harvard Lampoon*.

"Sir!" exclaimed the injured party, "you stuck your umbrella into my eye." "Oh, no," replied the cheerful offender, "you are mistaken." "Mistaken?" demanded the irate man. "You idiot! I know when my eye is hurt, I think!" "Doubtless," replied the cheerful offender, "but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one from a friend. Good day."—*Boston Globe*.

He (desperately)—Tell me the truth. It is not my poverty that stands between us? *She (sadly)*—Y-e-s. *He (with a ray of hope)*—I admit that I am poor, and so, unfortunately, is my father; but I have an aged uncle who is very rich, and a bachelor. He is an invalid and can not long survive. *She (delightedly)*—How kind and thoughtful you are! Will you introduce me to him?—*New York Weekly*.

Sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary (interviewing new member of the force)—Well, Maginnis, 'tis the fine strong fleshy-lookin' fella ye are. Now, if a desprit man attacked ye wid a knife an' a pistol, would ye run or fight? *Recruit*—Shure, yer honor, I would! *Sergeant*—What, ye would? *Recruit*—Begorra, I mane I would not, sor! *Sergeant*—Ah, now that's betther. G'long wid ye, me Bucko!—*Punch*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Strong Hand Needed—Vindication of the Law—Courage Wins—The Barnum of Journalism—Mr. Spreckels's Denials—The Chaos in Turkey—Editorial Notes .....	257-260
CURRENT TOPICS .....	260
CURRENT VERSE: "The Trusting Little One," by S. E. Kiser; "The Wind," by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi; "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi"; "A Hillside of White Heather," by Florence Wilkinson .....	260
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World .....	261
NO HOME FOR ART: Miss Jeannette Gilder Writes of the Sorrows of the Academicians and Their Search for a Habitation .....	261
THE SCOURGE OF THE GODS. By John Herman Wishar	262
THE WIFE OF A DIPLOMAT: Mrs. Conger's Letters from China Supply a Fascinating Page of World History .....	263
OLD FAVORITES: "The Noble Nature," by Ben Jonson; "The Mountains," by Bayard Taylor; "His Fatherhood," by Coventry Patmore .....	263
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn .....	264
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	265
A PARIS BEAUTY SHOW: "St. Martin" Says That Competitions Among Lovely Girls Are the Order of the Day .....	266
DRAMA: The New Orpheum. By Josephine Hart Phelps ..	267
VANITY FAIR .....	268
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	269
THE MERRY MUSE .....	269
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy .....	270
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT .....	271
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day .....	272

### The Strong Hand Needed.

We have what appears to be an informal league of world nationalities for the suppression of the revolution habit in the Spanish-American States. Castro, the trouble-breeder of Venezuela, finds no encouragement nor even leave to gang his ain gait at home or anywhere else; and there are other manifestations in the same line. The commercial nations, by which we mean all of the strong nations of the earth, are weary of the convulsions which have unsettled the credit and retarded the development of Central and South America these two generations and more. They want to see government in these countries take on something like a fixed and dependable habit. They want to see the establishment of conditions which will make for general progress with social and business security.

Just how these things are to be brought about with the aid of outside influence and yet the Monroe doctrine and the Drago principle survive, it is not easy to conceive. That European countries shall be permitted to assume authority is unthinkable; likewise it is not pleasant to think of such responsible activity on the part of our own government as it has displayed in

relation to Cuba. On the other hand, there is small reason to hope for any wholesome and dependable development of self-governing capability among a people of small intelligence, fiery spirit, limited political capacity, and without effective training in political affairs. The only hope for peace and order on a permanent basis in Spanish-American countries lies in the example of Mexico, where a strong man of great governing instinct has made himself master of the country under the form of a republic. What they really want in every South American country is a Diaz, a man who knows how to use force with due restraint and who appreciates not merely the gold braid and the opportunity for profit afforded by authority, but the value of stable social conditions.

There is, indeed, no other immediate hope for South America. Social and political evolution is at its best a tedious process. It must proceed from small things to greater things by natural processes if it is to be wholesome and permanent. South America can not wait upon this kind of evolution. It has immediate need of government now, for all is chaos. It is a case not for theorizing upon the rights of man, not for standing upon the letter of the law because there is no respect for authority, no comprehension of what is due to it or under it. It is a case for the strong hand and the sooner it comes in every South American State the better it will be for social, material, and moral progress.

### Vindication of the Law.

Ever since the conviction of Louis Glass, vice-president of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, a year and a half ago, it has been common talk among lawyers that the trial procedure would not stand the test of critical examination. It has been the general opinion that the case was bungled and botched at many stages and the record so marred by errors that a court of review must surely set aside the verdict. The event has justified these suggestions, for on Thursday of last week the Appellate Court (Judges Cooper, Kerrigan, and Hall) granted a reversal of the judgment pronounced by Judge Lawlor's court. This does not acquit Glass of the charge against him; its effect is to nullify his conviction, to set back the case to where it stood before trial. Presumably he will be tried again. Authority to do it lies with the prosecuting office.

The grounds of appeal presented by Mr. Glass's attorneys were many, but the judgment of the Appellate Court relates only to two points. The errors therein involved being sufficiently serious to discredit the procedure, it was not deemed necessary to go into consideration of other allegations of irregularity. The first of the two points of error of which the Appellate Court takes notice was the admission of testimony at the trial concerning an effort on the part of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company at a former time to keep a rival out of another field. The second was the refusal of Judge Lawlor to instruct the jury that it must not consider the refusal of a certain witness (Zimmer) to testify as evidence that his testimony, if it had been given, would have been adverse to the interest of the defendant. Even to the lay understanding these points are plain and quite sufficient to render the procedure irregular. Even the prosecution tacitly admits its fault, since in this case there has been no repetition on its part of the outcry which greeted former reversals by the courts of review. Possibly it has been learned that it does not help the credit of prosecuting agents, that it does not nullify their blunders or mend their standing with the public, to attempt to lay the blame of failure upon the courts. At any rate, the public has been spared the spectacle of that furious uproar by the prosecution which has so tended to scandal and shame in previous instances where the higher courts have been compelled to nullify the result of procedures outside the lines of legitimacy and legality.

This result is in precise confirmation of warnings repeatedly given by the *Argonaut*. It can not be forgotten that not only once, but many times, in connection with the Glass case and in other instances, the prosecutors were reminded in these columns that irregular methods of procedure could end only in failure and confusion. One charged with crime before the law and compelled to defend himself under the terms of the law has the right to protest against methods of prosecution outside the law. In a free fight some rough license may indeed be presumed, but a procedure in court must be conducted upon definite, fixed, accredited, unquestionable rules. The point of the defendant's guilt or innocence, if referred to the courts, must be adjudicated by strictly regular and legal procedures. There can be no other way without leading directly to contempt of law and to the evils of anarchy.

The failure in this case is a definite indictment against the agents of the prosecution, likewise against a court which at a hundred points has compelled the censure of intelligent and fair-minded men. It bears out and justifies the criticism of the *Argonaut* to the effect that the prosecuting agents have lacked not only moral but technical qualification for the work they have pretended to do. Men who take upon themselves the high rôle of prosecutors of crime and avengers of society, functions of high moral aim and pretension, have no right to be ignorant of the law, careless in their work, or shaken from their poise by vindictive feeling. In other words, those who attempt moral crusades must be big enough in mind and purpose, skilled enough in the law, sufficiently founded in the pure gold of personal character, to carry themselves regularly, legitimately, decently, effectively.

It is not far to seek the causes of this failure. There was committed in connection with the operations of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company a most grievous crime; the evidence of it was plain as daylight. It was a crime of special aggravation because it had not even a shadow of justification under the rule of the "hold-up." It was an act done in corruption of public officials, in promotion of a private interest, in contempt of the public interest. As to Mr. Glass's individual part in this transaction there was indeed serious question, but as to the crime itself the evidence was more than enough. And if the agents of prosecution had been qualified for their work, if they had gone about it in right spirit, there would have been a better outcome. The blame of this failure which has so scandalized San Francisco, which has cost so much money, and which has wrought so much distress to innocent persons, rests with a group of men who attempted to carry a moral movement upon an insufficient basis of technical capability, individual character and moral prowess.

Although the agents of prosecution have been decently silent with respect to this latest rebuke, their heated partisans have been less restrained. Many of the type active in that super-heated organization which styles itself the "League of Justice" are busy with mutterings and mumblings of censure and resentment against the Appellate Court. It would be well if all such could take to themselves the lesson of an address delivered by Justice F. M. Angellotti of the State Supreme Court before the Bar Association at Los Angeles on Saturday of last week. Judge Angellotti spoke with respect to criticism of courts, making no direct reference to any particular case or situation. He said in part:

There is but one course open to the court, and that to apply the prescribed rules of law undeviatingly as it finds them; and the judge who, in the supposed interest of justice in a particular case, undertakes to set it at naught, abdicates his sworn judicial function and becomes an abettor of the mob—the only tribunal that may presume to administer its justice untrammelled by the restraint of law.

Here we have plainly and briefly the rule of obligation and honor as it relates to the action of courts of justice. It would seem that so simple a principle ought to be easy of comprehension and a rule of



unquestioned authority. That we have in San Francisco those who do question it, those who assert the "moral obligation" of courts to act upon "common knowledge," "instinctive justice," "general principles," and other loose notions, is a sufficient demonstration of the mental and moral confusion wrought in this community by the operations of those in whom zeal and passion have overwhelmed respect for and consideration of the law.

Readers of the *Argonaut* will bear witness that amid all the confusions of the past three years this journal has espoused no personal causes. It has never deviated one hair's breadth from its demand for straightforward procedure against criminality high or low by regular and proper methods. It has asked for immunity or exemption for no man, nor has it desired it. Its stand has been for the law, for regularity and legitimacy. It has protested and resented every procedure, no matter by whom or in whose interest, carried forward in disregard of the law. It has been earnest and even jealous for the integrity of the one principle essential to the welfare, indeed to the very existence of orderly government. Still, the *Argonaut* stands for the law and it makes no pretense of friendship or approval for any man, no matter what his pose amid the confused jumble of our affairs, whose operations are in ignorance of the law or in contempt of its authority.

### The Chaos in Turkey.

The news from Turkey, from its inherent interest and from its possible effect upon the general fortunes of Europe, easily takes the first place of international importance. A few months ago we were congratulating ourselves upon Turkey's emergence from the corrupt and cruel despotism of ages. Then came the revolt of the troops, which seemed to turn the tables upon the reformers and to promise the Sultan a new lease of power, and now we find the Young Turks in the field with an army of 40,000 men threatening to march upon Constantinople and easily able to overawe the resistance of the feeble garrison and to make good the revolution of the early part of the year. As incidents in the situation we have the hastening warships of the European powers, the massacre of Christians that always marks a Turkish upheaval, and the imminent abdication of the Sultan, who has the usual traditional reasons to dread the conqueror. It is a condition from which almost anything may happen.

The well-informed were never very sanguine as to the success of the revolution in Turkey nor very confident of the men who engineered it. The idea that the average Turk had any desire for self-government, that he even knew what the term meant or would do other than detest it if he did know, was too unlikely to be entertained. For a thousand years the Turk has been governed by a despotism, sometimes benevolent and sometimes otherwise. His ideals have never soared beyond a desire for freedom from the grosser forms of oppression, from the undue exactions of the tax-gatherer, and from extended military service. His tradition, his religion, and his Oriental character were all opposed to representative institutions, and if he gave an apparent support to the ambitious young men who called themselves reformers it was with no more than a vague idea of some undefined change personally beneficial to himself.

The policy of the Young Turks showed no trace of enlightened political principle. In spite of exile they were still Turks to the backbone and saturated with the evil chicane of the East. Their first step was to compel the dismissal of Kiamil Pasha from the post of grand vizier and to put Hilmi Pasha in his place. Kiamil was a brave and loyal man who had incurred the animosity of the reformers by defeating a murderous army plot against the Sultan, while Hilmi has earned a hateful reputation as governor of Macedonia at the time of the massacres. Hilmi carried his army with him and was therefore a valuable ally, but it is these very soldiers who recently revolted upon a reminder that revolution did not mean military license and that they were still subject to the orders of their officers. The revolt nearly restored the autocracy of the Sultan, who naturally seized his opportunity, and it would have done so but for the energy of the army now approaching Constantinople under the reformers.

The object of the Young Turks from the beginning has been to depose the Sultan. It was a laudable object, but it should be pursued by the constitutional methods that they avow and not by means of conspiracy and treachery. The instruments should at least be respectable and not of that detestable type usually

dominant in Turkish politics. There can be no change in the Sultanate without the consent of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and because the sheikh was known to be a man of sturdy and irreproachable character he was contemptuously dismissed to make room for some pliable creature from Macedonia hitherto unheard of. The reformers openly avow that when Abdul Hamid is out of the way, by midnight murder or otherwise, they will make Jussuf Isseddin the Sultan of Turkey. Now, the heir to the throne is Prince Rechad, the present Sultan's younger brother, who has been in partial captivity for many years. Rechad belongs to the finest type of Turkish gentleman, and there can be no higher praise than that, but in spite of the treatment he has received from the Sultan, he has allowed it to be known that should he come to the throne through murder his first care will be to punish the murderers. For this reason he is passed over by the reformers in favor of Jussuf Isseddin, who is the eldest son of the late Sultan Abdul Assiz and a man of infamous and despicable character. All these things show that the Young Turks are chips from the old block, and that so far from being animated by lofty motives, they are simply playing the usual Oriental game of murderous intrigue, and that personal and despotic ambition is in the same rôle now that it was when the Turks first came out of Asia to be a thorn in the side of Europe.

No one would deny that Turkey must eventually merge into some semblance of constitutional government, but it will be by the regular processes of evolution and not by some sort of convulsive spasm. Turkey must travel over the regular road beaten hard by every other nation in civilization. She will have to make small beginnings, winning point after point, and proceeding no more rapidly than the development of popular character will permit. The revolution in Persia preceded the outbreak in Turkey. It was of the same convulsive kind, and Persia is already in the throes of reaction and ten times worse off than she was before. Turkey will probably not be allowed to degenerate into chaos simply because the European powers can not allow themselves to be led into the way of temptation, but the principle is the same. New political wine can not be put into old political bottles, and constitutional government can not be imposed by edict upon a people saturated with despotic principles, suited by centuries to autocratic government and wholly unfamiliar with anything else. Turkey now needs a benevolent despotism with the gradual and cautious introduction of the primary elements of popular representation. She will be lucky if she get it. She is far more likely to get some sort of foreign control, and for this she may thank the hot-headed reformers who have tried to crowd the advance of centuries into a month.

### The Barnum of Journalism.

Mr. Hearst's politics reflect always the hustling journalist. Your yellow fellow is never a man of conviction nor often, indeed, a man of respect for broad principles. He is one with an instinct for comprehending the mood of the public mind. His ear is always on the ground and his study is how to estimate the tendencies and the appetite of that part of the great public whose mental and moral life rests upon the events and discussions of the day. The first mark of his professional ability is his readiness to know what the public wants or what it may be brought to accept; the second, his power to so organize and direct the forces at his command as to meet the immediate public taste.

So with Mr. Hearst's politics. One year he is for busting the trusts. Next year he is for curbing the tax eaters. Anon he is for a stiff foreign policy. Always he is for something calculated to claim the attention of the man in the street today. Never by any chance does his policy proceed upon consideration of broad principles and of fixed conviction; it has no background and no look-ahead; always it is based upon a hurried and commonly an astute estimate of the state of the public mind.

Mr. Hearst's latest scheme of policy has just been unfolded and it is nothing more or less than a radical and emphatic development of a "cause" which he has more or less cultivated in a tentative and threatening way for several years past. He is for public ownership of public utilities. He will have those who have naught take upon themselves through political manipulation the ownership of public utilities with their administration. He flings all ideas of conservatism to the winds; he goes the whole hog without limit. He sounds the battle cry; he lets loose the dogs of aggressive warfare against private property in public utili-

ties; he seeks with resounding phrases to enlist the attention and the interest of all that part of the country which can be attracted by glittering talk spiced with the hope of acquiring through political devices the property which others have toiled and moiled to create.

Mr. Hearst's private political party, the so-called Independence League, will now address itself to the work of spreading the gospel of public ownership. Backed by the Hearst papers, sustained by the Hearst largess, inspired by the Hearst leadership, it will go on its way as long as the "issue" has the vitality to attract public attention. When the iron grows cold, when there shall no longer be any "go" in this particular subject, then Mr. Hearst will be ready with something else. Even already no doubt he holds carefully in cold-storage, ready for use whenever it may be required, some other "issue" shrewdly calculated to attract popular notice and to enlist that element which takes Mr. Hearst if not seriously at least with a sufficient measure of interest to read the newspapers which voice his ideas.

Of course all this is mere newspaper "enterprise." Mr. Hearst is a yellow journalist, a very king of a very questionable trade. He plays the game better than anybody else because he has the wit always to keep a fresh ball in the air. He began with headlines and salacity. He proceeded from salacity to open scandal, from open scandal to other forms of social horror. Then he took up muck-raking and from muck-raking ran into politics and from politics into an extraordinary kind of civic reform. He never wants for an exciting theme, because he has the instinct to know when the public has had enough of one thing and wants diversion; and he has the skill to invent or borrow or develop something that will hit the mood of the moment. He has the tremendous practical advantage of having no personal character and caring not at all if he makes himself ridiculous. And all the time, while slow-going rivals follow in his wake, he sells newspapers. His talent is that of the circus promoter, the same in spirit, the same in idea; the difference lies only at the point of application. In journalism and in politics he does precisely what the late Mr. Barnum did in the sawdust arena. In a way he deserves his success. It is even possible that he enjoys it. One thing is very certain, namely, he is envied by no man of knowledge, acquaintance with broad principles, devotion to fixed ideals and standards, of straightforward character or common honesty.

### Mr. Spreckels's Denials.

Mr. Spreckels solemnly declares that he never advised or approved the car strike of two years ago; likewise that he did not assist the Carmen's Union directly or indirectly in time of strike or at any other time. It is not easy to see how Mr. Spreckels can reconcile this positive statement with a record which exhibits him as a sympathizer, approver, and justifier of the worst aspects of the strike at its most critical hour. Perhaps he does not attempt to reconcile it; perhaps he has come to look upon himself as a creature of such tremendous moral sanctity that solemn falsehood falling from his lips by some miracle becomes truth.

The *Argonaut* remembers the whole circumstance very clearly, because in spite of many qualms of judgment and distrust it had up to the period of the strike tried to support a movement which it hoped might yield good even though manifestly weak at the point of moral foundation. When Mr. Spreckels's pronouncement of sympathy and approval for the strikers was printed in the *Evening Bulletin* it was read by the editor of the *Argonaut* with astonishment. Speaking with a group of friends a few minutes later he maintained that Spreckels could not possibly have been guilty of this amazing breach of propriety and decency, and when this assumption was challenged he laid a small wager that Mr. Spreckels would promptly repudiate the statement. But Mr. Spreckels did not repudiate it, and the editor lost the small stake which he had thought Mr. Spreckels's character for consistency and honor was worth. Incidents of this kind—for we all hate to yield our money—make an impression which is not likely soon to be effaced from the memory of the loser.

Mr. Spreckels has not indeed made a shining exhibit in the sphere of moral or even verbal consistency during the past three years. In view of his manifold political activities, of his leadership of the Lincoln-Roosevelt movement last fall, of Mr. Heney's furious campaign a year ago, we have wondered if Mr. Spreckels has ever recalled his solemn assurances given per-



sonally to the editor of the *Argonaut*—time, spring of 1907; place, Little Palace Hotel—that neither himself nor any of his associates could or would under any circumstances have any part in politics. Mr. Spreckels was not asked for this statement. It was made upon his own initiative and in terms most positive. At the time the editor regarded it as rather a broad avowal, illustrating a want of experience in affairs. Even at the moment he reflected that possibly Mr. Spreckels might some time regret it. But it appears that he has an easier method. When anything in his record doesn't suit him he doesn't grieve over it. He simply blinks those lovely eyes and says the record is not so, thereby recalling the familiar example of the ostrich which buries its head in the sand—the reader knows the rest.

It would be charitable to believe that Mr. Spreckels doesn't comprehend the meaning of words. When he says he did not instigate the car strike he possibly means that he did not personally conspire with particular labor leaders to bring it about. There were no midnight conferences—inside the Presidio gate or elsewhere—between him and Mr. Cornelius. When he says that he did not directly or indirectly encourage the strike, he possibly has in mind some other technical evasion of the direct issue. He does not comprehend that by issuing a statement of sympathy and approval of riotous acts, that by commanding or permitting his "good dogs" to use Geary Street as a club, by proceeding against Mr. Calhoun criminally on the very day the strike was called—he does not comprehend that by these acts he was aiding and abetting the strike—in effect putting the political and moral powers of the graft movement behind it. When he pledged himself and his associates not to go into politics he meant possibly that they would not be candidates for office, having found an easier way to possess themselves of the powers of office. Possibly he does not conceive that the manipulation of political parties, the dictation of nominations, and the pulling of political wires is getting into politics. Possibly he does not comprehend that the corruption of a police force, the domination with money or other forms of influence of men in office, is getting into politics. Possibly in his innocence he does not know that the organization, through Mike Casey of a laborite annex to the Phelan political machine, is getting into politics.

Some looseness of ideas and of expression must be allowed to a singularly unschooled mind, incapable excepting where traffic in dollars and cents and pursuit of private revenges are concerned, of anything but a coarse literalism. But when a man undertakes to put a point-blank denial against a definite record, the strain upon sympathy and credulity and even upon Christian charity is a bit severe.

#### Courage Wins.

At a conference at the White House last week President Taft told Mr. Gompers and other representatives of organized labor that support of the injunction as a principle of law and justice would be a cardinal point with this administration. It is not recorded that he got red in the face, gritted his teeth, stamped on the floor, or pounded the table. He just told Mr. Gompers in plain words and in the best of temper that there wasn't to be any nonsense by way of cajoling and snaring the vote of organized labor. And, strange to say, Mr. Gompers and his gang left the White House in good humor and in high respect of the President. It is easy to believe that they held him in a consideration higher than before for having a definite purpose in support of law and justice and for his plain-spoken determination to stand fast without quibbling or evasion. All the world likes a man of definite mind and of courage in declaring it. Organized labor yields no exception to the rule.

Organized labor has learned something within the past year, among other things that its bite is not nearly so terrible as its bark. It has learned that there is and must always be a wide discrepancy between the numbers of its membership and the number of votes which its national leaders may count upon as subservient to political orders. It has learned that the American workingman is a citizen before he is a unionist and that he holds himself competent to determine his own political principles and to control his own political action. It has learned what others before have learned, that it is impossible to train and marshal the forces of any class or association in this country in obedience to arbitrary orders. All this had to be learned because the leaders of organized labor—the Sam Gompers, the Pat McCarthys and the Mike Caseys—

are mostly foreigners, men bred under old-world conditions and new to American ideas and American standards of character.

A similar lesson has been enforced in connection with the industrial and commercial life of the country at a hundred points. Los Angeles has shown that a whole community can prosper unprecedentedly while giving to organized labor in its aggressive spirit the cut direct. The *Times* newspaper of Los Angeles has shown how an institution dependent upon popular support may deny and defy organized labor in unjust demands and at the same time prosper and grow great beyond all comparison. Even here in San Francisco it has been shown by the United Railroads, by the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, by the Union Iron Works, and, if you please, by the *Argonaut*—more prosperous and potent today than ever in its history—that it is possible to exist comfortably and happily while looking organized labor dead in its evil eye and bidding it go hang. Down at Santa Barbara the other day organized labor with swaggering insolence undertook to put the screws to the *Evening Independent*, and Editor Storke, being a man who knows his own mind and having just the right glint in his temper as well as in his hair, told the walking delegates to go to the devil—that he would manage his affairs in his own way. The result is that the *Independent*, going freely and boldly at a gait prescribed by its owner and resisted by an impertinent unionism, is more popular and prosperous than ever. Indeed, if the timid could only know it, there is distinction and profit as well as peace of mind in showing unionism the door whenever it forgets its manners.

The last national administration first rebuked an aggressive and impertinent unionism in the famous case of Bookbinder Miller; then it coddled unionism and fondled it, grew timid and shied at it; then it made pitiful surrender and tried to get the last national convention to permit Mr. Gompers to write its labor plank. What happened scarcely needs to be told. The convention did not share the timidity of Mr. Roosevelt, declined to knuckle under at his command and to make Mr. Gompers the ruler of the country. The Democratic convention at Denver did knuckle under, and small advantage it got for its abandonment of principle, its most pitiful humiliation. Now, we venture the prediction that the straightforward course of Mr. Taft in denying the demands of Gompers and his precious outfit will win friendship and support where a course of timidity and concession failed. We venture the prediction that at the next national convention, organized labor, if it shall present itself at all, will be heart and soul, body and hreeches, behind Mr. Taft.

#### Editorial Notes.

There has been brought to light rather mysteriously a letter written by the late Chief of Police Biggy a few days before his death to President Cutler of the Board of Police Commissioners, which likewise, rather mysteriously, has been suppressed until just now. In this letter Mr. Cutler is informed that on the previous day, November 16th last, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels called upon Chief Biggy at his office, berated him on various scores and demanded his resignation as chief of police. Mr. Spreckels, be it remembered, was then, as now, merely a private citizen with no legitimate authority to review, reprove or dismiss public officials. Upon the basis of this incident Mr. Biggy demanded an investigation of his conduct of the police department—this being the purpose of the letter to Mr. Cutler. Various interpretations are given to this letter, but none of them conclusive. The one positive implication, that of a rupture between Biggy and his erstwhile friends the graft prosecutors, is in confirmation of whisperings which have often been heard. Beyond a doubt Biggy's administration of the police department had not pleased the prosecutors who wished to use the department for their own purposes. Biggy had been berated, threatened and hounded for weeks before his death. It was desired to get rid of him. Whether or not these circumstances bore any relation to the tragedy which followed, are merely matters of surmise. But it is proper that the facts should be developed. It is right that the public should understand to what length and by what means the Spreckels-Phelan vendetta has sought to possess itself, and has in fact largely possessed itself, of irregular and abnormal powers in San Francisco. It is right that the public should know to what extent Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, following the example of Abe Ruef, has assumed the authorities and powers of a public dictator over our municipal life and affairs and to what extent

he has followed the same methods. That Biggy was murdered as the *Evening Globe* intimates, the *Argonaut* does not believe for one moment; but it would like to know, and it believes others would like to know, how far the hand of Mr. Spreckels has been felt in affairs which lie beyond the legitimate range of any private citizen under any possible circumstances.

Since the publication in these columns some two weeks back of certain straightforward remarks with respect to the degeneracies of the anti-graft movement, the editor has been deluged with letters betraying spleen on the part of certain resentful writers, illustrating among other things that the *Argonaut* is widely read and that it has a continuing power to stir the sentiments of those—let us hope they will always be many—who don't like it. Next to its friends this journal values its enemies. It wishes them no harm, only more judgment and better taste. They have, indeed, their uses. They tend to keep interest alive and in a way serve as a stimulant to that spirit of sweetness and light which it is the special mission of the *Argonaut* to cherish and promote. But while these letters to the editor have had pretty much every kind of demerit, ranging from bad temper up to bad spelling, they have been silent at one vital and essential point. The *Argonaut*, let it be remembered, declared that whatever the original purpose of the anti-graft movement, it had fallen to the low estate of a vulgar personal vendetta. It ventured by way of challenge to declare that there was not one disinterested man of intelligence and character in San Francisco who would declare his entire approval of the prosecution. There have been "sassy" letters in plenty, some of them from men, some from women. But among them all not one, intelligent or otherwise, has taken up the challenge; no writer has ventured to declare his or her entire approval of the course of the prosecution. The *Argonaut* stands ready to meet in the right spirit intelligent and respectful differences of opinion. It will be glad to discuss this or any proper issue with anybody who, by his character, his intelligence, and civil manners, has a right to consideration. It merely smiles at the rage of those spitfire correspondents who think they have done a smart thing when they have sent off a nasty personal note to the editor of the *Argonaut*.

A straight issue has been drawn with respect to President Taft's prospective visit to the Pacific Coast. He wants to come for the purpose of looking over the country, meeting its representative people, and acquainting himself with its needs. The cost of the trip under the conditions required for its convenience and propriety will run up close to twenty thousand dollars. The President can not afford so great an outlay from his private resources and he will not accept a financial favor at the hands of anybody, however disinterested. There is but one way for him to make this trip, and that is for Congress to provide funds for it precisely as it did in the case of Mr. Roosevelt. The President does not ask it; he offers neither persuasion nor demand. Congress may see the situation as clearly as he does, and it may act or decline to act at its own pleasure. The situation is one in which the Pacific States have a right to the friendly coöperation of other States nearer to the seat of government. A multitude of considerations make it desirable that the President should get and keep in direct touch with our country and our people. Our representatives in Congress will present an appeal not in the name of the President, but in behalf of their constituents, for the making of this appropriation. There ought to be no question about it, and we think there will be none. There will, we imagine, be few to decline to make it possible for the President of the republic to make himself immediately familiar with the country over whose destinies he presides.

We think the State legislature did well to abolish the old Board of Bank Commissioners; and we think the Governor has done well to enlist the services of Mr. Alden Anderson in the new office of State Superintendent of Banks. Never yet has the *Argonaut* seen anything in the shape of effective executive work done by a debating club; never yet has it seen any real and vital responsibility carried effectively except under some personal initiative. Mr. Anderson is exceptionally equipped for the job he has undertaken. He is not only a banker of successful experience but a man of large all around business capability as illustrated by his record in public and private affairs. The



surprising thing is that he could be induced to forego his private interests to take up this public duty. That he does so at his own personal cost is an open secret, and the fact speaks largely for his credit as a man and a citizen. Not every man indeed in these days of selfish calculation takes his duty as a citizen so seriously as to be willing to sacrifice private advantage at the call of the State.

The trial of Patrick Calhoun, now in an interesting and even dramatic stage, naturally excites public attention. It is nominally a trial in court under the authority and under the forms of the law. But in reality it is not a legal procedure at all. This trial is the culminating round of a fierce conflict between private interests and private enemies. While the immediate procedure is in a court room and under the eye of one who must be styled a judge, it is in effect a duel between embittered partisans. All ideas in relation to the nominal purposes of this procedure have been lost in the development of a fiercely revengeful spirit which by one illegitimate process or another has brought to its aid the names and the powers of official authority.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

The tariff bill still occupies the centre of the stage. An English statesman once remarked that the chief advantage of a foreign war was the popular instruction in geography that it enforced and we may similarly congratulate ourselves upon the economic lessons that follow in the train of a tariff bill. For the first time in his life the average voter has realized that the government is not fed by manna from heaven, that a vast amount of money is needed for the transaction of the national business and that the financial authorities must give their first attention to the payment of the weekly housekeeping bills. Questions of protection are subsidiary to the paramount necessity of revenue.

There is therefore a good deal to be said for the suggestion of Representative Gillett of Massachusetts, who bestows a sort of benediction upon the proposed taxes on coffee, tea, gloves, and stockings, not upon the ground of their protective, but of their educational nature. The absolute necessity of revenue has never yet been brought home to the consumer. He has exulted over the great national activities of irrigation, forest reservation, reclamation and canal building with only the vaguest notion of where the money comes from. A tax upon a few staple commodities will be in the nature of a visible hint that good things must be paid for and his enthusiasm for great expenditures will be tempered by a little of the worldly wisdom that he applies to his domestic affairs. "If the people felt in their pockets," says Mr. Gillett, "that they were paying the bills and that outgo must be balanced by income, I believe a healthier sentiment would grow up toward the national treasury."

The psychical researchers ought to be encouraged by the numbers of persons who find themselves in telepathic communication with the President and who are able to describe the mental states that he himself is so careful not to express. If this sort of thing goes on there will be no sanctities left in official life. Every scribe in Washington would willingly give his head to be able to quote something that Mr. Taft had said in real audible words about the tariff, but as Mr. Taft, clearly with malice aforethought, has said nothing, they have to be content with telling us exactly what he thinks and with descriptions of the mental processes to which they have such astonishing access. It is clearly a case of telepathy and it ought to be recorded. Mr. Walter Wellman, for example, with unerring finger upon the President's mental pulse, tells us that Mr. Taft "feels encouraged," and that "he believes the Payne bill will be a better measure by the time the Senate gets through with it." And then as the crowning revelation of a secret for which a panting and perspiring nation has been waiting Mr. Wellman tells us that "the President's policy is to get as good a bill as he can and have it passed and put on the statute books at the earliest possible moment."

It seems now to be fairly certain that the Senate will surrender to the clamor against the gloves and hosiery schedules and put these back to the Dingley point. This would seem to place the Senate in conflict with the House, but actually it will do nothing of the sort. The House will accept the amendment with Te Deums, for every member who voted for these schedules has been trembling in his boots ever since and dreading the day when he must meet the feminine cohorts of his own constituency. For the first time in his life Senator Aldrich appears as mediator between the interests and the people. Mr. Wellman says:

The general policy of Senator Aldrich and the finance committee is to tax luxuries more and the necessities of life less. The Senate bill will put up the duties on champagne, let the House increase on perfumery and such articles stand, put cocoa on the free list along with tea and coffee, and shade down some of the atrocious woolen duties in the Payne measure. So far the Senate policy is quite in line with Mr. Taft's contentions.

The New York *Evening Post* is inclined to be sarcastically facetious. After girding up its loins for the fight there seems to be a dreadful possibility that there may be no enemy. It does not believe in the much heralded discrimination between luxuries and necessities nor does it believe that the Senate has any consciousness of guilt or any intention to bring forth facts to meet or repentance:

Senate's record on tariff stands black against it. But Mr. Aldrich has assured the President that revision

downward is to be the watchword in his Senate, and not only down, but farther down than in Mr. Cannon's House of Representatives. The Payne duty on gloves and hosiery is to be cut, other necessities are to be equally favored, and the general scheme of classification is to be so rearranged that necessities and luxuries can be easily distinguished. As a matter of fact, necessities and luxuries have been easily distinguishable in the Dingley schedule. The luxuries have been bread, meat, shoes, clothes, coal, building material, and medical supplies. The necessities, which have been permitted to come in untaxed, are acorns, Balm of Gilead, broken bells, rough diamonds, dragon's blood, fossils, and unmanufactured lava.

But none the less the *Post* congratulates itself that the Senate "feels constrained to listen."

The tariff has at least played havoc with party lines. At four presidential elections the Democrats have hoisted the banner of "Tariff for Revenue Only" and upon the occasion of their one success they shrank from the issue. Recent debates have shown that Democrat and Free Trader are by no means convertible terms and that the thrifty Democrat has as keen an eye to the profits of a protected industry as any one else. The New York *Evening Post* relates a conversation between two Democratic representatives. One of them said they had lost the Democratic whip upon the question of protection, as well as the chairman of their national convention and a Democratic member of the Ways and Means Committee. "Yes," replied his colleague, "and let us thank God the Democratic presidential candidate was not also in the House, or he might have voted for a duty on oil." Of course, there have always been Democrats who have been also protectionists, but the number who have now disclosed themselves seems to rob their party of any valid cause for continued existence.

The Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, by the way, says that the protectionist Democrats in the House who have so far declared themselves are only a part of the whole. There are others who lack the courage to avow themselves.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* understands that Mr. Taft is in favor of some kind of permanent tariff commission, somebody in more or less permanent session that would keep itself steadily posted in market fluctuations and in all the details that go to the making of a logical tariff. Such a body is needed to keep the consumer in touch with tariff legislation, and that the consumer wishes to be kept in touch there can now be no doubt. A "leading senator" is quoted as saying:

"You are being fooled if you think the average man knows nothing about the tariff. I tell you that the fellow who sits in his home of an evening and reads the newspapers and the magazines and a few books gets a better working idea of the tariff than some of us here. Congress has paid not the slightest attention to the tariff question for twelve years. Meantime the people have been studying. We have had the era of the muckraker, and whether you liked him or not you must admit that the people read what he wrote. Now we are just waking up and recollecting that some of the most serious charges brought against members of Congress by the muck-raking magazines were made in connection with the tariff. In fact, the more you run over in your own mind the stories of 'the interests' and their alleged representation in the Congress of the United States the more clearly it comes back to you that it was chiefly because of tariff legislation that these interests were said to be desirous of controlling Congress. Much of this stuff was rubbish, but it is still in the public mind. Now an actual tariff revision comes along, and the people are all keyed up to see how much truth there is in the muck-raking stories. On top of this, let Congress go to work and deliberately raise the duties on gloves, clothing, pottery, tea and coffee, foodstuffs, millinery articles, furs, etc., and fail to reduce duties on coal, lumber, hides, iron ore and other articles admittedly handled by the trusts, and it comes pretty near proving the muck-raking charges, doesn't it?"

The New York *Evening Post* has another good word to say for the muckraker. We are told that the awakening of popular political intelligence is due to him:

He has so focused the heat of popular resentment upon certain great monopolies that it must be a very hardened congressman, indeed, who will risk the suspicion of being friendly to them. Steel, which means the United States Steel Corporation, of course, is out of the question. Hides, which mean the Beef Trust, were put down and out the other day. Oil, which means what we all know it means, got its quietus in the shape of a reduction from 25 per cent to a pitiful 1 per cent ad valorem. One per cent! It is like a verdict of 6 cents in a libel suit. We need not press too closely into motives. Whether honest conviction or fear of punishment is driving Congress in the direction of lower duties, we accept the fact and are thankful. We should be still more thankful if Congress would recognize that the most notorious trusts are possibly not the worst offenders.

There is not exactly a keen competition for ambassadorial posts. Former Vice-President Fairbanks has gracefully declined an invitation to enter the Federal service, and it is said that the Chinese post offered to Senator Fulton but not accepted by him had previously been tendered to former Senator Hemenway of Indiana. Former Representative Watson has declined four different places in the Federal service offered to him by the President and it is now said that Mr. Harvey Scott of the Portland *Oregonian* would rather stay where he is than become United States ambassador to Mexico. A good many of these refusals are doubtless due to an inadequacy of private means, for the honor of representing the United States abroad is usually one that requires considerable financial resources to support.

The Chicago women who went to Washington to protest against the gloves and stockings schedules seem not very well pleased with their reception, and the ensuing vocabulary of disapproval is extensive and varied. They say that Representative Mann is a "kill-joy" and a "chronic kicker," while Speaker Cannon is described as an "habitual satirist." But these are very mild and lady-like terms. Next time these Chicago dames go to Washington they should hire a man competent in oburgations to go with them and do justice to the

occasion. Mrs. Henderson, in telling of the reception accorded the committee by Speaker Cannon, said: "When we called on Mr. Cannon and told him of the petition he turned to Mrs. Lewis and asked somewhat gruffly: 'Who is your representative here?' She replied her district was represented by Congressman Foss. Mr. Cannon answered by saying that Mr. Foss could present the petition if he chose, and then he added: 'I don't know what success he'll have.' Mr. Cannon also said something about petitions signed in the same handwriting. Altogether his attitude was that of a man not friendly to our cause. By nature Mr. Cannon is sarcastic, and he certainly demonstrated this during the interview." Mrs. Henderson says further that the congressmen "ducked when they saw us coming—that describes their official movements—they ducked." Mr. Payne had given orders, "When these women come here from Chicago, tell them I am out." But "these women" caught Mr. Payne on his way to the elevator and he had to stand fire. Mrs. Henderson adds: "Speaker Cannon, when we saw him, said something about the price of the hats we had on being about \$60, and so why not stockings six cents a pair higher than the 25 cents we pay now. How can you argue against things like that?"

### CURRENT VERSE.

A Hillside of White Heather.

[PORTUGUESE]

A hillside of white heather  
Dripping with ocean mist,  
And miles of crumpled bracken  
Red-brown and autumn-kissed.

Brown sheep that crowd and nibble,  
Following the mountain-rills,  
And little piping shepherd-lads  
Brown as the wind-swept hills.

Two stone mills high against the sea,  
Like Biblical watch-towers,  
A walled sheep-fold, a herdsman's thatch  
Drifted with heather flowers.

The barefoot shepherd boys pipe loud  
Upon their oaten reeds;  
The ocean mist hangs on their clouts  
Like strings of precious beads.

They care not for the dank sea-fog,  
The gathering white sea-gloom;  
They call their brown sheep down the crags  
And disappear, sheep, song, and rags,  
Swallowed in snowy bloom.  
—Florence Wilkinson, in *McClure's Magazine*.

### The Trusting Little One.

Who is it frets because the way is hard,  
Who speaks of burdens he is forced to bear?  
Who sighs because his path is often barred,  
And longs for pleasures he may never share?  
No lisping child is glad to run  
To meet him when the trying day is done.

Who mumbles curses at the rich and proud,  
And enviously craves what they possess?  
Who fretting mingles with the busy crowd,  
A stranger to good-will and happiness?  
No eager child with footsteps light  
Runs forth to claim his dear caress at night.

His task is never hard who thinks all day  
Of gladness he is able to provide;  
He seldom sighs, however steep the way,  
If love has made him strong and stirred his pride—  
If honestly his best he does  
Because of some dear, trusting little one.  
—S. E. Kiser, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

### "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."

A BALLADE.

Summer and winter, through dark days and bright,  
We watch the stars set and the sunrise flame.  
The morn, and then the noon, and then the night  
Passes, like beauty turned to blight and blame.  
Wan age we see where youth played out its game,  
And where the birds sang and the leaves uncurled  
Bare boughs and empty nests; and we exclaim,  
"So passes, then, the glory of the world."

No empire trembles now for Caesar's night,  
No Antony at Cleopatra's name;  
Time can but deck the tombs of squire and knight,  
Ruler and warrior, damosel and dame,  
Hope fails like fear, their end one and the same;  
Passes youth's dream, a flower with May dews pearled,  
And then the dream of love, and then of fame;  
So passes, then, the glory of the world.

Alas! for shattered strength and fettered flight,  
For the wild heart, at length grown tired and tame!  
What have we at last of all for which we fight?  
Wounds and a grave: honor made one with shame.  
Where the wing sped the foot toils, halt and lame;  
And Doubt, to the toiler's heart, his spear hath hurled,  
Whispering, "This the sun no cloud o'rcame?"  
So passes, then, the glory of the world?"

ENVOY.

Prince of the night, what checks thy random aim.  
The star in the east, the morning's flag unfurled!  
She passed and yet returned; went, and yet came;  
So passes, then, the glory of the world!  
—Gertude Ford, in *London Daily News*.

### The Wind.

He sought me by the river brink and on the mountainside,  
From tallest pine he swept the miles of frozen country wide;  
He would not whirl with merry storms or rock in empty nests,  
Or hide in drowsy woods till dawn—his troth to human guests.

He spurned the city's narrow streets and climbed a sunless wall  
To lay his heart of solitude against my window small.

O rugged comrade, bleak and true!—no blandishment is thine,  
Yet to far heights of distant blue thy spirit summons mine.

I hear thy finger at the pane, thy voice entreating me—  
A snow-thatched village 'neath the stars my eyes bewildered see;

My heart is answer to thy call—now let us blow and roam  
Above the city, down the world and up the hills of home!  
—Martha Gilbert Dickenson Bianchi, in *Harper's Magazine*.



## NO HOME FOR ART.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Writes of the Sorrows of the Academicians and Their Search for a Habitation.

The burning question today in this city is the Park grab. For the time being it has taken the place of suffrage, socialism, and bridge. Those who are now looking with envious eyes at Central Park as a building site are not the common run of grabbers; they are not politicians, nor ordinary grafters, out for money made the easiest way. Neither business nor politics enter into the subject. The men who covet land in the "city's playground" are artists, men of the highest respectability and the loftiest motives, who are usually on the right side of public questions. In this case they are wrong. They honestly believe, however, that they are right. There is much to say on their side and much against it. The latter arguments are the stronger, nevertheless.

The situation is this: Art is not encouraged in this metropolis. The present quarters of the National Academy of Design are ridiculously inadequate. When the members want to add an exhibition of sculpture to the annual ones of painting they have to cut a hole in the wall of the Fine Arts Building and spread over into a riding school next door. They are very glad that it is possible to do this, but it is not right that they should have to. Art should have a proper temple in New York. It should have a place as big as the Paris Salon, so that as the city grows and native art occupies a position commensurate with its dignity and importance it can spread its wings and not be cramped for room.

There is a great deal of talk about art among wealthy New Yorkers, but it is usually foreign art that they buy. They patronize native art with the tongue, but not so much with the cheque book. I have been told on good authority that there is not a painter in New York who makes a decent living by selling pictures. If he wants to live as a lawyer, or a doctor, or an actor, or a singer of his class would live he must illustrate, or he must teach, or he must marry a rich wife. This is not as it should be. Any one will grant this. Art should be encouraged, particularly in a commercial city. We should make believe that we admire it; assume a virtue if we have it not.

From the foregoing you will see that our artists are not a rich body of men. They can not go out and buy land in a desirable place and build a beautiful building upon it. By hard work and management they have scraped together enough money to build, but not to buy the land. When they talked the situation over a bright thought occurred to them. It seemed almost like inspiration. In Central Park, just on the border line of Seventy-Second Street and Fifth Avenue, is a hideous building given over to certain municipal purposes and wild animals. It would be an eye-sore anywhere, but it is particularly out of keeping with the intent and purpose of a place of beauty, such as a public park. This building is called the Arsenal, and at some time or other in its history it may have deserved the name. It no longer has any excuse for being and should be removed and forgotten. "What a place for a building devoted to art," said the committee of academicians and straightway it called upon the mayor and unbosomed itself. Now our Mayor McClellan is a man of unusual cultivation, and he knows more about art than a great many critics who write upon the subject. When the committee suggested tearing down the odious, and odorous, old Arsenal and erecting a Temple of Art on its site and asked his coöperation, he said, "Sure, I'm with you body and boots," or words to that effect. The committee was overjoyed and thought that it had the land within its grasp and made its plans straightway. But it reckoned without the watchful press. Mr. Ochs, of the *Times*, was the first to discover a grab. Hands off, he cried. The park is for the people, "Nature's above art," let it alone.

"But we will beautify the park," answered back the academicians. "Where now stands the ugliest building in this city of ugly buildings we will erect a thing of beauty which will be a joy forever. Above all, it will be devoted to art and not to jackdaws and monkeys."

The *Times* was not to be moved. Down with such naughty talk, it exclaimed, and shouted itself hoarse to prove that artists though they be, these men of the palette and brush are no better than common, or garden, grabbers. Let them in and it will be the old story of the camel in the tent. Others will want sites upon which to build one thing or another and before you know it the "people's playground" will be as crowded with buildings as a tenement house block. There is the whole trouble to my mind. It is the entering wedge. I do not think that the Metropolitan Museum of Art should be in the park, but it is and we must make the best of it. I do think that the city should have donated the land and that it should have abutted on the park so as to have all the advantages of a fine approach, but should not be inside the park walls. There are fine sites all along Fifth Avenue opposite the park, but they belong to private individuals who hold them at prohibitive prices, prohibitive so far as the artists are concerned. Why not let the city buy one of these sites and donate it to art? I could name a corner, and it is not a hundred miles from Fifth Avenue and Seventy-Second Street, on which there stands a building that for pure ugliness presses a close second upon the Arsenal. It is not brown and ugly, like that building, but

it is more aggressive, being white and hideous. To the man who built it for his home, it is all that an independent and wealthy American's palace should be. It shows its owner's catholicity of taste by having examples of every known style of architecture figure in its exterior. There are gothic windows, Turkish minarets, Queen Anne windows, and flying buttresses—everything that money and bad taste can command is exemplified in this white marble nightmare. Of course, no city could pay the owner the millions that he has put into its construction, but to rid his name of the odium of this building he ought to sell it cheap and let it be by the world forgot. There are other opportunities along Fifth Avenue, but none the acquiring of which would mean such missionary work.

To return to the academicians. There is no finer body of men in this city, no, nor in this country, and to talk to them as though they were pickpockets is wrong. They stand for everything that is fine and public spirited, and the argument that they are out for graft because they sell their pictures is childish. I believe that the city should give them land on which to build as it gave the public library land on which to build—land, let us forget it if we can, that should have been added to Bryant Park. There was the precedent, which only shows how dangerous a thing a precedent is! On the site of the public library was the old reservoir, which once served New York with all the water that it used; in later years it would not have held the champagne drank in this city on a New Year's Eve. It was ugly, if you like, but it had a certain dignity, for it was massive and simple in construction and lines. Tear it down and throw it into the little park where it belongs by right, cried some; tear it down and let the beautiful public library stand upon its grave, said others; and they won. To the academicians the cases seem alike. They want to tear down an ugly, useless building and erect a beautiful one which will be an ornament to the city and an educational institution as well. From their point of view they are right, but the city must not have their point of view. It must jealously guard every spear of public grass, every leaf of every public tree. We have too little park room; we need more, not less. What the city should do is to tear down the old Arsenal and sow its site with grass and plant it with trees. The building that the artists would erect would be an ornament to the city, but that is not its place.

Let some of our multi-millionaires put their hands deep down into their pockets and donate the land upon which the artists may erect a building worthy their profession, for it will honor us as much as it will honor them and help to lift the odium of commercialism from our shoulders and make the world at large believe that there is some public spirit among our citizens. The New Theatre has started the ball a-rolling. On with the good work!

NEW YORK, April 15, 1909.

The Aryan root "ak" meant "to be sharp," and the idea of sharpness has followed it at least through ten thousand years into all of the family of languages of that tongue. It is quite likely that the property of sharpness was conceived of by these ancestors from handling shells—the first knives that man knew. That cutting edge was referred to by "ak" long before the most primitive people had learned to put an edge on flint. When these Aryans wanted to express the idea of sharpness of mind they used the same word. This root went into the Greek, where it became "akros," meaning pointed. In Sanskrit it is "acre," meaning the same thing. In the Latin we find "acrimonia," signifying sharpness, from which our "acrid" comes. The Latin also has "acer," meaning sharp, and "acus," a needle. In the Anglo-Saxon it became "eag," an edge. So the idea of sharpness runs all the way through, and we have it in our "acid," "acute," "edge," and "axe," as well as in "acrid" and "acumen."

The earliest trotting or pacing race of which any record has been found was started from a New York road house called the De Lancey Arms. This wayside tavern stood in the Bowery Lane, near what is now the corner of Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street. It seems to have been an all-around sporting resort in Colonial days, for in 1763 it was the scene of a bull baiting, and in the previous year it was the meeting place for four horses that raced up the road about half a mile to Watt's gate, near the present corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Ninth Street. The Jamaica Turnpike was the first famous speeding ground in the vicinity of New York. Until the New York Trotting Club's track came into existence, in 1826, it was the accepted course for the decision of match races, and as early as 1818 it was the scene of the first match against time of which there is any record.

At Guthrie, Oklahoma, a few days ago, the Osage Allotting Commission completed its work of dividing the Osage lands among the members of the tribe. There are now 2229 members living, and each one receives 656 acres. At a fair valuation each Osage is worth \$40,000 in land and money received for other interests, such as town sites.

Harry Payne Whitney and August Belmont of New York have thirty American horses in England, taken over last October, and several of them will be entered in the important summer handicaps of the racing season.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Taft will attend the Mecklenburg celebration in Charlotte, North Carolina, on May 20 and deliver an address.

Jerome D. Travers, amateur golf champion of the United States, has gone to England with the hope of winning the championship of Great Britain.

Dr. Willard T. Grenfell, who is devoting his life to the alleviation of distress among the poor of the Labrador coast, has spent seventeen years among the people of that region. He has established many small hospitals where medical aid and nursing is available.

Lord Alverstone, the present Lord Chief Justice of England, distinguished himself as an athlete above all his fellows. In his palmy days he was the smartest runner either Cambridge or Oxford has produced. His equal has never been seen in the two-mile inter-university race.

President Diaz of Mexico was recently honored with a "reëlectionist convention," held in the City of Mexico, and attended by seven hundred delegates from all over the republic, who met to demand that he shall stand for reëlection when the time comes around. All the States were represented.

John F. Sutton, the pioneer "press agent" of America, is still living and has a home near Baltimore. He was the most efficient aid of the famous showman, P. T. Barnum, and personally directed the advertising and newspaper articles for Jenny Lind, Artemus Ward, and other professional notables of that time.

Mrs. James Bryce, wife of the British ambassador, Lady Purdon Clarke, and Mrs. Courtenay Walter Bennett have been among those who have taken a leading part in establishing a new chapter of the Daughters of the Empire in New York. The order is of Canadian inspiration originally, but is being extended to all parts of the continent.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary has already been honored by having a bust modeled from him by the artist Emmanuel Pendl and placed in the newly erected Academy of Commerce in Vienna. He is the eldest son of the Archduke Charles Louis by his wife, the Infanta Maria Thérèse of Portugal. He was born in 1863 and is the nephew and heir of the Emperor Franz Joseph.

William Booth, the head and organizer of the Salvation Army, celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birth this month. He was the son of Episcopalian parents but became a Methodist in his youth, and at the age of twenty was preaching in the slums of London. The name Salvation Army was first used in 1877. There are more than eight thousand Salvation Army posts, scattered over the habitable globe.

Lieutenant-General Soukhomlinoff, chief of the general staff, succeeds General Rudiger as Russian Minister of War. General Soukhomlinoff formerly was governor-general of Kiev and has a high reputation as a military man. He was noted for his stringent application of the death penalty and undertook most energetic measures to suppress mutinies or disorders whenever the occasion required. He was a rival candidate to General Kuropatkin for the post of commander-in-chief of the Manchurian army.

Rear-Admiral Gregorieff and Lieutenant Smirnoff, subordinate officers under Vice-Admiral Nebogatoff in the Russo-Japanese war, have been pardoned and released from confinement in the Fortress of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. These officers were sentenced to death for having surrendered their commands, but in view of extenuating circumstances their sentences were commuted to ten years' imprisonment in a fortress. They began serving their sentences in 1907. It is reported that General Stoessel and Vice-Admiral Nebogatoff also will be pardoned shortly.

Lieutenant Ernest H. Shackleton, leader of the English *Nimrod* Antarctic expedition, has set up a new record in south polar exploration. Accompanied by Lieutenant Adams, Eric Marshall, and Frank Wild, he reached a point only 111 miles from the South Pole, and hoisted there the British flag. Thus he has made an advance of some 340 miles on Captain Scott's furthest south. Another party from the *Nimrod* discovered the South Magnetic Pole. Lieutenant Shackleton is an Irishman by birth, but was educated in London. He first went to sea as an officer in the merchant service. Later he was one of the members of the *Discovery* Antarctic expedition.

Professor Prince of Ottawa, Canada, is a great authority on fishes, finding the same interest in the finny tribes that Dr. David Starr Jordan does. The Canadian professor was a scientist at the age of fourteen, when in the town of Leeds, England, where he was born, he won a prize for original work. He went to college; first at St. Andrew's; later at both Edinburgh and Cambridge; went into morphology, which has to do largely with zoology, and was appointed senior assistant and demonstrator in zoology in the University of Edinburgh in 1885. Since his arrival in Canada, about sixteen years ago, he has identified himself very widely with naturalistic subjects. In 1849 he opened the popular course of lectures in Toronto University with a lecture on color in animals, in which year he was appointed commissioner and general inspector of fisheries for Canada.



## THE SCOURGE OF THE GODS.

By John Herman Wishar.

Juan Obelong basked in the sun by his little adobe and gazed toward the old Carmelo Mission. The chill of age in his blood was warmed by the solar rays, and he stretched his great body, sighing contentedly. The strong old face was like a mask of bronze from which the black eyes peered sharply. They turned ever and again from the hide of the great rattlesnake, which he seemed to fondle with a reverent air, to the old church.

Many times I have seen him thus; and many times I had tried in vain to buy the skin of the monster serpent.

A quiet grunt was his answer to my "Buenos dias, señor," and I thought I detected a twinkle in the beady eyes, as though in expectation of my renewal of the offer for the skin. And he was not mistaken. Like all curio hunters, I was persistent.

"But why won't you sell it?" I queried for the hundredth time.

He regarded me thoughtfully, and his eyes again wandered from the great hide and the mission to the line of snowy surf, and an odd expression passed over the usually stolid features.

"Why will I not sell it? Because it is the skin of the revenge of Juan Obelong. It is many years ago. Back in the days when your grandfather was a boy and before the Americano came to California. But the summer of youth has gone and the winter of life is upon me. Already I feel the chill of the grave in my heart and the spirit hands tugging at the cords that bind me to life. I am hovering on the edge of the dark land and can now interpret the messages of the wind in the grass and the surf on the beach. But I do not regret it. The young look forward to life with hope; we who have seen it welcome the end. The end? or is it the beginning?"

"Though we grow old, the memory remains young. In a few more days sixty years will have passed since they laid 'Nita' in the mission graveyard yonder; sixty years since José Morelos played monte and made love; sixty years since I and my revenge journeyed off in the desert where the trackers could not follow. And they have been at rest all these years!"

"I am but part Indian, my father being a Spaniard. My mother was one of the great tribe which held sway in California many years ago. When a small boy I was taken by the priests of the old Carmelo Mission and educated by them. I was bright and studied hard and Padre Antonio, who had been a teacher in the Jesuit College in Madrid, was my instructor. Knowledge was the staff of life to me; it was all I lived for. As the years went by and I grew to manhood, I outstripped my instructor.

"In the peaceful Carmelo Valley, where naught came to disturb the calm, we would pore over the works of the ancient authors; the gems of thought of the bygone and modern philosophers. You would not think it to see me now, a poor old Indian snake-hunter, living in squalor and wretchedness, that in my youth I was a brilliant and handsome man. But the hand of time works many changes.

"Those were happy days! The good padre and I would sit by the sea and he would tell me of the great world far across the oceans; of Europe, of its courts, its splendor, and its wickedness, and I would rejoice that I lived in the peaceful Carmelo Valley.

"On my twenty-first birthday I was ordained a priest. I believed in the God of the Bible—then—and sought to serve him truly. The Indians got to know me—yes, to love me like Padre Antonio, for I, too, did much good. Life was a dream of peace and joy—until 'Nita' came.

"She was the daughter of Domingo D'Acosta; pure Castilian, with a skin like a wild rose dipped in milk; eyes like two black diamonds whose light dazzled my mind; a face and form like one of the old Greek goddesses about which I used to read.

"I was young. She held me in a spell. I was in the full bloom of virile manhood. I loved 'Nita' from the first; she made me do it. She would come to me for spiritual consolation. The Mexican dandies in Monterey, with their card-playing and horse-racing, bored her. Like me, she was a lover of the ancient authors, and we would sit and discuss them by the hour. She would fix her great eyes on me until I would feel my heart melt within me, and the cold sweat would pour from my brow as I sought to control my emotions. But she would see nothing of my struggles.

"And then came Morelos. He was a captain under Nunez and was on a tour of inspection. But he lingered at Monterey. I saw him with 'Nita, and the first spark of jealousy sprang up in my breast. But I knew that I was a priest and that the woman could be naught to me. Then Morelos went away. We resumed our walks on the beach and would sit for hours in the moonlight or in the shadow of the old mission walls and discourse on the different phases of life as we saw it.

"It was on such an occasion that reason forsook me; my vows were as chaff, and clasping her in my arms I poured out the story of my love; I told her she was my god, my all; and that we would fly to some land where we could live for each other. She lay in my arms as I told me how she had learned to love me, and that if I had not spoken her life would have been passed in darkness. It was then that I knew what was to be my heaven.

"But suddenly the gaunt form of Padre Antonio loomed before us. His fury was such that even I quailed before it for an instant. But I was young and fearless. Threats of hell-fire and eternal damnation had no terror for me so long as I had 'Nita. Then the old priest laughed me to scorn, and told me that the woman but played with me. I told him of my plan to leave with 'Nita. But the padre, standing in the moonlight with his hand upraised, pronounced a curse on the woman and me, and the curse long ago fell.

"We were to fly next night, but even as I stepped from the vestry I was seized and bound by four Indians, who took me before Padre Antonio. Once my friend, but now the judge, he told me that as I was bewitched he spared my life, although he condemned me to the nitre mines of Baja California until the devil within me had been exorcised.

"And my son," were his parting words, 'you will find that the woman but played with you!'

"They carried me away. For a month we journeyed south. At last we stopped at the lonely Las Animas, on the shores of the Gulf of Baja California. To one of my Indian guards who had brought me there I intrusted a letter to 'Nita, telling her that I would regain my freedom within a month, and rejoin her before the next full moon.

"There was blood on my hands when at last I left the mines. For days and days I journeyed through trackless wastes and over deserts that would have brought death to another. It was my love for 'Nita and my Indian ancestry that enabled me to do it. Horses I stole and men I robbed, but I pushed on. Before the harvest moon was again full, I was within sight of the old mission walls.

"That night I crept to 'Nita's home. There were many people in the hacienda and the sound of song and music floated through the window. In the soft candle light I saw her dancing with Morelos, and for the first time my heart misgave me, but despite appearances I believed her true. I waited until long after all the company had gone. Finally when all was silent, 'Nita stepped to her window. In an instant I was by her side.

"O 'Nita!' I cried, for my heart was too full for more words. But she drew back from my outstretched arms with a little scream.

"What, you!' she muttered, 'I thought they had rid me of you forever. Bah, you slavish priest who thought you would not love, go back to your beads and your books, and leave lovmaking to men.' And she laughed her little silvery laugh which went through my heart like chilled steel, aye, worse than steel, for it killed my soul.

"Poor Juan, did you really think I loved you? I didn't," and she laughed again. 'This place was so dull, and you were so good! But now go, and go quickly before you are dragged back to the mines. Many women would have turned you over to the soldiers, but I have spared you. Now, vamoose!'

"Like a flash the words of Padre Antonio came back to me, 'She but plays with you,' and it was then that I tasted all the bitterness of life.

"Know this, 'Nita,' I said, 'if I can love I can also hate. I am part Indian, so beware. You but jest with me. I will be here tomorrow night and you will fly with me. If you fail to come, you die,' and I turned and left her, not before I had seen the red forsake her cheeks at my threat, for, from my journey across the desert, I was gaunt and terrible looking.

"The next day was a lifetime. Long before dark I hid myself where I could watch the garden, for I feared a trap. Well it was I did so, for the soldiers gathered early and hid themselves in readiness to take me when I appeared. I saw that 'Nita had betrayed me and the knowledge again sent red before my eyes. I tore up the earth in my frenzy. But when the paroxysm of rage had passed my heart was dead; my head was cold; life held nothing for me—nothing save the desire for revenge, and as time went on this grew. An Indian friend who brought me food told me that 'Nita was to marry Don Morelos in three days. That filled my cup of sorrow to the brim, but I showed no emotion. I was consumed with the desire for vengeance, and my friend, not knowing this, marveled at my composure. The traditions of my Indian ancestors came back to me; my training in the mission was forgotten; the cloak of civilization dropped from me like an ill-fitting garment. I was again an Indian, and like an Indian I wanted a revenge that would be fitting to my great wrong. My clothing I tore from my body, and clad only in moccasins and mocha I turned my face toward the desert. Why, I know not. Possibly it was the hand of fate leading me. On I went, ever on and on across the burning wastes with the thought that she was to wed Morelos shooting through my brain.

"At last I fell exhausted in the shade of a great cactus that was as old as the desert itself. Even as I dropped I heard the hiss of a rattler ready to strike, and despite my exhaustion the instinct of life was strong within me, and I rolled to safety. Then I saw a snake such as no living man ever beheld in the desert. It was a noble sight, but even as I looked the thought came to me, 'Here is my revenge.'

"With a bit of line made from my mocha and a forked stick cut from a sagebrush, I caught this great serpent. Then for a long time I sat and looked at my revenge, and I found it good. Weariness, hunger, and thirst were forgotten. I gazed fascinated at the picture I painted as to how I would use this snake, and then

I stretched out on the sand and laughed a laugh that must have echoed the feelings of the lost souls.

"Despite his weight, I carried the great serpent back all the weary miles. I had been fainting with exhaustion when I reached the cactus patch, but this was all forgotten. I made the journey back; and I found a way to enter the room in which the bridal couple would spend their first night.

"It was a pretty little room overlooking the sea, and at the top of the hacienda. The ivy had grown around the window and this saved me trouble. Agile as a cat, I climbed the vine and hid myself in the room. The hours were long, but my revenge was patient.

"The wedding took place in the mission, and after that came the dance at the old custom house in Monterey. It was late before they came to the room. I was on fire as I watched from my place of concealment. But I waited with the patience of the blood of my mother's people until they had drawn the curtains. Then, with the silence of a spirit, I crossed the floor and rising at the foot of the bed loosed the sack in which the rattler was confined. The great snake leaped out and fell directly between them. As he touched their warm flesh he struck, first one then the other, twining his great coils around them, binding them together in a death embrace.

"How I laughed! Their screams were music to my ears, and I lighted the candles so that I might the better observe their struggles. And then it was that 'Nita recognized me. I can see her yet, bound by the death grip of the serpent to the man she had wed; her dark eyes dilated with fear, her warm, soft flesh creeping at the pressure of the scaly body which held her in a last embrace; vainly trying to ward off the big flat head with its forked tongue and poisoned fangs. "And Morelos's face! Ah, I was revenged.

"The poison was rapid. Their screams soon ceased. The door was strong and those who hammered without could not enter. In a soft voice, like that of Morelos, I told them that my wife had been frightened by naught, and they went away laughing and making rude jokes.

"I waited. The serpent still held them and their struggles grew less and less; only the convulsive twitching of their muscles showed that the spark of life was not extinct. Still I watched. Before the end 'Nita looked at me as I stood there, grim and menacing. "Juan, though you are a fiend, you are still a priest," she said in a voice which came in a feeble whisper, 'give me absolution ere I close my eyes forever. I have sinned, been punished, so pardon me.'

"But the wrong to my heart had been too great. I laughed and cursed her and him. I consigned her soul to everlasting torments, so that her last moments might be as bitter as possible. She screamed feebly at my words, and her slight movement caused the snake to draw tighter the coils that held her. Then she in turn cursed me. She told me that I would be an outcast from all; that I should live and die alone; and that the revenge I had secured would turn to ashes in my mouth—and it has been even so.

"Morelos from the first had been paralyzed with fear, for he was a coward at heart. The poison had acted quickly on him. And then she died. I hastily seized the serpent, replaced it in the sack and after straightening out their limbs I silently left. I took one last look as I went out the window. In the cold gray of the morning they lay on their bridal bed, stiff and silent.

"That day I put many miles between me and the mission, for I feared the trackers would be on my trail. I carried the serpent as long as I could, and then I killed it and took the skin. But my fear of pursuit was groundless, for none suspected me save, possibly, Padre Antonio, and he said nothing. It was looked upon as a judgment from heaven on 'Nita, because it was known that because of her I was sent away.

"It was more than twenty-five years before I again set foot in the peaceful Carmelo Valley, and stood in the shadow of the old mission. It was the same, but different. There were none alive that knew me, and few who had even heard of Juan Obelong, Anita D'Acosta, or José Morelos. The Americanos had come and commerce was disturbing the peace of the valley. Padre Antonio had for many years lain in the tomb at the foot of the altar, and the old D'Acosta hacienda was in ruins.

"It was with difficulty that I found 'Nita's grave, but I did locate it and I have always kept it green. One night in a dream I saw her and she looked as she did when I first knew her. She told me she had repented and that I, too, had almost expiated my sin.

"That, señor, is the reason why I will not sell you the snake skin: it is the emblem of the Scourge of the Gods."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1909.

John P. Holland, the inventor of submarine boats, is negotiating with the Japanese government for the sale of plans and specifications of a new type of submarine boat. Last fall Japanese commissioners visited Mr. Holland, he said, and urged him to draft plans for a new submarine. He refused, because of the war talk arising from the troubles on the Pacific Coast. He has now decided to draft plans for a new type of vessel.

Still another bridge across the East River, connecting Manhattan with Queens borough, has been completed. It will be known as the Queensboro bridge, or as the Blackwell's Island bridge. This is the second largest cantilever structure in the world, and has been fifteen years in building.



## THE WIFE OF A DIPLOMAT.

Mrs. Conger's Letters from China Supply a Fascinating Page of World History.

A woman's letters from Peking during the time of the Boxer outbreak and the siege of the legations could hardly fail to be interesting as a story of events without parallel in the history of civilization. But they might so easily have been nothing more than interesting, they might so easily have been unimportant. The story of the siege has been told many times, in official reports and otherwise, and so far as the mere sequence of facts is concerned we had perhaps nothing more to know. But there is plenty of room in the public mind for such a story as this—a story that is so much more than a story. Mrs. Conger not only tells us what happened during those eventful days, but she gives us her personal impressions of many of the chief actors and with a wealth of that peculiar detail that the superior male mind is apt to ignore, but that is the most useful of all material in estimating the meaning of national movements. Mrs. Conger's experience was a peculiarly terrible one. She saw the Chinese populace in its most ferocious and terrible mood and she passed through scenes that might well have obliterated all gentler recollections. But she maintains her unmoved position as a lover of China and of her people, remembering the virtues and the docilities from which she benefited rather than the fanaticisms and the cruelties from which she suffered. There are few women who could keep such poise as this and that she is able to do so gives a peculiar value to her opinions.

We are not, of course, in all cases obliged to accept Mrs. Conger's conclusions, but wherever we may suspect her of impressionability it is always creditable. She seems to have had a genuine affection for the Dowager Empress and to credit her with extraordinary powers of the head if not of the heart. Mrs. Conger is probably right and posterity will pay a debt of appreciation, now overdue, to the memory of one of the world's greatest women. Her admiration for the Chinese character is no less marked and here the author is in agreement with the general results of unbiased observation. The entire absence of prejudice from her letters, and the constant effort sincerely to understand and appreciate are indeed among their most marked features. For example, we have no tiresome rhapsodies upon the coming blessings of civilization and moral pocket-handkerchiefs, no obeisances to the missionaries, while here and there we have such intelligent reflections as this: "The Chinese do not worship the idol, but the thought or the spirit that the idol represents." The value of such a book can hardly be estimated too highly at a time when China is being dragged by her hair from the seclusion of age and compelled to give reasons for her continued existence.

The date of the first letter is July 23, 1898, immediately after Mr. Conger's transfer from Brazil. Portents of the coming trouble were already in the air and in a letter written to a niece and dated December 17, Mrs. Conger speaks of the request of all the legations to their respective governments for special guards. On October 1 wild rumors were in the air and a few days later we find the following entry:

October 5. English and other marines are at Tientsin with guns. They boarded the train to come to Peking, but were ordered to leave or the train would not start; so it came without them. It is stated that the Empress Dowager doubted the loyalty of fourteen of her eunuchs and caused four of them to be strangled.

Upon the following day Mrs. Conger remarks that "The Empress Dowager is regarded as a strong character," and upon that point there need be no doubt. If further confirmation is needed it is supplied three days later when we have another entry somewhat to the same effect. "It is reported that several eunuchs were beheaded through the orders of the Empress Dowager; she doubted their loyalty." The hindrance offered to the English marines at Tientsin would seem to show that the authorities were aware of the coming storm and had their own sinister reasons for depriving the legations of protection.

A few days after this the legation ladies were received by the empress, who seems to have taken special pains to be agreeable. The empress gave to each lady a heavy, chased gold ring set with a large pearl:

We were then escorted by many officials, eunuchs, and highly decorated and painted young Chinese women to a banquet-hall, where a large table was bountifully spread with Chinese food. Prince Ch'ing, Princess Ch'ing, and five other princesses sat at the table with us. Princess Ch'ing was dressed in most exquisite embroideries, rich satins and silks, with pearl decorations. She was not painted, but her hair was richly dressed. The young princesses were beautifully and carefully gowned in rich, finely embroidered, bright-colored satins. Their faces were painted, their hair was extended and elaborately ornamented with pearls, tassels and flowers. Their long nails were protected by jeweled gold finger shields. Everywhere with us were Chinese interpreters, who spoke well both English and French. After this feast we were invited into other rooms and served with tea. The table was cleared away, and we were invited back to the banquet hall. To our surprise, there on a yellow throne chair, sat her majesty, the Empress Dowager, and we gathered about her as before. She was bright and happy and her face glowed with good-will. There was no trace of cruelty to be seen. In simple expressions she welcomed us, and her actions were full of freedom and warmth. Her majesty arose and wished us well. She extended both hands toward each lady, then, touching herself, said with much enthusiastic earnestness, "One family; all one family." She presented the empress, the emperor's wife, who gave her hand to each. The empress, a beautiful young Chinese lady, wore the rich clothing and valuable decorations of her imperial rank.

The Empress Dowager bade each lady good-bye, then

preceded us to the theatre building. With our large escort we followed and saw a Chinese theatre at its very best. Interpreters explained the plays, and tea was served frequently during the hour we were in the theatre. Again we were escorted to the banquet hall and seated as before. We were taken then to other rooms and the banquet table was removed. Once more we were permitted to see her majesty; she was seated in her throne chair and was very cordial. When tea was passed to us she stepped forward and tipped each cup of tea to her own lips and took a sip, then lifted the cup, on the other side, to our lips and said again, "One family, all one family." She then presented more beautiful gifts; alike to each lady.

On July 7, 1900, the storm burst. Every foreign minister received an identical letter from the Tsung Li Yamen to the effect that foreign troops being about to fire upon the forts at Tientsin "we break off all diplomatic relations with your government and ask you to leave Peking in twenty-four hours. No further protection will be given by us".

Every minister had received the same message, and all hastened to the dean to hold a diplomatic meeting. It was out of the question to go; to leave our fortifications here and go across the country was sure death. A message was sent to the yamen, "Impossible to leave in that time," etc. The ministers requested an audience with the Tsung Li Yamen. No reply came that night. They wished to go to the yamen the following morning at nine o'clock. Still no reply. The German minister decided to go alone, as he had other business with the yamen. The others thought best to wait for the reply. He started with his interpreter, two mounted mafoos, and two chairs. They had not gone more than three-quarters of a mile before they were attacked. One mafoos rushed back to the German legation; the other went to the Tsung Li Yamen. The interpreter was badly wounded and was taken into the Methodist mission. He is still alive. The minister, Baron Von Ketteler, was shot through the head. Word was sent at once to the Tsung Li Yamen, and they found only the two chairs, badly crushed.

It devolved upon me to hear the word to Baron Von Ketteler's American wife. While I was with her the order came to go at once to the British legation. I helped her to pack a few things and we went together. Lady MacDonald took her in charge. I returned to the American legation at about three o'clock and found that our people were moving to the British legation. Everybody was busy, busy. The hour for immediate action had come.

It is impossible to acquit the Tsung Li Yamen of direct complicity with this attack. The obvious intention was to play into the hands of the rebels by coercing the ambassadors to leave the shelter of the legations and then to destroy them in the open country. The fate that befell the German ambassador would have overtaken the rest had they complied with the order to leave in twenty-four hours.

Open fighting began at once. The legations were already invested and on July 7 we have a long letter describing the earlier assaults and the measures taken for defense. Special mention is made of the German detachment and a splendid recovery of a position momentarily lost. Several of the legations were burned and the ambassadors had concentrated themselves within the British embassy:

Mr. Conger helped me all the morning and our searching paid us. We went about the legation to see what had been happening since I left it. The office building is in a deplorable state. Our dear home and the beautiful trees are a wreck. The dining-room has been turned into a drying-room for the hospital laundry and our other rooms into sleeping-rooms for the marines. Our kitchen is their cook-room, and our long butler's pantry is their mess-room. We passed out of our compound and returned to the British legation. Not an hour later a friend came in and said, "Mrs. Conger, here are the pieces of a shell that went through the roof and into the room where you and Mr. Conger were working this morning." Pieces of shell entered five rooms. Later, our flag was a target; a shell struck the roof of the gateway building, and the pole and flag fell through the roof together. The marines snatched the flag and up it went again in the top of a tree near by. The British flag has been shot down once, but it was soon up again. The German flag fell yesterday and the firing is too great for them to hoist it. All day today the Chinese have had a big gun turned on the French legation, but with little effect as yet. As a usual thing they shoot too high. There is firing about us every moment, but this we do not mind. It is the terrific attacks that make us walk the floors.

The constant expectation of relief was a stimulant, while, upon the other hand, the constant disappointment was distressing:

Word has just come that the French minister at his legation heard distant cannon. Can it be our coming troops? We have been hearing sounds and seeing lights for so long that we listen very little to rumors. We offer secret prayers each moment for the coming of our troops. Perhaps we have not yet been tested enough to be relieved. Some days and nights the firing has been most frightful. At first it was Boxers who attacked us; now it is the armed Chinese soldiers with their small arms and large foreign guns. There were hundreds and thousands of the Boxers, and now it is hundreds and thousands of the soldiers that are fighting us and striving to drive us out. The howling of their horns, their yells, and the firing of their guns, are the most frightful noises I ever heard. It seems as though they were right here with us. The halls are continually whizzing by. When a general attack is made, the bell in the tower rings rapidly to tell all the men to be ready to do their best. This was exciting at first, but night after night of this firing, horn-blowing, yelling, and whizzing of bullets, has hardened us to it, or perhaps taught us to trust more in a greater and more loving Power.

Our hearts ache for the brave men who are fighting day and night for our safety, until the coming troops can reach us. We have sometimes thought that our troops have not left Tientsin, or that a greater calamity has befallen them than us. We have not heard from the outer world since June 14, and now it is July 7.

Here is another incident showing the desperate and continuous nature of the fighting:

About six o'clock the Chinese made a raid down Wall Street from the east. Our men turned volleys upon them, killing many and turning back the rest. The Chinese gained nothing. Upon the city wall, to the south, there are now stationed about twenty-five American and Russian marines. The Japanese, Germans, and French are suffering so many losses that their numbers are few. They still hold their legations and the Fu Legation Street has many barricades built by our men in order to save themselves if driven back. The Germans were routed from behind the first barricade to the

east and took refuge behind the next. The Chinese followed in large numbers. The German captain gave a quick order for his hugler to blow the "attack." He did so, and they all turned, twenty of them, and fired volleys upon the Chinese, many of whom fell and many ran, leaving rifles and ammunition. These brave Germans regained the lost barricade.

One more incident—and this a peaceful one—must suffice. After the relief the indomitable empress resumed the gracious hospitalities of earlier days. How far she participated in the plot against the embassies must remain a matter of conjecture. She was at least diplomat enough to hide her policies. Here is a description of a reception held by her in Peking:

From here we were escorted to the banquet hall, where three long tables were spread with the choicest Chinese food. We were asked to be seated. A vacant chair was at the end of the table, at my left. As the Empress Dowager entered we all rose. She came to this vacant chair, took her glass of wine, and we did likewise. She placed her glass in my left hand, gracefully pressed my two hands together, so that the glasses touched, and said, "United." She then took my glass, leaving me hers, and raised the glass to all, and all responded. Then cups of tea were served. The Empress Dowager took one with both hands, and, placing it in mine, lifted it to my lips. After all were served with tea, we were invited to be seated. The Empress Dowager then took a filled biscuit, broke it, and placed a small piece of it in my mouth. She paid like compliments to other ministers' wives, and placed a morsel upon the plates of other guests at the same table. Chinese princesses, three of whom I had met at the first audience, were seated with us. They smilingly bowed a recognition and offered their hands. The Empress Dowager's adopted daughter, the imperial princess, and her princess niece, stood by her and showed us thoughtful courtesy.

We talked about the returning of the court, the loss of Viceroy Li Hung Chang, the Chinese schools which I had visited, the meeting of higher Chinese people, the edicts, and other events in this line. Our conversation was not in the least labored.

Although the siege is naturally the central feature of Mrs. Conger's book, it occupies a by no means exclusive position. Indeed we have an extended view of Chinese life delightful in its variety and important for its content. The book is indeed a delightful addition to our knowledge of a country of which no one nowadays can afford to be ignorant.

"Letters from China," by Mrs. E. H. Conger. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$2.75.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Noble Nature.

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better he;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear;  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May.  
Although it fall and die that night,  
It was the plant and flower of Light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

## The Mountains.

Howe'er the wheels of Time go 'round,  
We can not wholly be disowned.  
We bind, in form, in hue, and height,  
The Finite to the Infinite,  
And, lifted on our shoulders here,  
The races breathe an ampler air.  
The arms that clasped, the lips that kissed,  
Have vanished from the morning mist;  
The dainty shapes that flashed and passed  
In spray the plunging torrent cast,  
Or danced through woven gleam and shade,  
The vapors and the sunbeams braid,  
Grown thin and pale; each holy haunt  
Of gods or spirits ministrant  
Hath something lost of ancient awe;  
Yet from the stooping heavens we draw  
A haughty, mystery, and might  
Time can not change nor worship slight.  
The gold of dawn and sunset sheds  
Unearthly glory on our heads;  
The secret of the skies we keep;  
And whispers, 'round each lonely steep,  
Allure and promise, yet withhold,  
What hard and prophet never told.  
While Man's slow ages come and go,  
Our dateless chronicles of snow  
Their changeless old inscription show.  
And men therein forever see  
The unread speech of Deity.

—Bayard Taylor.

## His Fatherhood.

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,  
And moved and spoke in quiet, grownup wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disoeyed,  
I struck him, and dismiss'd  
With hard words and unkind'sd,  
His mother, who was patient, being dead.  
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, within his reach,  
A box of counters and a red veined stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,  
To comfort his sad heart.  
So when that night I pray'd  
To God I wept and said:  
Ah, when at last we lie with tranqed breath,  
Not vexing thee in death,  
And thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commanded good,  
Then, fatherly, not less  
Than I whom thou hast molded from the clay,  
Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say:  
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

—Cov. r. Putnam.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The King of Arcadia*, by Francis Lynde. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

It would be ungracious to demand full measure of probability for so good a story as this. Not that any single incident shows the marks of strain, but the captious reader may complain that "the altogether" is rather over-weighted with incident.

The Arcadia Irrigation Company of Colorado engages Breckinridge Ballard as its chief engineer, but neglects to explain to him that there is some kind of hoodoo upon the works and that his predecessor and several of his helpers have lost their lives under circumstances that do not preclude accident, but that are suggestive of murder. When he arrives on the spot he finds a sort of feud between the company and Colonel Craigmiles, whose fine residence and ranch are doomed to destruction by the engineering works. He also finds that the lady of his choice is the daughter of the colonel and that although he supposed her to be on a European trip she had changed her mind at the last moment and had returned to Colorado.

Then we have a surprising medley of love-making and hairbreadth escapes. Unaccountable accidents are of daily occurrence and Breckinridge is at last forced to the conclusion that the gallant and courtly colonel, the father of the adorable Elsa, is concentrating his intelligence upon the defeat of the irrigation plan not by legitimate and legal resistance, but by outrage and assassination. The evidence is as clear as daylight, and poor Breckinridge is torn between devotion to his sweetheart and his duty to his employers.

The solution of the problem must not be divulged, but it does credit to the author's ingenuity. Equally creditable are the descriptions of life on the irrigation works and the ranch. The building of the great dam is effectively sketched and so also is its destruction as a result of subterranean caves. Altogether we have a carefully compiled story with a steadily ascending climax and a final curtain scene of great effectiveness.

*Peace, Power, and Plenty*, by Orison Swett Marden. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.

It may be that the New Thought movement, with its extravagances and its credulities, is a reaction from the materialism of a few years ago that was, in its way, equally extravagant and equally credulous. Not that Mr. Marden's book is either one or the other. He does not tell us that we can double our incomes by nightly meditation or that the toothache can be cured by verbal charms and incantations. Indeed, his basic principles have so little of novelty about them that they are almost axiomatic. If their application is sometimes a little startling it is our conservatism that shivers and not our sense of logic. That thought precedes action and that action is governed by the preceding thought are commonplaces, and the author does no more than compel us to face all that these propositions imply. Man's material fate is controlled by his habits of thought, and the habit or automatic tendency of thought is what we call character. Whether the currents of character can be changed to the extent suggested by the author is open to question. Theoretically, every man can become an athlete, but practically every man can not, and the resolution needed to effect a radical transformation is itself among the highest of human attributes.

References to the power of the imagination and the sub-conscious self we are inclined to accept with caution, but we need not hesitate to recognize that such a book as this is helpful and conducive to happiness, and happiness, if we understand Mr. Marden correctly, is creative and constructive.

*The Pilgrims' March*, by H. H. Bashford. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

This is not only a good novel, but a useful one, because it shows the blighting effect upon mind and happiness of the orthodox religious "conversion." Robin Rivers is a wholesome athletic country boy intended for the army, but forced into commerce by the death of his father. His uncle, Mr. Wing, offers him a place in his office and in his home, and it is here that Robin comes under the influence of "religion." Mr. Wing and all his children have that kind of piety that is called evangelical and that shows itself not only by street preaching of the revivalist order, but by impertinent inquiries into the personal convictions of every one they meet. Habitually using an insufferable religious jargon and counting the souls that they have saved as an Apache would count his war scalps, they finally bring the impressionable Robin under the influence and transform him temporarily into a first-class prig, an operation that is assisted by his infatuation for Miss Wing. The fall from grace is admirably described. Robin reverts to his schoolboy passion for art and secretly carves a beautiful statuette for his sweetheart, who rejects it with scorn because it is nude and because a model sat

for its production. Then comes disillusionment, a shaking off of the evangelical obsession, and at last Miss Wing loses her lover, while the community at large regains an artist and a gentleman. The religious part of the story is told without bitterness or caricature, while the haleful effect of the revivalistic conversion upon a high-minded boy whose world is irradiated by ideal ambitions is psychologically accurate. But with all this the book is lightly and even humorously written.

*Good Health and How We Won It*, by Upton Sinclair and Michael Williams. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

We are glad to recognize Mr. Sinclair in a new rôle and to learn that he is now in good health. His road thereto was certainly a troublesome one. He seems to have tried most of the current fads, and although we gratefully accept the assurance of his successful emergence he seems to have carried a good many of the fads along with him.

Much of the author's advice is good. We should all be the better for deep breathing, an occasional wash, a larger consumption of fruits, more fresh air, more exercise. But should we be the better for this painful analysis of our food stuffs, for this measuring and weighing, this concentration of care upon our bodies? Do we not need more than everything else a little of the "divine carelessness," so that we may eat what is set before us, "asking no questions for conscience sake." The authors show a too great willingness to accept as gospel truth much of the medical nonsense and "scientific" guesses of the day. They speak, for instance, of the "germs whose introduction into the body are responsible for different diseases" and the demonstration of this as "part of the definite achievement of science." It is a loose expression and somewhat characteristic. It is not the germ that causes the disease, but the welcome given to the germ by a debilitated system. The germs, like the poor, are always with us, and it is we who give to them the only mischievous power they have by faulty living and by what we may call a hygienic anxiety. Accredited scientists talk a great deal too much about germs for their own reputation, but when the layman talks or thinks about them he usually does more harm than good. There is no such prophylactic as a careless defiance. So far as this particular book relates experiences it is good and helpful, but we would rather have our theories undiluted.

*Special Messenger*, by Robert W. Chambers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is the story of a young girl who joins the Northern army as a spy and becomes known as the mysterious "Special Messenger." It is a great improvement upon some of Mr. Chambers's later works, although it by no means reaches the high level of his earlier romances. The incidents in the career of the Special Messenger are told with great force, and warm praise is due to the skill with which the author preserves the womanly characteristics of his heroine in combination with deeds that are by no means womanly. Sometimes the machinery of the process creaks a little audibly, as, for example, where the Special Messenger is detected in the act of annexing the horse of the Confederate officer:

Suddenly he sat bolt upright in the bed, and at the same instant she bent and struck him a stunning blow with the butt of her revolver.

Considering her fix, she could probably do nothing less, but the subsequent concession to femininity follows a little too closely with an arrangement too obvious:

Breathless, motionless, she saw him fall back and lie there without a quiver; presently she leaned over him, tore open his jacket and shirt, and laid her steady hand upon his heart. For a moment she remained there, looking down into his face; then with a sob she bent and kissed him on the lips.

There is something incongruous in a woman playing such a part as this, a part to which she is in no way driven by circumstances, and we involuntarily shiver every time this amazing young woman does some deed of desperate violence. But the incidents are well told and it is not a book that will be left half-read.

*Loaded Dice*, by Ellery H. Clark. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

This is the story of a man who made of his life a gamble upon the existence or non-existence of God. "Proceed," he says, "on the assumption that there is a God, and get along without any fun here, in the hope of making up for it later when you get your harp and crown." On the other hand, "if you're willing to put up all you've got that there isn't a God, your life becomes nothing but pleasure." The latter alternative he calls the "sporting end" and he takes it.

The philosophy is of course wrong and ignorantly wrong, inasmuch as conduct has no necessary connection with religious belief. But having chosen the "sporting end," Gordon proceeds to live up to it. Allying himself with a demi-mondaine, he tempts his millionaire friend Palmer into a compromising situation with the girl, who drugs him and

pretends that she has been ruined, with the usual blackmailing results and upon an immense scale. Palmer discovers the trick and Gordon promptly murders him. He also murders the girl, Annie Holton, who betrayed him to Palmer. Quarreling with his demi-mondaine accomplice, Rose, he murders her, and there is still another murder for which an innocent man is hanged. These capital crimes are interspersed with lesser ones of swindling and chicanery, and finally Gordon himself dies in misery and with a confession of failure upon his lips.

It is possible that the author had some vague idea of teaching a moral lesson. If so, he has failed, because he confuses dogma with morality. On the basis of a false premise he builds up a hateful and brutal story, with its hatefulness and brutality intensified rather than mitigated by its brilliant telling.

*The Gospel and the Church*, by Alfred Loisy. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

This new edition of writings that now form a red-letter chapter in the history of the Catholic Church receives a peculiar value from the substantial introduction by Dr. Newman Smyth. This introduction is critical and eulogistic. The work undertaken by Harnack for the Protestant churches was attempted by Loisy for the Catholic, although from widely different standpoints, and both Harnack and Loisy suffered from the condemnation and proscription of clerical authority. But they were at one in placing the final religious appeal not with any outward tribunal, but in the collective experience of the Christian world. Facing the destructive assaults of criticism Loisy tried to show "how the essential of Catholicism can survive the crisis of contemporary thought," but such salvation must be found through a surrender of the traditions that surround and support the papal authority.

The story of Loisy's condemnation as related by Dr. Smyth leaves us with a certain feeling of admiring impatience with the man who was bold enough to loosen the painter but who shrank from cutting the cord. Firm in the conviction of right and in his own inability "to destroy in myself the result of my labors," he yet writes to the Pope that "I submit myself to the judgment pronounced against my writings by the Congregation of the Holy Office." But even this sacrifice availed nothing against an ecclesiastical arrogance, voiced and probably inspired by Cardinal Merry del Val, that demanded of Loisy that he should not only bow but grovel, and so he finds himself outside of the church and among those who are "Catholics and critics still." And yet at a still later date we find him "with humble respect for authority" asking the Archbishop of Chalons for permission to celebrate mass in his own chamber upon the ground of ill-health. Defying the papal authority in essentials, he concedes the authority of the archbishop in non-essentials. Small wonder that with so little robustness M. Loisy has made so slight a ripple in the religious thought of the world.

*Parsimony in Nutrition*, by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M. D., LL. D., F. R. S. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; 75 cents.

The blight of the food-faddist is over the land and we no longer divide our diet into meats, vegetables, and fruits, as in the good old days, but into proteids, albumens, starches, carbohydrates, and all the other analyses that science has invented to plague us. And in the last stages of all we vegetarianize, Fletcherize, and starve.

Now comes Sir James Crichton-Browne, who begs us to be sensible and to eat what is set before us, and to do so in liberal quantities. He does not actually say that the more we eat the better, but he seems delicately to imply it. Faddism is, at least, the worst of gastronomic sins, as a cheerful carelessness is the greatest of gastronomic virtues. Meat, says the learned doctor, must be taken in moderation, and those who eat it three or four times a day are "laying up wrath against the day of wrath," but the other extreme of vegetarianism is the father of its own innumerable ills. The same must be said of Fletcherism and of auto-starvation. Moreover, let us not be misled by experiments upon animals. The human brain dominates the body to a greater extent than does the brain of any animal. Digestion is arrested by grief and stimulated by happiness and thus the guidance of animals is an unsafe one.

Dr. Crichton-Browne's book commends itself by its patent common sense. The weight of expert opinion may be against him, but the way of the expert is as the wind's way.

*The Bible of Nature*, by J. Arthur Thompson, M. A. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

This volume is made up of five lectures delivered before the Lake Forest College on the foundation of the late William Bross. Mr. Thompson is regius professor of natural history in the University of Aberdeen, and certainly no better choice could have been made. Professor Thompson shows the spirit of true science by his accentuation of the limitations of our research rather than its achievements

and by his confessions of the wall of inability and of ignorance that surrounds our acquisitions. Comparing natural processes with a clock he tells us that of the clock-maker science will be quite silent, that if we ask her why the mainsprings work, why the weights go down, she will answer that *she does not know*. Therefore science can not kill wonder, but must increase it, for as minor mysteries disappear, greater mysteries stand confessed.

The five lectures are devoted to "The Wonder of the World," "The History of Things," "Organisms and Their Origin," "The Evolution of Organisms," and "Man's Place in Nature."

*Biology and Its Makers*, by William A. Locy, Ph. D., Sc. D. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

This work is intended for the general reader rather than for the specialist and is a record of achievement rather than an effort to push forward the plow-point of investigation. The author has adopted what may be called the biographical method. That is to say, he centres his subject around the lives of the men who have raised biology to its present point, always finding a proper balance between mere biographical details and the distinctive labors in biological work that form the main subject of the work. An historical sequence is always well preserved, the first part of the book being devoted to the general sources of the science and the second to the distinctive doctrine of organic evolution. The author is to be congratulated upon a work of exceptional clearness and one that is well qualified to give the requisite amount of information to the average intelligent reader who has not specialized.



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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The New Galsworthy.

*Fraternity*, by John Galsworthy. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Galsworthy has given us another of his big calihre stories that have done so much to disturb our complacency and to compel our recognition of the shadows in civilization. He writes with extraordinary intensity and a deep, even a solemn meaning that will not be hidden by the light veil of satire that lies over his work.

Nearly every character in "Fraternity" is a type, although not always to be identified in America, where social problems of the more cruel kind are not yet clamorous enough nor old enough to throw their shade even upon frivolity. For there is a frivolous and an ineffective philanthropy that flutters over the social abyss and amuses itself with charity as with a new fashion. To this order belong the two sisters, Cecilia and Bianca Dallison, who are members of all the charitable organizations that there are, all the middle-some and interfering organizations of the English metropolis, but who turn with positive repulsion from the personal contact which is the supreme mark of sympathy. And into this artistic circle that simpers over suffering and toys with destitution is thrust the little model to whom vice and virtue are little more than colorless facts, with her baby face and the innocent cunning that comes from dire need of human help. In spite of her rags and her squalor she fascinates Bianca's husband almost to the point of disgrace and nearly disintegrates the whole Dallison family with its traditions of eminent respectability and its charities "skimped and iced." Very wonderful is old Mr. Stone with his senile eccentricities and his great hook on human fraternity. Wonderful, too, is Martin, the young medical student whose humanitarianism is practical and whose almost insolent contempt is poured out so witheringly upon inefficiency. The glimpses at slum life are powerfully done and never overdone. The social contrasts are, indeed, so well drawn that it would be hard to say with which end of the scale the author is most practically familiar. It is difficult to believe that this hook can be widely read without increasing the general sense of responsibility for conditions that must be alleviated or come to disastrous culmination, and if Mr. Galsworthy can produce such a result with his kindly satire, his virile pathos, and his inimitable character drawing, he must take a high place among the authors of today who are "worth while."

The story has no conventional beginning nor ending. No one marries nor wants to be. No one dies nor is born. But it is photographically sincere, and when we reach the last page we want to sit back and think.

*The Little Gods: A Masque of the Far East*, by Rowland Thomas. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

A sort of whimsical philosophy runs through these extraordinary stories of army and civilian life in the Philippines and elsewhere. It is, indeed, in the eternal East that men become eternally young, and where, as the author says, they "are still most unafraid, grasp with least hesitation all life offers them, and accept the outcome of their choice with most sincerity."

It is this kind of life that the author sets forth in tales that are spontaneous, humorous, and human enough to remind us of Kipling and his "Soldiers Three." There is the same frank facing of the facts of life, the same overmastering virility that laughs at the conventional moralities and makes us laugh with it and love it, the same adoration of courage and endurance as the virtues supreme. These stories are worthy to live not only as works of art, but as pictures of a life that is the best of all antidotes to civilization.

*The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy*, by T. Francis Bumpus. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$2.50.

This volume is the latest addition to The Cathedral Series, already including Northern and Southern France, England, the Rhine, and Northern Spain. They are handsomely bound in illuminated cloth covers, printed upon tinted paper, and illustrated by numerous good photographs.

The present volume is as complete as can be wished. Its many points of view commend it not only to the architect and to the historian, but to those interested in the vital religious status of today. The author shows his competence in every department of his work, which is always careful, pertinent, and informed. A valuable feature is the list of the more important pictures and wall-paintings in the churches described. There is also a full index.

*On the Road to Arden*, by Margaret Morse. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; \$1.

That two attractive young women on a vacation driving tour should meet two young

men in an automobile and form a roadside acquaintance that is continued at various stopping places is not a pretentious plot, but it makes a story none the less charming when told with such skill as in the present case. We know the end of the book within ten minutes of beginning it, but we would not miss a single page.

## New Publications.

S. C. Houghton, San Jose, has published a second edition of "In the Path of the Persian," by Stephen Magister.

The Ball Publishing Company, Boston, have published a reprint of Arthur Brisbane's interview with "Mary Baker G. Eddy."

The Outing Publishing Company, New York, have published "American Poultry Culture," by R. P. Sando. It is described as "A Complete Hand Book of Practical and Profitable Poultry Keeping for the Great Army of Beginners and Small Breeders." There are numerous illustrations and the price is \$1.25.

Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, have published a critical survey of "American Verse," by William Bradley Otis, A. M., Ph. D. The subject is divided into Historical Verse, Religious Verse, Political and Satirical Verse, Imaginative Verse, and Translation, the book, which is not an anthology, containing much material that has never before been mentioned in any history or bibliography of American verse. The price is \$1.75.

"Stories of Persian Heroes," by E. M. Wilmost-Buxton, is an attempt to popularize the doings of Rustum and to place the Persian hero by the side of King Arthur and Charlemagne. Written avowedly for children the book is well worthy of perusal by all who love prowess and knightly deeds, for Rustum is certainly entitled to a seat in Valhalla—or whatever may be its Persian equivalent—among the heroes without fear and without reproach. The book contains colored marginal decorations throughout and the illustrations are well executed. It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas, have published a volume of travels by F. Dumont Smith entitled "Blue Waters and Green." It is a casual record of surface experiences sometimes marred by disquisitions on home politics and exhortations to orthodox piety. A book of travels should confine itself to its subject and avoid such expressions as the following: "I fancy if one entered a penitentiary with a pardon for every inmate who could conscientiously believe in any one doctrine, belief would be immediate and general. That is what Christianity does." Further on we have the fatuous opinion that "if every one sincerely believed in a future state, every one would be a Christian." Such intolerant nonsense is out of place in any book unless it hears some warning or cautionary title.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

There has been some recent controversy as to the exact location in Boston of the birthplace of Edgar Allan Poe. In his new "Life of Poe," Professor George E. Woodberry gives what are probably the only authentic facts in the case as follows: "The house in which he was born was probably at 33 Hollis Street, the street address of his father on the Boston Tax Records for 1808, where the entry reads: '33 Poe, David 1 (poll tax), actor, Hollis.' The house was valued at \$800 and was owned by Henry Haviland; David Poe was rated as having \$600 personal estate."

"The M. P. for Russia," whose reminiscences appear in two handsome volumes bearing the Putnam imprint, was a woman, Mme. Olga Novikoff, upon whom the nickname was

bestowed on account of her political influence. In the 'eighties Mme. Novikoff was known among a distinguished circle of statesmen, men of letters, and others, as an extraordinarily fascinating woman who had maintained a brilliant salon at Claridge's Hotel. It was well understood that she was engaged in political intrigues on behalf of Russia. Her reminiscences and correspondence have been edited by W. T. Stead.

William Allen White, editor and magazine writer and author of "What's the Matter with Kansas?" has written his first novel, "A Certain Rich Man." It will be brought out at once by the Macmillan Company.

The *Book Monthly* relates that James Whitcomb Riley, the Irish-American poet, was once saying something as to the poor pay of the literary profession. "But, Mr. Riley," said a lady, "surely you have no cause for complaining. I understand you get a dollar a word for all you write." "Ye-e-s," said Mr. Riley, with his slow drawl, "but sometimes I sit all day and can't think of a word."

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which occurs on August 29, will be celebrated by a memorial meeting in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Tuesday, April 27. President Eliot will preside and brief addresses will be given by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, Colonel Higginson, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Crothers. Charles Townsend Copeland will read Dr. Holmes's "The Last Leaf" and "The Chambered Nautilus." The meeting will be under the auspices of the Cambridge Historical Society.

Millions of people who are familiar with the hymns of Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn writer, who now lives at Bridgeport, Connecticut, were interested in the news that she very recently celebrated her eighty-ninth birthday, and was still in good health and active mentally.

"The Trial of Christ," by John B. Kaye, of the Iowa bar, is to be brought out by Sherman, French & Co. the latter part of April. It is a lawyer's narrative in blank verse of the seven stages in the trial of Jesus, told with feeling and power as well as with judicious discrimination as to the facts and events relating to this great and tragic trial.

The effect of tariffs being world wide, it was perhaps to be expected that a volume like "The Passing of the Tariff," recently published in this country by Sherman, French & Co., should have attracted sufficient attention in England to justify arrangements for its publication there.

James Huneker, author of "Egoists," which will be published this month, is by birth a Philadelphian. One of his grandfathers was a Hungarian and a musician, the other an Irishman, a poet, and also vice-president of the Fenian Brotherhood some time in the early 'seventies. Intended for the Jesuits, Mr. Huneker studied law, went to Paris, there studied the piano with the late Theodore Ritter, returned to New York and continued his musical studies with Rafael Joseffy, at the same time earning his living as a newspaper writer.

Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, author of the "Letters of a Chinese Official," and of various philosophical essays, is delivering the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard today on the subject "Is Immortality Desirable?" The lecture will be published in book form next month by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," collected and edited by Roger Ingpen, are expected from the Scribners. The collection embraces about 450 letters, many of which have never appeared in print, while others have only been printed privately. The two volumes will contain forty-two illustrations.

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## A PARIS BEAUTY SHOW.

"St. Martin" Says That Competitions Among Lovely Girls Are the Order of the Day.

All the world is interested in pretty women, and it would have been well if feminine loveliness could have been kept free from the taint of competition. But we are competition-mad nowadays. Our women are no longer satisfied to know that they are beautiful. They must know also exactly how beautiful, they must be graded, classified, voted upon. They must know precisely the position that they occupy in the public estimation, they must have something tangible that they can display for the delight of their male acquaintances and the exasperation of their competitors.

Beauty competitions are just now the rage in Paris, of course among certain classes only, and when it comes to such a matter as this the Parisian may be trusted to make competent arrangements. Elsewhere, and especially in America, the contests are decided by means of photographs because great distances are naturally prohibitive of anything of a more personal nature. But a competition by photographs is practically no competition at all except in the skill of the respective photographers. We have all experienced the disappointment of meeting personally some famous "beauty" with whom our acquaintance has been only photographic, and upon the other hand we all of us know exquisite women—our wives, for example—to whom no photograph can do justice. The modern photographer works miracles with his lighting apparatus and still greater miracles with his retouching pencil. He removes lines and blemishes, freckles vanish in a moment, faulty noses are straightened, teeth whitened and dimples beautified. It is safe to say that no single winner of a beauty prize awarded from photographs could hold her trophy for a moment if her beauty were judged in the sunlight and against the full competition of the field.

And so the Parisian has small use for photographs in a really serious matter like this. Nothing but direct observation will satisfy him, and as he finds the office of judge in such a matter a particularly gratifying one while the number of those willing to be judged is large, there is plenty of competition and plenty of amusement for every one concerned.

The mechanism of these contests is simplicity itself. Most of the variety theatres are willing to make a beauty contest one of the features of the evening. The expense to

them is practically nothing, the contestants take the place of performers who would have to be paid, while the audience enjoys the fun to the full and bestows its votes with all the judicial gravity due to a public duty. Indeed, the beauty contest has been found to be a drawing card. Not only do disinterested people come for the novelty of the thing, but the contestants themselves bring cohorts of friends, mainly of the male persuasion, and so pack the jury box in the most haphazard manner.

The apparatus is simple enough. The whole of the stage is shut off by a curtain with the exception of an open framed space in the middle. Any girl who wishes may send in her card to the management and she is admitted to the stage with the right to show her head and shoulders for a minute or so through the frame in the curtain. She is supplied with a number which she hangs around her neck and the audience votes on tabulated cards supplied for the purpose and collected at once by the ushers. The result is announced in half an hour and the successful girls receive a signed statement from the management to the effect that upon such and such an evening they received so many votes for first place, so many for second, and so many for third. The names of the girls are not announced to the spectators, who know them by number only. If they wish they can enter and leave the theatre inconspicuously and there need be no undesirable features to the performance at all.

Some half-dozen Paris theatres are now running shows of this kind and there is no sign of waning interest. How, indeed, should there be when the reservoir of pretty girls is so inexhaustible. Nor is it altogether a matter of amusement with the girls themselves. The fact of the matter is that beauty has become a marketable commodity and more so than ever before. Paris has suddenly awakened to the fact that pretty girls mean good business. They are wanted in the millinery shops, as artists' and photographers' models, in restaurants, and in stores of all kinds. And the demand is an innocent one, and there is no reason why it should not be so. A girl chosen for a store or a restaurant because of her good looks is perhaps exposed to somewhat greater temptations than would be the case if she were at the wash tub, but the strength of the temptation depends upon her own discretion, and there is no reason why a girl should not use the beauty of her face just as much as the strength of her arm or the dexterity of her fingers.

The value to the girls of these beauty contests comes in just here. It might be thought that restaurant or millinery managers who needed pretty girls could judge of the applicants for themselves and would hardly need certificates of beauty for credentials. But as a matter of fact the girl who can show heavy theatre votes will easily get the coveted situations over the heads of other girls who can do no more than say "Look at me for yourself, and judge of me for yourself." The employer does not merely want a girl who is beautiful. He wants a girl whom the public recognizes as beautiful and that sometimes is quite another matter. And so the theatrical beauty contests flourish exceedingly and the Parisian damsels are made happy or the reverse by the nightly votes that are cast with so much enthusiasm.

Paris wants new faces and the rage for the beautiful is almost like a renaissance. Nowhere does one see more pretty faces than in Paris, and it is by no means upon the boulevards that they most abound nor with the adventurous aids of furs and silks. Keep an open eye for the laundry girls, for example, and every now and then you will see a vision of loveliness that would be acclaimed to the world if it were but in a setting of wealth and fashion. Wander around Montmartre, so arrange your steps as to meet the working girls going home, and you will find no lack of beauties, and all the more beautiful for their adornment. These are the girls who are now finding that they can turn their loveliness to good account and in response to a demand that may not be esthetic in the highest sense of the word but that can easily be kept within the bounds of propriety. These girls know how to take care of themselves. They are by no means lacking in worldly wisdom nor in the knowledge of self-protection, and who shall blame them if they use nature's gifts and thus inoffensively turn their charms into money.

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PARIS, April 5, 1909.

Two American women, Mrs. Saltzmann Stevens and Mrs. Frease-Green—both pupils of M. Jean de Reszke, neither of whom had any previous dramatic experience—made highly successful debuts as Brünnhilde and Sieglinde respectively, at Covent Garden, London. "The Valkyrie" was sung in English on this occasion.

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Return train leaves Redwood City 5:15 p. m. Tickets good on any regular train to the city.

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## THE NEW ORPHEUM.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The new home of vaudeville looks like the enchanted creation of an Arabian night's entertainment. It is an opulent dream in red and gold, and with its warm coloring, its groups of statuary, its painted frescoes and gold and bronze reliefs it is so rich and splendid in effect that, on entering it, one looks involuntarily to see an operatic orchestra filing in.

It was apparent on this auspicious opening of the new downtown Orpheum that theatre-goers took the thing very seriously. That is to say, while it was a joyous seriousness, they felt very strongly that the occasion marked an epoch. The opening of the Orpheum put a sort of official stamp on the downtown section now so splendidly rebuilt and still progressing.

People had a sentiment about it, a strong, deeply-rooted sentiment. It was astonishing to see what an occasion was made of it. Gala dress was the rule. The women were stunning in spite of their mammoth, hair-extinguishing, saucer-shaped hats. Laces and evening colors set off white necks and tapering arms. Silks rustled, the colored lights of jewels glimmered and glanced. All the motor-cars in town seemed to be filing up in front of the new playhouse, depositing prosperous looking, self-satisfied men in decorous evening black and white, and the radiant, fair creatures that they owned.

A packed multitude stood on the opposite side of the street, absorbed in watching the passing show. The handsome building opposite was illuminated in honor of the event, and red fires shed a holiday glow over the grassy spaces of Union Square.

Seats were at a premium. The management adhered to its regular rates, but, without their connivance, seats parted hands for as high as seven dollars each, perhaps more. The mayor of the city, who had hired a box for his party, was invited to speak, and delivered a neat, congratulatory address, which satisfied the jubilant audience by touching the right chord. Souvenir booklets were distributed, and the management rose to the occasion by providing a particularly good bill with not a dull number in it.

The auditorium was a really inspiring sight. The theatre, although having a seating capacity of some twenty-five hundred, is so well and compactly laid out that in the centre of the main auditorium one feels near to everything, even almost to the splendid frescoes overhead.

An inspection of the prosperous, handsomely dressed, and gay-spirited audience seemed to place the prevailing dull times at a very remote distance, and the general effect was so markedly suggestive of luxury and prosperity that it would have been something of a comedown for the gorgeous curtains to reveal the simple setting of a song-and-dance act, or any ordinary act requiring a plain background.

Happily, the management had a surprise up its sleeve, for the rise of the curtain revealed Mme. Zélie de Lussan, gowned with delicately tinted splendor, and flashing with rich jewels. The singer gave "The Star-Spangled Banner" with fine execution, her rich voice adding a finishing touch of opulence to the general effect, while the audience, animated with repressed jubilation, rose spontaneously while the song was in progress.

The bill which followed contained so many good features that, aside from the particular report due on account of the memorable occasion, it is worth while taking it up *seriatim*.

The orchestra—and Manager Meyerfeld as well, during a momentary appearance he made on the stage—received an enthusiastic round of applause from an audience that was so bursting to give vent to its elation and general congratulatory sentiments that it seized every occasion. Then, after the usual musical opening, we settled down to business with Kay's players in "A Roman Travesty" which consists of a variation on the familiar theme and was received with the old favor.

Sandor's "Miniature Cirque" is something of a novelty as a canine act, for the ventriloquist ring-master has a Shetland pony parade that is so cleverly arranged that his dogs, with their heads disguised under pony-masks and their necks and tails hidden under cascades of false manes and tails, look, at the first glance, almost exactly like a herd of Shetland ponies. At a second glance there is something puzzling about the conformation of their hind-quarters, and gradually it dawns

upon the spectator, as he observes, with some bewilderment, the gait of the animals, that they are not equine but canine performers. They are, in fact, Great Danes, and go through their paces with a dignity and seriousness—saying and excepting the gay goings-on of the frantically waltzing dog Bacchante of the troupe—that is somewhat stultified by the "cuteness" of the Shetland pony disguise.

The ventriloquist added a canine miniature lion to his freak menagerie by bringing in a lion-masked small dog with a most agreeable expression of countenance, a strong German accent, and unleonine determination to do his act meekly and well, which gave much joy to his admirers by completely wagging off his rubber lion's tail during his ride around the ring.

Pretty "Arcadia" is a nice-looking girl with the expression and eyes of an artist and with a true sense of music, who sings acceptably and fiddles well, and with excellent tone.

"Awake at the Switch" is one of the very best skits we have seen. Furthermore, it is excellently played right through, from Claude up. Margaret Moffatt is an actress with a sparkling face, and a Rose-Stahl talent for hitting off the characteristics of the self-possessed and ready-tongued type of coquettish girlhood that sells us our dry goods and manipulates our telephones. Wit and humor and good acting and the attraction of cleverly depicted live types of the day keep us entertained during every second of its progress.

Elsie Faye, Miller and Weston, all of whom are expert dancers, pleased those to whose tastes a vaudeville entertainment is incomplete without a dancing act, and the Sandwina gave quite a piquantly entertaining exhibition of athletics, due primarily to the colossally built charms of Mme. Sandwina, a handsome young giantess who picks up Husband Sandwina—or so we suppose him to be—with the casual air of unintentional irreverence with which a six-year-old clutches a rag baby. Somehow, even in the moments of putting forth her tremendous strength, and making a drum major's baton of her sapling of a husband, the Sandwina prettily retains her nonchalant, feminine charm.

Frank Fogarty, billed as an Irish wit, retails with a strong Hibernian accent a string of stories of Irish flavor and plenty of point. The raconteur practices successfully that trick of seeming to coyly hurry away from the moment when the pocket bomb of each story explodes, and cleverly seizes the moment when the laughter is loudest to go through the preliminary motions of getting the next story under way.

The grand *pièce de résistance* was, of course, the aerial ballet, which is billed as "Grigolati's famous aerial ballet from Drury Lane Theatre, London." We have now seen these fascinating exhibitions of pretty women joining in charmingly grouped, airy flights through the space above-stage just often enough to make all aerialists look alike to us. They are all trained to fall into graceful attitudes, while the drapery that partially veils their floating bodies assumes the passing grace of the wind-blown. But to the beauties, the graces, and the novelties now tolerably familiar to us a new effect has been added. Flocks of doves were loosed in clouds from some unseen point overhead, and flew to the floating fays above the stage, settling contentedly on their heads, their arms, and their hands, or occasionally floating in rival flight across their path.

It was an entirely novel, and most beautiful sight. Even the four disgruntled, theoretically sweet little cherubs that sat up aloft seemed to recognize in the aerialists kindred spirits and to relax somewhat in the expression of saturnine and cynical disdain which I had observed on their stuccoed features early in the evening when the millinery of the ladies first burst upon their unsophisticated vision: An expression which returned when the fair auditors, at the conclusion of the performance, donned their reversed basins and dish-pans, crowned with feather comets, and decked with solar systems of jewels and jet, and went forth into the toot-tooty night to fight over places at the most prized and popular restaurants, and to tell how they felt like weeping tears and uttering cheers when they rode once more down old Market Street of old San Francisco, during the motion pictures of the last act, and had the sensation of looking up and seeing once more the familiar bay windows of the old, historical Palace Hotel.

## The Shakespearean Festival.

One of the most important dramatic events of the season will be the Shakespearean Festival to be given at the Garrick Theatre during the week commencing Monday, May 3. The Ben Greet Players, numbering nearly forty, with singers and dancers, will present a number of the great works of the Bard of Avon, under the direction of Ben Greet, who will also play some of his favorite parts, such as Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Caliban in "The Tempest," etc.

The plays will be given with the original musical setting of the great composers who have been inspired by them. The music will be furnished by the Russian Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the direction of Modest Altschuler.

The week's repertoire is as follows: Mon-

day and Wednesday nights and Sunday afternoon, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music. "The Tempest," with Tchaikowsky's and Sir Arthur Sullivan's music will be given Tuesday and Thursday nights, and "Romeo and Juliet," with music by Gounod and Tchaikowsky, is scheduled for Saturday night. The Friday night play has not yet been definitely decided on.

By special request Mr. Greet will give a grand production of the old morality play, "Everyman," on Thursday afternoon, May 6, at half-past three. On this occasion a male chorus will assist and the great orchestra will play the appropriate music from Wagner's "Parsifal."

Seats will be ready Monday morning, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Two special performances will be given at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, on invitation of the faculty of the university. Saturday night, May 1, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be given, and on Saturday afternoon, May 8, "The Tempest."

Seats will be sold in this city and Oakland at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the usual places in Berkeley.

## The Mischa Elman Sunday Recital.

The young violin genius, Mischa Elman, will be heard again on Sunday afternoon at the Garrick Theatre. The wonderful playing of this much-talked-of artist is surprising the most exacting critics, who proclaim him one of the geniuses of modern times. Occasions to hear such an artist are so rare that no music lover can afford to miss this.

An exceptional programme will be rendered, including Saint-Saëns's Concerto in B minor, Bach's "Chaconne," Sarasate's "Habanera," Wieniawski's "Faust Fantasie," and the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" paraphrased by Wilhelm.

Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until five o'clock Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday the theatre box-office will open at ten a. m. The new phone number is West 1194.

Manager Greenbaum is negotiating for an appearance of Elman with the Russian Symphony Orchestra, for Sunday, May 2. It all depends on that organization being able to reach here in time. This will be definitely announced in the Sunday papers.

It was with this orchestra that Elman made his first appearance in this country.

M. Marcellin Sirvain, formerly of Paris, is now purveyor in chief of snails to Boston clubs and private families. He furnishes them alive to those who have French cooks and cooked to those who are not so fortunate. Slow as the snail is, he is the winner of the Marathon in the gastronomic race of Boston society. M. Sirvain has a good trade in snails, and it increases fast. His snails are purchased by fashionable clubs and rich private families. The work of preparing and cooking the snails is extensive, elaborate, scientific, and a study in itself. Snails must be starved in the snaileries and then fed until gorged with aromatic herbs. They must be starved again before cooking and cleansed with great care and most minute detail before they appear on the table.

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VIENNA—Monday eve, May 3, at 8:15; Tuesday eve, May 4, at 8:15; Wednesday aft., May 5, at 3:15.  
PARIS—Thursday eve, May 6, at 8:15; Friday eve, May 7, at 8:15; Saturday aft., May 8, at 3:15.  
LONDON—Monday eve, May 10, at 8:15; Tuesday eve, May 11, at 8:15; Wednesday aft., May 12, at 3:15.  
FEZ (In Morocco)—Thursday eve, May 13, at 8:15; Friday eve, May 14; Saturday aft., May 15.  
Single tickets \$1.75 cis, and 50 cis. Ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. A few course tickets left.

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Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. General admission \$1.00. Box office Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Sunday at Theatre.

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100 Players, Singers, Dancers, Musicians, etc., in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music, vocal and instrumental. Monday and Wednesday evenings, Sunday afternoon.

"The Tempest," Tuesday and Thursday evenings, music by Tchaikowsky and Sullivan.

"Romeo and Juliet," Saturday evening, music by Gounod and Tchaikowsky.

Friday evening to be announced later.

Special Matinee Thursday May 6

"EVERYMAN"

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Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## TWO SPECIAL PERFORMANCES

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## VANITY FAIR.

## Reminiscences of a Dancing Man.

Who now remembers Almack's halls—  
Willis's sometimes named—  
In those two smooth-floored upper halls  
For faded ones so famed?  
Where as we trod to trilling sound  
The fancied phantoms stood around,  
Or joined us in the maze,  
Of the powdered Dears from Georgian years,  
Whose dust lay in eighteen scaled-up hiers;  
The fairest of the former days.

Who now remembers gay Cremorne  
And all its jaunty jills,  
And those mild whirling figures born  
Of Jullien's grand quadrilles?  
With hats on head and morning coats  
Then footed to his prancing notes  
Our partner-girls and we;  
And the gas jets winked and the lustres clinked,  
And the platform thronged as with arms enlinked,  
We moved to the minstrelsy.

Who now recalls those crowded rooms  
Of old yclept "The Argyle,"  
Where to the deep Drum-polka's booms  
We hopped in hoisterous style?  
Whither have danced those damsels now!  
Is Death the partner who doth now  
Their wormy chaps and hare?  
Do their spectres spin like sparks within  
The smoky halls of the Prince of Sin  
To a thunderous Jullien air?  
—Thomas Hardy, in *Collier's Weekly*.

Eastern milliners are said to be uneasy at the monstrousness of the monstrosities that some women are now wearing upon their heads. Some of the better class are excluding them from their stores or consigning them to the oblivion of the background simply because their hest customers resent the display. Paris fashion has of course put its absolute ban upon them, for, however much the French woman may err on the side of extravagance, she never likes to make herself either hideous or ridiculous.

A well-known New York milliner puts the matter very nicely. She says that she must keep a few of the new hats for such feminine freaks as may find their way to her, but her regular customers, being ladies, do not wish for a style of headgear that is suitable only to the women of the stage and to women "declassées." The last word is admirable. It expresses the situation to a nicety. Far be it from us to express unkind opinions as to the manners of the women who wear the inverted potato basket hat. They may be only idiotic and therefore morally innocent, but if we say that they are "declassées" we keep ourselves within the bounds of delicacy while affording endless scope for the imagination. The "declassée" woman is simply "unclassified" because a more direct label would be impolite.

A New York milliner denounces the popular ignorance that demands a copy of some particular hat or style because it has been found suitable to some particular leader of fashion. "The French people," she says, "copy beautiful hats from old pictures, and while these may be charming on some faces, as a large poke bonnet tied under the chin will be beautiful on a young girl, yet on older and less attractive people they will be dreadful."

The circumstances under which the waste-paper basket hat came to America are a little amusing. It is true enough that they were first introduced in Paris, but as has been said already the French women would have nothing to do with them. The result was that while the dawn of spring saw the store windows overloaded with the ahominable things there were none of them to be found in the streets or theatres. For once women took matters into their own hands and there was an unprogrammed revival of enormous flat hats trimmed with flowers or ostrich plumes which have always been favorites. But the final blow, so far as the American colony was concerned, was struck by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who refused even to try on the new freak. "I should look like a fright if I wore one," said Mrs. Fish, "and I have no intention of doing so. I shall go back to the 1908 styles."

Naturally there was consternation among the manufacturers, who saw a heavy loss ahead of them until it was suggested that the whole stock be shipped to America, where they would be accepted readily as the Paris fashion. And so, indeed, they were accepted, as we may see for ourselves any day.

It falls to the lot of Senator Crane as chairman of the Committee on Rules to supervise the Senate restaurant and Senator Crane finds it easier to govern a nation. One of the finest kitchens in the world, as well as one of the finest dining-rooms, has been installed, but Mr. Crane can find no responsible restaurateur to take it and to provide luncheons for senators, their guests, and their employees. The restaurateur would have no rent to pay, and heat, light, and fuel are supplied free, but when they arrive to inspect the place they decline with thanks and say they could not make it pay.

When Senator Knox had this thankless job he was overwhelmed with complaints of exorbitant prices, and he undertook to investigate the matter for himself and ascertain the

minimum price that must be paid for a frugal luncheon. He ordered the most modest restaurant furnished and found that his bill was 65 cents. Now, this is quite a lot of money for a senator to pay out of his own pocket and unsustained by an appropriation bill and Senator Knox said that the trouble should be mitigated, but it never was. The problem of the Senate restaurant may have been one of the reasons that persuaded Mr. Knox to lay upon one side the harassing cares of pie, milk, and coffee and retreat to the philosophic calm and perpetual *dolce far niente* of foreign affairs.

Decorations and titles are becoming so numerous in Italy that to be without anything of the kind will soon be a distinction. It would be hard to throw a stone in the streets of Rome without hitting a duke, a marquis, a count, or a baron and, incidentally, being arrested by the police. These titles are not only hereditary in a direct line, but they descend through cousins and nephews in an ever-widening line.

There are only two principal equestrian orders in Italy, that of Saints Maurice and Lazarus and of the Crown of Italy, but there are several grades of each and admission has been awarded so freely that the number of knights, officers, and commanders is very great.

Some effort has recently been made to diminish these cheap honors. A recent decree provides for the number of decorations to be issued each year, as follows: Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, three knights grand crosses, eighteen grand officers, fifty-four knights commanders, 176 officers and 494 ordinary knights. Order of the Crown of Italy, fourteen knights grand crosses, forty-eight grand officers, 272 knights commanders, 535 officers, and 2445 ordinary knights. This makes a total of over four thousand a year, which is liberal enough, as Italy is not a very large country, but it would be well to keep these facts in mind when appraising the value of an Italian title.

An Eastern critic, discussing the new hats, allows himself a regrettable descent into frivolity. We are assured that the hat when not on active duty can be used as a very effective centerpiece for a large dinner table, filled with rubber plants or ferns. The shallower forms make an admirable cradle for the baby, the extra space being filled with a number of large pillows and blankets, so that the youngster shall not roll around too much and hurt himself. It is quite easy to fit rockers if the ordinary trimmings should be found ill-placed for that purpose. The beehive hat may be used for its only legitimate purpose—as a beehive—although its colossal size may prove a disadvantage.

The craze for photograph postal-cards, more highly developed in Paris than elsewhere, has set every one searching for pretty girls, and so the French metropolis has suddenly awakened to its extraordinary wealth in this delightful commodity. There were two girls living at Neuilly who first tapped the gold mine, and for awhile they led the strenuous life, posing not only for postal cards, but for valentines and for the charming little advertising cards that accompany boxes of chocolate and such like dainties. The Paris correspondent of the *Times-Democrat* tells us of the fad and how it spread from the Neuilly girls until all Paris was ransacked for pretty faces:

Then, one day, the post-card trade of Paris told them:  
"We have seen your pretty faces lots!"  
It was a shock, coming in the same month from half a dozen publishers; but the girls finally cheered up at the suggestion:  
"Find us other pretty faces, while yours rest?"  
The two Neuilly hours made their contracts for so much per pose and subject, and they started in among friends and acquaintances of friends.  
And thus they made a queer discovery; while of real beauties there are few in any given city block, the mass of pleasing faces, piquant, reviving, troubling, interesting, mocking, defying, challenging, with questions, promises, pardons, and mysteries, how tell it?—bright faces waked to pretty audacity by the magnificent discovery that they are not plain, that some one wants to photograph them—these are rather plenty!

I repeat, they are not actresses or models. They are Paris girls who were neglected. At this moment they are having vast appreciation. "Who has not her post-card?" runs the slang phrase. In great factories—where they make shirts, pants, or what not—half the girls have been postcarded!

They are posed not for Parisian subjects only. Every province has to have its "types," its pretty faces under local "coiffes," genre groups in local costumes.

All these are posed in Paris—where the pretty subjects are in hand already, saving all expensive hunting!

The German court is very particular as to the women who are allowed to attend. The work of revision done by the lord chamberlain in London is done by a woman in Berlin who is called the *oherhofmeisterin*. It is the duty of the *oherhofmeisterin* to make the personal acquaintance of every woman who is to be presented and to satisfy herself that the candidate is irreproachable in every respect. We may be sure that she does this very much

better than a man could do. Her primal instincts must come to her aid and she would scent out a past impropriety or a "history" with a skill that no mere man could emulate.

A court hall in Berlin is an impressive affair, but, curiously enough, no cloak rooms are provided, and all wraps and paraphernalia of that kind must be left in the carriage. The emperor and empress do not dance, but they are greatly interested in watching the proceeding, and the old-fashioned dances have a great attraction for them.

"Black jet is very much in evidence at present and white jet interests me very much," declares an enthusiastic English woman in the *Queen*. "I am very tired of all the cut and blown glass that masquerades as diamanté work, crystals, precious stones of various sorts, hughes and heads of all descriptions, infinitely preferring, for the moment at any rate, something quite opaque."

"Black and white jet need not be the alpha and omega of the list. In darkish colors it is most attractive—green of the laurel or crème de menthe shade, garnet or ruby for emroidering, red currant or wine shades of tulle, yellow like clouded amber—quite fascinating this last—turquoise, with all the real gem's lack of transparency; brown—think of a brown net frock worked in brown jet and aluminum, with a dash of gold over a slip of faint maize charmeuse!"

"Gray jet combined with dull silver heads and platinum threads would form charming matt effect stitchery, biscuit colored jet, gray green jet, the color of gooseberry fool, royal blue jet, purple jet, and to finish up with mole-colored jet, with which one could do so many charming things that I hardly like to begin suggestions, for fear I should never be able to stop. And these ideas for a variety of colorings in this opaque glass—for of

course it is only that, and cleverly made, too, so as not to be heavy—need not be confined to evening wear, but in several cases could form part of the new millinery—does so, in fact—and worn judiciously makes an agreeable change."

A Paris newspaper points out the not universally known fact that the true name of Josephine, Empress of the French and wife of the great Napoleon, was Marie Joseph Rose. The name Josephine was given to her by Napoleon himself with whom it was a freak to rename the women of his court. His sister Marianne he called Elise, Annonciade became Caroline, and Paulette he changed to Pauline.

Josephine's name among her intimates was Yeyette and Barras never called her otherwise. Even the Pope was so unfamiliar with her name that when he sent his benediction the letter was addressed to "Our Sister in Jesus Christ, Victoria Bonaparte." In 1814, on the departure for Elba, the *Debats* referred to Josephine as "the mother of Prince Eugene," while her tomb bears the inscription "a Josephine, Eugène et Hortense 1825."

We were under the impression that no one now plays croquet except curates and young ladies who are sentimentally interested in that particular branch of the church militant. But it seems that King Edward is a devotee of the game and that the croquet ground at Cannes is kept in order for his special relaxation. Golf does not suit, although he likes to watch the play, but croquet supplies him with just the needed amount of exercise and excitement. There was formerly no croquet ground at Biarritz, but since the king took to going there annually a lawn has been set apart for him adjoining the golf ground and no one else uses it during certain hours of the day.

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

As a gentleman was having his luncheon in the coffee room of a Birmingham hotel he was much annoyed by another visitor, who during the whole of the meal stood with his back to the fire warming himself and watching him partake of his repast. At length, unable to endure it any longer, he rang the bell and said: "Waiter, kindly turn that gentleman round; I think he is done on that side."

To justify his repeated use of the same witticism, as noted in three of his plays, J. M. Barrie says: "We Scots abhor waste. Did you never hear of the aged Saunders Carlyle, who always drank off his whisky to the last drop the instant it was poured out for him? 'Why do you drink down your liquor in that quick, greedy way?' a stranger said to Saunders in a reproachful tone. 'I once had one knocked over,' the old man explained."

This happened on the Lake Shore flier not long ago. A man rushed in from the car behind, evidently in great agitation, and said: "Has anybody in the car any whisky?" A woman in the car behind has fainted." Instantly dozens of flasks were produced. The man who had asked for it picked out the largest one, drew the cork, and put the bottle to his lips. With a long, satisfied sigh, he handed it back and remarked: "That did me a lot of good. I needed it, for it always makes me feel queer to see a woman faint."

The brother of a scientist went to a hook-shop to buy a present. He told the clerk that he wanted some kind of a volume dealing with natural history to give to his brother, a zoologist. Could he recommend one? The clerk glanced over the shelves with a knowing air. At last he pulled down a hook. "This would interest him," he remarked. "It is by one of our best authors." "Let me see it," said the purchaser. The clerk handed it to him. On the back, in large letters, was the word "Anthology." "All about ants," commented the clerk.

Tragedies innumerable culminate in the emergency hospital. "What has happened to me?" asked the patient when he had recovered from the effects of the ether. "You were in a trolley car accident," said the nurse, "and it has been found necessary to amputate your right hand." He sank back on the pillow, sobbing aloud. "Cheer up," said the nurse, patting him on the head, "you'll soon learn to get along all right with your left hand." "Oh, it wasn't the loss of the hand itself that I was thinking of," sighed the victim. "But on the forefinger was a string that my wife tied around it to remind me to get something for her this morning, and now I'll never be able to remember what it was."

It is related that a Philadelphia professor from the University of Oxford at a banquet one night drank several glasses of port. The professor did not know this wine's extraordinary strength, and in all innocence he took too much. When he rose to leave the table, his legs, to his dismay, tottered, and the room seemed to sway slightly. The horrified professor got to the parlor in safety. He sat down in the most distant corner. But soon his young hostess, leading a maid who carried her two beautiful twin babies, came to him for his approbation. The professor sat up very erect. He gazed at the twins glattly. Then he articulated carefully, in a hoarse, thick voice: "What a bonny little child!"

They were playing a game in which some one gives out the initial of some object in the room and the rest of them try to guess the object. So they tried to get the host's gray-haired father into it. But he held off. "Sure," said he, "I'm a little had in me spelling. I'd make no hand at such a game." "Oh, come on," they pleaded; "you pick out some object, tell us the letter it begins with and we'll guess it." So the old man, cajoled, finally yielded. "Well," said he, "then I will. The letter is 'F.'" They tried and tried to guess what he meant. Knowing his weakness in spelling, his son picked "phonograph," thinking the old gentleman might imagine it began with an "F"; but no, he was wrong. Finally they all had to give it up, and appealed to him to tell the article. He looked wise and said. "Well, since you all give up what the thing is that begins with an 'F,' I'll tell yez. It's the fwat-not."

The late Mr. N. J. Bradlee was summoned to appear as an expert on real estate in Boston some years ago, in a law-suit over the value of certain property. The lawyer on the other side, not knowing Mr. Bradlee, undertook to counteract his testimony. In the cross-examination the questions and answers were somewhat as follows: "What did you say your business was, Mr. Bradlee?" began the lawyer. "Well, I have charge of a good many trusts, mostly real estate," said Mr. Bradlee. "How much real estate have you ever had charge of at one time?" "Well, I

don't think I can say, exactly." "But how much should you guess?" "I couldn't even guess." "Well, sir, would you say it was five thousand dollars' worth?" "I should put it as high as ten thousand dollars?" "Yes." "Fifteen thousand?" "Yes." "Twenty-five thousand?" "Yes." "Fifty thousand?" "Yes." "A hundred thousand?" "Yes." "Five hundred thousand?" "Yes." "A million?" "Yes." "Well, how many millions?" roared the astonished lawyer, who only now began to discover that he had caught a Tartar. "Well," said Mr. Bradlee, very coolly, "I told you at the start I couldn't say, but since you insist on it, I will roughly estimate it at, say, a hundred millions." "You may stand down," said the attorney, who was soon non-suited.

An Oregon editor once got a big advertisement from a place which sold nothing but oysters. The place had just opened, and while the proprietor was willing to advertise he didn't have the cash to spend; so the newspaper man took a card which entitled him to \$10 worth of oysters. "A few days later a tramp printer strolled into the *Gazette* office and wanted a job," relates the editor. "I had nothing to offer him, but told the man he might sleep back in the composing-room, and as he had no money to buy food, I gave him the meal ticket on the oyster parlor. I didn't hear from him again for more than a week. One day he came into the office looking a bit drawn and worn. 'I don't want to seem dissatisfied with what you've done for me, Mr. Carter,' said he, 'and I'm willing to admit that the luscious hivalve is a wonderfully fine bit of food; but for heaven's sake, can't you get an ad from a ham and egg emporium?'"

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Causeandeffect.

Heboltsasandwichandsomebeans,  
Apieceortwoofpie;  
Andgulsapcupofcoffeedown  
Whileyoucanhatyoureye.

Then, later on, there comes to him  
A very common question;  
He wonders how it was that he  
Contracted indigestion.

—Coburn Giant Talks.

## With Jagged Teeth.

When Blower in his Crimson Flyer  
Ran over Robert Blake,  
He punctured hopelessly a tire—  
Old Boh was such a rake!

—Harper's Weekly.

## A Modernization.

There was a man in Washington,  
Unless the legend lies,  
Who got into an awful scrap  
And lost 'most all his spies.

And when he found his spies were gone,  
With all his might and main,  
He got into another scrap  
To get them back again.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

## Playing Checkers.

Sometimes at night my father'll say,  
"Get out your checkers, Ned;  
We'll try a rubber, you and I,  
Before you go to bed."  
And then we'll play, and if he beats,  
Why, father'll kind of smile  
And say, "Now set your wits to work,  
This little game's worth while."  
But if I beat the first two games  
He'll yawn, and then he'll say  
To mother, "It's a foolish game,  
But sonny likes to play."

—Youth's Companion.

## The Anti Regulation.

Says Eddie, the Mixer, a wipin' his eye,  
"Weepin' a jiggerful, heavin' a sigh,  
"We're on de tohoggan, we're off of our feet;  
Goodby to de joyful American treat!"

—New York Herald.

## The Bait of Spring.

I want to go fishing; to splash through the brook,  
To feel the warm sun, to sit in the shade,  
To get a boy's fun in arbor and glade,  
To eat my noon lunch in some cosy nook.

I want to go fishing; to tramp through the fields,  
To fall over rocks, get scratches and knocks;  
To jump on the hogs, to startle the frogs,  
And feel other things that trout fishing yields.

I want to go fishing; to feel on my hook  
A glorious hite that draws the line tight,  
That makes the blood quicker as I see the fish  
flicker

And go dashing down the swift hook.

I want to go fishing in garh that's grotesque,  
To get my clothes wet, to be in a sweat;  
Perhaps to be mired, to be just dog tired;  
To know I'm not tied to this desk.

I want to go fishing; the cobwebs brush out,  
To get some clean air, for I know it is there;  
To feel nature's charm—now where is the harm  
If I quit and go fishing for trout?

—New York Globe.

## Hirschman &amp; Co.

Are offering special inducements at their clearance sale, prior to removal, on their stock of precious stones, jewelry, and silverware at 1641-1643 Van Ness Avenue.

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Capital actually paid up in cash... 1,000,000.00

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Total Assets ..... 37,661,836.70

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

So much entertaining has taken place since the close of Lent that it seems almost a revival of the gayeties of the winter. The many weddings planned for the spring and early summer are creating most of the social activities, as prospective brides and bridegrooms are being feted extensively.

The engagement is announced of Miss Cecile Rogers, daughter of Mrs. Edward B. Rogers, to Dr. Herbert Franklin Hamilton of Flushing, Long Island. No date is announced for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Edith Berry, daughter of Mrs. J. P. Berry, to Mr. Lloyd Baldwin will be celebrated at the home of the bride on May 15.

The wedding of Miss Sabina Wood Watts, daughter of Mrs. George B. Watts, to Captain D. C. McDougal, U. S. M. C., will take place today (Saturday) at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City.

The wedding of Miss Lucille Wilkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Wilkins of San Rafael, to Mr. Taliaferro Milton will take place tomorrow (Sunday) in St. Louis.

The wedding of Miss Vera Meyer, daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, to Mr. Hugh Owen took place on Tuesday evening last at the home of the bride's parents on Pacific Avenue. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Edward Morgan of St. Luke's Church. Miss Laura Meyer, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor, Mrs. George Anson Herrick was matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Rachel Warner of Chicago and Miss Minnie Gardiner of Los Angeles. Mr. George Anson Herrick was the best man and the ushers were Mr. William Meyer, Mr. Edward Meyer, and Mr. Arthur Owen. After a honeymoon journey to Southern California Mr. and Mrs. Owen will live here.

The wedding of Miss Grace Baldwin, daughter of Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, to Mr. James Russell Selfridge, took place on Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride, 2121 Lyon Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt. Miss Mahelle Elliott of Los Angeles was the maid of honor and Mr. Lloyd Baldwin was the best man. Only relatives were present at the ceremony, and a few intimate friends attended the reception at four o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Selfridge have gone to Southern California on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Caryl Lefferts, daughter of Mr. Frederick R. Lefferts, to Mr. Duff Green Maynard, formerly of San Francisco, took place on Saturday last at the Church of the Incarnation, New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at their home at Burlingame in honor of Miss Margaret Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Margaret Newhall and Mr. Athole McBean.

Mr. Athole McBean was the host at a dinner on Sunday evening at the Fairmont in honor of his fiancée, Miss Margaret Newhall.

Miss Lydia Hopkins was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday last in honor of Miss Katharine Donohoe.

Miss Sidney Davis was the hostess at a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue on Tuesday of last week in honor of Miss Helen Wolcott-Thomas. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Pierre Moore, Mrs. Lena Sefton Wakefield, Mrs. Boswell King, Miss Helen Baker, and Miss Julia Thomas.

Mrs. Russell Bogue was the hostess at a tea yesterday (Friday) at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Caroline Mills.

Miss Maud Wilson was the hostess at a tea on Sunday afternoon last at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her guest, Miss Bernice Wetmore.

Baroness von Schroeder and Miss Janet von Schroeder entertained at a tea on Friday afternoon of last week at the Hotel Rafael.

The wedding of Miss Kathleen Thompson, daughter of the late Mr. James Thompson, to Mr. Charles Gilman Norris, will take place in New York City on Friday, April 30.

Mrs. J. A. Groom and Miss Helen Wheeler entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Helen Wolcott-Thomas.

The Misses Thompson were hostesses at a tea on Sunday afternoon last at the Studio Building on Presidio Avenue in honor of Miss Kathleen Thompson.

A farewell luncheon was given by the members of the San Francisco Real Estate Board in the

red room of the Fairmont Hotel to Mr. Samuel Buckhee, the president of the board. Mr. Buckhee is planning a pleasure trip of several months' extent. Among those who sat at the round table with the guest of honor were Mr. A. J. Rich, Mr. George D. Toy, Mr. William B. White, Mr. J. R. Howell, Mr. John McGaw, Mr. Dewey Coffin, Mr. A. L. Harrigan, and Mr. O. C. Baldwin.

Count Charles de Polignac of Paris entertained a number of friends at luncheon at the St. Francis a few days ago, among the guests being Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Noble Eaton, Colonel Cotton, Mr. F. Mallett, Mr. John Coffrey, and Mr. H. E. Blood.

At an informal luncheon in the St. Francis last Wednesday were Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Miss Cecelia O'Connor, and Miss Virginia Joffile.

Mrs. C. August Spreckels entertained informally at luncheon in the St. Francis a few days ago, among her guests being Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, and Mrs. Mountford Wilson.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Martha Calhoun returned last week from a month's stay in the East, where they visited New York, and Charleston, South Carolina.

Mrs. William Hineck Taylor has been the guest of Mrs. William S. Tevis at the latter's country place near Bakersfield.

Miss Emma Grimwood will sail today (Saturday) from New York for Germany, where she will spend three months.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy will leave in June for the East, where she will join her daughter, Miss Christine Pomeroy, and spend the summer.

Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague will sail today (Saturday) from New York for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Page have returned to their home in San Rafael, after spending the winter in town.

Mrs. L. L. Baker has returned from a month's stay in New York, and accompanied by Miss Helen Baker, Mr. Herbert Baker, and Mr. Leavitt Baker, has gone to San Rafael for the summer.

Miss Laura Hamilton and Miss Alexandra Hamilton, who have been in Europe for the past year, are expected home about May 1.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., left this week for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Wilkins and Miss Lucille Wilkins left on Friday of last week for St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall have gone to their country place at Burlingame for the summer.

Mrs. John Johns and Mrs. William C. Peyton left last week for several weeks' stay in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins will leave in the near future for their country place at Menlo Park, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Isabel Brewer has been visiting in town as the guest of Mrs. C. O. Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler and the Misses Wheeler will spend the summer at their country place on the McCloud River.

Mrs. John McMullin and Miss Eliza McMullin have returned from a stay of several weeks in Southern California and are at the Fairmont.

Miss Sybil Howard arrived recently from Santa Barbara to visit Miss Caroline Mills.

Mrs. Waldo Evans arrived here this week to join her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Evans, U. S. N., of the *Pennsylvania*, and is a guest at the Hotel Monroe.

Miss Clara Allen and Miss Dorothy Chapman left last week for a visit to Miss Blanchard and Miss Gamble in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Merritt Reid and Miss Merritt Reid will leave shortly for the East to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss Kathleen de Young left on Wednesday of last week for New York, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Miss Mary Sherwood, and Mr. H. Warner Sherwood will soon return from Europe, where they have been for a year with the best masters of 'cello and violin. They will reside at Claremont Park, Berkeley.

Dr. Arnold Genthe and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Keegan were recent visitors at Del Monte.

The Rev. Clifton Macon, rector of Trinity Church, Oakland, with his wife and baby and his mother, Mrs. R. C. Macon, of Orange, Vermont, will remain at Del Monte for a week.

Mr. James King Steele, accompanied by Mr. William H. Bull, of San Mateo, spent a portion of the week at Del Monte.

Mrs. M. F. Tempelton of Fruitvale and Mrs.

Balfour Adamson were at Del Monte for a few days.

Some San Francisco visitors at the Pacific Grove Hotel last week were Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Sidney Smith, Mr. Woodworth Wethered, Mr. George W. Lunt, Mrs. R. Dietze and Mrs. C. Schroeder, Miss C. Pratt, with Mrs. C. A. Wellman of New York.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. H. G. Martel, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Jones, Lieutenant J. H. Burnes, Mr. G. H. Jones, Mrs. F. M. Bostwick, Mr. F. J. Booth, Mr. W. M. Gillray, Mr. F. J. Conroy, Mrs. T. H. Taylor, Mr. E. W. Lindquist, Mr. F. A. Long, Mr. R. W. Marindale, Mr. J. C. Schieck, Mr. Samuel Bibb.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral W. T. Swinburne, U. S. N., who is to retire from active service on May 15, arrived here on Saturday last from Magdalena Bay on his flagship, *West Virginia*.

Brigadier-General William H. Carter, U. S. A., commanding the Department of Luzon, P. I., will be promoted to be a major-general on the retirement of Major-General John F. Weston, commanding the Department of California, on November 13, 1909.

Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., left yesterday (Friday) for Cheyenne, Wyoming, and will assume command of the brigade post, Fort D. A. Russell.

Brigadier-General Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., formerly colonel, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, was directed promoted to his present rank by the President in view of the death of Colonel Jacob Augur, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., at Fort McKinley, P. I. Colonel Augur was to have been promoted in the near future.

Major William G. Haan, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to repair to Washington, D. C., and report in person to the chief of staff for temporary duty pertaining to the work of the Land Defense Board, and upon the completion of this duty will return to his proper station.

Major John K. Cree, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from his present duties about June 20 and will then proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco and accompany Coast Artillery troops, under orders to proceed to Honolulu. Upon his arrival in the Hawaiian Islands Major Cree will assume command of Fort Ruger and the Artillery District of Honolulu.

Major Andre W. Brewster, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed as an acting inspector-general, which took effect on Tuesday last.

Captain Leonard T. Waldron, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been assigned to the Sixty-Eighth Company, with station at Fort Baker, and will report in person to the commanding officer at that post for assignment to duty.

Captain Frederick L. Dengler, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been designated to examine and select public animals for the Quartermaster Department, U. S. A.

Captain Merch B. Stewart, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed a member of the board of officers to meet at the Rock Island Arsenal, Rock Island, Illinois, on April 28, for the purpose of considering the question of equipment and load for the infantry soldier.

Captain Lawrence B. Simonds, U. S. A., whose detail expired as a commissary on April 15, left on Saturday last for Fort Crook, Nebraska, to join the Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., to which regiment he was assigned.

Captain William H. Brooks, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Mackenzie, Wyoming, and upon the expiration of the sick leave of absence granted him will proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco and report to the commanding officer of that post for duty.

Pay Director C. M. Ray, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island, as paymaster of the yard, on April 30.

Paymaster W. T. Wallace, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered home to await orders.

In France, as in other European countries, details of costume were mostly horn of whims that originated in the mind of the king, as when, in an idle moment, Louis XIII had all the heard removed from his face. Instantly all the courtiers, young and old alike, affected the hairless face. The hair was permitted to remain long, as it had been for a numbers of years. Long flowing locks, gracefully disposed, naturally or by artificial means, over the shoulders, were counted things of beauty by the men of the time, and gold and silver lace, in hands and emhroideries, was used freely and with little regard for suitability. The flowing locks of hair and the hairless face remained in favor, and when Louis XIV found that the keeping of late hours was telling on his complexion he and his courtiers borrowed again from women's styles and used rouge and white-wash, and the little black patches on the face that helped to conceal wrinkles and pallor. In consequence Louis XIV, when in all his finery, resembled a big pink and white doll. In 1670, after Louis had been successful in war, and had been named Louis the Triumphant, the sword became a part of court costume, and the coats worn by the king and his courtiers took on a military aspect. In the time of Louis XIV the wig was donned, when the king found his hair becoming thinner. This wig was white, being of light hair, powdered, and was thought to lend to the face a certain youthfulness, inasmuch as it could be counted a head of hair prematurely gray. Yet all the time men's costumes were approaching more nearly the sort favored today, as could be seen by one who watched all the signs. Gradually the furhewels and the friperies suhsided or became simplified.

## Pears'

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mme. Nazimova, the Russian player who has been compared with Bernhardt and Duse, and who comes to the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night, opening an engagement of two weeks, won the sympathy and regard of the New York critics very early in her English-speaking career. Her insight, her dramatic expression, her thorough knowledge and adept use of stage technic, as well as her youth and beauty, have given the most exacting audiences the satisfaction that only an artist can give. This is the first tour she has made, and her managers, the Shuberts, have sent with her the same able company that supported her during her New York engagements.

During the first week Mme. Nazimova will appear as Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and she is said to give a most attractive and impressive characterization of the romping, care-free girl who develops suddenly into a woman with a soul of her own. It will be a strong contrast for her rôle of Hedda, to be offered the second week of her season here. After "Hedda Gahler" will be offered the new modern play, "Comtesse Coquette." There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances during the engagement of Mme. Nazimova.

"Peter Pan" will end its successful run at the Valencia Theatre with the performances of Saturday and Sunday, afternoons and evenings, and be succeeded Monday night by "If I Were King," the historical comedy-drama by Justin Huntly McCarthy, in which E. H. Sothern won wide success. Paul McAllister, the new leading man at the Valencia, will make his first appearance here in the Sothern rôle, and should find its romantic possibilities eminently to his taste and advantage. Florence Oakley, the new leading woman, will be introduced in this play also, and will be the Katherine de Vaucelles whom Louis XI could not win from the poet Villon. Another appearance of special interest will be that of George Osbourne, the popular actor, who returns to San Francisco to revive former triumphs. He has been in the companies of Maude Adams and Henry Miller recently. There are no less than forty-five characters in the play, and all the former favorites of the Valencia company will be seen in congenial parts. Elaborate stage effects are, of course, a feature of the production.

At the Princess Theatre a new offering will be presented Monday evening, though "The Umpire" is still going smoothly, brightly, and musically. "A Chinese Honeymoon," a season-long success at the Casino, New York, will be produced next week, and with an effective cast, new and handsome costumes, and appropriate settings. Fred Mace, May Boley, Zoe Barnett, Helen Darling, Ethel du Fre Hous-ton, James F. Stevens, Budd Ross, and other principals are well placed in the cast, and the chorus will be, as ever, pleasing to eye and ear. The piece itself promises much charm in music and lines.

The Orpheum has already settled down to life in its new and splendid home. The bill next week, beginning with the Sunday matinee performance, will have several novel features and be entertaining throughout. Lillian Mortimer, a talented actress, will present a play of her own writing, entitled "Po White Trash Jinny," which affords her an excellent opportunity to excel in the name-part. The Four Sisters Amatis will present a unique musical offering. Gisela, one of the sisters, is said to be the possessor of a voice of the widest range in the world, covering three and a half octaves and extending to B, over high C, or, to be more technical, B altissimo. The four sisters play on different pianos at the same time, classical and popular selections. Knight Brothers and Lillian Sawtelle will contribute an eccentric singing and dancing act. Next week will be the second of Grigolati's Aerial Ballet and their latest flying novelty, Butterflies and Doves. It will be the last of Margaret Moffat and company, in "Awake at the

Switch," Paul Sandor's Miniature Circus, Arcadia, and Frank Fogarty in his quaint observations. A new series of Motion Pictures will be the finale as usual.

Otis Skinner's engagement at the Van Ness Theatre in "The Honor of the Family" will come to a close this Saturday evening. Star and company have achieved a notable success.

Mrs. Fiske and her New York company will present "Salvation Nell" at the Valencia Theatre for the two weeks beginning Monday, June 14, instead of June 21, as previously announced. Charlotte Thompson, a former dramatic critic and playwright of this city, is playing an important part in this wonderful drama of the slums. Holbrook Blinn, another Californian, is Mrs. Fiske's leading man.

One of the big theatrical events of the season will take place at the Princess Theatre Tuesday afternoon, May 4, when the eighth benefit in aid of the Charity Fund of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco will be given. The best features from the current bills at the Van Ness, Alcazar, Princess, Valencia, Orpheum, and American Theatres will be presented. The overture will be played by the combined orchestras of the city and the performance will, as usual, be continuous. The price of seats will be reduced to a dollar and a half, instead of two dollars as hitherto, and tickets are on sale at all of the principal theatres.

Ethel Barrymore will be here next month with her brilliantly successful production of "Lady Frederick."

## The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

Next Thursday night, at Christian Science Hall, Mr. Wright Kramer will commence his three-weeks season of "The Burton Holmes Travelogues." This speaker has for years been the traveling companion of Burton Holmes, who is at present devoting his time to the pictorial work.

The series will consist of five subjects, each of which will be given three times so that season ticket purchasers need go but twice a week in order to hear all the subjects.

The first week will be entirely devoted to "Berlin," and the life and art in that beautiful city will be interestingly described and pictured. The dates for this subject are Thursday and Friday evenings, April 29 and 30, and Saturday afternoon, May 1. The next week will be devoted to "Vienna" and "Paris."

Seats for all may be secured Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. There are still some course tickets to be obtained.

The Oakland course will consist of three Travelogues, to be given on successive Friday afternoons, commencing next Friday, April 30. Seats for these are on sale at the theatre box-office in Oakland.

## Mrs. Ben Lathrop's Concert.

Much interest is manifested in the concert to be given on Monday night at the Garrick Theatre by Mrs. Ben Lathrop, who, after a great success in the East, returns as a professional singer of great talent.

The Viennese violoncello virtuoso, Karl Griener, and his wife, an accomplished pianist, will assist Mrs. Lathrop. Mr. Gyula Ormay will accompany her.

The first part of the programme will be composed of works of the early Italians, Monteverde, Handel, Jomelli. A group of German songs by Bach, Liszt, and Wolf will follow, and then Mrs. Lathrop will sing in the original tongue, "Herdogessen," a Swedish love song composed by Berg expressly for Jenny Lind. From the French she will sing two seventeenth-century carols, Debussy's "Romanze," and "Si j'avais vos ailes," by Messager. The English selections will be the "Birth of the Opal," by Luckstone; "There, little girl, don't cry," by Gilbert; a group of children's songs by Brainard, and "When Celia Sings," by Moir. One of Brahms' "Gypsy Songs," arranged by Mr. Griener, and a "Lullaby" by the Russian composer, Napravnik, will be sung by Mrs. Lathrop with violoncello obligato.

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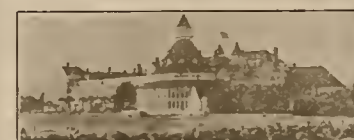
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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Patriotism—And Other Things—The Baconian Folly—William M. Stewart—Mr. Harriman and the New York Central—Mr. Spreckels's Disclaimers—Interpretation of the Law—A Demand for Facts—Praise from Mr. Alden—Editorial Notes.....	273-276
CURRENT TOPICS .....	276
CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.....	276
THE CARLYLE LOVE LETTERS: Miss Jeannette L. Gilder Offers Some Reflections upon Fame and the Disclosure of Sacred Things.....	277
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.....	277
DAME LUCK AND MIXED MOTIVES. By Gertrude B. Millard .....	278-279
A BOOK ABOUT CARLYLE: R. S. Craig Writes of the Development and Tribulations of a Literary Genius....	280
THE READER'S ADVANTAGE. By W. J. Weymouth....	281
THE ROAD BACK YONDER. By William Lightfoot Visscher .....	282
FRENCH NOVELS AND FRENCH LIFE: "St. Martin" Discusses Some of the Tendencies of Modern Fiction Writers .....	283
A NEW NOTE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE: "Piccadilly" Speaks of the Awakening of a Social Conscience in the Writing of Novels.....	284
OLD FAVORITES: "The Ballad of Bitter Fruit," by Theodore de Banville, translated by Austin Dobson; "The Dance of the Dead," from the German of Goethe.....	284
CONTEMPORARY FRANCE: Frederick Lawton Writes a Broad Sketch of the Modern Republic—Political, Social, Literary, and Religious.....	285
WORK OF THE NOVELISTS. Reviews by Sidney G. P. Coryn .....	286
SOME RECENT FICTION. Reviews by Sidney G. P. Coryn .....	287
SOME SERIOUS STUDIES. Reviews by Sidney G. P. Coryn .....	288
PROGRESS IN PEACE AND WAR. Reviews by Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	289
FOR YOUNG AND OLD. Reviews by Sidney G. P. Coryn .....	290
PHILOSOPHY AND ESSAYISTS. Reviews by Sidney G. P. Coryn .....	291
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	292
CLASSIFIED SPRING PUBLICATIONS: Books Ready and in Press.....	293-295
REAL NATURE-LOVING ARTISTS: Anecdotes of F. E. Church and S. B. Gifford, Who Searched Many Lands for Views .....	296
THE FAMILY HONOR. By J. M. Barrie.....	297
DRAMA: Mme. Nazimova. By Josephine Hart Phelps....	298
VANITY FAIR .....	301
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	301
THE MERRY MUSE.....	301
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	302
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	303
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	304

### Patriotism—And Other Things.

Contentions in the Grand Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution reported from Washington during the past ten days do not tend to high respect for those who have had an active part in them; nor do they tend to a lively faith either in the patriotic spirit or influences of the order. What rhyme or reason can there be in such an exhibition of jealousy and

spleen in connection with a social movement founded in the name of patriotism and to the end of promoting patriotic sentiment? It is to be feared that the society of the D. A. R. has permitted much else, and much that is less worthy than patriotic enthusiasm, to enter into its motives and counsels. The vice of personal ambition and the altogether anti-patriotic and wholly vicious principle of caste distinctions appear to have gotten a foothold—indeed, to have gotten their feet firmly planted in a sphere which ought to be sacred as against any such invasion.

In this connection we can but recall an incident in this city some twelve or fifteen years ago and which at the time intensely amused that part of the public which loves to find flaws in things nominally sweet and lovely and to poke fun at those who assume a superior virtue. It appears that early in the history of the local D. A. R. there was organized in San Francisco a chapter with certain unwritten rules founded in the principle of social discrimination. Only the elect were to be eligible. Of course this was not written in the constitution and by-laws, but it was none the less a rule profoundly cherished. In the course of time application for membership was made by a personally respectable woman, the record of whose revolutionary ancestors was all that could be desired, but whose husband happened to be the manager of a certain popular bath house. Now, since bathing is a thing of high credit in the world it would seem that keeping a bath house ought to be regarded as a business entirely reputable and even exceptionally worthy. Certainly nobody could deny accrediting it, strictly speaking, as a clean occupation. But when the lady with the husband of the bath house knocked at the door of the society of the D. A. R., there was horror and resentment; for whatever the logic and the philosophy of the facts in the case, the keeping of a bath house was not regarded as a business worthy of social recognition.

There followed a tremendous uproar with no end of that kind of contention which develops the least lovely phases of feminine temper, but which falls short of "hair pulling." Nothing quite as exciting had occurred in San Francisco since the last meeting of the once-famed Callistro Company—a reference to be understood only by a few of the older among us. How the case fared in the end we do not remember; but we do distinctly remember that upon the basis of this anti-patriotic and ridiculous contention the *Argonaut* lost whatever interest it may ever have had in the society of the Daughters of the Revolution.

### The Baconian Folly.

Every now and then the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy breaks out like a kind of eruption upon the magazine and newspaper world. The exciting cause is usually the arrival of some new eccentric with new cryptic discoveries, or the conversion to the old theories of some well-known figure in public life, such as Judge Holmes in America or Mr. Greenwood in England. Mark Twain is among the latest to enter the lists, but then Mark Twain has such an enviable reputation as a humorist that the value of his support to either side is a little doubtful. These recurring periods are marked by a good deal of heat, and sometimes by a little insolence on the part of the Bacon advocates, who naturally are exasperated to find that the real literary lights on both sides of the Atlantic hold themselves aloof from the fray in contemptuous silence, or join it only to the extent of a few derisive epithets. Scholarship, in other words, has nothing to say to the new theories. It sees no reason for a revolution in the settled convictions of two hundred and fifty years.

The attacks upon Shakespeare fall under two well-defined heads. First we have the cryptogrammic, with its chief exponent in Ignatius Donnelly, who committed himself to the simple theory that Francis Bacon wrote the plays commonly attributed to Shakespeare and that he admitted his authorship by means of a

cryptogram. But the followers of Donnelly have outdone their master. Where he found one cryptogram they have found ten, and we are now asked to believe that Bacon not only wrote Shakespeare, but practically the whole of Elizabethan literature as well, and we may be thankful that "Paradise Lost" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" have so far failed to disclose the now familiar Baconian confession. We need not enter too deeply into the methods of the cryptogrammist. A certain order of mind has always found a fascination in mysterious arrangements of letters, in codes, anagrams, and acrostics. In its lowest form we find it on the child's page of the family newspaper. In a higher form it appears in Poe's "The Gold Bug." It gives vitality to the detective story and a mental interest to the annals of crime.

Indeed, the cryptograms become objects of derision the moment they are subjected to serious scrutiny. That brilliant essayist, Chesterton, compares their advocates with an imaginary friend who professed to have discovered that the names of the kings of England were actually arranged in alphabetical sequence. The argument was simplicity itself. King Harold, through a common English failing, would be colloquially known as 'Arold. William the Conqueror would naturally be called "Billy," while we can easily suppose that William Rufus would be vulgarly designated as "Carrots." It is as simple as a, b, c—as simple, in fact, as the Baconian cryptograms and very similar to them in method. If any cryptogram had been intended it would be patent to the whole world. The man who wrote Shakespeare could at least write a cryptogram that would be undeniable and obvious, that would need no twisting and torturing of original texts, no mangling or substitution of original words.

The philosophical argument, if such a phrase may be used, is at least more tolerable. Here at least we have some kind of a survey of the whole ground, pitiful though it be. But its advocates are as far removed from the judicial spirit as it is possible to imagine. They are special pleaders one and all. So far from an impartial consideration of facts with a view to just judgment they start with an intolerant conviction of the Baconian authorship and then move heaven and earth to collect every scrap of pseudo evidence to support their contentions. We render them the fullest possible justice if we admit that here and there they show that some of the plays *might* have been written by Bacon, but nowhere do they even approach a proof that they were so written. Take, for example, the familiar contention that an unlearned actor from the country could not have shown the general knowledge of law, of foreign countries, of the classics, and of royalty so evident in the plays. But Shakespeare showed no more knowledge of such things than could, and would, be readily acquired by just such a man, whose occupation threw him into the society of all sorts and conditions of people, and who would naturally and easily saturate himself with the material that he needed. The average intelligent newspaper writer of today spends his life in just such "cramming" of the special topics that cross his path. This kind of argument has, moreover, two edges and they are equally keen. The Baconians lay special stress upon the legal knowledge displayed in the plays, which, they say, must have come from a lawyer, but if this is to be used as a Baconian plea it must be shown that the law is not merely good law, but as perfect as it would have been had it come from Bacon. But Shakespeare's law is by no means perfect, as has been shown by Judge Charles Allen, among others. It is, in fact, just such law as would be used by a clever layman who had acquired it for the purposes of the stage. Moreover, all the play-writers of that day seem to have had an equal tendency to the use of legal terms. This sort of argument is weak enough, but it is not so weak as the other contention, that Shakespeare lived an impossible carelessness about his own world. It is



went back to his country life without even guarding his manuscripts that were scattered among the player folk. It is just such indifference to fame that we should expect from Shakespeare. Had he been part of a momentous conspiracy he would have shown more interest in it.

The trouble with the Baconians is that they are constitutionally blind to everything that does not make their way. They strain at the gnats of fact and they swallow the camels of conjecture. They are indifferent to the consideration that Shakespeare was a well-known figure upon the stage and about the town at the time his plays appeared, that he was universally recognized as the author of those plays, and that while his success excited both admiration and jealousy it never occurred to any one to question his authorship. He must have been the kind of man from whom that kind of play was to be expected. Had he been the mere country bumpkin with a bent for the stage, as the Baconians assure us he was, we can imagine the shout of derision that would have greeted so monstrous a claim. Shakespeare had competitors who did not love him. Indeed, they complain against a vogue that pushed them hard, but not one among them protests against a fraud that they would have been the first to suspect. They resented his success, but they never hint that he was an impostor.

The Baconians, indeed, ask us to believe in a collective delusion or a collective conspiracy so vast as to be incredible. We must include not only all Shakespeare's associates, many of them, like Ben Jonson, in the front rank of literature, but we must include also all the patrons of the drama, all the inhabitants of the world revolving around the theatre, all the noblemen to whom the works were dedicated, the court circles of Elizabeth and James, every one who had to do with the printing, the licensing, and the presentation of the plays. All these people believed that the Shakespeare with whom they were personally familiar was the author of the plays bearing his name. Those plays were the talk of the day and the writer must have excited immense curiosity, but nowhere is the slightest whisper of suspicion, nor is there the faintest suggestion that he was incapable of the work attributed to him.

There are, of course, a hundred such considerations and it would take a volume to set them forth. The allusions to Stratford that we find in the plays, the intimate local knowledge of the place that they display, their use of local terms, their partiality for local names, all these things are overwhelming in their force and they are among the smallest weapons in the Shakespearean armory.

But the strongest appeal of all is not to scientific analysis or to the peculiar product of scholarship, but rather to the broad sign-manual that both Shakespeare and Bacon have stamped indelibly across their respective pages. The individuality of authorship has never been more pronounced, the inherent differences between two styles has never been more accentuated. Making all allowances for the divergences in subject matter and for the varying styles necessitated by the themes, it seems impossible to believe that the same hand wrote the plays and the essays. They are both pure gold, but it is not from the same crucible nor of the same coinage. A sentence from Shakespeare transplanted to a page of Bacon, however cleverly cemented to its context, would yet stand out as cloyingly as though written in red ink. It is because the real Shakespearean scholar knows these things, because he is familiar with the whole field, that he refuses to waste his time over a few childish coincidences or to bandy words with those who are not Shakespearean scholars at all and who allow a few infantile puerilities to occupy their whole vision. When we shall find that the Baconian theory is espoused not only by clever men, but by at least some of those who have devoted their whole lives to Shakespearean study and who have given us everything that we know of Shakespeare and his day, it will be time enough to sit up and take notice. At the present time the theory has no such adherents. It belongs to the crude and shallow sensationalism that is a part of modern life and from which literature itself is not exempt.

#### William M. Stewart.

The passing of William M. Stewart of Nevada is the loss of a picturesque landmark in the political and social life of the country. Although born in New York, Stewart was a characteristic Westerner. He came from the old American stock and partici-

pated in practically every stage of the great westward movement of the past eighty years. His youth was spent in Ohio, his younger and middle manhood in California and Nevada, and the last third of his life at Washington, where he was almost continuously a member of the Senate, representative of Western interests with which he had identified himself.

Without being a great man Stewart was notably a strong man. He was an effective lawyer of the self-taught and self-reliant type and a bold adventurer in any enterprise to which he gave himself, in all relationships a man of courage and conviction. In the Senate and before the courts he made himself a champion of mining interests and in the recent history of the country no man has made a more profound mark upon a department of legislation.

It was inevitable that a man of Mr. Stewart's restless and venturesome nature should have many ups and downs in life. It is in a sense pathetic that as the years rolled on his vogue and his fortunes in politics and in business somewhat declined. But it is pleasant to reflect that throughout the vicissitudes of a long career Mr. Stewart held unfailingly the respect and affection not only of a wide circle of personal friends but of the State which he loved as his home and whose interests he served so devotedly and consistently.

#### Mr. Harriman and the New York Central.

Mr. Harriman's plan, just announced, for combining the group of railways affiliated with the New York Central interest into a single comprehensive and coordinated system is the logical sequel of a movement which began more than half a century ago. In the earlier railway era nobody was bold enough to project a continuous railroad across the State of New York. A line was indeed built between the Hudson River at Albany and Lake Ontario at Oswego, but it was made up of links connecting local towns and owned by local companies, as, for example, the one between Albany and Schenectady, another between Schenectady and Utica, and so on. For several years in making a journey from New York City to Oswego it was necessary to go by boat to Albany and from that point west to make no less than seven changes of trains. Not always nor often were there common stations and there was little effort to arrange the schedules of arrival and departure to suit the convenience of passengers. There was usually a journey across-town between stations and very commonly a wait of several hours between the arrival and departure of trains. In the carriage of freight the difficulties were serious, since it was necessary at several points to unload the cars and carry their freight by wagon from one station to another. In process of time the connecting links of the chain of local roads between Albany and Oswego were forged into a continuous whole and rails were laid down the Hudson River. But this consolidation was not quickly or easily made. At every stage it ran into conflict with private and vested interests as well as with the sentiment of a period which did not readily conceive the necessity or the possibility of great enterprises.

When the first chain of local railroads across New York State was forged into a continuous whole it was thought by the projectors that the ultimate development of the system had been attained. And everywhere, until very recent times, railway construction proceeded under the piecemeal system. It is only yesterday, so to speak, since the line between San Francisco and Chicago was a broken one made up of links, with the Central Pacific at the western end, with the Union Pacific between Ogden and Omaha, with the Chicago and Northwestern between Omaha and Chicago. Each of these systems was operated individually and it does not require a very long memory to recall the disadvantage and inconvenience which resulted from differences of plan, different methods of management, etc. When, only a little while back, Mr. Harriman combined these several roads into a general system operated as a whole there was a tremendous improvement in the service both for freight and passengers.

But even to this day there is no continuous line from ocean to ocean across the continent. Freight cars, indeed, are hauled through without unloading under a system of transfers developed upon motives of convenience and economy; but passengers must pass from one train to another either at Chicago, St. Louis, or elsewhere, and are always subject to more or less delay. On a large scale we still labor under disadvantages similar in kind to those suffered by travelers in the early 'forties between Albany and Oswego.

Nobody who has noted the development of scientific

railroading in recent years will doubt that the proposed merger of the New York Central lines will imply economy in administration with increased efficiency in operation. It is safe to assume that under Mr. Harriman's plan one purpose, and that purpose a very practical and serviceable one, will dominate a system now divided and broken. The property will be strengthened in a multitude of ways, useless competitions weeded out, supernumerary officials done away with, order introduced everywhere with important effects in relation to convenience and earning power. Whatever may be defective in the system today will speedily be corrected, for that is Mr. Harriman's way in the organization, maintenance, and administration of railroad properties.

It is quite within bounds to assume—or at least to hope—that San Francisco may have a direct interest in the reorganization of the New York Central system. It is possible that through this reorganization Mr. Harriman may give us in reality what has long been cherished as a mere project, namely, a continuous line between San Francisco and New York. There is no logical reason why every passenger who travels east or west should be compelled to halt at Chicago and to contribute in time and money to the Lake City. It would be a notable convenience if it could be arranged so that one might enter a railway coach at San Francisco and run straight through to New York without change or delay. And if the New York Central system shall come under the control of Mr. Harriman, it is easily believable that he will establish through trains from ocean to ocean. At least this would only be in line with his general policy in the consolidation of connecting systems.

It is suggested that Mr. Harriman's operations in the way of consolidating and combining railway systems may tend to promote the era, by many regarded as inevitable, of government ownership. If one man, it is argued, can organize and administer the railways of the country successfully, surely the government may do the same thing. The argument is specious, and yet the two schemes of administration rest upon very different bases. An individual authority has this advantage, namely, that it needs to lose nothing in consideration of motives political, it needs yield nothing to those forms of popular demand which are bound to be reflected under any scheme of political responsibility. Under private ownership the best men for the work to be done in the railroad service may be picked arbitrarily and paid arbitrarily; whereas under a political system quite another method of selection and payment would be inevitable. That public ownership would find the best men and keep them is unlikely. At least politics has not succeeded in administering any other work of magnitude upon business lines. If the postal service be pointed to as an exception to this principle, it need only be answered that the work of the postal service is vastly less complicated; furthermore, that it is by no means as well administered as the railroad service of the country, as shown by the scandalous exposure of two years ago.

#### Mr. Spreckels's Disclaimers.

Mr. Spreckels's disclaimers of responsibility for the action of the board of supervisors in connection with the Geary-Street ordinances two years ago, during the period of the car strike, are childish. By all the rules of common sense and of common decency the members of the board of supervisors should have been required to resign upon their confessions of criminality. It was in the power of Mr. Spreckels, not legitimately indeed but actually, to enforce the resignation of these discredited men at any moment. He was urged to do it. But he permitted them to remain in office, deliberately kept them in office in fact, to the end that he and his associates might control their official acts. There is no question at this point; it is part of the history of the whole incident and it has been one of the boasts of the prosecutors.

Now since Mr. Spreckels took it upon himself against counsel and warning to keep the guilty supervisors in office for the purpose of controlling their official conduct he thereby made himself responsible for such conduct both logically and morally. The doings of the supervisors thus kept in office and held under his thumb were acts covered by a responsibility deliberately assumed. If it be true that the supervisors thus held in leash proceeded as the record shows they did proceed and without Mr. Spreckels's supervision—if, in other words, the thing was done upon the initiative of the supervisors themselves and to their own purposes—this in no wise excuses Mr. Spreckels.



Holding authority over the board, having made himself responsible for its acts, he could not be excused even if it were true that the Geary-Street ordinances were framed and enacted without his knowledge. One might as well maintain a rattlesnake as a domestic pet and claim no responsibility when it deals out agony and death to the neighborhood. No man may separate himself from the consequences of either physical or moral incendiarism upon the plea that he gave no heed to the effect of his acts.

Mr. Spreckels's disclaimer is further futile and ridiculous in view of the fact that the procedure in relation to Geary Street, tending as it did to support the street-car strike, covered a series of meetings of the board of supervisors—of Mr. Spreckels's "good dogs." If it be granted that Mr. Spreckels did not initiate this procedure, at least he must have known all about it, for he was present in San Francisco and very active in affairs during the several weeks in which it was developed; and if he had wished he might have halted and defeated it at any one of a dozen stages. That he did not do it while still holding authority over the board of supervisors is a sufficient demonstration that he was at least not displeased with the course of events.

Furthermore, the terms of the appropriation made by the supervisors for a socialistic street-car experiment in Geary Street accorded precisely with Mr. Spreckels's well-known ideas of street railroad construction. The ordinance as passed, appropriating the great sum of \$720,000 from the municipal treasury, bore internal evidence of the aims, purposes, plans, and sinister malice of Mr. Spreckels.

In any view Mr. Spreckels gains nothing by disclaiming responsibility in the face of facts publicly known; he gains nothing in pretending to have had no part in a procedure marked at every stage with positive evidences of his initiative and continuing interest. By his disclaimers he only loses the respect of men who despise one who resorts to shifts of evasion in avoidance of the consequences of his own folly or misdoing. Mr. Spreckels gains only contempt by an effort to repudiate his own record.

#### Interpretation of the Law.

In last week's *Argonaut* Judge F. M. Angellotti of the State Supreme Court was quoted in connection with a recent after-dinner talk at Los Angeles on the general subject of criticism of courts. Certain remarks attributed to him, Judge Angellotti asks the *Argonaut* to say, were not his own, but were borrowed from a recent decision by Judge W. C. Van Fleet of the United States District Court. While fully endorsing the principle laid down by Judge Van Fleet to the extent of having repeated the latter's text approvingly, Judge Angellotti does not wish to appear as one passing off borrowed gems as his own.

The opinion by Judge Van Fleet from which quotation was made by Judge Angellotti was in the case of the Hammond Lumber Company vs. the Sailors' Union of the Pacific, heard in the United States Circuit Court in February last. In the course of a long opinion dealing with matters of purely legal interest Judge Van Fleet pauses to define the responsibility of courts in relation to causes brought before them for adjudication. Answering a suggestion of counsel to the effect that the court ought to consider "general principles" and "broad theories" of justice rather than strictly to interpret the law, Judge Van Fleet speaks as follows below. The principle laid down is so sound, so positively essential, and its expression is so clear and felicitous that we think it worth while to print it in full. Judge Van Fleet said:

In the argument of petitioner's counsel the idea finds expression, more by implication, perhaps, than in terms, that it will be a failure of justice and reproach to the law, if the respondents are to escape punishment for the grievous wrongs complained of through an objection so largely in the nature of a technicality. As intimated, this is more in the nature of a suggestion than an argument; but it does not address itself to my kindly consideration, and may be answered without difficulty. In the first place, the right invoked under the statute in question is substantial rather than technical, being founded upon a principle as old as the common law itself, and which, as we have seen, finds expression in the Constitution—that a man shall not be compelled to furnish evidence against himself. But if it were otherwise, and the objection more purely technical, it is a right given by the statute, and I know of no principle which would justify the court in denying respondents its benefit. Being a part of the law, the court is as much bound to observe it while it remains on the statute book as any other rule made for its guidance, however substantial and elementary. The function of the court is to apply the law, not to make it; to enforce it rather than break it. The wisdom of the ages has demonstrated the necessity of

surrounding the administration of justice with certain fixed rules and limitations, to avoid the personal equation of the mere will or desire of the individual—which always tends to wrong and oppression. These rules are prescribed for the protection of society itself; and, not infrequently, serve to protect it against itself. They are for the benefit of every man who comes before the court—the guilty and the innocent alike; for it is only by their impartial application that the question of guilt or innocence may be safely reached in any case, and the defendant justly said to have had a fair trial. These rules are not, therefore, to be ignored, for, if they may be disregarded today for a good end, they may be as readily disregarded tomorrow for a bad one. *There is but one course open to a court, and that to apply the prescribed rules of law undeviatingly as it finds them; and the judge who, in the supposed interest of justice in a particular case, undertakes to set them at naught abdicates his sworn judicial function and becomes the abettor of the mob—the only tribunal that may presume to administer its justice untrammelled by the restraint of law.*

These remarks were made in immediate application to a particular case, but it will occur to every reader familiar with pending contentions in San Francisco that they have a vastly wide significance. We would especially recommend them to the attention of members of the so-called League of Justice and to others who, here in San Francisco, have assumed during the past year to heap censure upon the higher courts because of their insistence that the procedures of the trial courts shall conform, not to loose theories of justice and to indefinite "general principles," but to the spirit and the form of the law.

#### A Demand for Facts.

The disclosures made in a letter written by the late Chief of Police Biggy a few days prior to his death to President Cutler of the Board of Police Commissioners and given to the public only last week, are suggestive of more and of highly important facts not yet developed. Not unreasonably the public wants fuller information concerning the administration of the police department covering the period between Mr. Biggy's election and his tragic death. It would be interesting to know if Mr. Biggy's election came about in the natural and legitimate order of circumstances or if it were "promoted" by Mr. Spreckels. It would be interesting to know if Mr. Spreckels, who held no public office then as he holds no public office now, assumed authority to direct or censure the official head of the police department. It would be interesting to know if Spreckels's man Burns did or did not attempt to dominate the police department, to dictate the assignment of particular officers, to protect certain kinds of criminals, and otherwise to use the department in the interest of his master or himself. Development of the facts could do no harm to anybody who has followed a legitimate course and it could hardly fail to enlighten the public in ways tending to a correct estimate of events.

We recall that at the time of Mr. Biggy's death the president of the police commissioners took personal charge of the office and of the official and personal records of the late chief. Is it not possible that Mr. Cutler is possessed of information calculated to give to the public a correct view of certain important events which were carried forward behind the scenes, so to speak? Ought not Mr. Cutler to give to the public information which must be in his possession tending to show the precise relations between Chief Biggy and the prosecuting agents, likewise tending to shed light upon the circumstances attending Mr. Biggy's death? The *Argonaut* thinks that this information ought to be made public. It thinks Mr. Cutler ought to give it.

We recall, too, that immediately following the drowning of Mr. Biggy, Commissioner Keil, from whose house Mr. Biggy went directly to his death, made to the mayor, either formally or otherwise, a full report of the conversation between Biggy and himself just before the former's start on the fatal voyage. This report ought and it surely must contain information casting light upon some things now shrouded in mystery. Why has this report never been given to the public? What has become of it? Ought not the mayor to have given it out to a public anxious for and entitled to the fullest possible information? The *Argonaut* thinks that he should have done so. Indeed, we could see no reason at the time and we see none now why the statement made by Mr. Keil to the mayor should not have been made likewise to the public, (1) in the interest of historic truth, (2) to the end of public intelligence respecting an important matter, and (3) in behalf of the memory of a man gone to an untimely death and unable to speak in defense of a character variously assailed.

If ever there was a time for reserve and mystery in connection with this matter, and the *Argonaut* thinks there never was such a time, surely it is past now. The

public ought to have the facts. It is due to all-round justice, especially to the memory of the dead man, that they should be developed freely and without reserve.

The *Argonaut* thinks the mayor ought to make public whatever is known to him bearing upon the events of Mr. Biggy's administration of the police department and of his death. It thinks that President Cutler of the Board of Police Commissioners likewise should make public whatever information he possesses bearing upon the same general interests. And, further, it believes that Commissioner Keil, the mayor failing to give to the public his report covering Mr. Biggy's last talk, should upon his own initiative give his report to the public. Justice to Mr. Biggy requires that this information should not be withheld.

#### Praise from Mr. Alden.

Henry Mills Alden, writing generally about American literature and specially about our magazines, says some comfortable things of Western culture that should be read by those who accuse California of a special predilection for the fleshpots of material comfort. There was a time when the West made passionate demands upon the East for the best that it had in the way of literature and with an almost pathetic pleading that the separation of the oceans should be geographical only and not spiritual. But thirty years ago there was a new departure, and now still another epoch has begun. Thirty years ago the West began to express itself, and it reached not only the ears of its own people, but of the world. It set a literary model instead of following one set for it. It still took what was best from the East, but it made return of its own in full weight and overflowing measure. Now, says Mr. Alden, there is another departure in literary standards, and as before it comes from west of the Rockies.

There are two phenomena connected with the new literary departure that are worthy of note. The first must be indicated negatively because it has not yet produced great creative work. But in literature, as in all else, the demand must precede the supply, and in the West we find a repudiation of conventions, a contempt for old forms, a discriminatory and weighty selection of the literature most consonant with its ideals. The culture of the West is pulling the literary chariot forward. Its demand is creating new channels that the genius of the day, or of some future day, must fill.

The second phenomenon is what Mr. Alden calls the feminization of Western literature. All current literature is now feminized, but this is peculiarly true of our own. It is, it seems, the women who do the reading for the community, and it is the voice of the women that sets the pace and creates the new standards. The men are too busy making money, and while the women also are too busy with femininities to write, they are not too busy to read and to let their likes and dislikes be known as very positive rewards and penalties. When the men of the West join with the women in criticism, then the period of creative sterility will be passed and we shall have a new Western literature where now there is only the demand for one. But whatever of hopefulness the situation holds is due to women.

But Mr. Alden is careful to point out that no irksome moral censorship has followed the feminine dictatorship in the West. The mythical matron has no weight with the publishing houses. Wherever protest has been needed it has come from men and women alike. Some of the most daring fiction of the day has appeared not only in book form, but in the far more penetrative magazine, and has been received upon its literary merits and without trace of the puritanic censorship that we usually associate with feminine control. The makers of books may follow their literary ideals and the publishers need keep no wary eye upon the woman. In spite of her commanding literary position in the West, she asks for nothing more than a freedom from convention and for some expression of the ideals that she nurtures.

#### Editorial Notes.

Private information from Washington is to the effect that Congress is well disposed toward the proposal to make liberal appropriation for the President's traveling expenses to the end that he can make his projected trip to the Pacific States this coming summer with other journeys from time to time. It is further reported from Washington that Representative Wright of New York has introduced a bill looking to the purchase of a complete railway train, consisting of a baggage car, a sleeping car, and a private car for the use of the President.



of the President. The bill appropriates \$60,000 to be expended by the Secretary of War and authorizes that official to enter annually into contracts with railway companies for hauling the executive train. The judgment of the country will support this general proposal. The President ought to keep in touch with the country by moving about from time to time and visiting its different sections. Nothing can tend more to intelligent sympathy with the needs of the country or to stimulate patriotic sentiment. The government provides for the transportation of the President by maintaining what is in effect a private yacht for his use. There is no criticism of this practice. It is even more important and necessary that arrangements should be made for transportation of the President by land. There ought to be no protest, no criticism of the proposals now before Congress.

The New York Times suggests the possibility of a presidential veto in case the tariff bill shall come through the congressional gauntlet so modified as to fail at the point of maintaining the pledge of the party for substantial reform. This, we think, is altogether likely. Mr. Taft, in conformity with the pledge of his party solemnly made, has taken a definite and positive stand with respect to this matter. He intends that there shall be substantial reform of the tariff if he can bring it about; and inferentially he will consent to nothing which does not fairly meet the pledge of the party and his own personal assurances. We think it an assurance that he will decline to cooperate in any measure which falls short of honorable performance of positive obligations. In this connection the warning of Mr. James J. Hill to the Republican party is worthy of notice. Mr. Hill is not wholly free from the faults characteristic of his type of man; none the less, he is a man of acute practical insight combined with very clear powers in other respects. He can see through a situation with a very steady eye, as illustrated over and over again in the history of recent years. It is worth while, therefore, to know that Mr. Hill thinks that there is danger of default of its pledge on the part of the Republican party, and that the penalty of such default will be the loss of popular respect and ultimately of political power. He warns the party in terms plain enough to be understood by everybody that if it is to continue to hold the mandate of the country, if it is to remain in responsible control of the government, it must find the means of answering the tariff pledge without evasion and without haggling. Mr. Hill we think is right. If there abides not in the Republican party with all the powers of government in its hands, the power to redeem its plain pledge to the country, it will not deserve the support of the country; and what is more it will not hold it.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

In Monterey, where he had often made his home during the quarter of a century that he had known and loved California, on April 23, Charles Warren Stoddard, poet, novelist, essayist, and teacher, passed away in his sixty-sixth year. He had been ill for nearly three months. His grave is in the cemetery of the historic old town.

Few of the authors who have won world-wide recognition were better known here, and none was held in more intimate personal regard. He attended Santa Clara College in his youth, and began in San Francisco his real career. After a short trial of the dramatic profession he became a special correspondent of the *Chronicle* and for several years traveled abroad and described his experiences and impressions. His first work to gain notable success was "South Sea Idyls," published in 1873, though he had printed a volume of poems in 1867. He held the chair of English literature in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, during 1885-87, and the same chair in the Catholic University of America since 1889.

Among his later works are "Marshallah, Flight Into Egypt," "The Lepers of Molokai," "A Troubled Heart," "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," "The Wonder Worker of Padua," "A Cruise Under the Crescent from Suez to San Marco," "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska," "In the Footprints of the Padres," "Exits and Entrances," "For the Pleasure of His Company," "Father Damien; a Sketch," "The Island of Tranquil Delights," "The Confessions of a Reformed Poet," and "The Dream Lady."

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. S. A. Makee, and two brothers, Frederick C. and Samuel Burr Stoddard, Jr. Frederick Stoddard lives in Berkeley and Mrs. Makee is in Switzerland.

The University Club of Chicago recently dedicated its new \$1,000,000 club-house, built at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Monroe Street. Delegations representative of Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, and other institutions participated in the exercises and banquet.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

The newspapers of the country are now speaking right out in meeting about the tariff bill, and it must be admitted that the almost unanimous note is one of disappointment or foreboding, and this without reference to party lines. The New York *Tribune*, for example, points out that the bill as it left the House was a distinct opening of the way for lower duties as American industries gradually outgrew the need for high protection, but that the Senate was showing a disinclination to follow so laudable an example:

The Senate Finance Committee has not yet disclosed its full programme, but the restoration of iron ore to the dutiable list suggests a disinclination to accept the plans of the House for dealing with raw materials. If iron ore, coal, oil, hides, and the other raw products are made dutiable again, there can be no reduction in the rates on the manufactured products into which those raw materials enter as cost factors. Customs taxation will not be lightened. The burden of it will merely be shifted more or less from articles vaguely classed as "necessities" to articles vaguely classed as "luxuries."

Returning to the subject in a subsequent issue, the *Tribune* remarks that the House is much more sensitive to public opinion than is the Senate, where the demands of special interests are sure to receive a sympathetic hearing:

In the House it was easy to vote through free hides, free iron ore, free oil, free coal, and lower lumber duties. In the Senate local opposition to transferring iron ore, hides, oil, and coal to the free list and cutting duties on lumber will prove much more powerful. It is this narrow local sentiment which most threatens the gains made in the House bill. If it has its way, it will greatly limit the scope of the revision of 1909. The success achieved by the Finance Committee in combating local narrowness will measure the success of the Senate's tariff substitute.

The New York *Evening Post* gave a certain measure of gracious approval to the Payne bill as it left the House, but it has nothing but disgust for the apparent tendencies of the Senate:

Senator Aldrich plumes himself on the fact that "the actual number of reductions" is "about three times the number of increases." But why any increases at all? The demand of the people, and the demand of President Taft, was for reductions. The President has declared that the increases should be "few, if any." But one-third is not a few. These increases are handily explained by Senator Aldrich as in part due to the need of "preserving the symmetry of the schedules." The careful taxpayer knows all about that symmetry. It is symmetrical greed, perfectly harmonious division of the plunder, on the principle that if you don't give me my share of the booty, by Heaven, I'll prevent you from getting yours.

But the *Post* is willing to give credit where credit is due. The Senate has done well with the glove and hosiery schedules, although of course it might have done better still:

The Senate bill rejects the 100 per cent increases over the Dingley duties on gloves, and restores the rates as in the existing law. These themselves are too high, even considered as a tax upon an imported luxury, and in a genuine revision downwards of the tariff on the necessities of life would have been lowered. Still, the Finance Committee has repelled the Littauer grab, and has also resisted the attempt to raise the taxes on hosiery. For this, due credit must not be withheld.

The New York *Times* thinks the tariff bill and the proceedings in the Senate might well bring a grin to the faces of the graven images in the rotunda of the Capitol:

Notwithstanding all the fair promises of the campaign, in spite of the specific and obviously sincere declarations of the President, the Republican majority in Congress has put upon the boards once more that fine old farce of the tariff revised by its friends. It is presented in the same spirit, by many of the same actors, and with the same familiar stage business as the commission revision of 1883, and the McKinley and the Dingley revisions of 1890 and 1897. A genuine reduction was promised, a reduction that should lift burdens from American industries and the American consumer, the demands of the people and of the manufacturers were to be heeded, and revision was in good faith to be undertaken. As a result we get first the Payne bill, increasing the tariff taxes upon many of the common necessities of life, and offering slight reductions on iron and steel, in respect to which it has been stated on the highest authority that no protection is needed. The Aldrich committee takes this bill and contents itself in most instances with a substitution of the Dingley duties for those which the Ways and Means Committee had advanced. This is not revision, it is restoration, a return to the present tariff, which public opinion had condemned and which the Republican party had admitted to be burdensome and extortionate. The playing of this farce in this manner might well bring a grin to the faces of the graven images in the rotunda of the Capitol.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* protests against Mr. Aldrich's claim that the actual number of reductions in the bill are about three times the number of increases. However true this may be, says the *Journal*, it gives no indication whatever of the real value of the measure, seeing that a single increase might have a greater vital importance than a dozen decreases:

This counting of reductions and increases and balancing one against the other is liable to be delusive on account of the difference in "weight" of such changes. Another more subtle form of disguising the effect is that involved in changes from ad valorem to specific rates and vice versa, of which there are many in the Aldrich bill. Nobody but an expert in prices or values, after laborious calculation, can tell just what the effect of this will be, whether it will result in reduction or increase of the actual tax. The object of making so many of these changes is not clear, unless it is concealment of the effect.

The Chicago *Record-Herald* believes that the increased duties on hosiery, gloves, etc., were intended only to frighten the people into a willingness to perpetuate the present schedules:

An analysis of the tariff bill reported to the Senate from the Finance Committee of that body, together with the course taken by the House in its dealings with tariff rates, shows that the public is being hoodwinked to the extent of the fair abilities of the high-tariff men in Congress and their beneficiaries throughout the country. The game is, of course, to scare the people badly by threats of higher rates so that they will consent to a continuance of the Dingley rates for an indefinite period.

Look, for example, at the much-discussed tariff rates on hosiery. Senator Aldrich graciously consents to a reduction of the rates from those of the Payne bill, which show an increase of 25 to 42.8 per cent above the Dingley duties, to the rates in the present law. That is to say, the people are given

the opportunity to heave sighs of relief because they have reason to hope that the new tariff rates will be no worse than those now in existence! Yet this piece of standpointism is the promised outcome of the long agitation for tariff revision in the interests of the consumers!

The Chicago *Advance* comments upon a speech recently made by former Senator William E. Mason. Mr. Mason has been intrusted by Providence with the gift of direct speech, as will be seen by the following excerpt reprinted from the *Advance*:

The American citizen is always thumping himself on the chest and announcing "I am the people." As a matter of fact, he is just a plain fool. He has to be jumped on, slugged, and thrown down two flights of stairs before he understands that he is being jockeyed by the men he sends to Congress to represent him. That is why he lets a lot of fellows get together in Congress and tax him 2 cents a day, while he sits at home like a pinhead.

But the tariff problem, says the *Advance*, is too big to be settled in this way:

The American citizen began his foolishness years ago when he permitted the idea to lodge in his mind that because he was paying the government's bills through a system of indirect taxation he was not paying them at all. If he had been aware of the real fact, that he was paying every dollar voted away by billion-dollar Congresses, he would have called a halt long ago.

The New Bedford *Standard* asks the reason for the special moan about taxing the breakfast table:

Why not tax the breakfast table as well as the dinner table or the supper table? All these tables are already taxed, from the tables themselves to the table-cloths, the napkins, the dishes, the spoons, the cutlery, and to the foods and the condiments. On about every item which appears, directly or incidentally, and upon every appliance used in preparing the meals there is somewhere and somehow a tax. If all the taxes which affect the breakfast table were removed there would be almost a revolution in some branches of trade and industry. Yet some persons make a great hullabaloo over proposals to tax tea and coffee, as if such taxation would be somewhere near a crime. It may be inexpedient to tax these articles—but the argument that they should not be taxed because the breakfast table ought not to be taxed long ago lost all its sense in view of the truth that the breakfast table is piled high with taxes.

The tariff naturally found its way into the proceedings of Gridiron Club at the recent meeting in Washington of that famous organization. It was stated that the tariff was being discussed pro and con. "Indeed," remarked the vice-president, with apparent surprise. "Yes," was the instant reply; "pro means for—for the trusts. Con is what the consumer gets."

The new topical song, "Eating Through Georgia," was given for the first time upon this occasion:

Sound the good old dinner horn, we'll sing another song  
About the trip that Taft once made, when with digestion strong  
He ate his share of everything that they would bring along,  
As we went eating through Georgia.

We tackled the opossum that they took such care to hake  
We ate canned watermelon and a dish they called hoe-cake;  
We didn't even draw the line at alligator steak  
As we went eating through Georgia.

By Southern hospitality our hearts were surely won  
And we resolved to do the very best that could be done  
For Democrats; and so we saved some pie for Dickinson  
As we went eating through Georgia.

### CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, we sound the jubilee,  
Hurrah, hurrah, 'twas something fine to see  
We put away three meals a day,  
And sometimes three times three  
As we went eating through Georgia.

It would be unsafe to assume that Mr. Bryan has withdrawn from the presidential race in spite of some utterances to that effect with which he is credited. Thus the Washington *Star* said a few days ago:

What may be called the Bryan problem is far and away the most difficult problem the Democratic party of recent years has had to deal with. The man has a power seldom shown in our history. His hold on his followers after three defeats for the presidency is extraordinary. Not a man of them has received an office at his hands or more than a smile and a handshake and the distinction at home of "standing very close" to the peerless leader.

What is the solution? Mr. Bryan can not be clubbed to the rear. Neither can he be frozen out of his place. In territory reliably Democratic he can not be attacked with impunity by men calling themselves Democrats, and elsewhere a threat to ignore him is promptly resented. If success with him in the lead is impossible, success without him in the ranks is equally so. Why not a committee, in this day of committees, to take the whole matter under advisement? Tammany need not figure prominently in its membership, although New York is a pivotal State.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, following the same line, says:

The Nebraska is already in the field for 1912, with every indication of a highly profitable interval. Discussing recent decisions, he says that a return to Democracy is necessary to the welfare of the country. He will say the same in 1913 and so on, ad infinitum. The continuous candidate is a money-maker. The Democratic party is his medium. When he is ready to retire from business he will say so.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* says that it will be a long and painful process to convince Mr. Bryan of the futility of his quest:

Dignified but persistent efforts along this line will, we think, in time make an impression even on the famous orator of the Platte. But so long as his vanity, which has something of fanaticism in its quality, is fed with the prospect of ultimate success, he will persist until 1912, or to 1916, or even to 1920; if, meanwhile, it profits him to keep up the quest. The Democratic party might as well face this process of elimination now as a few years hence.

An innovation for the promotion of the safety and pleasure of its patrons is being established by one of the Eastern railroads in the form of individual drinking cups on all of its through trains. These cups are made of a thick, tough paper specially treated to make it waterproof, and after being used may be thrown away. By the use of these cups the danger of infection is avoided.



## THE CARLYLE LOVE LETTERS.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Offers Some Reflections Upon Fame and the Disclosure of Sacred Things.

One of the severest penalties of fame is the public desire to know everything about the famous. If I should by any chance become famous I should like to keep it dark. That sounds very much like a bull, and I suppose that it is, but it expresses my feelings on the subject. The most frightful penalty the famous have to pay is the publishing of their letters. Not the letters to their friends in fame, but to their family, and, worst of all, to their sweethearts.

I suppose that if a person turns in his grave it is because, hideous thought, he has been buried alive, though that is not the sense in which the expression, "enough to make a man turn in his grave," is used. It means, as I understand it, that something has happened that would so shock the dead person that he would turn in his grave if he knew it. If such a thing were possible I know of four people who have turned in their graves—Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Thomas and Jane Carlyle, when their love letters were published to the world. The Brownings particularly. If there ever were sensitive souls those of the Brownings were sensitive. Elizabeth's even more so than Robert's. She lived within herself. What passed between her husband and herself belonged to them and to no one else. And yet their son gathered their love letters together and published them for the world to read. It was a cruel thing but it was done and we all read the letters, though we did so under protest. They were wonderful letters and the contention that they belonged to literature was admitted by all who read them.

Now come the Carlyle love letters—one hundred and seventy-six of them. They, too, are literature, and they have their excuse for publication in the fact that they clear up some of the aspersions upon the happiness of their marital relations. The poor Carlyles have suffered more than their share and from friends rather than foes. Froude, whose intentions were undoubtedly good, made a frightful mess of things, reading strange charges between innocent lines and so distorting the character of this husband and wife as to make a public scandal.

Alexander Carlyle, who is responsible for the publication of these letters, lays whatever blame there be upon the shoulders of Froude. "The holy of holies," he says, "having been sacrilegiously forced, desecrated and polluted, and its sacred relics defaced, besmirched and held up to ridicule, any further intrusion therein—for the purpose of cleansing and admitting the purifying air and light of heaven—can now be attended, in the long run, by nothing but good results." He therefore offers no apology for publishing these letters for, in his judgment, none is needed. If it had not been for Froude's intrusion "nothing in the world or beneath it" would have induced him to intrude.

With this point of view well fixed in our minds we hesitate to condemn Mr. Alexander Carlyle for what he has done. He was weighted with a heavy responsibility—to publish or not to publish, to destroy or leave for less considerate hands to lay before the world. He decided to publish and perhaps he was wise. Such letters as Froude published were not given in full and their omissions were fatal.

Considered as literature it would have been a pity to have destroyed these letters. They are wonderful expressions of a deep and absorbing love—those written by Jane Welsh as well as those written by Thomas Carlyle. In perusing them I have to say to myself, this is literature, remember that, otherwise I should feel as though I were doing a wicked thing in reading these soul-to-soul talks that were only intended to be read by the eyes of the one they were written to.

Mr. Alexander Carlyle is right, Froude's strange conduct has almost made the publication of these letters imperative. They explain statements that it seemed impossible to explain and they make clear a muddy pool. The pity is that Froude, or any other man, should have made such publication necessary.

That the love between these two intellectuals was as deep and as abiding as that between any two people is proved by these letters. The reader must remember that Jane Welsh had a pretty wit and not all that she said could be taken seriously. Not only that, but she had a sensitive conscience and that she had once loved Edward Irving passionately seemed to her a thing for confession. If Froude had published all of letter number 128 there would have been no scandal, but he only published part and then he added his own interpretation, which was as wrong as it was gratuitous. When Carlyle wrote to Jane Welsh "I can never make you happy. Leave me then. Why should I destroy you?" he was alluding to her confession that she "once passionately loved" Edward Irving. He felt that she might still be suffering from that love and that he had no right to force his love upon her. And when he wrote "Am I not poor and sick and helpless and estranged from all men?" he was alluding to his dyspepsia, which was, according to Mr. Alexander Carlyle, "His only bodily infirmity."

These letters are human documents and the Carlyles are long dead, but even so I should think that they would turn in their graves, for though we may write love letters, and though we may be long dead, we were once alive, and while we were human our letters were not intended for documents, and as such, the property of the public to devour and dissect.

Fortunately for the famous men and women of today they are not given over much to letter writing. Even private letters are written on the type machine and I have heard of love letters being dictated to a stenographer. In a generation or two they will not be written at all but will be sent by wireless telegraphy. If code words are used this form of love letter writing will be an admirable one. But then some one will hop up and translate the code. This will not be very satisfactory, however, for wireless letters are never long nor are they likely to be very loving.

In the new definitive edition of Ruskin's works there are two volumes of letters, but they are not love letters. Ruskin wrote long letters to his friends and to his family. More particularly to his father, as his mother, not being an intellectual woman, would have failed in understanding them. How happy he should be that his heart is not laid bare. He had his domestic troubles, much more serious ones than those of the Carlyles, but he was fortunate enough to have Charles Eliot Norton for his literary executor. Professor Norton was an ideal choice for such a labor for he was not aiming for picturesque effect in what he wrote, nor was he influenced by anything but the facts before him. He



Illustration from "The Royal Ward," by Percy Brebner. Little, Brown & Co.

read the letters and did not attempt to do any reading between the lines. The latter is a dangerous thing to do and is apt, as in the case of the Carlyles, to end in confusion worse confounded. JEANNETTE L. GILDER.  
NEW YORK, April 18, 1909.

## TWO POETS.

They Exchange Sentiments on Each Other's Birthday.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters leave more dear  
Then when life's roseate summer on thy cheek  
Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest year,  
Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak  
Thy feet have reached and mine have climbed so near!  
Close on thy footsteps 'mid the landscape drear  
I stretched my hand thine answering grasp to seek,  
Warm with the love no rippling rhymes can speak.  
Look backward! From thy lofty heights survey  
Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories won,  
Of dreams made real and largest hopes outrun.  
Look forward! Brighter than earth's morning ray  
Streams the pure light of heaven's unsetting sun,  
The all-unclouded dawn of life's immortal day.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Climbing the path that leads back nevermore,  
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;  
Now, face to face, we greet him, standing here  
Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore.  
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day  
Is closing, and the shadows deeper grow,  
His genial presence life an afterglow  
Following the one just vanishing away.  
Long he it ere the Table shall he set  
For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,  
And Love repeat, with smiles and tears, thereat  
His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget,  
Waiting with him the call to come up higher.  
Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher.  
8th Mo., 26, 1889.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The first permanent station for airships to be opened in New York is to be built on the roof of the Hotel Astor. The proprietor is about to spend \$20,000 in devoting 60,000 square feet on the roof of the building to the airship station, which is to be in readiness for aeroplanes, dirigible balloons and other craft of the air some time this month.

Native resentment over the purchase by American Methodists of property for a mission near the tomb of Confucius is a factor in the anti-foreign demonstrations in Shantung, China. The seller was put in jail.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lieutenant-Commander Belknap, the American naval attaché in Berlin, is still engaged in superintending the relief work on account of the earthquake at Reggio carried on by the United States government.

Frederick E. Triebel, the New York sculptor, has just completed the model for a bronze statue of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, which, when completed, will be placed in Glen Oak Park, Peoria, the Illinois city which was Ingersoll's home for years.

General Nelson A. Miles does not see "why a man wants to shoot elephants, zebras, antelopes, and other animals willfully. I believe a man who shoots an elephant must have a depraved mind. Elephants are so useful to us, you know, for they are put to work at so many things."

The Duchess of Manchester, formerly Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, recently entertained two royal guests, King Edward of England and King Alfonso of Spain. The affair took place at Biarritz, France, where the two rulers had met and had held an affectionate conference.

Dr. Moses Clegg, bacteriologist of the bureau of science at Manila, has succeeded, it is announced, in cultivating the leprosy bacillus. The bureau of science has prepared a vaccine virus and proposes to carry forward a series of experiments for the purpose of establishing a specific treatment for leprosy.

Rear-Admiral Schley (retired), who brought home the survivors of the Greely expedition, in 1884, and is now president of the Arctic Club, makes an urgent appeal for \$30,000 to fit out a relief party to rescue Doctor Cook, who started in 1907 to explore the Arctic regions, and has not been heard from in over a year.

General Sir Garrett O'Moore Creagh, who will succeed Lord Kitchener as commander-in-chief in India, in the autumn, is sixty-one years old. He was educated at a private school and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and joined the British army as an ensign in 1866, entering the Indian army four years later. He has held many staff appointments and has seen much service.

Walter Winans, the well-known horseman and lover of sports, was in Paris during the Concours Hippique, at which several of his horses won prizes. Mr. Winans says: "Sport in England is decidedly decaying. This is evident from the present position as regards national games, such as football and cricket. The average Englishman is content to watch the performance of experts instead of taking part in the sports himself."

Governor Yuan Shih-k'ai, head of the Board of Foreign Affairs of China, was born in the province of Honan—that province south of the Yellow River which is almost annually flooded by that great muddy stream called "China's Sorrow." As a boy, he studied the Chinese classics and such foreign books as had been translated into the Chinese language, but he has never studied a foreign tongue nor visited a foreign country. He has occupied the highest and most responsible positions in the gift of the empire.

Ambassador and Mrs. Hill brought their first social season in Berlin to a brilliant close with a musicale attended by two hundred men and women representing the highest court and diplomatic society. They have every reason to be eminently satisfied with their first season as hosts in the Kaiser's capital. Since they moved into their splendid house in the Bismarck-Strasse, at Christmas time, it has been the scene of unbounded hospitality, which has been dispensed always in a manner in keeping with the highest American traditions.

Miss Nellie Revell has been engaged by officials of the State of Michigan as press agent—in other words, to exploit the greatness of that divided yet homogeneous commonwealth. Some time ago the officials conceived the idea of engaging a press agent to paint word pictures of the glories of the state's resources—the timber country, the mining regions, and agricultural sections. They watched the work of press agents who succeeded in placing their yarns in Michigan papers, and decided to get "that fellow" at a Chicago theatre, who seemed to have a good deal to say about that house's "novel attractions" and its "head-liners." When a representative called at the theatre it was found that the press agent was a woman. Miss Revell, however, was engaged.

M. Raymond Poincaré, recently elected a member of the French Academy, was born at Barle-Duc in 1860. He completed his studies at Paris, won the diplomas of doctor of laws and bachelor of letters and, having joined the bar, became one of its most noted masters. Senator from the Department of le Meuse since 1903, he had previously represented his native city as a deputy four times. He was a minister at thirty, holding office four times in the Department of Public Instruction and that of Finance. Recently when presiding at a banquet of the Société des Gens de Lettres the author of "Idées Contemporaines" said: "The sole title I have to your approbation is that I have always, at the bar and at political gatherings, associated myself with the efforts of those who have preserved as a sacred heritage, as a religion, respect for and devotion to the French language."



## DAME LUCK AND MIXED MOTIVES.

By Gertrude B. Millard.

"Great whooping elephants!" ejaculated Bud Graessle, emerging from behind his greasewood to gaze, quite forgetful of immediate desire for concealment. "Ol' Brat Dudley's drunk or crazy to drive that hill like that!—Or else thar's Injuns after 'im!" And he wrinkled up his nose amused-wise at the latter idea's impossibility.

The big four-in-hand stage from Tennis to Borax Flat was booming down the snake-twisted grade beyond the Dutch Creek bridge on the jump, every horse straining to his collar, and the wheels spinning like mad; while the stout-bodied old Concord swayed and jerked unseemly on its ancient springs in a fashion that threatened to break them all at every bound, if the whole rig did not upset before it reached the bottom, projecting driver, passengers, and freight higgledy piggledy into the sullen, swollen stream below. Staring upward, still transfixed, at the wild-running, quick-dropping vehicle, half-hid in its own swirling dust, Bud's practiced eye made out a single figure perched beside the urgent Jehu on the box.

"Jerusalem Jehosaphat! It's a woman's neck he's resking!" he supplemented his former speech, in a tone of unmitigated astonishment. The coach drew down apace. There could be no doubt about it, Brat Dudley was a master at the ribbons. But Bud leaned forward on his gun, still self-forgotten, and watched intently for the test. To take that narrow structure swung above the river, from the turn, at the rate that outfit was approaching was a feat the waiting man believed beyond any hands this road could boast.

He could see now that the girl—her poise was that of a mere girl—was clinging to the rail on either side of her, and struggling to brace her little boots on the footboard set at a good man's reach below the cushions. "I wish," he remarked to himself, still aloud, "thet ol' Brat would haul in on them beasties! It aint no particular aid to my little scheme to pile the stage up in a heap on them damn stones down thar! Nor I didn't calculate on no reel massacre!" But whether it was skill or the swift touch of Luck's fairy wand, in another eyewink the whole lumbering load lurched out upon the unrailled bridge timbers triumphant, and roaring hollowly above the leaping water for a breath, surged forward along that lower level on which he stood, with a long lash licking the leaders' ears, and the wheelers going at a plunging gallop.

Involuntarily the watcher made to back behind his shelter; it was no part of his purpose to be recognized and reported further on; but so rapidly they came that the near horse shied at his hasty movement, lunging against his fellow, and in an instant the four were massed in an inextricable tangle. As Bratton Dudley, fumbling for his knife, leaped swearing to the rescue, the coach swerved, toppled heavily on the yielding, rain-softened clay, and shrieking protest from every straining pane and panel, crashed down among the bushes on the slope.

Bud Graessle jumped for his life; slipped sharply on his very doubtful footing; and went rolling over and over toward the water's edge, finding lodgment at last in the mess of wet dunnage left by the yet higher flood of the day before. The girl, woman, passenger of the stage whatever she might be, shot out of her insecure seat like a show woman out of a cannon, landed, quite stunned by the impact, in a life net of sagebrush not four feet before his face—her head pillowed on the sopping, high-thrown wrack, her feet cast uncomfortably up hill.

"Oh!—Ouch!—Are you the stage robber?" she demanded dazedly, her ungently jarred vision focusing finally upon his prostrate form.

"The what?" gasped Bud, scrambling to a sitting posture—tossed at her with the wide drawn mouth of a fish staring suddenly out of his natural element.

"Oh, dear! I beg your pardon! He said—the driver said—we were to have a hold-up," stammered the eternal feminine, more panic-stricken over the man's patent surprise than as if he had made prompt avowal. Then, he continuing to gape upon her bung-eyed, she labored painfully to bring forth further explanation. "He said—beyond the bridge—a level place! I thought—you see—I thought—"

"By all the desert snakes! May I be—consumed everlasting!" exploded her vis-a-vis grimly. So thoroughly occupied was his mind by the problem offered for his solution that for a space he even forgot to ask if she was hurt. But coming shortly to his scattered senses, he struggled to his feet, and bashfully held out both hands to her assistance. "Ye better get up an' see how bad ye're damaged. It's purty intolerable damp f'r campin' right here!" he spluttered awkward encouragement.

The young woman—undoubtedly she was not much more than a girl—wriggled tentatively, not attempting to rise. "I guess I'm all right" she murmured. "Only scratched up a little!" The tone was dubious. "I did not hit so very hard! I wonder"—seized with desire to escape the scene of her fresh realized folly—"if that driv'r got up his poor horses."

Bud lent quick attention to the terrace above, and that which met his glance through the fringing greasewoods baffled by their flight made him address his late motorist's companion in a new manner of command: "Ye set right up here, ma'am, seeing you aint injured an' get your wind comfortable agazing at the

creek, whiles I go to help Brat straighten around! Don't seem to be nobody else handy! When he's all set I'll yell out right smart fur ye to come up."

Wordless once more under the apparent magnanimity of this too-opportune individual's continued change of subject, the lone passenger writhed meekly to a position half-upright, ignoring the hands, but subduedly obedient, and nothing loath to rest. She was trembling, and physically shaken to a greater extent than she was willing to admit—perhaps as much from the fierce descent previous, and her anticipations, as from the ensuing crash—and welcomed thankfully a present chance to lose sight of one whom she had insulted, albeit almost unwittingly. But she could not have eyed the turbid flow boiling beneath her feet more than a few close-reefed seconds before the voice of the stranger came to her again from overhead, this time gravely deprecating. "I guess if you anyways ean, ye'll hev to come give us a boost, miss! Hope it won't turn you nohow sick nor faint, ma'am," he explained blunderingly, reaching a lean fist uncertainly, as before, to lift her up the last steep stretch, "but ol' Brat Dudley's pinned down under that heavy rig of his, plumb unconscious! He can't aid himself none, so it come to me as how mebbe you wouldn't mind yanking him out by his shoulders while I pries her up with a crow-bar."

Bud's knowledge of women was largely theoretical. He need not have been so anxious. This girl, his find, was not of the females who faint, as her fall might have taught him. Under all ordinary circumstances she was a superbly collected young person; and his charily spoken call to her secret strength acted upon her relaxed nerve and muscle like an elixir, if he had but known it. She felt that her hair was tumbling unkempt over her neck as she breasted the bank beneath his troubled eyes; her gown was mud-stained, and there was a livid welt across her cheek; but self-possession tingled returningly through her veins as she rose. She did not even see that her helper grew red when she swung nimbly on the sinewy staff outstretched for use—her remorse-struck prudery swallowed in the new current of her thoughts; but darting with a pitiful cry to the broken wreck she grasped the unseeing Brat below the armpits, and stood ready to try her might that moment the signal was given. Her still self-conscious colleague seized hastily upon the iron always under the coach seat for negotiating rocks in the roadway. According to his creed a man never could tell how a creature of the capricious sex would act in time of stress, and bending his big thighs to his task a dull admiration beat in his brain for this slender, spirited thing, doing his bidding as if he were her legal lord, without a backward word.

The trapped stage driver's weight was half again that of his would-be rescuer, but the lay of the land was in her favor. "I reck'n the pore ol' guy's done for this trip," Bud Graessle said simply, as he loosed his tool, letting its creaking load settle grievously into the softened grade. "His head struck thet thumping big rock. And what in—Eternity!—miss, be you and I going to do now?"

He was used to facing all sorts of odd emergencies, this rough-tongued traveler of questionable ways. What sojourner of the southern mining section was not? But this, as a situation, for the moment non-plussed him. Chief in his thought loomed the fact that he could not, as a man, and a gentleman, carry out the programme for which he had come, already curiously disarranged, in the immediate presence of the dead and this luckless feminine party conjoined. Had there been only the dead it would have been different. Moreover, he could not, as a man—and a gentleman—abandon the latter, living, to the care of that inert other in the chill fall of evening, with Borax fifteen miles away and not a habitation within the precincts of the cañon to shelter their hapless heads. Not but what he himself, if he chose to act as escort, could make the Flat blindfolded, by the mere feel of the trail. But the redoubtable Bud had reasons for his own for not wishing to return to Borax.

The girl looked up with the body still across her knees—losing her footing as it slid. She had been too busy feeling for the heart, wetting her finger to sensitize it to the faintest breath, and otherwise satisfying herself that the unhappy victim was beyond all human aid, to extricate himself, although the terrible blocked-in area in the side of his skull would have been enough for a physician. Community of service still extinguished what shyness would have lingered from renewed recollection of her initial false step, and the stranger's attitude of constrained deference, which at another time might have awakened only a scornful joy, served now to settle her poise. Taking startled note of the one supine animal motionless in his tracks, and the three strenuous equines with cut traces snuffing the wet air farther on, her speech was clear, practical, and to the point. "You'd first better go for those horses."

The young voice was very fine and cool, and to her hearer held a hint of sheathed irony. Grinning foolishly, he moved to do as she had said, with truly masculine density not offering first to relieve her of her burden. But the survivors, excited beyond measure by their wild race and its tragic ending, were of no mind to be touched by hands they had not tried. An unaccustomed presence reaching gingerly for the remaining wheeler's bridle, the brute snorted, plunged, reared out of arm's length, and shying with quick, menacing heels, was off like an arrow down the cañon, driving before him, as by common consent, the two gaunt

leaders watching the manœuvre from a hundred yards distance.

Bud looked sheepish enough to satisfy the most exacting as he drifted back to the centre of operations. "Now I reck'n there's nothing doing but for you to ride mule Jenny, ma'am," he put it, in as conciliatory a manner as he could muster, "an' I'll jes' be suited to foot it alongside." His fiasco seemed to commit him to the rescue in spite of himself, and game to the core, he trusted to luck to pull him out of his difficulty, although every move he had made had gone against him.

The young woman's glance fell to the still figure at her feet, covered now with a long raincoat dug out of the huddled ruins. "We can't leave him here like this," she began, with a little shudder that showed she knew whereof she spoke.

But the man anticipated, being on familiar ground. "Don't you worry, miss; I'm going to set him inside the stage here, and pile on bresh and stones agen the coyotes." And again he marveled admiringly that she stooped without further say to do her share. "Jenuima Jeewhilikins! I wish't she'd go down to the crick and hunt ha'r pins for five minutes," he commended uncomfortably with his internals. "I'd ought to cinched things first off. Ben making a plumb fool of myself straight from the start. An' thet's what always comes from having a woman around!"

The fair face turned up to his again bravely from its owner's grewsome task, although it flooded hot with flame from the remembrance enlivened by that owner's hesitating words. "He said," labored the fine, cool voice, indicating the inanimate once more by a quivering cadence, "that he had five thousand in gold for the Borax Bank. And there's the mail! Oughtn't we to take that with us, too? I wonder would men waiting for the stage pay any attention to you and me and a mule—or had we better hide the dust? That would be safe either way," with a shiver of anticipatory excitement. "You know the country. Tell me what you think."

The puzzled look swept back over Bud Graessle's strong-hewn features. "Tell me, what made Brat think he was going to have a hold-up?" he demanded, almost aggressive. "Aint ben no hold-up in these hills as I knows of sence Bill Tomlinson's ben sheriff."

The girl shook her head. "How should I know? We changed teams twice, and stopped three or four places beside, to let somebody off, or get the mail; and every time he went in he grew more talkative, till I began to be afraid he was drinking. But after our last halt he came out as grave as a judge, and when we were fairly going he told me about the gold, and that he was expecting trouble. He said he'd been keeping it from me, but perhaps I'd better be prepared. That if we could cover the ground at a lively gait we might take the robbers unawares, and slip by without their getting us. He said—" But the troubled one interrupted with a whoop:

"Palestine crickets, and the Great Horned Toad! I see it now! That lets me out!" pounding his rifle, of which he had just repossessed himself, into the wet clay—somehow the native feel of the gun moved his muddled wits toward normal. "Brat Dudley was terrible proud of his driving when he had three drinks in. He was jest working up a lead of fun, ma'am, to scare you maybe, and show off a bit. Why he couldn't hev known of no hold-up—fellars don't go 'round blabbing when they lay out to rob a stage."

Brat's passenger's expression cooled, a tiny frown furrowing between her eyebrows. "Oh, then he did drink. It seemed a crazy thing to run a long hill like that! But he said the brush beyond the bridge was the place for an ambush—only we'd have such a momentum nothing could hold us."

"May I be consumed everlasting!" groined Bud the uncouth for the second time that half-hour. "A hold-up might hev shot his hosses. That would hev made jest the mix-up he fell into."

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "I thought it was money, not murder, such men wanted," she remarked sententiously; and the first party to the surprise party gazed at her and grunted—her insight was beyond his ken.

"I reck'n you're about right, miss," he growled at the end of a long minute. "But you bet if there was to be a circus planned hereabouts it wouldn't be for no little five-thousand-dollar stake; the duffers would strike for some of the big mine shipments going out on Saturdays. So don't you worrit no more; we'll jest gather up them valybles and light out of here soon's the Lord'll let us—which means soon's I go up the road and whistle in thet fool Jenny mule. I reck'n it's going to be dark b'fore we git started."

After all, probably the man was right, seeing she was new to the surroundings, while to him all local figures seemed familiar; and with a revulsion of feeling that was dangerously akin to disappointment the young woman again gave herself over to this strange mentor's guidance. She had looked for enlivening incidents all along upon her lonesome venture into the wilds; and as she preened her rumpled plumage in brief respite from his overshadowing entity, she inwardly appreciated the afternoon's action with a returning tingle. The very break that again sent the blood to her ears made the situation piquant. A real highway robbery would have been a crowning thrill. Then, realizing that her state would have been appalling had no queer cavalier materialized at the instant of her need, she took herself to task for a wretch, giving way to heartless imaginings in the presence of the dead,



and resigned herself to the immediate future with a mind almost at rest.

Not so the Opportune. "By all the evening prowlers, but that's a smart little piece!" he egotized uneasily, hastening to conjure the too long left Jenny before the night shut down. "Damn it, if it hadn't ben for her the scrimmage 'd hev come off on schedule—and now nobody knows what. She purty nigh called my bluff. Brat's guessing gets me cold. Where the deuce 'd she come from? Not Borax—she don't know me none," which was conclusive evidence, for Bud Graessle, "the shootin' gallery guy," had long been a picturesque mark in Borax Flat. "There certain aint nothing feminine sojourning further up, 'cep maybe two-three worn-out sunbunnits hugging ther husbands' claims. She aint Miss Bird, the Big Four superintendent's daughter; it's too soon an' sloppy for t'et lot, to begin with! Gosh! D' you suppose she came over the Divide? It's a hell of a trip for a woman in the wet!" Far up on the hill a faint bray answered his persisting call, and throwing speculation to the winds, he piped once more. A lively scramble of small hoofs sounded from the wash, followed by a quick patter of shod feet in the road beyond his view. "Hi! Hi thar! Ye black spawn o' the devil!" he bellowed briskly into the gathering gloom. "Come here, gal—ye got a light load!"

The little mule went warily, shaking her long ears, and from time to time glancing back at her master with a mild gaze of half-outraged inquiry. Here was a to-do indeed, to be bestrode by this slim slip of a stranger, who put no hand of authority upon the rein and rode loose in the saddle like a silly drunken boy. Jenny lifted her back tentatively, and her rider gripped at the high, cowboy horn with both hands. But a word from Bud soothed the graceful, supple creature to a gait like a rocking cradle. "She aint used to be rid by no lady," he apologized humbly, painfully propitiatory of outward men, although becoming secretly, grudgingly more inordinately uplifted of his place at her stirrup each moment of their progress.

Wrong or right, abstract consideration of the twain was entirely out of his line. Graessle of the guns had never been able to give up a project upon which his determination had centred, nor had he definitely, now, laid aside that plan which had set him behind the greasewood bush when the mountain stage came down. But the uncultivated instinct of him had responded from her first stultified words to the girl's personality. With a punctilio that annoyed while it compelled him, he had secured the dead Dudley's compact express package to the back saddle straps at his companion's mounting—instead of stuffing it into his capacious coat pocket as needily inclination prompted, and he had hitched the lighter mail sack to the horn. Now tramping the muddy track in a primitive comradeship that appealed yet more powerfully to another starved side of his nature, his hand strayed, doubly conscious, to the small mule's rump, and it stirred in his soul how neatly he could cut those leathern bands, slipping the coveted sinews of war quickly and unostentatiously out of ken.

"The pretty 'd likely rate me for a measly job of tying," he commended whimsically with his interior self. "Like enough she'd be set on hunting back a piece, if she desilvered it was gone soon after she'd seen it b'fore. But I reck'n it's too dark already ever to find a little lump like that! And the later we slide into Borax the easier for yours truly to sneak out agen unbeholden." He fumbled purposefully in his jeans pocket for a knife, his late inconsistency laid where it belonged, to the unwonted whirl of his emotions—and the soft, ironic voice fell upon him from above in tardy consideration of his half-forgotten speech:

"As sure as I stay in this high country I'm going to learn to ride like a man," it asserted determinedly. "I sat a pack horse eight hours over the pass yesterday—and I made up my mind then that if that was the way to get around I was going to do it decently, and not see myself always condemned to the stiffest old poke in seven counties. Suppose, since we're traveling together, you give me a lesson on the subject yourself."

The ex-galleryman went red to the roots of his hair, as he had done when she touched his hand up the slope, and every idea he ever had in his head fled incontinently at thought of himself in the rôle of teacher to a girl. "Taint nothing in the world but grit, ma'am, and a good grip under her belly," he managed to stammer shamefacedly. "I reckon certain ye know how to steer." Taking the bridle diffidently out of her fingers, he illustrated, explaining the cowboy trick of dropping the rein over the nose as a signal to stand, and gradually gaining heart to expatiate upon the wit and wisdom of riding cattle, personified in the delicate shape upon which she sat. His pulse thrilled the more warming up to his work—it is as natural for the male human being to show off before his kind as it is for the he-bird to sing to his sylvan mate. "But horses an' mules the best is up to ornery starts," he admitted lightly, growing sufficiently used to himself to look up into her face. "They all get on too quick if ther rider's green an' scairt! Tho' it don't seem to me, miss, jes' like ye're one of the scary kind; taint every woman'd ride the Divide this time of year, if you give 'em a nag quiet's an' ol' eat."

The girl laughed out ringingly, her sense of cheer undimmed by her late experiences. "It saved me some hundred miles around. And Bill says I'm not afraid of the world, the flesh, or the devil!" she made joyous asseration. An unreasoning jealousy of the unknown surged through man the primeval.

"I wisht—" he began beseechingly, a burning tide engulfing his brain under the watery stars; but there

he stopped. What business was it of his what her name might be? Or whither she was bound? After tonight he would never see her again. In the meantime she was under his protection for fifteen interminable miles, and he would make the most of them.

Bud Graessle, who was wont to regard all women of the camps into which he drifted as rocks to be sailed around widely, had stumbled upon a petticoat that pleased him, although as yet he had no more notion of possessing it than a ten-year-old boy. There was good blood flowing in the veins of this untrimmed individualist in spite of the checkered career behind and before him. He was a gambler, a brawler, in strict legal parlance a murderer, and by way of becoming a roadside thief, but his body was clean of perhaps the commonest crime of all—the personal sin so common that as crime it is recognized only in its most flagrant expressions. For vicious femininity he had contemptuously no use, dimly conscious since ever he reached his ripe strength that somewhere in the universe there was for him something different. His blatant way of life lent him small contact with mountain maidens of the better sort; this bright ensample of a kind beyond was innocently, ignorantly, planting her arrow in his Achilles heel. He grinned grimly under the roof of his broad hat, considering afresh that the miscreant who had carried himself hastily without the confines of Borax Flat for cause—emphasized by the unexpected advent of one Tomlinson, acting sheriff, at his inviting front door—was marching back open-eyed as convoy for a young female from nowhere picked up by the wayside; and caught himself speculating ridiculously on the chance of placating that same obdurate officer to the point of allowing him immunity for the past on promise of good behavior. But perhaps my lady would not stop at Borax. Bud shied at the thought, and mule Jenny edged lightly in unison. "You're a damn note the biggest donkey of the two!" he admonished his dreaming self, with head held high. And tramped sturdily toward destruction with but one care on earth, lest the parting must come suddenly before he had the girl properly bestowed.

Perched comfortably upon her ambling palfrey, watching the strong swing of straight shoulders between her and the sodden road-ribbon with a contented half-consciousness that this ill-at-ease and stumbling-spoken bodyguard would let nothing pass him to her hurt, still alive, as she could not help being, to the romantic interest of her entire adventure, the erstwhile victim of Brat Dudley's mania for fine driving found herself gradually losing power to combat early weariness induced by whole days of travel—in spite of novelty's stimulus, and the motion of the mule. Her spirits reacted lazily after the laugh. At the challenge of his broken speech she only held her peace. It did not seem necessary, or even at all worth while, to bolster up longer a conversation in which she alone took the initiative. The way wound naturally into a narrower defile overhanging the stream, and a night wind souged fitfully, touching her lowered vitality until she wondered with a quick inward thrust of impatience how long this pitiful plodding had to last. But again it seemed easier to keep silence than to ask. Moments passed, the massive figure alongside moving more and more measuredly like a huge automaton in her sight. And sleep stole upon her so insidiously in the stillness that her first warning of danger was her downfall.

Under shelter of his sombrero the man took in her increasing unsteadiness with a covert alarm. Could he, dared he, interpose a securing arm to her safety? He went hot and cold by turns at the thought. What would actual touch do to his aching muscles? But in the end the matter was taken sharply out of his jurisdiction. The road pitched at a steeper angle for an appreciable instant, and losing her balance the somnolent little woman in the carved saddle drooped forward, reeled sideways, and fell upon his shoulder. He gathered her into his great grasp like a child for the shadow of a second, and, shaking, set her back into her place; but the mischief was done.

It was a passing madness, but it was his first. Shot through with a wild impulse to snatch his charmer to his heart once more, and fly with her by paths he knew into the hills, Bud Graessle, outlaw, checked his course, and fought to force a fitting plea from off his laggard tongue. Even to his new intoxication it was her due to have her word.

The girl cowered shame stricken in her seat, too miserable to know that she was blameless. She might not fear all external creation, but if her own strength failed her what could she trust? This was worse, a hundred times worse, than mistaking the man for a highway robber. And yet her stubborn lips refused to form the apology for which she sought. If only the hulk would not stand staring like a mountebank. What if he did not have a female form thrown at his head every day—could not the ninny guess that it would ease her embarrassment to confront his back awhile instead of that sombre gaze? Apparently he was making an inarticulate attempt to tell her it was all right. The stupid! Impatience thrust up again within, and shivered through. "Why don't you start on? I'm not going to sleep again right now!" the cool, sweet voice dripped ice upon his veins.

The little mule pricked her long ears forward, and craned her neck inquiringly at the man whose word was law. From the black lower distance wafted a confused murmur of sound, the muffled thud of quick approaching hoofs. By instinct, plunged coldly bath to actuality and tempered like fine steel by the bath, Bud drew his holster to his hand, and ran practiced

fingers over the neat mechanism of the repeating rifle resting in the hollow of his arm. "The hold-up—False Prophet!" tense and awakened the voice crowed over his head.

For an instant his eyes that had fallen before her mocking glance each time they met it flamed assuredly into hers; this would be dealing with men, and with men his position was fixed. "More like it's a gang out from the Flat after the cuss that did the shooting day before yestiddy," he retorted.

The girl's whole countenance flared into avid comprehension. Here was romance, and a key! But he had been good to her, her real thought was for his preservation. "Hush!" she ordered imperiously. "Don't let them hear you. Hide!" she whispered again; "be quick!" slipping down against him pantingly. "Is Bill—Bill Tomlinson—with them? I'll tell them about the stage, and they'll think I'm all alone."

"Not by all the yaller varmints in Californy!" swore the wretch wanted, pulse hammering in every artery as he held her close. "How if it's only a bunch of half-shot miners hifaluting? Or—kick me for a fool jackass, the team's in long ago!—ten t' one it's jest the stage ther taking after. What's Bill Tomlinson to you? Sweetheart?—or brother? I'm game to know that much now, ef Bill gets his bracelets on me next minnit to pay for it."

The girl gripped his sleeve with ten firm little fingers, shaking off the encircling arm. "I married him up in Nevada—and came to him over the mountains. Now will you hide when I tell you?" she stormed under her breath. "Lead your mule into the shadow of the bank. Oh, of course I'll stand with you until you make out they're all right." A torch leapt out eighty paces into the tunnel of the night, and its lurid glare picked man and mount like the finger of an accusing angel.

The girl-woman flung herself between their lethal weapons with a sharp, hurt cry; but it was Bud Graessle behind his Jenny staggered limply with the flash and roar, not the towering menace silhouetted against the wild light below. "Stop it, Bill! Stop it!" she wailed to him, speeding down the grade. "The stage is all smashed up, the driver's dead, and if it had not been for this stranger I might never have found you alive."

The hunted outlaw's mouth twisted in grim self-sarcasm. Was half her solicitude really for him? His rifle drew bead on the sheriff over the mule's back, but after that first shot, thrown him on account of his companion's nearness, it did not speak.

"Quiet, lass, quiet!" he hummed to the tricky beast stamping under his side pressed weight. Already his plan was formed, but time was short, and he wavered, plagued with the lust of that other's life. He looked so arrogant sitting there a-horse with everything coming his way! According to Graessle the gunfighter's lights it would be a poetic justice to period short his deadly ambition. But the girl had played him fair, and—"A fool from the start! Ther's what allays comes from hevving a woman around!" he muttered wryly to the surrounding atmosphere, his trigger finger loosening its coil.

Bill Tomlinson's success had been his readiness, but for once his quick wit failed him—with the man whose circle around the town he had aptly cut, the man whose mark he had read in the dangling harness of three lathered roadsters, apparently wounded and at his mercy—with the wife he had believed far over the mountains flying to him out of the sullen gloom. And his hesitating hand cost him his prey's second escape.

Behind Bud the road dipped to a ragged arroyo. Beyond the dip was a bend to stop the bullets. Give him a quarter-mile lead and he could defy the boldest posse—for Jenny could climb like a cat, and who was to trace through the murk where her dainty prints left the highway, or see in the mist-dimmed night what hilltop hid the quarry?

There was a scattering fusillade from the watchful few as the fainting figure at the light's rim rose suddenly into the saddle. There were quick curses, and clattering hoofs up the rise, as the little mule skimmed hollow planks echoing over the ditch. The curve caught the fugitives, and they were gone.

Extra leather below his pommel chafed the rider's knee as he swung the turn. He let out a warwhoop worthy of an Apache, and snake-twisting in his seat patted the little bundle bumping behind.

"The loot!—Jerusalem Gelatin!—I've got the loot! And little ol' Luck's my sweetheart!" he laughed aloud to the whistling wind of his progress. "But if you and me goes in for stage-cracking steady, Jenny my gal, it's good-bye wimmen. And we lays at the top of the hill from this day on."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1909.

At present, out of a population of six millions, London finds but nine hundred and fifty naval volunteers and twenty officers. When the London division was initiated, the establishment was fixed at a thousand, and is now short of fifty men. Thirty officers are necessary, and there are but twenty. Since the date of the first enrollment, October 19, 1903, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-three members have been enrolled. Many of these, of course, have completed their time and resigned. On presenting himself as a candidate, each man has to pass a strict medical examination. Having passed he agrees to make himself efficient for three consecutive years, or for each year in which he does not become efficient to pay thirty-five shillings to the commanding officers of the division.



## A BOOK ABOUT CARLYLE.

R. S. Craig Writes of the Development and Tribulations of a Literary Genius.

There was room for another biography of Carlyle, and while the present volume is by no means perfect, its faults are those of enthusiasm and a hero-worship that have their distinct biographical values. "The Making of Carlyle" is saturated with the personal opinions of the author, and sometimes they are opinions from which the reader will dissent, but they are thoughtfully expressed, the result of shrewd observation and literary study. The strictly biographical thread is followed in such a way as to show the unfolding of character and capacity and to the subordination of details that are either sufficiently well known or that have no immediate bearing upon essentials.

The author's general summary, for example, contains reflections upon the secret of his success that will not pass altogether unchallenged. His success was won, we are told, not by the greatness of his thought, but by its literary expression, the deeper recognition coming only after the ear had been captured by the musical setting. A similarly despondent note is to be found in the dictum that "no writer can be original or a reformer except at the risk of starvation." There are two factors to the success of the hero. The first is himself and the second is God, or, in the language of materialism, the hero must be befriended by circumstances without. And until the propitious moment he "must be able to endure and to hold fast to the faith within him."

Carlyle's relations with Jane Welsh, who subsequently became his wife, form a substantial part of the present volume. Perhaps the author lays undue stress upon Mrs. Carlyle's influence upon her husband and its effect upon his genius, and perhaps there is sometimes a note of prejudice in reference to the lady. But they undoubtedly form an interesting feature of the book, and one that we would not willingly lose. We are told of his first meeting with Miss Welsh, in 1821. In the company of Irving he walked from Edinburgh to Haddington, Irving's object being "to see again his little pupil of past years, Miss Jane Welsh, whom to his own confusion and consequent distress he had discovered he loved a great deal too well and non-wisely." And in this way Carlyle met for the first time the lady who was to exercise a power so immense upon his life:

For the present she did little more than rouse his keen interest. One further picture called up by that famous and eventful walk may be given. It is very "human." "We were now in our double-bedded room, George Inn, Haddington, stripping, or perhaps each already in his bed, when Irving jocosely said to me, 'What would you take to marry Miss Augusta now?' Her they had just met that day, the daughter of a minister. 'Not for an entire and perfect chrysolite the size of this terraqueous globe, answered I at once; with hearty laughter from Irving. 'And what would you take to marry Jeannie, think you?' 'Hah! I should not be hard to deal with there, I should imagine.' Upon which another bit of laughter from Irving, and we composedly went to sleep."

The translation of "Wilhelm Meister" introduces us to another phase of Carlyle's relations to Miss Welsh, who was now affianced to him. Carlyle made fair terms with his publishers, and the money question was naturally one of importance to the woman who was to be his wife. Froude says that Miss Welsh cared nothing for the book and everything for the money. The author adds severely that "it was the beginning of disillusionment, which, in her case (if critics would only see it) was simultaneous with the gradual perception on her part of his supreme moral greatness." To her marriage was to be all in all and for her own "fame":

To him marriage meant no difference—two to keep instead of one, indeed, but no particular house or extra expenses. The letters show Carlyle had never considered the economical details connected with marriage. Not by the least visible indication is there one thought of the consequences of marriage, children, not even by veiled allusion, happy, laughing prophecy, or solemn thought, does he indicate that he realized for a moment what marriage meant for any woman, for Jane Welsh like the rest. Marriage, to Carlyle, in its highest, was to all appearance at least, but literary and very dear companionship, a constant presence of the loved one, but nothing else. Carlyle never longed for children; the keenness for paternity, so conspicuous in Burns, is the least marked feature in literary men, but Carlyle is more indifferent than any other literary man, with the sole significant exception of Swift.

That confession alone seems to contain a defense of Mrs. Carlyle that is of some weight. To be engaged to a man to whom "marriage meant no difference" must have been a galling and inexplicable enigma. Elsewhere we are told:

Children would have made all the difference. It was Carlyle's infinite loss that he was never to become a father. We are told that it was Jane Welsh's unspoken ambition to have children. It is hard to believe it. These words already quoted prove it could scarce have been so; but all women have a healthy desire some time to become mothers, else the race would perish. The lack of children proved sorer to her than to him, as it always must to the wife rather than to the husband. Yet his heart, as we see, was really the tenderer, and hers was less tender than the average.

In many places we see the outcrop of what may almost be called a spitefulness toward Mrs. Carlyle. She wished to be one of the women of history, but she now realized that this could never be in her own right. She had deliberately placed herself under the mountain, not knowing its height and grandeur and she now resented the shadow in which she had buried herself. She had wished to be known as Jane Welsh, but she was doomed to be no more than the wife of Thomas Carlyle. He himself saw the weakness, but he never knew

its real source. He writhed under her criticisms and so he writes to her: "Do not mock and laugh, however gracefully, when you can help it. . . . The acute, sarcastic, clear-sighted, derisive Jane I can, at best, but admire. Is it not a pity that you had such a turn that way? 'Pity rather that the follies of the world, and yours among the number, Mr. Quack, should so often call for castigation.' Well, well! Be it so then. A willful man and still more a willful woman will have her way":

So Carlyle wrote to Miss Welsh, and the words are pathetic for their clear recognition of his own needs. It was the warm-hearted enthusiast he loved, and hoped to marry. The woman he was writing to was far more often the acute and sarcastic critic, crying down the wares of Mr. Quack Carlyle. Marriage to another, to Irving, might have saved her, but we know too well that marriage to Carlyle did not. One can scarcely resist the impression that she was marrying Carlyle not for love, but to win fame for herself by his aid; but perhaps at the time her vacillating mind had resolved to marry—no one. Certainly more and more as the years went



Ada Woodruff Anderson, Author of "The Strain of White." Little, Brown & Co.

on the Mephistophelian in her nature increased at the expense of her warm-hearted enthusiasm.

Carlyle's letter proves that for the bitter author of many a terrible letter and sarcastic gibe, for the woman who made all her husband's last years a long martyrdom, Carlyle himself was not to blame, nor even her marriage to Carlyle. But the marriage developed the Mephistophelian and not the enthusiastic, with sadly notable results.

Again we have her own words to John Forster arrayed against her, and perhaps a little unfairly, for such things are said without thought of the crushing immortality that may be theirs:

"I married for ambition," is the tale she wrote John Forster (her husband's friend) and the story she must have hinted to James Anthony Froude. In the main it is true. Ambition, the keen desire to marry a man of genius likely to make a great name in the world and to become famous, was undoubtedly the prime ruling motive which rendered a marriage with Carlyle even palatable to the keen-witted, bright, fascinating, lovely-eyed young lady of Haddington. Without her belief in his genius she would never have looked at Thomas Carlyle, or could have overlooked his personal deficiencies in the way of dress and deportment. Carlyle would have remained "heneath her." Nor is it unjust to her memory or unfair to her shrewd intellect to suggest that, had her father lived, she would (quite probably) never have found herself able to overlook the disparity of social rank and reputed wealth between the Welshes and the Carlyles.

We have a great many of the love-letters that passed between the two and perhaps a little too much of the



E. Phillips Oppenheim, Author of "The Missioner." Little, Brown & Co.

pre-marital arrangements. They were a weariness to Carlyle himself. "Bless me!" he says, "we take this marriage too much to heart":

The correspondence ended happily with the wedding day. It is a style of "love letters" the world has little knowledge of, letters as peculiar and characteristic as were ever penned by man to woman. The letters do not impress their readers with a feeling of happiness, still less of joy or trust, or good hope. One party never seems to forget that she is doing what is probably a very foolish thing, while the other is but too anxious to impress the foolishness of her action upon her. The world can rarely have witnessed such a pair of lovers, but then a pair of lovers in precisely such circumstances is no more usual. "Dear little child! How is that I have deserved thee? I swear I will love thee with my whole heart, and think my life well spent if it can make thee happy." Brave words! But Carlyle wrote them and meant them! It was not possible for Jane Welsh to be happy or Thomas Carlyle to be happy doing or not doing anything. Had not "happiness" alas! been already ruled out of their matrimonial vocabulary?

The publication of "Sartor" called Carlyle to London soon after the marriage, but it was a disappointing

errand, as no publisher could be found to undertake the issue of a work of such a nature and with such a title:

Carlyle wrote home to the anxious wife long letters descriptive of his daily existence and doings, as he never forgot to do all his life. His incessant correspondence is amazing. These letters are sincere, affording a vivid picture of his day, very affecting often for the deep affection they reveal. The poor man always thought he was doing so badly in providing a substitute for the "great prospects" his wife had been brought up to. Nor does she ever complain to him. That is the worst of it. The two loved each other deeply, but the one nursed a spirit of resentment for an imagined *malveillance*, while the other was not aware that she persistently did so. There can be no doubt of Carlyle's great love for his wife. All his letters go to prove it. It is a mistake to imagine that he did not discover the fact till she was dead. After her death what he did discover was what he had been pathetically ignorant of, that she had felt so keenly from the social point of view the poverty (such as it was) and the unavoidable economical shifts to which her marriage had reduced her. Nor must we ever forget his own mental habit of exaggeration. That ingrained literary "vice" of his is the foundation of a great deal of misunderstanding.

The author does not resist the temptation to tell once more the story of the tragedy with which Mill was so intimately concerned. The first volume of the "French Revolution" had been finished and Mill was so pleased with what he had seen of it that he obtained permission to borrow the whole of the manuscript for perusal:

On the 6th of March, 1835, he returned to tell of a terrible catastrophe. The accident is almost too well known to bear repetition, but it is important, not only for its effect on Carlyle's prospects, but as a notable instance of his kind-heartedness under cruel torment, his high courage, endurance, and nobility of soul.

Mill visited the Carlyles that March evening looking so white and perturbed, so ghastly, in fact, as to create a sensation on his arrival. "What ails ye, Mill?" gasped out Carlyle, apprehensive of some domestic calamity, it would seem, of which he imagined Mill had been sent to break the news. Mill told the simple, terrible tale. He had left out the manuscript on his desk at home, and the servant girl had used it to light the morning fire with. The tragedy was complete. Nothing was left.

It was a stunning blow, for Carlyle destroyed his notes and scribble sheets as he advanced. The volume had been completed, and the side papers likely to help had been burned. His memory in normal circumstances might have recalled a great deal, but Carlyle was to discover that it was a blank. It failed him at the critical moment, the result, doubtless, of the worry and excitement the poor man was undergoing. He could not recall the arrangement of the lost volume, and eventually was compelled to write a new one, not so good in his opinion as the burnt one. Doubtless the sorrowful labor of the second effort darkened the thought of it in its author's mind, for the inspired message, like the facts he described, remained the same. The freshness of the first glorious outflow was gone, but there may even have been a gain in solemnity. He was almost half way through the unfolding of his thought when the accident happened, and he had to retrace his steps.

Mill was aware of the narrowness of Carlyle's financial circumstances, and at once begged Carlyle to accept pecuniary compensation. He felt that his carelessness had been the sole cause of Carlyle's suffering. "Who can pay an author?" Carlyle had asked scornfully in his journal. "An author is not to be paid; you can not put a money value on what a man writes." With Carlyle all work was inspired work, and money had nothing to do with it. He was loth to allow Mill to compensate him in any way. Had he not been positively at the end of his resources, one has little doubt he would have refused to accept a farthing. But such a course was now clean out of the question. Six months' labor had been lost and must be replaced when he could not afford to lose a day. Besides, when Carlyle came to consider, it was a cruel wrong to Mill to accept nothing, and Mill felt his position acutely. To alleviate Mill's distress, Carlyle at last, under protest as it were, accepted one hundred pounds, which it is pitifully evident was just the cost of the household expenses for the lost period. Mill honorably stood out for two hundred, but Carlyle would take no more.

Here, at least, Mrs. Carlyle did her whole duty. Indeed, she always did her duty as it was given to her to see it. "At such times she kept her doubts to herself, if she had any, and had nothing but encouragement for Carlyle. By letting him see that his fate was hers and she was not afraid, she nerved him for the battle."

"The Making of Carlyle," by R. S. Craig. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$4.

## The First War Correspondent.

A few days ago, in the part of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, known as the journalists' corner (says the *Fourth Estate*) there was unveiled a bust of the late Sir William Russell, the celebrated English war correspondent. A small but distinguished group of newspaper men attended the ceremony to do honor to the memory of the inventor of war correspondence for the press.

The speaker of the occasion in reviewing Russell's career contrasted the position now earned by accredited correspondents at headquarters with that which the first "special" had to make for himself before the profession had been invented. Russell was something between a camp follower and a spy, a nuisance and a dangerous, obnoxious pest. At first snubbed and disregarded, when his earlier letters, written to the *Times*, revealed to the public the criminal disorganization of the army in the Crimea, returning to the front, Russell found himself the object of positive hatred and contempt on the part of leading officers of the staff. But then became apparent the real power of his position, now, perhaps, too readily recognized by pushing officers. Detested as he was, neither he nor his letters could be suppressed. His work was successful, because he was a man of sagacity, honesty, and courage, together with enough of an Irishman's tact and charm to maintain his personal ascendancy in the face of obloquy.

The journalists' corner contains the bodies of about thirty English correspondents who have laid down their lives for their profession on the field of battle.



## THE READER'S ADVANTAGE.

By W. J. Weymouth.

Once upon a time I was sitting in the reading-room of a San Francisco lodging-house, absorbed in a book, when I was approached by a fellow lodger, a big, good-natured lout with whom I had a speaking acquaintance. "Why," he said, "I didn't know you read them things."

I acknowledged that I did, although I felt uncertain whether "them things" meant books in general or the particular kind I was reading. His next remark enlightened me in that regard.

"I was at an auction yesterday," he continued, "and saw books twice that size sold for 20 cents. If I'd known you liked them, I'd bought you a couple."

I thanked him for his tardy though kindly intention, but for pity of him I could not feel amused. He had never, as a boy, had a hiding place in the barn for precious and forbidden books; had never lain for hours in the sweet-scented hay, the rain drumming on the roof overhead, while the thrilling adventures of dime-novel heroes were unfolded to his credulous mind. He had never burned forbidden midnight oil while gripped by chapter after chapter of Du Chayll's adventures in Mexico or Africa. Robinson Crusoe was unknown to him—even Little Prudy had no place in his knowledge, and he was ignorant of Meg, Beth, Jo, Amy, Laurie, Nat the little fiddler, the queer German professor, and the other intensely human characters of Miss Alcott's books. Think of a boy who knew nothing of Scott, of Cooper—who had never been possessed of a wild desire to emulate Tom Sawyer; or, better yet, Huckleberry Finn. Surely, a man who has no such boyish experiences in his memory has missed more than he can ever know.

What weight of worrying reflection must rest upon people who do not read; for naturally their thoughts must turn to their troubles, their business affairs—their dilatory debtors and impertinently importunate creditors. The memory of what one has read offers great relief from all this. When a tailor's bill worries me I can find diversion in visualizing Dick Swiveller, confined to his bed through debts to the man of goose and shears; or restricted to one block for his walks abroad because of the presence of indignant and watchful creditors in the other blocks of the neighborhood. Coline's journey to the pawnshop with his well beloved and badly needed overcoat comes to mind; or I reflect with pleasure on the sonorous sentences and magnificent complex paragraphs of "Sartor Resartus." Financial woes have this recompense—they bring to mind the two greatest apostles of optimism, Mr. Micawber and Colonel Sellers. Truly he is poor who has no such treasures stored away.

The proportion of intelligent people—business and professional men and their families—who do not read is larger than one would think. When I say that they do not read I mean that they confine themselves to newspapers and an occasional cheap magazine. Of course, not knowing what they miss, they are apparently none the loser. It is the old question, "Is it better to be a dog than a man?" But he who reads much knows what they miss—his measure of enjoyment over theirs. They do not know the keen pleasure the reader has in recalling fragments that linger in his memory. The man is rich mentally who knows the poets—who can repeat to himself or to a friend the lines by Holmes that Abraham Lincoln said for pure pathos were not surpassed by anything in the English language:

"The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips he has pressed  
In their bloom;  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved many a year  
On the tomb."

The wistful, haunting beauty of that verse brings sweet sorrow, just as in the same poem a smile is evoked by the whimsical humor of

"I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here,  
But the old three-cornered hat  
And the breeches and all that  
Are so queer!"

And these are but fragments from the thousands of noble, or inspiring, or rollicking, or melodious, or tear-compelling verses that the world's great singers have spun out for the delight of people who are familiar with them. It adds to the joy of being alive on a hazy autumn day to be able to recall Keats's

"Who hath not seen thee oft within thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spare the next swath and all its twisted flowers;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours."

It is a hardship not to have read Wilde's "Ave Imperatrix," "Easter Day," "The Burden of Itys," or "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"—

"With slouch and swing around the ring  
We trod the fool's parade;  
We did not care, we knew we were  
The devil's own brigade—  
For shaven head and feet of lead  
Make a merry masquerade."

or Kipling's

"Buy my English flowers; ye that have your own,  
Buy them for a brother's sake, overseas alone—  
Weed ye trample underfoot floods his heart abrim.  
Bird ye have not heeded, O, she calls his dead to him."

or of listening to the downpouring rain and not being able to turn either the eye or the ear to Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," with its vivid picture of roadside pools, rainwashed window panes, and foaming



"Gloria Victis." Special Mention in "The Glory of the Conquered," by Susan Glaspell. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

rivulets, contrasted to the snug shelter of the inn with its roaring fire.

Patriotism is inspired by such lines as

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
'This is my own, my native land?'  
Whose heart within him ne'er hath burned  
When home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

or by

"When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her banner to the air  
She tore the azure robe of night  
And placed the stars of glory there."

I knew a farmer once who possessed the works of all the great poets, and who was thoroughly familiar with them. He read practically nothing else—could repeat the whole of "Childe Harold," and was fonder of Pope than of his local paper. At work he kept measure to rhymes that rap through his head. His drudgery was lightened by mentally conning what he had read, his only hardship being that his own attempts at poetry were dismal failures.

It is not only in reflection but in conversation that the reader has the better of the non-reader. I do not refer to the conversation that consists in gush over



William Dana Orcutt, Author of "The Spell." Harper & Brothers.

the latest best seller—shallow comments on shallow work; but discussion of the many genuinely good things that have been published, and of the few good things that are being published today. Two admirers of Dickens or Thackeray, of Locke or Hewlett or De Morgan, of Hugo, De Maupassant or Tolstoy, of Howells or Hawthorne, Mrs. Wharton or Mary Austin, have theme for endless discussion—and argument!

What hot words over respective favorites! I lost a friend for a month once because the stupid fellow could not see that one page of H. C. Bunner was worth a volume of Jack London. He had the temerity to pronounce Claretie's "Brichanteau, Actor," rather good, but said it could not compare with "The Gadfly." He actually ranked "The Three Guardsmen" above "Tartarin of Tarascon"—said it required a greater brain to evolve the first than the second. A more active brain, perhaps, but not so fine a one. I would never have forgiven him, most likely, but that he agreed with me as to the merits of Kipling—although we nearly quarreled because he pronounced "Without Benefit of Clergy" a greater story than either "The Brushwood Boy" or "They," and spoke rather slightly of "The Man Who Would Be King." As to people who altogether dislike Kipling—I refuse to argue with them. My temper becomes less tractable with the advancing years.

I will confess with shame that I did not read Kipling's "Kim" until a year ago. I never see mighty mountains now but I recall the majestic passages that are employed in describing the Himalayas which Kim and the fanatic searcher for the great secret mounted. That is one of the greatest things in literature—the augmentation of magnificence in description as the magnificence of the mountains was gradually revealed to the travelers. And then the mountain woman who yearned for Kim—and the people sitting on the "edge of the world," gazing down at the tremendous abyss beneath their overhanging feet or across at a far-stretching land beyond the chasm that formed the edge of their own steep and tumbled world!

Ordinary occupations, the amusements and recreations of every-day life, furnish pleasing reminiscence to the man who knows books. I have a friend who is occasionally my host. He is considerable of an epicure, and when the various dishes are brought to the table he watches their progress into the room and the placing of them on the table with an amusing eagerness suggestive of Balzac's Cousin Pons, who smothered his pride that he might gourmandize at the tables of rich and scornful relatives. Pons said that the covered dish was the really enjoyable thing of the meal—the dish over the contents of which one speculated while devouring the one that preceded it. I, having read "Cousin Pons," get more diversion from my host's epicurean eagerness than falls to the lot of one who has not read it: he is amused only at the incident—I at the incident and the delightful characterization it recalls.

I do not know whether shepherds in Italy play flutes as they tend their flocks—(although on Telegraph Hill I have heard an Italian cobbler singing "La Donna e Mobile" as he pegged a shoe)—but I do know that such shepherds exist in literature, and that it is pleasant to be reminded of them. I heard the Milanis at the Orpheum not long ago. There was one who played the violin—a boldly swaggering fellow, a big, merry-faced, reckless devil of a violinist, clad in goatskins, and vividly reminiscent of all I had ever read of herders of sheep on sunny Italian hills. Double enjoyment again—the pleasure of music and of recollection.

Another instance—with the shoe on the other foot: I can never read "Cyano de Bergerac" without recalling the wonderful night when I saw it played (don't laugh) by the comic opera company at the old Tivoli of hallowed memory (they may build a hundred new and magnificent Tivolis, but they can never take the place of that music-haunted, ramshackle building) with Edwin Stevens as Cyano. A friend and I went to laugh, but we remained to applaud, and to agree between ourselves what has been amply demonstrated since, to-wit, that Stevens is the most versatile actor on the American stage. I can not even see the volume on my shelves without recalling the magnificent recklessness of this man as he thundered indignant defiance at his foes in the poet's cook-shop; his delicate satire; his pathos; his infinite sense of dramatic values.

Look at California's poppy-covered hills and conjure up the picture of Isidro riding down to Monterey; look at the tumbling ocean and recall Conrad's "Falk," or Connelly's stirring tales of Gloucester's fishermen; look at the crowds on the street and bring to mind Whitman's rough-hewn apostrophes of common humanity; look at the starry skies at night and revel in recollections of the delicate witchery of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The man who does not read misses much through his inability to make recollection serve toward the pleasurable passing of his days. He misses much who can not summon a procession of genius-born characters such as Jean Valjean, Sairy Gamp, Dinmesdale, Becky Sharp, Werther—great hosts of them as widely divergent as those mentioned, and in their variety infinitely fecund in generating trains of thought as various as themselves. He misses much who has only every-day affairs to reflect upon—who is not able to benefit through the work of the specially endowed men and women of all ages.

To meet the situation arising during the Russian-Japanese war when neutral vessels were seized by the Russians and were sunk on the high seas because the latter had no nearby ports to which to take them, the Maritime Conference, recently held in London, has declared that a neutral vessel which has been seized can not be destroyed by the captor, but must be conducted into the proper port in order that the validity of the capture may be decided upon.



## THE ROAD BACK YONDER.

By William Lightfoot Visscher.

In my father's house were many books. I remember how, as a child, I regarded them with wonder and admiration. The wildest flight of hope would not then have led me to believe it possible that I could ever know and speak with a person who had made a book.

In the more than half a century since then I have had the honor, the delight, and the profit to meet hundreds of the makers of books, in some instances to enjoy their confidence and esteem. Indeed, I have made quite a number of books, myself; written them and assisted in the printing of my own and those of other writers.

In a rapidly passing, and desultory way, necessarily, in such a circumscribed space, a few of these writers shall be mentioned here.

As a youth I became the amanuensis of George Denison Prentice, the poet, wit, essayist, and journalist of Kentucky, the friend and champion—par excellence—of Henry Clay. That was long before the days of type-writing machines, and Prentice was afflicted with writer's paralysis—*choreo scriptorum*. Practically, all his writing, even that of his private letters, had to be done by the hand of another. Thus his amanuensis must be by his side during the greater part of his waking hours, and therefore with him when he received his acquaintances, in his editorial rooms.

Prentice came to Kentucky to write a biography of Clay when that statesman was about to become a candidate for President, three-quarters of a century ago. It was a great book notwithstanding it was written in a few months—six, perhaps. But Prentice did not write many books after that. He was a journalist. One of the most successful of his time.

There is a palpable difference between a journalist and a newspaper man.

Prentice was the editor of the New England Review, before he came to Kentucky, and was succeeded by the poet Whittier. It would be ridiculous to think of Whittier as a newspaper man. Prentice was at the head of the Louisville Journal, a newspaper of its time, but it would hardly be a newspaper now. The present Courier-Journal is a newspaper, and Watterson, its editor, is both a newspaper man and a journalist.

Prentice's only other books, beside the "Life of Clay," were "Prenticiana," a collection of his witty and humorous journalings, and a volume of poems, the latter collated after his death by an earlier amanuensis, John J. Piatt, who married Sally M. Bryan, famous half a century ago as a true poetess. Piatt is also a poet and writer of belles lettres, still actively at work in Cincinnati as the editor of a magazine, though he is a very old man. One time he was librarian of the House of Representatives, at Washington.

At Prentice's elbow I met Artemus Ward—Charles Farrar Browne—easily the greatest American writer of broad humor in his day. He was in Louisville on his last American lecture tour. He died young and only one volume of his writings has been published, a collection of humorous sketches and lectures.

In that day, in Louisville, lived Gill. Griffin, the author of "My Danish Days," "Studies in Literature," and another book the title of which escapes me, that was a series of criticisms of Shakespeare's plays, as produced on the stage of Griffin's time and place. Alice McClure Griffin was his wife and she had a considerable local fame as a poetess. Her work was much admired by Prentice. Griffin was a consular official at Copenhagen, Denmark, Apia, in the Samoan Islands, and Christchurch, New Zealand, where he died. Griffin adopted and educated the young Samoan, Malia-teo, who was afterward King of the Samoan Islands. Mary Anderson, the actress, was Griffin's niece by marriage, and he was very fond of her as a child. I well remember her in those days trundling a hoop, and at other amusements of a little girl, in front of the family residence.

At this time I became the daily associate of Will S. Hays, who wrote the words and music of a thousand successful songs, among them "Nora O'Neal," "Evangeline," "The Wandering Refugee," and "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh."

Through Hays, I became acquainted with Stephen C. Foster, author of "Swanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Black Joe," and probably three hundred other successful songs, many of which are standard stock in music shops to this day.

Foster's songs were for the most part in negro dialect and concerned the Southern plantation of slavery days. His home was north of the slavery line. Hays took him on a trip down South and he did not write a plantation song afterward.

Through Mr. Prentice I came to know in those days, between the '50s and '70s, Horace Greeley, Will Wallace Harney, A. Miner Griswold, and many others of differing literary turn and of wide or obscure fame.

From Prentice's elbow as amanuensis, and, chameleon-like, having faintly absorbed a little of his color, I became a writer, and served an apprenticeship as reporter and paragrapher on the Journal. At the consolidation of the Courier and Journal I established a little daily on board of a steamboat—one of the "palatial" steamers of the times—named the Richmond, plying between Louisville and New Orleans. Here for two years I met distinguished persons, especially from all over the world who were attracted by the coterie to the precincts of a floating newspaper.

By steamboat was the almost universal mode of travel in those days from the Northern and Eastern cities to the Southern cities. Very few other than successful persons in their special lines could travel on so "palatial" a steamer as the Richmond.

Many American and foreign authors of fame were at one time or another passengers on the Richmond and nearly every one of them wrote some little thing for the Headlight, which was the name of the floating journal.

I was then too young to understand what the future, or even then present value of these contributions was, and no file of the Headlight was preserved, though a few stray copies are available. This was in the late '60s.

To speak of all those writers would far exceed the limits of this writing, besides it would be a task at which memory would falter.

Afterward came a short season on the Indianapolis Journal, where I met the older writers of Indiana, and in their boyhood, many of the younger ones who have since achieved fame. Of these latter were James Whitcomb Riley, poet; Meredith Nicholson, poet and novelist; Booth Tarkington, novelist. Of the older writers of more than local fame, poets, editors, statesmen, and of pleasant acquaintance, were Joseph Bingham, George Harding, William B. Vickers, Ben House, J. G. Pangborn, Enos Reed, Harry J. Shellman.

From Indianapolis to Kansas City in those days was quite a jump, and the city was just growing out from under the bluffs where lately it had been known as Westport Landing. Here on the Journal, for a year, I became acquainted with the literary lights and other distinguished persons, some of whom have since become United States senators, governors of States, and captains of industry.

The greatest author of that day in this coterie was



Illustration from "Mission Toles in the Days of the Don," by Langdon Smith (Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, Author). A. C. McClurg & Co.

John N. Edwards. He had been adjutant-general on the staff of General Joe Shelby of the Confederate Army and was then writing his books, "Shelby's Expedition to Mexico" and "Shelby and His Men." Brilliant performances these books were, historically true, poetically written, and they gleamed with the adornments of romance.

At St. Louis, after the Kansas City experience, I met Eugene Field. He had just come out of college, having tried three—Brown University, Rhode Island, then Galesburg, Illinois, then the college at Columbia, Missouri. Field was a reporter on the St. Louis Journal, of which Stanley Waterloo was editor, with whom I also became acquainted and he is yet my affectionate friend. Waterloo is the author of many successful books, among them "Ab," a story of the stone age, that has been adopted by many States as a class book in the schools, "An Odd Situation," a powerful story with the tariff for its theme, and twenty or thirty other novels that mean something.

Afterward at St. Joseph, Missouri, I worked with Field on the press of that city and we also collaborated at banquets and other festivities. In Denver, while Field was on the Tribune, I was occasionally called to do a piece of special work, though editor and proprietor of another publication.

For twenty-four years I enjoyed Field's friendship, though during the last five years of his life I saw little of him, being at that time in newspaper work in San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, and Bellingham—then Fairhaven—on the Pacific Coast, while he was on the News in Chicago.

During the World's Fair in Chicago—the Columbian Exposition—I was there for the Tacoma News, of which Franklin K. Lane was editor. One day the city of Milwaukee entertained a selected two hundred of the world's newspaper men from among the thousands of

that guild attendant upon the exposition, and I happened to be of the number. We were labeled with numerous badges and were processioned about the city and its places of interest. At night there was a banquet at the Plankinton, where the two hundred and a brilliant assemblage of Milwaukee's beauty and chivalry were foregathered. During the responses to the toasts when mine was finished Eugene Field came to me and we had some talk of old times. A special point that he made, somewhat impressively, was that we must not allow circumstances to keep us too much apart. That was the last time I saw him alive. At his funeral, shortly after, Opie Read and I were together in the church. When Rev. Frank Gunsaulus, the officiating clergyman, had concluded the services he announced that those present could pass the bier and take a last look at the dead poet. Read and I went out another way, preferring to remember Field's genial face as we had known it in life.

In San Francisco, from 1876 to 1880, I became pleasantly acquainted, and in some instances associated with writers and authors of that time here. Numerous and brilliant they were. Particularly well remembered among them were Dan O'Connell, great poet, W. C. Morrow and Edwin Clough, brilliant writers of fiction, Ambrose Bierce and Frank Pixley, magazine and newspaper writers, then devoted especially to the Argonaut.

I returned in 1881 to the States as an actor, but resumed newspaper work at Denver. There associated with Eugene Field on the Tribune was Ottamar Hebern Rothacker.

Two books, "A Man with a Mine" and "The Diary of an Anarchist," were, I believe, his only books, but he wrote much poetry and an immense quantity of editorial. The poetry was equal to that of Poe and somewhat of Poe's manner. The prose was Hugoesque. Rothacker was born on Christmas day, 1854, and died in 1889, having lived somewhat more than thirty-four years. He was the greatest man of letters, for his years, that I ever knew, and had he lived would have won the world's admiration. For the purpose of making him eligible to a scholarship in the University of Kentucky—he was a Virginian by birth—he was made a citizen of Kentucky by legislative enactment, and strangely enough, by this act was made a voter before he was of age. Of him I have written an extended biographical sketch.

In Denver during the time under consideration I met Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, the author of "Ramona." The book had not then been written.

A few months previously I had traveled on a stage-coach from Newhall station on the Southern Pacific Railroad to San Buena Ventura, down the Santa Clara Valley, and had halted at Rancho Camulos, the recipient of delightful hospitality. This rancho is said to have been the home of Ramona, but at this time Mrs. Jackson had probably not so much as heard of it.

To keep this rambling story within bounds, I must skip many wanderings and many writers, to reach within reasonable space more of the writers of today. However, I can not pass John Boyle O'Reilly, whom I met at Tacoma in 1890, when he was visiting that city, where I was the editor of a newspaper. The meeting was highly enjoyable to me and when he went back to Boston, O'Reilly sent me a copy of each of his books, cordially autographed. A few months afterward I went to Boston and took with me, for O'Reilly, a copy of a volume of my own verses, "Harp of the South," that he had requested. In the book I had written an inscription to him. As the train on which I traveled rushed into Boston that summer morning I saw in a newspaper an account of O'Reilly's death the day before.

Afterward Senator Thomas Platt of New York wrote me asking for a copy of "Harp of the South." That intended for O'Reilly was the only copy in my possession, but I sent it to Senator Platt with an added inscription. He wrote me a gracious and charming letter saying that the story of that particular copy of the book made it doubly valuable to him.

Before, pending, and after my Pacific Coast days, until now, more than a quarter of a century, I have been a member of the Press Club of Chicago, and of that membership the number of writers of successful books is astonishing. Nearly every individual of them is my friend.

About five years ago the Chicago Press Club visited New York City to become the guests of the Press Club there. On the occasion of that visit a collection of the books written by the Chicago men was taken as a gift to the New York club. The collection made a large, strong and varied library, and yet only two or three volumes from the works of any one author were sent, while many of these authors had written from ten to thirty books each. Notably of these were Opie Read, Stanley Waterloo, and John McGovern.

Of the Press Club coterie of authors, Frank Pixley wrote "The Burgomaster" and other musical comedies, became rich and was seen no more in those precincts. Frank L. Baum wrote "The Wizard of Oz" and other productions of a like character and the places that knew him then knew him no more forever. George Ade wrote a number of books, among them "Artie," as daily work on the Chicago News. Then he produced "The County Chairman," "The Sultan of Sulu," "The College Widow," and many other plays and musical comedies. He has a great model farm in Indiana that he surveys in a huge automobile, and he may be heard of now and then in San Francisco, London, or Tokio. Ernest McGaffey, now of the Portland Oregonian, is an almost lifelong member of the coterie under con-



sideration. He writes books of the world out-of-doors, of hunting, fishing, and farming, and he is one of the few poets alive.

Frequently the Press Club of Chicago has symposiums at which S. E. Kiser, Forest Crissey, Wilbur D. Nesbit, Charles U. Higgenbotham, Charles Eugene Banks, Emerson Hough, Chatfield Taylor, George McCutcheon, and a score of others as well known in present-day literature, are to be seen and heard, all members of the Press Club, and betimes they entertain such visiting brothers as William Allen White, Booth Tarkington, F. Marion Crawford, George W. Peck, and many others, my friends.

One summer day in the latter '80s, while I was visiting in Chicago, Eugene Field, then writing his "Sharps and Flats" on the *News*, and seated at his desk in the zebra-striped, convict suit that it pleased him to affect when at work, and his feet in the hole in the wall that his heels had worn, said:

"Opie Read has settled here. He is one of our kind of people. Let's go see him."

Field put on some conventional clothes and we went to the Rookery building, where Read had his office of the *Arkansas Traveler*.

I had known him for years through the freemasonry of newspaperdom, in the personal way then in vogue among paragraphers, but had never met him. Then and there began a friendship between us that has been proverbial among our friends and somewhat phenomenal. Fifty times, perhaps, I have responded to calls to write something about Read for magazines, etc., and from editors whom I was not aware were informed that I was acquainted with Read. Such a call has come to me within the past few days, here in San Francisco, where I am only temporarily sojourning, from the compilers, in the University of Virginia, of a comprehensive library of Southern literature.

Of Opie Read's thirty or forty books "A Kentucky Colonel" has reached more than a million copies sold. His "Jucklins" had a sale of eighty thousand before it had come from the press. It was dramatized for and successfully played by Stuart Robson and company. But it had a rooster fight in it and the audiences applauded the chicken contest so vehemently that the star recalcitrated. The feature was eliminated and the drama died.

Opie Read is one of the most popular attractions in the pool of lyceum bureaus and is engaged about three hundred nights in each year, telling of "First One Thing and Then Another."

Edgar Wilson Nye—Bill—was one of my most devoted friends from a time when he was an obscure justice of the peace in Wyoming to the day of his death—and is yet, I hope. We traveled together when



Illustration from "Our Village." D. Appleton & Co.

he first began platform work and again after a hiatus of nearly ten years.

Once when I visited him at Laramie, and when he was running the *Daily Boomerang*, he said:

"Get in and write something to help fill up and we will go out and have some fun."

"What shall I write about?" was asked.

"Write about a column," he said.

And I did.

Details of the new Krupp antidotes for airships and aeroplanes have now been published. Of course, airships are supposed to be the best defenses against other airships, but next to them artillery is relied upon to bring a flying-machine crashing to earth before its occupants are near enough to any large body of troops to drop dynamite upon them. The problem before the Krupps was to devise mobile and immobile guns which can shoot straight up into the air, and which can be shifted readily from side to side for sighting. This they have done with remarkable skill. The gun devised for use in heavy automobiles or on trains is a marvelous improvement upon the old-fashioned mortar. It can be elevated to any extent desired, sighted by means of mirrors, and swung on an axis permitting a complete revolution, while the recoil is well cared for.

Joseph Richardson, an eccentric resident of New York City, owned a strip of land five feet wide, extending along the front of an entire block on Lexington Avenue. A neighbor tried to buy the land for less than its value at that time—in the 'eighties—and Richardson built a house on it, a hundred feet long, five feet wide, and four stories high. He lived there with his family till his death, in 1897. The property since has been occupied by tenants, six stores having been made of the ground floor. It is now offered for sale and will bring many times the \$5000 which Richardson asked for it thirty years ago.

## FRENCH NOVELS AND FRENCH LIFE.

"St. Martin" Discusses Some of the Tendencies of Modern Fiction Writers.

Literary France has lately thrown off some of the indifference that it usually shows toward foreign opinion. To some extent this may be due to a realization of the great markets offered by the English-speaking world, but it is due still more to a growing cosmopolitanism that should be most marked in the domain of science and of letters. French writers, like their brothers of the craft in other countries, love appreciation, and while the applause of their countrymen naturally receives the warmest welcome they are by no means insensitive to the special fragrance of foreign incense. Some sort of tentative effort was recently made to promote a better American acquaintance with French literature and to overcome a prejudice that was felt to be short-sighted and ill-informed. Perhaps the translation into English and publication in



Illustration from "A Summer in Touroine," by Frederick Lees. A. C. McClurg & Co.

America of the works of such writers as Anatole France and René Bazin are the beginnings of a better appreciation of the worthier aspects of French fiction.

If the French novel carries with it a suggestion of a tainted atmosphere to the English-speaking reader the cause is nowhere understood better than in France and nowhere is it more sincerely regretted. It would be safe to say that until quite recently Emile Zola and the French novel were almost convertible terms to the Anglo-Saxon mind, which refused to recognize that Zola was notorious not so much because he was great as because he was so often unclean. When Zola has received all the laurels that even his admirers would assign to him it must still be admitted that he is in no sense representative of French novelists. Moreover, our knowledge of French life must indeed be exhaustive before we can determine from which section Zola drew much of his material. If Zola has wounded Anglo-Saxon proprieties he has wounded still more deeply French self-esteem, which looks with peculiar pride upon the sanctities of domestic life, of which Zola seems to have known little or nothing. How, indeed, should he write understandingly of a system from which he himself was excluded? His father was not a Frenchman, while his mother, who brought him up, was so poor that the boy was necessarily thrown among conditions that twisted his vision of the world and gave him a resentment against a social order that excluded him from its circle. Zola wrote of the things that he knew best, that had made the deepest impression upon his youthful mind. Like most of us he assumed that the familiar part was representative of the unfamiliar whole and he wrote so brilliantly as to compel attention. But to suppose that Zola is representative of French fiction or that his *dramatis personæ* are representative characters is grossly unjust. Zola's parentage and the character of his novels were not without their weight in the obloquy that fell upon him during the Dreyfus case. It was felt that he had some of the demerits of the foreigner, and that the prestige of French literature suffered rather than benefited from his influence.

There are, indeed, plenty of good novels to be found in France, and many writers of fiction whose name upon a title-page is a sufficient passport to the seminary for young ladies. We may still find in profusion the old-fashioned story which despises alike strength of incident and novelty of plot and which delights in the dissection of a state of mind, an emotion, or a motive, throwing these things into bold relief by the very simplicity of their setting. There is no lack of such books, and while they do not at the moment appeal to the more robust and more adventurous American mind they are at least wholesome and often of an infinitely subtle analytical skill.

But we find in the France of today, as indeed in all countries, a tendency to depart from the conventional and to produce novels that reflect the political condition of the times not so much from the point of view of definite political measures as of the causes underlying the universal unrest of the moment. France has better reason than either America or England to concentrate her literary skill upon forces more developed there than elsewhere. Socialism in France is on the triumphal car, while the religious question has convulsed the country to an almost unprecedented extent. It may be said, too, that the violence of the attack upon the church has been met by a measure of patience and

resignation that must hasten an inevitable reaction and that has enlisted a great volume of literary sympathy upon the side of organized religion. How far the free thought bigotry has extended may be judged by one illustration. The new and 330th edition of the famous school book, "Tour de la France par deux Enfants," has been so edited that no religious reference, however slight, can be found in it. Even the names of churches have been removed and the picture of Rheims Cathedral has been replaced by a map. The names of Fénelon and Bossuet are no longer to be found in the list of great Frenchmen and even hospitals with religious names are no longer accorded a place in the book.

The protest of modern writers against an intolerance greater than that of the Inquisition is to their credit. Edouard Rod, rigid Protestant by birth and agnostic by conviction, has espoused a free thought logical enough to detect bigotry. Paul Bourget is a Catholic, and he sees no hope for humanity unless it put on the sackcloth and ashes of penitence and lay itself passively and humbly at the feet of authority. Marcel Prévost adopts a somewhat similar position, and no man ever wrote with a fuller sense of his moral responsibility. Maurice Barrès is a Catholic and a Socialist, thus combining theories of both worlds that are usually supposed to be incompatible. Pierre Loti has, of course, no convictions whatever except as to the beauty of beautiful things and the importance of pleasure.

And there is, of course, René Bazin, who overcomes us with his gentle and persuasive earnestness and disarms us with his lofty sadness and the sincerity of his forebodings. René has no fads. He is not a Socialist like France, nor a worshiper of the army and consequently a hater of Jews like Barrès. He is not a feminist like Marcel Prévost, nor a monarchist like Bourget. But no man was ever more conscious of the evils of the day, no man ever exposed them with more unflinching hand. Bazin does not know that he is a partisan. He does not intentionally hide one side of the shield. He simply does not know that there is more than one side. When he shows us pitiful pictures of the evicted establishments he is wholly unconscious of the tremendous issues of national supremacy that are involved. The weeping and destitute nuns occupy his whole field of vision and he persuades us into a sympathy for personal misfortune that clouds the larger national judgment that should be cold, impersonal, critical. But he is not a special pleader. He is only a man of intense and conservative convictions who confuses the birth pangs of a new era with the throes of final dissolution.

It is always dangerous to seek for types of a new literature—we are so apt to confuse personal predilection with literary presage, but it may at least be said that "La Vie Secrète," by Edouard Estaunié, is an



Illustration from "Special Messenger." D. Appleton & Co.

example of the kind of book that is attracting attention. Here we have a microcosmic social world with its antagonistic interests and chaotic, half-fledged thought. There is a religious aunt with archaic sentiments and a Socialist nephew with his political patent medicine. There is a capitalist who tries to conciliate his workmen, but who only estranges them, and there is a young woman of much education who belongs to the school called new. There we have modern France in miniature and painted by an author who has already made his mark in the religious quarrel.

There is therefore no lack of good books in the France of today and of books that have their peculiar value as reflections of the social and religious struggle that is going on all over the world, but that finds its centre in this land of revolution. Students of world conditions can not afford to overlook a literature that loses nothing of its wonted and historic grace by its association with the world of living men and great events.

PARIS, April 10, 1909.

ST. MARTIN.

When the great Empress Dowager of China died, she not only bequeathed the throne to a ruler of her own selection, but she also left in control of the various boards of government men of her own choice. Some of these were acknowledged to be among the most progressive of China's statesmen. The personnel of the Wai Wu Pu, or Board of Foreign Affairs, was especially satisfactory from a foreign standpoint, having as its active head a man who had proved himself to be a staunch friend of reform, and one upon whom China and the world could rely for sane and enlightened judgment in all governmental affairs. This man is His Excellency Yuan Shih-k'ai.

The seal of Oliver Cromwell, now in the possession of a prominent family in Wales, is a plain, gold-mounted corundum stone five-eighths of an inch in diameter. It dates from 1653 and was used several of his deeds. All the Lord's prayer is engraved on it.



## A NEW NOTE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"Piccadilly" Speaks of the Awakening of a Social Conscience in the Writing of Novels.

The student of social forces will say that fiction is the most important of all branches of modern literature. It is not only a lever in so far as it persuades and compels; it is also an index and a reflection of the sum total of social evolutionary force. Appealing to the great masses of people, it stimulates them to action either by the direct and dramatic presentation of new ideals or by the fidelity with which it pictures even the most familiar conditions. Fiction is alike a spur and a reproach.

It is too soon to speak of a change in English fiction, but we are justified in our recognition of a distinctly new note and one that may easily become dominant. This new note may be described inadequately as a departure from the self-complacency that distinguished the Victorian novelist, and that there should be such a departure is significant when we remember that the vast majority of novel readers in England are to be found in suburban villadom where the one conception of respectability is an attitude of hopeful imitation toward the upper classes. Mrs. Humphry Ward gives these people exactly what they want. She assumes in her novels that the official, the governing, the aristocratic world is the only one that can be said really to exist. The toiling, sweating and muttering multitude is, at best, the foundation upon which the statue stands. Her statesmen have a portentous solemnity and a habit of identifying the empire with their own social caste. Her heroines, Diana Mallory for example, are brilliant, extraordinarily conscientious, and also extraordinarily oblivious of anything that goes on outside the political ring at Westminster, the hereditary rulers of England, and the circle of great country houses. Mrs. Ward writes with such skillful exclusiveness as to give her suburban readers the flattering delusion that through her pages they have broken into a charmed circle that is otherwise denied to them. She is naturally popular.

Mrs. Ward is the survivor of a type, a type so invincible in its national self-complacency that the ugliness of life were simply non-existent to it. There were, of course, reformers in the old days, but with the exception of Dickens they were not much listened to. They jarred the national complacency. They were blind to the chaste and intellectual glories of the governing caste and they talked of unpleasant people, unwashed people, people with grievances, sullen, discontented people. They did not fall down and worship the hereditary principle. Even the genius of Charles Kingsley was not strong enough to save him from the fate meted out to the bearers of bad news. England did not wish to be told about sweat shops, economic victims, or about poor men who educated themselves into the power of passionate and indignant speech. She had no liking for Alton Lockes. Such things and such people savored of chartism and revolution. They belonged to the social sewers, and nice people, aspiring people, did not look into the sewers.

But now the new note is distinctly audible and it is unrebuked even at a time when villadom is huddling together in the face of Socialism, unemployed problems, and such-like dreadful things, as sheep huddle together at the howl of a hungry wolf. There is more than one writer who is responsible for the new departure, but it will be sufficient to confine ourselves to fiction and so leave out of account such men as Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton.

Among the novelists John Galsworthy comes easily first of the story-tellers who make men think, and Mr. Galsworthy seems to derive his power from two sources. First of all, he knows his subject with the intimacy that comes only from identity, and secondly he is wholly free from the faults of the preacher and the professional philanthropist. Mr. Galsworthy may feel that he has a mission, but he never says so and he never infers it.

When I say that Mr. Galsworthy knows his subject, I mean that he is himself an aristocrat and is therefore mentally saturated with the principles and the ideas that he depicts. When I say that he does not preach I mean that he refrains from drawing morals. He paints his pictures with an absolute mastery of his topic and we can draw the moral for ourselves. Take, for example, his last book, "Fraternity." Here we have two South Kensington families of eminent respectability, one that of a literary man and an artist and the other that of a lawyer. Through the engagement of a young girl as an artist's model these families are brought into contact with the elemental realities of life as they are to be found in the slums. The poor, then, have a real existence. Destitution, misery, and debauchery are facts and not merely the interesting theories of the charitable organizations to which these respectable families are regular subscribers. The actualities are found to be so much more distressing than the theories; indeed, they are positively unpleasant, for these people are dirty, they positively drink, they have babies at such needlessly short intervals, and sometimes they are impudent. Mr. Galsworthy shows us the magnificent finality with which South Kensington closes its door and its mind to an unpleasant experience and declares that what ought not to be is not.

If you want to know how the landed gentry of England keeps its hold upon the proletariat read Mr. Galsworthy's "The Country House." There you have the aristocrat drawn not by one who has merely known him, but by an artist whose sketch is in a way

autobiographical. We have the squire and the parson and the justice of the peace, we have a pitilessly exact picture not only of actions, but of the inherited principles underlying those actions. We see exactly what these people think of the villagers to whom they are God and the Ten Commandments, and if in a vague way we knew all these things before, we start back with something almost like horror at the well-meaning and innocent atrocity of it all. It is just as though one were to suddenly uncover a wound that hitherto he had only described. Mr. Galsworthy seems to say to us upon every page: "I have no moral message to give you and no sermon to preach. Really I myself have no ideas whatever upon the subject, but I should like to show you these photographs that I have taken. Look here, and here, and here. Of course you know all about it already, but oblige me by looking at the pictures."

Mr. Galsworthy tells us one thing that has not been said before. Perhaps no other writer knew it. He says that the rich aristocracy are conscience stricken at the condition of the poor, and he seems to infer that they are almost as much bewildered as though they had suddenly been introduced to life upon another planet. The poor have been a tradition with them, a class that must be aided as an honorable duty and through charity organizations, soup tickets, and the parson. But now comes the realization that poverty means a suffering by real human flesh and blood like their own and that suffering brings desperation and a new and dangerous fraternity. Perhaps it is too much to speak of a realization. It is rather a persistent knocking at the mental door by facts that refuse to recognize their own non-existence, a knocking that must and will be heard.

Mr. Galsworthy is not the only man who persists in showing us, with a sort of deadly and dispassionate persistency, the wounds of Lazarus. But he is the only aristocrat who does so, the only one who can tell us what the aristocrat thinks about it all. It is a sign of the times.

Then, too, there is Mr. Wells. Villadom does not approve of Mr. Wells, but then he is so much more



Louise Closser Hale, Author of "The Actress."  
Harper & Brothers.

interesting than Mrs. Ward. Villadom reads Mrs. Ward from a sense of duty, but it reads Mr. Wells from a desire to be amused. It does not like "Tono Bungay" with its merciless exposure of commercialism, for is not villadom built up of quack medicines and ponderous solemnities and conventional respectabilities, and villadom does not like to be laughed at. But it tolerates Mr. Wells, who goes on his gibing, biting, caustic way unrebuked.

Of course there are other men who are scraping off the whitewash from the social sepulchres and showing that they are actually and truly filled with dead men's bones, and that traditions, however old, may actually come from the Devil and should be sent back there. It is such men who sound the new note in English fiction and its effective undertone is the increasing clamor of starving, despairing multitudes who used to beg but who now threaten.

The influence of Mr. Chesterton upon the new literature must not be forgotten. Mr. Chesterton is the only essayist whose writings are snatched red hot from the press and universally read. His popularity is infinitely greater than that of Bernard Shaw, because Mr. Chesterton believes every word he says and Mr. Shaw does not. Mr. Chesterton writes from a big heart, but Mr. Shaw writes from a powerful but a weirdly distorted head. No one has ever accused Mr. Shaw of wishing well to any one. No one ever suspected him of benevolence. He is the master imp in a literary Broken and his malign antics make us shiver. But Mr. Chesterton brings a whole-hearted laugh with every stroke, and when he persuades his reader to confess that he—the reader—is an ass it is a salutary experience and one whose benefits are unminged with bitterness.

And so the new note in English literature may be said to be one of social conscience. It is the precursor of a fuller sound and it comes none too soon for national salvation.

LONDON, April 13, 1909.

In the archives of Innsbruck, Professor Andreas Galante recently found a large collection of hitherto unknown documents relating to the Council of Trent.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Ballad of Bitter Fruit.

In the wood with its wide arms overspread,  
Where the wan morn strives with the waning night  
The dim shapes strung like a chaplet dread  
Shudder and sway to the left, the right;  
The soft rays touch them with fingers white,  
As they swing in the leaves of the oak-tree browned,  
Fruits that the Turk or the Moor would fright—  
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

All these poor folk, stark and sped,  
Dreaming (who knows!) of what dead despoil.  
In the freshening breeze by the morning fed,  
Twirl and spin to the mad wind's might;  
Over them waves the warm sun bright:  
Look on them, look on them, skies profound!  
Look how they dance in the morning light!—  
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

Dead, these dead, in a language dead,  
Cry to their fellows in evil plight;  
Day meanwhile thro' the lift o'erhead  
Dazzles and flames in the blue vault's height;  
Into the air the dews take flight;  
Ravens and crows with a jubilant sound  
Over them, over them, hover and light;  
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

## ENVOI.

Prince, we wot of no sorrier sight  
Under the whispering leafage found;  
Bodies that hang like a hideous light—  
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

—From the French of Theodore de Bonville by Austin Dobson.

## The Dance of the Dead.

The sexton looked forth, at the mid hour of night,  
O'er the tombs where the dead were reclining;  
The moon, at its full, gave a great, ghostly light,  
And the church-yard as day was shining.  
First one, then another—oh, terrible sight!  
Each grave opened wide, and, in gowns long and white,  
The dead all arose from their sleeping,  
Round the tombs grimly dancing and leaping.

In a skeleton ring, then, together they hung,  
While they danced as the waves of the ocean—  
The poor and the rich, and the old and the young—  
But their grave-clothes hindered their motion;  
And, as here no modesty held its broad sway,  
They all shook them off, and around them there lay  
Their winding-sheets, here and there scattered,  
And they naked—but that little mattered.

In a frenzy of joy then they swung their long shanks,  
Their long fingers in unison snapping,  
And they clicked and clacked as they played wild pranks,  
As though timber on timber were clapping.  
Then the sexton laughed loudly again and again,  
And mischief gave slyly the thought to his brain:  
"Now quickly—'tis joking, not thieving—  
Steal a winding-sheet! None are perceiving."

It was done; and then swiftly he fled in affright  
Behind the great door of the tower,  
While the dance still continued, the moonbeams bright  
O'er the weird scene still holding their power.  
At last it was o'er, and the skeleton crowd,  
One after another, each slipped on its shroud;  
Then into their cold graves they glided,  
And silence once more presided.

But one—'tis the last—trios and stumbles along,  
And eager each tombstone it scratches;  
But none of its comrades have done it this wrong,  
For the scent in the air now it catches.  
The church gate it rattled, but backward was pressed;  
To the joy of the sexton, the door had been blessed—  
With crosses of iron 'twas covered,  
And angels' wings over it hovered.

Its shroud it must have, else it rests not again,  
For soon its last hour will be chiming;  
The columns it grasps the high tow'r to attain  
From summit to summit still climbing.  
Oh, sad for the sexton, for swifter it glides,  
And onward it rushes in wonderful strides!  
O mischief! 'tis thou hast undone him;  
Heaven help him! 'tis almost upon him.

The sexton grew pale, in his horror he shook,  
And the shroud would have yielded with gladness;  
Near, nearer it came, then its last leap it took  
In a frenzy of rage and of madness.  
For at instant the moon no longer shone;  
"One!" thundered the clock in a terrible tone;  
Its limbs through the air wildly dashing,  
Down—down—fell the skeleton, crashing!  
—From the German of Goethe.

## Royalty Fears Diaries.

Queen Alexandra has exacted a promise from her maids that they will not keep diaries. This is like imposing a hardship on posterity, for many important conversations and little happenings of the courts of former days would have been lost to history had it not been for the diaries of ladies-in-waiting with a keen sense of news values. Fanny Burney's diary of the court of George III is an interesting document, and gains in value every year. Alexandra, like King Edward, is cautious and diplomatic. She knows that in court there are many conversations which in after years might make interesting and none the less embarrassing reading. So she has impressed upon her maids that any secrets they may feel inclined to give the world must be set down after they have severed their connection with the court. These maids are all women of title, and several of them have strong literary tendencies. It is said the queen exacted the promise after the discovery that one of her attendants had a diary containing comments by both Alexandra and King Edward which were the reverse of complimentary to other reigning heads in Europe, and also on certain men at the head of the English government. The queen is said to have demanded the diary, together with a large bundle of notes for elaboration, and destroyed them all, as an object lesson, in the presence of her full company of waiting maids.



## CONTEMPORARY FRANCE.

Frederick Lawton Writes a Broad Sketch of the Modern Republic—Political, Social, Literary, and Religious.

In writing the story of "The Third French Republic" Mr. Frederick Lawton takes no gloomy view of the future. France, in his opinion, is evolving and not retrograding, and whatever the immediate future may have in store for her, the vitality that has carried her triumphantly through other crises still promises for her something better than she has yet known. But the author by no means closes his eyes to possibilities, even though he is able to look at, and through, them with tranquillity. Communism was not killed either by its own fury of attack or by the revengeful fury with which it was repulsed. Behind the screen of visible events, grave enough in themselves, the great collectivist movement has been slowly widening, adding to its force and bidding itself be patient. The "outside shows" have caught the eye and the ear, but behind them is something greater that the general public has neither seen nor heard:

While, however, these outside shows have captivated attention, an upheaval of the masses has occurred, silently for the most part, effected through the ubiquitous schoolmaster, the halfpenny newspaper, and military service, and an organized democracy stands by the side of the bourgeoisie and the mediatized aristocracy. It means that Socialism is again to the front, otherwise prepared and armed than when De Falloux closed the national workshops after the revolution of 1848. Socialism is today a government platform. Socialistic legislation is creeping in on all sides. A Socialistic state may very well be the order of things in France tomorrow. If so, will it be better than the order and condition it replaces?

It is no part of the author's duty to answer that question. Perhaps, indeed, the historian should leave it unasked, but no one who knows France will question the imminence of a change that will perhaps be greater than all the changes that have preceded it.

The author does not believe that there is any serious danger of the destruction of capitalism:

At any rate, in France, any change involving a vital attack on capital has but little chance of success, since the democracy with whose support such attack would have to be made is in majority composed of capitalists. In addition to those of the population employed in agriculture, who mainly own the land they cultivate, there are no fewer than 594,000 small business or manufacturing concerns employing from one to twenty people—in 1896 there were 573,000, so that the increase in a decade or so has been more than twenty thousand. Facts like these must be taken into account by impatient politicians. The solution of the social question, however pressing, can not be identical in every country.

The quarrel between church and state naturally occupies a substantial position in a history of the third republic. We do not know what the author thinks about Socialism, but he leaves us in no doubt of his opinion on the question of the congregations. As elsewhere in a volume marked generally by commendable restraint the author shows a certain power to dispel the mists raised by partisan arguments and to bring us back to main facts. The action of the French government toward the church may be morally right or it may be morally wrong, but it must be remembered that the action of the government is also the action of a united people:

As regards the duel between church and state, which has been fought in the last quarter of a century, it is important to remember that the government's conduct has received the support of the vast majority of the population—a population at least by tradition Catholic. Not suddenly, or in a hurry, but by a species of legislative acts duly elaborated, and in spite of occult pressure of all kinds, the nation has decided strictly to define and limit the influence and action of a body of men who have sworn supreme obedience to an authority outside the state. Cries of oppression have gone up from Pope and clergy, but they have had no real abiding echo among the laity, who, judging the merits of the case in a common-sense manner, see that, whereas the church did mean and try to kill the republic, the republic has allowed the church to live.

Perhaps it would not be easy to prove by processes legally satisfactory that the church had formed a definite project to overthrow the republic and to restore either the monarchy or the empire, but that such an intention did actually exist is the rooted conviction of the great majority of Frenchmen, and it is under that conviction and under motives of self-defense that the nation has stood so solidly behind the government.

Nor does the author believe that France, having set her hand to the plow, will turn back from the work that she has begun. It is a work not so much of domestic order as of religious liberty in its broadest aspect:

The republic's position is that right and wrong have only to do with relations of people to each other, and that the attempt of any church or churches to determine right and wrong by virtue of an extra-terrestrial mandate is no more to be tolerated today than the old exploded doctrine of the divine authority of kings. Consequently Christianity, or any other religion, however respectable its tenets, can only be allowed to exist as a public organization by the submission to the state; and, if its adherents, whether bishops, priests, or laymen, preach revolt against the laws of the land, they must be dealt with as offenders, and rendered impotent to continue their offense. . . . The resistance of the laity to the government's religious policy is largely due to their fear of the priests, who never hesitate to threaten church people with damnation if they send their children to state schools. Until the spread of instruction and enlightenment shall have destroyed the superstition that causes people to believe in the priest's power to dispense rewards and punishments in a future life, the state has to find some way of nullifying its action. And everything seems to point to the adoption of a state monopoly in education, at least as far as primary and secondary education are concerned.

The earlier years of the republic are sketched by the author with broad and discriminating strokes. Nothing

is over-elaborated, but sometimes, on the contrary, we wish for a fuller detail. The presidency of Thiers receives full justice, and at least one anecdote illustrating the self-sufficiency of the *little bourgeois* may be permitted:

On one occasion, speaking of a person who was soliciting the post of director of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory, he remarked:

"He is no more fitted for the place than I am for—"

There was a pause, during which the gentleman with whom he was in conversation exclaimed:

"Aha! Monsieur Thiers, confess that you are at a loss to say what you can not do!"

"That's true; that's true," acknowledged Thiers, smiling.

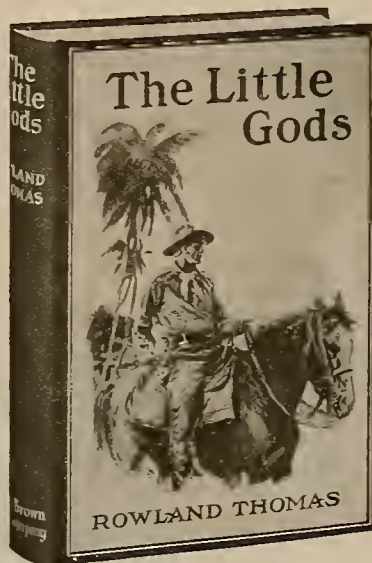
It must be admitted that Thiers was something of a genius, more so at least than his successor Macmahon. There was no love lost between these great little men and sometimes Thiers used a mordant wit against the man who was to come after him:

"Aha!" he said on one occasion, standing with his back to the fire in his drawing-room as he was wont; "have you heard Macmahon's last? He went to the hospital to see some sick soldiers. 'And what has been the matter with you?' he asked a patient. 'Scarlet fever, *mon général*.' 'Ah! bad thing that. It either kills a man or makes an idiot of him. I have had it; I ought to know.'"

The régime of Jules Grévy was an eventful one. Louise Michel scattered firebrands among the unemployed at home, while Annam engrossed the attention of the government abroad. The Wilson scandal became threatening and Boulangerism was raising its head.

The Boulanger intrigue seems to receive a too scanty treatment. Not for many years had the nation been so near to the brink of catastrophe and it would have been a catastrophe inexcusable and perhaps irremediable.

The struggle between church and state is well handled in the section devoted to President Carnot. The fight had now passed from the council chamber into the street, and when the clergy began to preach sermons



Cover Design from Little, Brown & Co.

against the "godless republic" it was only natural that the sanctity of the church should be violated by heated political altercations. As the author remarks, "It was clandestine manoeuvring the civil power had to contend against at present, manoeuvring of men who claimed liberty for themselves and denied the smallest parcel of it to their fellows."

Carnot's administration witnessed the climax of the Panama scandal. It was precipitated by the declaration of a Boulangerist deputy to the effect that the law of 1888 authorizing the Panama Company to issue the seven hundred millions' worth of bonds, had been passed by means of a three-million bribe, paid to various members of the majority through a financier:

Among the papers of a bank that had operated for Baron Jacques de Reinach, the commission of inquiry discovered a number of cheques, representing more than three millions, that had served to pay certain politicians for their votes in Parliament. The counterfoils of these were procured, and, by the indications they gave, it appeared that Monsieur Rouvier and two other ministers, Jules Roche and Antonin Proust, together with two deputies, had in some way been mixed up in the transactions—in what capacity was not certain. In the Senate there were five members implicated also—Monsieur Devès, once interim prime minister, Monsieur Thévenet, a former minister, Monsieur Albert Grévy, brother of the late president, Monsieur Léon Renault, an old prefect of police, and a Monsieur Bérail. Then there were the contractor and four directors of the company, Monsieur Eiffel and Messrs. Fontaine, Cottu, Ferdinand and Charles de Lesseps. A Monsieur Sans-Leroy, once in the chamber, who was accused of changing his opinion about the bond-emission against a solatium of two hundred thousand francs, and Monsieur Baihaut, once minister for public works, who owned to having been bribed, with two lesser men, Messrs. Gobron and Blondin, completed the list.

The conclusion of the matter is given to us on the following page of this record and here again we might have been given some sketch of a consternation and agitation almost without parallel:

Both Chamber and Senate gave the authorization necessary for the prosecution of those belonging to their body; and the trials took place. That of the directors and engineer of the company, on the score of misappropriation of the share-

holders' money, was a foregone conclusion. The two De Lesseps were condemned to five years' imprisonment and a three-thousand-franc fine; Monsieur Eiffel, to two years' imprisonment and a twenty-thousand-franc fine; and Messrs. Fontaine and Cottu, to two years' imprisonment. Of the politicians tried for bribery nearly all were eliminated either by the examining magistrate or the court exercising the functions of a grand jury. Only Monsieur Baihaut and Monsieur Blondin were condemned, the former to five years' imprisonment and a seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-franc fine, the latter to two years. Charles de Lesseps, likewise figuring in this second trial, had a year's imprisonment inflicted on him.

The presidencies of Périer and Faure are bracketed in the same section. The Dreyfus case receives adequate mention, but perhaps the death of Félix Faure should have been given some more extended notice than the single sentence that he died from apoplexy in February, 1899. Some mention might have been made of the extraordinary rumors then current in the French capital and since then strenuously revived in the Steinheil case now pending.

We are reminded of the small beginnings of the Dreyfus scandal. It was Bernard Lazare who threw the first stone into the sea of public opinion and although the ripples were at first almost unnoticed they were destined to grow into waves of destructive size:

In November, a Parliamentary interpellation anent a pamphlet written by a man of letters named Bernard Lazare first awoke people to the consciousness that belief in Dreyfus' innocence existed outside his own family. Some time before, Mme. Dreyfus had petitioned for a fresh trial on the ground that there had been a miscarriage of justice; but her request had been ignored. The interpellation drew from the President the statement that this case, having been legally judged, could not be reopened; and, his answer being considered as final, the public for the most part dismissed the matter from their thoughts and turned to smile at the permission granted to girls above the age of fifteen to attend classes at the Beaux Arts. "Another feminist victory," they said; and few persons, if any, imagined that, when another autumn had come round, the Dreyfus affair would have aroused a seething of passionate controversy dividing France into two hostile camps.

How well defined were those camps and the rancorous hatred existing between them is still within the memory of the world. The author does well to draw attention to the part played in the struggle by the great literary names in France, a departure from more peaceful precedents that has left its mark upon French literary activities ever since. Speaking of the hearing before the courts of appeal the author says:

The judges were carrying on their proceedings in *camerâ*; but, through some privileged source, the *Figaro* managed to secure the evidence and to publish it day by day in *extenso*. Not to be outdone, rival journals began printing anticipated statements of witnesses—differing widely from each other—which naturally called forth protests, so that the daily press was in constant ebullition. Polemists had not had for years such a stimulating occasion for the display of their talent, and not a few on either side reached a high level of excellence. Clémenceau, notably, in the *Aurore*, wrote with a continued vigor, freshness, and trenchant logic probably unparalleled in newspaper annals. There was hardly a single man of letters of first rank who did not abandon his more peaceful labors for the arena. Anatole France, de Pressensé, Georges Durny threw in their lot with the Dreyfusists, the two former identifying themselves besides with the Socialists, who had taken up the cause of the condemned officer. Against the Nationalist League rose that of the Rights of Man, seeking to enlist public sympathy on behalf of any that were oppressed. Alarmed by the action of these various associations formed without permission, the cabinet prosecuted them as being unauthorized, and inflicted a fine upon their administrators. The fine was paid, and the leagues went on with their work.

The book does not come to an end with Loubet and Fallières. The latter part of the volume, nearly a half, is occupied by a valuable review of literature, science, and art. There are also chapters on "Paris," "The Mutualist Movement," "Education," and "The Parliamentary System." These chapters have a special weight, being obviously the work of a competent student who is able to present his subject as a unit and with a proper sense of proportion and values. As a study of contemporary events "The Third French Republic" should find a welcome from those who wish for a many-sided view of a sister republic.

"The Third French Republic," by Frederick Lawton, M. A., author of "The Life of Rodin." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The tradition is that the patriots of Mecklenburg county gathered in the Town Hall at Charlotte, North Carolina, on May 20, 1775, after receiving news of the battle of Lexington and ordained that "We do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association." This was more than thirteen months before the Declaration of Independence for the colonies was promulgated by the Congress in Philadelphia. Recognition of the Mecklenburg document recently by the President of the United States caused no end of rejoicing in North Carolina, and historians of the State are preparing to appeal to the American people to demand that historians accord to the pioneers of Mecklenburg the honor that is due them. Dr. Ephraim Brevard, a country physician, is credited with being the author of the paper, which Southerners now seek to have recorded in history.

When King Edward travels in Europe he occupies his own cars. Except when in actual use the king's railway carriages are stored in Brussels and sent to Cherbourg, Calais or Flushing, according to the royal destination. Handsome and comfortable as the English king's private train is, the German emperor's train so far exceeds it in magnificence that its carriages, furnished with real Gobelin tapestry and a colossal statuary, took three years to build and cost \$1,000,000.



## WORK OF THE NOVELISTS.

Reviews by Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Measure of Our Youth*, by Alice Herbert. Published by the John Lane Company, New York.

It is possible that the life of the average young man could be recorded with photographic accuracy and at the same time form fitting material for the artistic novel. Miss Herbert has given us the photograph, but she has not retouched it into a work of art. "The Measure of Our Youth" is only a photograph and we are compelled reluctantly to recognize that the subject is not worth the labor, skillful as that labor is.

Francis Bewley is the average young man and his strain of Eurasian blood is the only thing that distinguishes him from his fellows. As a child he falls frantically in love with Margaret, and the passion pursues him to his college days. Margaret as a woman is beautiful, chaste, frigid, and dull. She is described as a "meanish, stupid woman," one who would be adorable if only she would not talk. When Francis rhapsodizes over the brilliance of the moon Margaret rejoices in



Edward W. Townsend, Author of "The Climbers." Frederick A. Stokes Company.

the resulting economy in oil. Margaret is No. 1 upon the list.

Then comes Bess, the laundry maid. Bess is white, plump, and beautiful, with the mind and the morals of a rabbit. When Francis has been thoroughly refrigerated by Margaret he turns to Bess—"little, soft, clinging thing"—who has already shown herself to be approachable, to put it mildly. There is a casual meeting in the dark shrubbery:

The devil has seldom had a better chance. What, in the boy's calmer hours, would have repelled him with its vulgarity and shame, came to him now in his trouble wearing angelic guise. Tender pity and beauty came to comfort him—how could he push them from him?

He puts his arms up with a childish sob. "Bess, do you love me? Do you?" "Yes," she whispered, a fierceness of truth in her tone. It was the truth, as she could tell it. She knew no other "love" than this desire. "You little darling, little kind thing. . . . Come to me. . . ."

He drew her down to where he lay, and his lips groped for hers. She gave them to him with the softest little sigh. Coarse though she was, his tenderness refined her. Close to him in the darkness, her heart beat like a frightened bird's.

Bess succeeded by Lizzie, a little Cockney shop-girl. Francis makes her acquaintance in a London restaurant, and his attempt to save her from her obvious fate is, of course, purely disinterested, but then the devil is notoriously clever at using our virtues to our undoing, and Lizzie under the paint is undeniably pretty. Here she is:

"She was, though," said Lizzie: "kept 'is kerriage, 'er father did. He 'ad the Public up on Failsham Road—the 'Are and 'Ounds. She run away from 'ome."

"What for?" asked Francis. "Stepmother!" said Lizzie comprehensively; "three times 'e's been married, 'er father 'as. My father was married twice, too. That's why I come away from 'ome."

"Was your stepmother unkind?" "Beat me, somethin' crool," said Lizzie placidly, "and got me dad to beat me, too. Use me all day, she would, the stinkin' eat, to nuss 'er bybies."

Francis gets seriously compromised with Lizzie. He begins by a serious effort to help her and ends by stamping her down a little deeper into the hell that she has found.

Then comes Helena Swayne, brilliant, witty, and married, who says that a man's reason for marriage is the honeymoon, and a woman's the tressau. Francis makes considerable progress with Mrs. Swayne.

And so on, and so on. There is no particular reason why it should ever stop except with the exhaustion of the various types of women. Exhausted, Francis's good intentions are exhausted, but their miscarriage is in an agony of repentance and

self-abasement. Except for this he is a common specimen of a common type. We fail to see why his picture should be painted with such ruthless fidelity. When his many situations become sultry we have, it is true, the compromise of asterisks, but what can habble of private things more eloquently than an asterisk. If Francis had only become something as a result of his frequent deviations into vice, if he had only plucked some kind of fruit from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, if he had only "got somewhere," we could admit that the book had a *raison d'être*. But he ends exactly where he began. He has traveled in a circle, learning nothing and becoming nothing. The carnally minded will enjoy the book immensely, but we do not wish to meet its hero any more upon earth, and there is small chance that we shall meet in heaven.

*Comrades*, by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

As an exposure of Socialism we need not take this amusing and clever book too seriously. Socialism will not be overthrown by a novel nor even by a magazine article, especially when selection is made of a brand of the cult that is now disavowed by its best exponents.

"Comrades" is the story of a Socialist colony founded upon an island off the coast of California. The moving spirit is the son of a California millionaire who is converted partly under the spell of Socialist oratory and partly under the bright eyes of the orator. We are invited to watch the progress of an experiment based upon human equality and the right of every man and every woman to do exactly what he or she pleases.

Some of the incidents are very well told. One of the first duties is to apportion the necessary work according to individual inclination and ability and a ballot is taken accordingly. The result is disappointing. Two thousand ballots are cast and six hundred are found to be invalid because "three hundred and sixty-five able-bodied men choose hunting as their occupation," although no hunters are needed, and "two hundred and thirty-five men want to fish," although a single pound net supplies all the fish that can be eaten. A single editor is needed, but one hundred and seventy-five men and sixty-three women volunteer for that light and dainty task, while seventy-five men and thirty-two women are anxious to serve the cause musically.

Voluntary service, therefore, gives way to compulsion and soon we have a condition of forced labor, usually called slavery, with the whipping post in the background. The drunkard exercises his inalienable right to get drunk and a frail sister her equally inalienable right to have two lovers at the same time, even though it lead to murder, as it does. A woman who has been a leader in the W. C. T. U. demands imprisonment for life for a cook who has used some alcohol for culinary purposes, while the incriminated cook asserts his right "to throw that woman out of the kitchen" as a preliminary to fine and imprisonment, inasmuch as she "destroyed five hundred mince pies because she smelled brandy in them." The colony, in short, becomes a hell of cruelty and oppression and we feel distinctly relieved when United States soldiers arrive to put an end to the whole thing. By this time our hero and his charmer have seen the error of their ways, but are quite ready to make a worse mistake still, and we may presume that they do so.

*The Butler's Story*, by Arthur Train. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This narrative is told by Mr. Peter Ridges, "some time in the service of Samuel Carter, Esquire, of New York," and a more amusing book of its kind has seldom been written. Mr. Ridges was once in the employ of Lord Craven, and with that exalted experience behind him he is able to bring much critical observation to bear upon the *nouveaux riches* among whom his subsequent lot is cast.

Upon one occasion, after a dinner "when the gentlemen had told some stories that beat anything I ever heard in the stables," Ridges is asked by one of the guests, "Do you know any stories like that?"

"Well, sir," says I, "no offense meant, but I don't, sir," says I.

"I'm glad to hear it," says he, very solemn. "If you were guilty of making use of such language I could not bring myself to come here," he says. "Remember, Ridges, we gentlemen pay our servants to be respectable."

The Carter family are enormously wealthy, but Ridges himself seems to be the only gentleman of the establishment. Upon one occasion when an eminent singer is engaged for an evening party we are told "Mr. Carter walked up to her before everybody and handed her a cheque, face out, so you could see a thousand dollars written on it, and she turned quite white and her eyes glared like automobile lamps and she tore it all up in little fine pieces and put it on the palm of her hand and blew them straight at him. He must have felt awful."

The butler's point of view is maintained to perfection throughout, and those who wish to know how they sometimes look from the

servants' hall can hardly do better than read this book to their own edification. Moreover, it contains a very pleasant romance with a distinct bearing upon the follies and sins of the day.

*The Gun Runner*, by Arthur Stringer. Published by B. W. Dodge & Co., New York.

Mr. Stringer is at his best when he keeps away from the criminal as a hero. In "The Gun Runner" we have a story logically worked out and with our sympathies properly invoked on behalf of virtue in distress. Incidentally, we have a treatise on wireless telegraphy that persuades us of our ability to take charge of a station without further preliminary.

The steamer *Laminian* on her way to Puerto Locombia has a curious trio on board. First of all there is Ganley, who is promoting a revolution in that interesting South American republic. Then there is Alicia Boynton, sister to the Lacombian minister of war and consequently anti-revolutionist, and finally there is McKinnon, the ship's wireless retelegrapher. Ganley has everything to gain by seducing McKinnon from his duty, and Alicia is equally determined to gain his aid for her own cause. It need hardly be said that Alicia wins—and is won.

There is enough fighting to satisfy the most sanguinary and enough subtle diplomacy to satiate an ambassador. The way in which McKinnon and Alicia steal the revolutionary motor rail car and carry it bodily through the enemy's lines is a fine bit of descriptive work, while the incessant struggle for the wireless apparatus is vivid and dramatic. But there is one seemingly weak point. We are disappointed in McKinnon's character when he accepts a money bribe from Ganley, and we are still more perplexed at his folly in giving a written receipt. He makes abundant amends, it is true, but these two incidents strike a discordant note. But the book shows us Mr. Stringer at his best and it is worth reading.

*The Story of Thyra*, by Alice Brown. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; \$1.35.

The author has never done anything better than this. Filling her stage with humble village characters and avoiding the aids of incident and action, she depends wholly upon her power of character delineation and her insight into unconventionalized human nature. We see Thyra as an ungainly child whose hunger for knowledge attracts the attention of that pleasant recluse, Barton Gorse. Almost before we know it she has become a woman and at the instant of her awakening to her



J. M. Flagg, Illustrator of "Bill Truett." A. C. McClurg & Co.

love nature she is betrayed by that pitiful rascal Andy. Then we see her carrying the burden of a nameless child, her heroic and successful effort to educate her boy while rejecting the opportunity to marry Barton Gorse for fear of involving him in her pitifully exaggerated disgrace. From the glimpses we get of the boy when at college we do not much like him. Children, of course, are never grateful, but there is a touch of the brute about Petrie, and he is wholly unworthy of that astonishing girl Angelica, who flies in at one page and out at the next, leaving us finally with a sense of indignation at so inadequate a visit. We wish the author had seen her way to end the story somewhat differently, but it is a *tour de force* all the way through and suggests the reflection that for the real profundities of life, for the full radiance of its colors we must look to the village rather than to the city and to human nature unwarped by conventions and the larger insincerities.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has been made into an opera by M. Frédéric d'Erlanger. It is to be given at Covent Garden in June with Fraulein Emmy Destinn in the title rôle.

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## SOME RECENT FICTION.

*Sebastian*, by Frank Danby. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

This story will not be so popular as "The Heart of a Child," but popularity and merit are by no means synonymous. "Sebastian" shows quite as much skill as its predecessor, the half-tones are quite as delicately drawn, the high lights and shadows as clear and distinct, but the story fails to seize the imagination as did "The Heart of a Child." The reason is a simple one. There is no attractive female character in "Sebastian," no heroine who compels admiration or even attraction. Fascinated as we are by a clever psychological study, we close the book without the slightest desire to hear of its characters again. With the exception of David Rendell, who is middle-aged, married, and a father, not one of them arouses a glow in the memory. The collective impression is that of a group of distinctly unpleasant people with strong and unlovable individualities.

Sebastian himself is, of course, the hero. When we are introduced to him he is an Eton schoolboy of the ordinary promising type. His father, David Rendell, is a paper merchant, and his mother, Vanessa, is a fashionable dilettante novelist who looks down upon the commercial pursuits of a husband who keeps her in luxury. Incidentally, she looks down upon the husband, too, who worships her with a dog-like devotion and lavishes his splendid and unselfish love upon wife and son alike. Sebastian eventually responds to his father's love and nearly breaks his mother's heart by relinquishing a scholastic career and joining his father in the city. Then David dies and the boy takes his place at the head of the firm.

The bulk of the story is a description of the commercial and domestic life of a boy of twenty-one who starts out to reform an old-fashioned business and to find his own moral place in the world. Naturally, he makes a mess of both, although not to the point of shipwreck. He brings the business nearly to bankruptcy and is saved from moral ruin only by his undeniably high and strong character and by a merciful Providence that kills by an accident the wretched little idiot whom he has married. We are allowed to understand that eventually all is well with Sebastian, with his domestic life and with the business that he so nearly ruined.

If the book may be said to contain a heroine it is Vanessa Rendell. Vanessa is one of those sexless women who marry from impulse and then wonder what they have gained

except money and position. Vanessa would be more tolerable if she were wicked, and we almost hope that she will succumb to the suggestions that are made to her after her husband's death. But she is not tempted, and this not because she is virtuous, but because she has no sex. We get a little contemptuous of Vanessa, first because of her cruel frigidity toward her husband and secondly because she is so wholly ignorant of the world of passion about her and of all realities that are below her mental plane. "Sebastian" is a book of unusual strength, full of strong and convincing



Lucia Chamberlain, Author of "The Other Side of the Door." The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

characters, but if the author wishes to maintain the popularity conferred by "The Heart of a Child" she should direct her skill toward the creation of characters who are not only strong but lovable, and of heroines whom we can remember with something like fervor.

*Syrinx*, by Laurence North. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is one of the stories that are good for neither heart nor head, that add neither to wisdom nor to knowledge. We do not

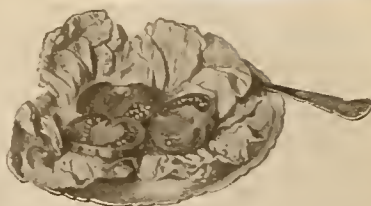
know if we are expected to admire Aspasia Herrick, but our much diluted opinion of that young lady is that she is an impudent and intolerable hussy with the morals of a Phryne and the manners of a savage. It is true that she is a fine classicist and a brilliant talker, but why she should attract a scholar and a gentleman like Akenside and why he should endure her pert insolence is one of the mysteries, not of human nature, but of the author's imagination. When Aspasia finally selects a husband we are sorry for him because he seems to be a good man, but it is a pity she did not secure one of the rascals from her own set, although a horse marine would have been still more suitable. The book is attractively written and with a glamor of clever Bohemian life, but it would have been so easy not to write it at all.

*The Lady of the Dynamos*, by Adele Marie Shaw and Carmelita Beckwith. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

This is a novel refreshingly free from problems, a story of achievement over nature with a charming romance in the background. Landon West, being rejected by his lady love, undertakes an engineering commission in Ceylon and there meets Marjorie Ellinwood. We have a good glimpse at native life in Ceylon, the customs and superstitions of the people, and the weight of the white man's burden. But we specially appreciate the sketch of the winsome Marjorie, a sketch so successfully done as to encourage the hope that the authors will attempt something more in the same line and with an equally delightful heroine.

The Works of Henry James.

Attention has already been drawn to the imposing edition of the works of Henry James, now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. We are reminded anew of this edition by the appearance of volumes XV and XVI, the former containing "The Lesson of the Master," "The Death of the Lion," etc., and the latter "The Author of Beltracchio," "The Middle Years," etc. It will be remembered that each volume contains a special preface by Mr. James himself, partly historical and partly critical, as well as a frontispiece in photogravure and that the binding and general presentation are in every way dignified and impressive. The set will consist of twenty-three octavo volumes. Price in cloth, \$2 a volume and in half levant, \$4 a volume, but they are sold only by subscription for the entire set.



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SOME SERIOUS STUDIES.

*The Greek and Eastern Churches*, by Walter F. Adeney, M. A., D. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

Under an unassuming title Dr. Adeney has given us an historical work of the first importance not only to theological students, but to those who still cherish the dream of reunion between the two great branches of the Christian church. Nothing more inclusive, more critical, or more scholarly has been given to the world, while equally admirable is the absence of the *adum theologicum* that so often mars the history of rival churches.

Dr. Adeney divides his book into two parts, devoting the first to the history of the church before the great separation and the second to a consideration of the divided parts. Thus we have the Age of the Fathers and the Mohammedan Period, which brings us to the final rupture, and this is followed by an account of early Christianity Outside the Empire, the modern Greek Church, the Russian Church, the Syrian and Armenian Churches, and the Coptic and Abyssinian Churches. No higher compliment could be paid to the work than to say that it should be received with equal satisfaction by each of the branches with which it deals as a statement of creed and tradition with the marks of impartial care upon every page.

The section devoted to Christianity under the Pagan Emperors, although necessarily short, is particularly lucid. We have a frank admission that the persecution of the early church was due rather to its own intolerance than to the intolerance of its enemies, and that Christianity might have lived in amity among the many faiths equally protected by the rigid justice of the Roman law, but for a theological arrogance that made it hateful. Christianity was a part of a mighty religious revival of that day and the only permanently

and sixty-eight to the third. The colonial period is naturally unimportant from the literary point of view, but the space devoted to revolutionary times seems a little scanty, although adequate and generous mention of Thomas Paine finds a place therein.

With the third section even the most captious can hardly find fault, except perhaps for an over-inclusiveness that suggests an occasional inadequacy of treatment. The chapter on periodicals might perhaps have been omitted altogether or else expanded so as to permit inclusion of territory west of Chicago. For example, the *Courant* of Hartford, Connecticut, no doubt deserves the mention that it gets, but then the *Portland Oregonian* is equally deserving of the mention that it does not get.

Elsewhere throughout this lucidly written and discriminating book we get an occasional suggestion of lack of proportion. Three pages for Bret Harte and four for Henry James are well justified, but Thomas Nelson Page comes off badly with three-quarters of a page, and the same amount is given to Mark Twain as novelist with a couple of pages as humorist. This almost justifies the European belief that Mark Twain must go abroad for his popularity.

Professor Stanton has arranged his book into divisions according to the nature of the literary work, and not chronologically. Thus we have chapters on "The Historians," "The Novelists," "The Poets," etc., and while this leads sometimes to repeated references to the same writer, it is probably the most satisfactory method. The book is indeed of great value, wholly free from literary bias, and bearing upon every page the marks of a conscientious and critical care.

*El Greco*, by Albert F. Calvert and C. Gasquoine Hartley. Published by John Lane, New York.

This volume has been issued in the Spanish Series now reaching considerable dimensions and that has already done so much to popularize a knowledge of the art treasures and history of Spain. As with earlier issues, the volume on *El Greco* is largely pictorial, there being no less than 136 full-page reproductions of that painter's most celebrated pictures. But biographical details are by no means neglected, so far as they are available. Beginning with an important consideration on the development of painting in Spain during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries we have a *résumé* of all that is known of Greco himself. That seems little enough. He was born in Crete, he lived for a time in Italy, and he came at last to Spain, where his work was accepted for its value, but without curiosity as to the life of the artist. Almost the only indisputable fact is that he died in Toledo on April 7, 1614, two years before Cervantes, leaving behind him full pictorial evidence of an industrious life.

It would be hard to speak too highly of the critical appreciation of *El Greco* given us by the authors. Their final point is worth quoting. Greco, we are told, succeeded in his passionate and incessant search for truth of color. "He was the first to understand the effect that one color has in changing the tone of another color. Yes; color was Greco's great gift to Velasquez—and to the world."

*The Matter with Nervousness*, by H. C. Sawyer, M. D. Published by Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Behind a somewhat dubious title Dr. Sawyer gives us a book so full of kindly common sense that it can hardly fail to help the needy. Speaking of the many extra-medical efforts now in the field—Emmanuel Movements, incantations, talismans, Christian Sciences, and the like, he admits frankly that all these things mark some real limitation of science or of the men who represent it. The fault is usually with the latter. Scientific medicine already uses all the known resources of healing but it is the individual practitioner who is often lacking. Being human he is one-sided; being one-sided, he is intolerant; being intolerant, he fails. Nervousness is a composite evil. From a mental basis, which in turn may have a physical cause, it proceeds to a deterioration of nerve substance. The trouble must be met upon all its planes and not upon only one.

Through a series of chapters the author shows us that nervousness is a physical fact like typhoid fever. He robs it of the vagueness that is half its terror. Showing us the exact nature of the enemy, its strength and its weakness, he cheers us to the attack, mental and physical alike, and even though we fail he reminds us that nervous patients are usually a good insurance risk—there is no killing them.

Ibsen's posthumous works are now in the printers' hands, and are announced to appear within the next few months. The volumes will undoubtedly throw a new and clearer light upon many Ibsen problems. They will, it is said, prove the futility of much speculation and criticism, at which Ibsen himself often smiled as being too subtle and far-fetched. The contents include first drafts of many of Ibsen's works, and thus show the original keynote from which he started.

"The Daughter of Jorio."

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have issued an eminently worthy edition of "The Daughter of Jorio," by Gabriele d'Annunzio, a tragedy that can not be overlooked in spite of some features distasteful to Western ears. The translation is by Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola, and Alice Henry, and that the edition is authorized is proof of faithful and competent workmanship. Miss Porter also furnishes an introduction of much importance to those who wish to appreciate the spirit in which the play was written and the conditions, mental and geographical, that urged the author to its composition.

"The Daughter of Jorio" is already so well known that nothing in the way of critical analysis is needed. D'Annunzio has done nothing more forceful or of a construction more irreproachable. The scene is laid in the land of the Abruzzi and the time about the sixteenth century. The *dramatis personae* are twenty-seven in number, with choruses and crowds. The volume contains six illustrations, including a portrait frontispiece of Gabriele d'Annunzio.



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successful part, a revival suggestively comparable with the spiritual unrest of the present day.

The rupture point between the two churches was amusingly puerile. That it should be still a matter of irreconcilable contention is a mournful comment upon a perverse theological nature that is indifferent to the spiritual condition of the world and that concentrates its energies upon the differences between tweedledum and tweedledee. The Eastern Church maintains that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father alone though *through* the Son, while the Western Church contends that He proceeds from the Father and also *from* the Son as a joint source. The Latin version originally ran: "Qui ex patre procedit," but the Roman church renders this clause: "Qui ex Patre Filioque procedit." The *Filioque* schism remains to this day as the chief ground of division between the two churches, "without any hope of reconciliation, each community anathematizing the other," etc. The casual reader will be justified in his reverent conclusion that the Holy Spirit is conspicuously absent from both.

The International Theological Library, to which this valuable work belongs, now numbers sixteen volumes, all of them distinguished by ripe scholarship, presented with mechanical excellence, and supported by copious indices and tables of contents.

*A Manual of American Literature*, edited by Theodore Stanton, M. A. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This volume has been issued as one of the "Memorial" volumes of the Tauchnitz Series and as a complement to the American literature from which that series has drawn so many of its contents. Divided into three sections—"Colonial Literature," "The Revolutionary Period," and "The Nineteenth Century," we find thirty pages given to the first, fifty to the second, and three hundred



# PROGRESS IN PEACE AND WAR.

*Aerial Warfare*, by R. P. Hearne, with an introduction by Sir Hiram Maxim. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$2.50.

Admirable as is Mr. Hearne's presentation, it is none the less an unwelcome and a practical reminder that war has entered upon a new phase and that if hostilities should break out tomorrow the "nations' airy navies" would have a very definite word to say about the matter. Sir Hiram Maxim, who is not a sensationalist, says that the flying machine has come and come to stay, whether we like it or not. That it should at once be pressed into the service of human destruction is, after all, no more than a reflection of the spirit of the age.

Mr. Hearne writes, of course, as an enthusiast, but this does not lessen the value of the extraordinary array of facts that he presents. And it is extraordinary. He shows us the aerial warship as a practical invention, full, of course, of limitations, but none the less a tremendous weapon of war. Warning his own country of its unpreparedness, he points out that France and Germany have been spending money for years in the construction not only of ships, but of competent staffs of men, and he gives an unpleasant hint that these preparations have been largely secret and that the many authoritative assurances that "airships are of little real use in warfare" are intended to be soporific and to conceal a real progress and effectiveness. His presentation of facts is at least impressive and not to be gainsaid.

When it comes to "Aerial Law" the author's suggestions simply show the bewilderment into which this almost unthinkable innovation must plunge civilization. He gives us an outline of a code of rules that need not be considered here, although one clause arrests the attention suggestively. He



Louise Forsslund, Author of "Old Lady Number 31." The Century Company.

proposes that "in peace-time no foreign military or private airship may cross a frontier line without special permission." How are they to be prevented? The conclusion is irresistible that if the airship is actually to become an established means of transportation it must change the whole face of civilization and so reorganize our social systems that frontier lines lose most of their present significance. National boundaries, custom houses and perhaps war itself are all parts of a system of terrestrial locomotion. We shall not be able to carry them into the air with us.

Fifty-seven photographic illustrations give an added interest to a remarkable volume.

*Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages*, by Julia de Wolf Addison. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$3.

The author reminds us of the awakening interest in the revival of arts and crafts and the attention that must necessarily be given to the work of the mediæval craftsman. The book is especially valuable, not so much for its mass of attractive information as for its insistence upon the mental attitude in which such work must be approached. The work of the mediæval craftsman was almost a part of his religion because it represented himself. Artistic conception must be expressed in perfect workmanship, and to have accomplished something worthy was its own chief reward. Whatever was requisite was also prominent. There must be no concealment and no pretense.

We have certainly reversed those methods now-a-days and have acquired a horror of the real thing. Stone must be painted to look like wood and wood must be painted to look like stone. The requisite must be hidden from sight and the chief object of the ornate is to conceal something. Having no ideals of life beyond pay day, our craftsmanship is a hungry combination of stupidity and pretense.

In the course of a substantial and a heau-

tiful book the author tells us something of the mediæval craftsmen, the things that they made, and how they made them. She does all this so well that we wish she had told us more of the mediæval guilds, those jealous watchmen, not of rates of pay or hours of labor, but of the quality of work. That, however, may come later, and in the meantime we may be well content with the comprehensive survey that is given us. We have a full consideration of metal work, tapestry, embroidery, sculpture, wood and ivory work, inlay and mosaic, illumination and precious stones. Written more particularly from the standpoint of history, the practical hints are yet numerous, while the glimpses at the workers themselves and at their habits of mind are of high value. William Morris said, "I do not think that any man but one of the highest genius could do anything in these days without much study of ancient art, and even he would be much hindered if he lacked it." No better book for such study could be found than this carefully written and richly illustrated volume.

*The Monuments of Christian Rome*, by Arthur L. Frothingham, Ph. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

This work is of great archaeological importance, showing as it does the marks of original research and the application of definite methods.

The author begins with the reign of Constantine (312-317), for while Christianity must have had many external monuments before that time they were mainly of an unobtrusive kind and selected a modesty of appearance as being most conducive to safety. But with the advent of Constantine the suppressed architectural energies of the church found their outlet and many forms of art gave outward expression to the new faith.

To reduce the early monuments to chronological order was no easy task because of the "unique unity" of the Roman style during the first thousand years. During the same period French architecture passed successively through the Merovingian, Carolingian, Romanesque, and Gothic, and the work of identification and classification is therefore comparatively easy. But there were no such variations in Rome. There we find a consistent uniformity that taxes patience to its utmost, a difficulty that is still further increased by the disfigurement of the mediæval records during the Renaissance and Barocco periods.

How far the author has succeeded must be left for determination by other archaeological experts. The average reader will simply recognize a work that is a delightful combination of history and antiquarian research and one that throws a novel light upon the history of Roman Christianity. One striking passage may well be quoted as an illustration of a style uniformly vigorous and illuminating:

"Riddling their city with towers and fortresses, mostly reared on antique ruins; scattering huge castles over every hilltop and crag in the province; driving out Pope after Pope in jealous defense of their civic rights, and yet so proud of the Papacy as to be unwilling to live without it. Ready to accept imperial aid against the Papacy, and yet rising, regardless of odds and unpreparedness, against any German emperor who came, with trained armies, to be crowned Roman emperors of the West, if they happened to offend the fierce and boundless Roman pride. Small wonder that, like any organism without a single aim, this secular Rome never attained to fullness of structure."

Profuse illustrations add to the value of Dr. Frothingham's work.

*The Story of the Great Lakes*, by Edward Channing and Marion F. Lansing. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

This important work supplies a need and supplies it well. We have the story of the Great Lakes from their discovery and the days of Champlain and La Salle down to that monument of modernity, the Chicago of today. The book is divided into three parts. Part I, under the heading of "Discovery and Exploration," comprises seven chapters. Part II, "The Struggle for Possession," has nine chapters and recounts some of the most stirring incidents of American history, while Part III, with eleven chapters, is devoted to "Occupation and Development." There are five maps and a number of general illustrations.

## Self-Control.

"Self-Control and How to Secure It" is not a good title translation of "L'Education de Soi-Même," the striking volume of Dr. Paul DuBois that has been so justly applauded. But Harry Hutcheson Boyd has made a creditable translation of the work itself, and it ought to be popular among those who wish to educate themselves and to acquire the self-control that is the beginning—and the end—of wisdom. Unfortunately, there are so few who have such a desire or who know anything of the ambition to lead the inner life rather than the outer, the mental rather than the physical.

The author covers the whole range of the inner life and without trace of superstition or dogmatism. His is a kindly exhortation to the cultivation of the best, to the secret places

of knowledge into which we break our way by thought, to the virtues that reach us in the silences. It is an undiscovered country to the vast majority until sorrows and disappointments lead to its doors, but the author will have done well if he can persuade some few to an inquiry that of all others is the most worth while. His chapters on Thought, Meditation, and Courage are perhaps the most striking in a singularly pleasing book. It is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, and its price is \$1.50.

A report from England says that the two books which are together making the spring's literary sensation in England are H. B. Well's "Tono Bungay" and J. C. Snaith's "Araminta."

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## FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

*A Treasury of Verse for Little Children*, selected by Madalen G. Edgar. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$2.50.

Nursery rhymes of the meaningless jingle variety have no doubt their proper place in education, but their territory should be shortened rather than extended. We should probably make no mistake in the assumption that whatever appears silly to the adult mind is unsuitable for the child after the first few years of infancy have been passed.

In this fine volume the editor has collected some of the things that are worth while from the authors who were big enough to write for children. We find selections from Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Bayard Taylor, Tennyson, R. L. Stevenson, Lewis Carroll, Charles Kingsley, George MacDonald, S. T. Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, and many others who have attempted successfully to write for the child such things as shall be acceptable in themselves while sowing the seeds for mental growth in the future. Parents would do well to look at this volume before making the mistake in the choice of children's books of confusing immaturity with idiocy. The "Treasury of Verse" is profusely illustrated by Willy Pogany.

*Dragon's Blood*, by Henry Milner Rideout. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.

This powerful story proceeds in the first place from intimate knowledge of Chinese life—at least of a certain section of it—and secondly from an unusual power of dramatic presentation. Its force is, indeed, almost explosive. To find a suitable comparison we can hardly stop short of Kipling.

It is a story of a young German who goes out to represent a commercial firm at one of the lesser Chinese ports. He is immediately absorbed into the little group of white men who are eating out their hearts in a more or

"Eh, what? Oh, I wasn't listening." Heywood glanced carelessly at the upright sentence. "That is a notice:

"Girls May Not Be Drowned in This Pond."

There we have a light upon native China to which a thousand-page treatise could add nothing. "Girls May Not Be Drowned in This Pond"—elsewhere, but not here. Let everything be orderly and in its place.

But when Rudolph rescues a baby girl—she has been deliberately left to starve upon an island—the sullen hate of the people breaks out into concerted assault. The foreigner desires black-eyed babies in order that from their eyes he may extract some liquid useful in his magic. There is a furious outbreak and the white men defend themselves behind their improvised barricades.

It is an unusual and compelling story. We seem to know more of native China, more of the missionaries, more of the foreigners than



Anne Warner, Author of "In a Mysterious Way." Little, Brown & Co.

we ever knew before. The love story that runs through it is as skillful as the rest, but the fascination of the book is so great that the love incident is hardly needed. "Dragon's Blood" is the most powerful, dramatic, and tense story of its kind of which we have any recollection. It will not be forgotten by those who read it.

*Aline of the Grand Woods*, by Nevil G. Henshaw. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York.

There have been few more pleasing stories of Louisiana life, or with a better selection of clear-cut characters. Mr. Lawrence, quarreling with his father for an imprudent marriage, leaves his home and finds himself a widower within the year and the father of a baby girl. He himself is carried away by yellow fever a little later, and he leaves the child to the care of his overseer, Telesse, exacting from him a pledge that she shall never marry below her proper rank. Aline is brought up almost without education, but under the protection of the exquisite devotion of her foster-father, and when the old man finally moves from the woods to the town Aline gets her schooling and incidentally meets the people through whom her ultimate identification is to come. The charm of the story lies not so much in its incident, although there is no lack of incident, as in the delicate charm with which Aline is portrayed, the types of Louisiana life that are so skillfully done, and the easy grace of a narrative that appeals directly to the heart and to the



Sidney McCall, Author of "Red Horse Hill." Little, Brown & Co.

less degraded exile, keeping in touch with themselves and with civilization by means of their club, where they play cards and hilliards, organize "concerts," and generally hate each other with that kind of hate that comes from mutual saturation, which is perhaps the most intolerant hate of all. But the white man's club is practically a garrison. Outside lurk the plague and the constant threat of Oriental superstition and detestation of the foreigner.

Our hero has a grim reminder of the plague on the night of his arrival. Wutzler, a German member of the club, leaves early and is heard calling for help from the street:

In the wide sector of light stood Wutzler, shrinking and apologetic, like a man caught in a fault, his wrinkled face eloquent of fear, his gesture eloquent of excuse. Round him, as round a conjurer, scores of little shadowy things moved in a huddling dance, fitfully hopping like sparrows over split grain. Where the light fell brightest these became plainer, their eyes shone in jeweled points of color.

They were plague rats and "they sprang upward continually, with short agonized leaps, like drowning creatures struggling to 'keep afloat above some invisible flood.' They suggested the influence of "some evil stratum, some vapor subtle and diabolic, crawling poisonously along the ground."

Upon another occasion, a few days later, the new arrival was shown around the city by a young Englishman named Heywood. They reach a native pagoda with a lake, and close by there is a stake upholding a placard of neat symbols "like a cartouche to explain a painting":

"It is very beautiful," ventured Rudolph, twisting up his blond moustache with satisfaction. "Very slightly, I would say—picturesque, no?"

"Very," said Heywood, absently. "Willow pattern."

"And the placard, so finishing, so artistic—that is—"

Sturgis Russell, by John T. Morse, Jr.; Roger Wolcott, by William Lawrence; William Eustis Russell, by Charles Eliot Norton; Charles Eliot, by William R. Thayer; and William Henry Baldwin, by George R. Nutter.

*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, by Dean Ramsay. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

This fine classic has still vitality enough to carry it into a new edition. The dean himself wrote a preface to the twenty-second edition dated in 1872, but the work loses none of its original attractiveness from the fine setting in which it now appears. Dean Ramsay's reminiscences continue to be the storehouse of Scottish gems, unrivaled as a reflection of national character and as a record of intimate Scottish life.

The sixteen illustrations in color are from the original water-color drawings of H. W. Kerr. They form a valuable feature of the book.

*The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis*, by Maurice Francis Egan. Published by the Century Company, New York.

Lewis Maginnis, a poor exile from Erin and more particularly from Kerry, excites the charitable interest of Sister Margaret of the Bracton Convent, and, justifying her aid, he speedily becomes sexton of the parish, general factotum to the priests, and busybody in general with a finger in every pie. Because he is a genuine Irishman and drawn to the life his "wiles" are infinitely amusing. The book has a spontaneous and refreshing humor that recommends it and promises a welcome to more of its kind.

*Young Nemesis*, by Frank T. Bullen, F. R. G. S. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is an admirable pirate story for boys and long enough to afford a substantial meal of fighting and adventure. It is slightly marred by an unnecessary bloodthirstiness. The spirit of revenge, even upon pirates, is not among the virtues.

"America," the most popular of our national hymns, written by the Rev. Samuel F. Smith, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated last fall, was sung for the first time in 1832, at a Sunday school celebration in Boston, at which Edward Everett Hale, then a boy of ten, was present. There were originally five verses, the third being omitted by the author when it was printed. It referred to dispossessed tyrants and alien murderers.

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## PHILOSOPHY AND ESSAYISTS.

*Mind in the Making*, by Edgar James Swift. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Amid the desert of pedagogic theorizings that has been disclosed by the problems of modern education this striking work stands out as an oasis. The author attacks his question upon strictly scientific lines. That is to say, he collects his data, studies them without bias, and presents the conclusions to which they point. The extent of these data and the care with which they are set forth speak both of conscientious industry and of intellectual ability.

Of the ten chapters that make up the book, that on the "Criminal Tendencies of Boys" is the longest and, from the popular point of view, the most interesting. The author at once engages our sympathy by suggesting that the lines of reform school boys are usually suggestive of our own, that there is a like criminal tendency, and that the paths diverge not so much as a result of original sin as of teaching and environment. Human evolution has been upward through the kingdoms of nature, through savagery and the lower races. We carry in ourselves the whole of the story, and the tendencies of each stage are ready to burst into activity at the beck of congenial environment. Man contains within himself all impulses through which the race has passed. Their suppression or recrudescence depends upon education and opportunity:

There can hardly be any doubt that there is a time in the life of every normal boy when primitive impulses, the reverberation of savage life, carry him on, with almost resistless fury, toward a life of crime.

In other words, the period of growth is a recapitulation upon a small scale of all racial experiences. Education alone can determine whether these recurring and miniature impulses shall be allowed to arrest development up to the point of present race normality.



Elizabeth Dejeans, Author of "The Winning Chance." J. B. Lippincott Company.

Into subsidiary and physical causes for such arrest it is impossible here to enter. It is sufficient to say that the author deals with him with his usual completeness and in such a way as to stimulate the medical and surgical attention that is now being given to so-called backward children.

Another valuable chapter is on "The Psychology of Learning." The author affords us a glimpse into the mysterious processes of mind. He treats of the cultivation of habit, the formation of tendencies, the meaning of fatigue, and the actual value of periods of retardation in education. He shows us that the mind has laws infinitely more complex than those of any material machine and that it is as possible to comply with those laws as to violate them. Still more important, he shows us that the machine is different with every child and that we need individualism rather than collectivism in education.

It is impossible to read this book without being impressed. The author takes us into his confidence all the way through, displaying not only his conclusions, but some of the wealth of facts from which he gained them. He has written a book of the first importance and one that should give an impetus to the new era in education.

*Athletic Games in the Education of Women*, by Gertrude Dudley and Frances A. Kellor. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.25.

The great value of this thoughtful treatise is in the fact that it treats athleticism not as an end in itself, but as a factor in a greater end, that of moral and intellectual growth. If women are to play their part in the affairs of the world they must have the essential training in community sentiments, and this training comes rather from the field than from the study.

The authors enumerate some of the chief benefits that would accrue to women from

an unflinching athleticism. First comes efficiency, and this may be said to include all the rest. We are told a good story of a girl's baseball game. One of the players made a hit good for at least three bases. She ran to first, and when she was nearly to second, turned and went back to first. When asked for the reason of this amazing play, she replied, "Oh, I noticed the first baseman was a friend of mine and I went back to tell her something."

Then there is imagination and we are reminded that the "tap root of selfishness is weakness of the imagination." The faculty to reason practically comes also from the right use of games. Then follow self-control and successful resistance to the spirit of complaining, sulking, tattling, or going home with a "mad on." Cooperation, fair play, and loyalty come in the main from field contests, and we are told that "loyalty and a sense of honor are among the most difficult qualities to develop in girls." The life in the game field gives, in brief, the qualities most admirable in citizenship.

The various chapters of the book are devoted to specific departments of the subject. The qualifications of instructors are well set forth and special consideration is given to the needs of secondary schools and of universities. Concluding chapters deal with basketball and baseball.

*Blackstick Papers*, by Lady Ritchie. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author is Thackeray's daughter, but no genealogical excuse is needed for these cleverly written reminiscences of men and things of another day. There are thirteen chapters, most of them devoted to individuals, and we may congratulate ourselves upon a discrimination that leans ordinarily upon the side of anecdote and personal incident, not perhaps of the most dramatic kind, but always pleasing and even illuminating. Writing of Dr. Joachim, for example, the author tells us that she likes best to remember him in the midst of his young pupils at Berlin. There was so much of the personal in the proceedings and so much of gentle guidance as to become almost a revelation of the music.

The young, serious musicians bring the movement triumphantly to its close; the master looks approving; then comes a moment's pause. "Miss Leonora Jackson will play the solo," he says, and a girl of sixteen, in a straw hat, with a long plait of hair, steps quickly forward, lays her straw hat upon a chair, tosses back her hair, and begins to play.

It was a child playing to the others, a child with perfect taste and sure handling; the young orchestra listened and approved, and when she finished burst into gay, delighted applause. The master joined, too, clapping his two hands. It was a happy moment for everybody.

The appreciative chapter on Mrs. Gaskell is peculiarly felicitous in review and criticism. So, too, is the sketch of Tourgenieff. Asked once if he had ever written a book in French, he replied:

You have never written a book or you would not have asked that question; a man can only write his best in his own language. When I write in Russian I am free, I run without encumbrance; when I write in French I have restraint, I have boots on, and advance more slowly; when I write in English I have tight boots on.

Asked upon another occasion for his favorite pursuit, he replied, "Remorseless laziness."

Of Haydn we are told that his ingenuous delight in his own music was such as to cause him to smile at the approach of favorite passages, and so the amateurs at the great Vienna concerts would "dextrously place themselves in a situation where they could see Haydn and regulate by his expression the amount of ecstatic applause by which they testified the extent of their raptures."

*The Life of Mary Baker Eddy*, by Sibyl Wilbur. Published by the Concord Publishing Company, New York.

The attitude of this biography may be judged from the preliminary inscription quoted from Fiona MacLeod: "I believe that Who shall save us anew shall come divinely as a Woman, to save as Christ saved, but not as He did, to bring with Her a Sword." The author professes to have compiled her story from what she has been able to gather "from witnesses in a direct and unvarnished way." It may be so, but life is too short for the weighing of the evidence. Moreover, it does not seem to matter.

*The Heart of the Singer*, by Fred Whitney. Published by the Stanford University Press, Palo Alto.

No excuse is needed for the presentation of this little volume of verse. Some of it is real poetry and distinguished by delicate sentiment and deep feeling. "The Water Bird," although by no means faultless, is the best in the book and contains some fine nature sketching, but surely even the new spelling will not justify the last word in the line, "A land of mountains dim, far, hazy lying," while elsewhere the word "she" is disfiguring.

But the author has yet to learn that faulty lines are inadmissible under any circumstances. "Irene," for instance, has many

good points, but it is nearly ruined by such stanzas as this:

The meadows, hills, and woodside  
Would to her glee reply,  
And not a sweet thing could hide  
From her sylvan sorcery.

It may be said also that the references to "Uncle Meed," while probably not without their domestic application, should be excluded from published verse. They are so out of place as to seem almost silly.

*In American Fields and Forests*. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.50.

The object of this collection of representative nature sketches is to present their subject under the widest possible variety of treatment and locality. The authors selected are Thoreau, Burroughs, Muir, Bradford Torrey, Olive Thorne Miller, and Dallas Lore Sharp. Animate and inanimate nature receive, therefore, their full attention from competent hands, while the illustrations form a pleasing auxiliary.

## A Queen's Poem on Dickens.

In connection, says the *London Standard*, with the recent successful effort of the Dickens Birthplace Fellowship to establish a "Tiny Tim" cot (at a cost of £500) in the Royal Portsmouth Hospital as a memorial to Charles Dickens, the following verses were written by the Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva"):

## CARMEN SYLVA'S TRIBUTE.

I love him so for all the good  
His soul was wont to see,  
In wretched, torn, misunderstood,  
Unknown humanity.

In darkness he found light;  
In pain and error love divine;  
He taught sad hearts to laugh again,  
And hidden gold to shine.

He heard the Christmas carols ring,  
He pitied moth and snake,  
And had a song for ev'ry wing,  
And balm for ev'ry ache!

Richard Jefferies.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have placed the nature-loving public under an obligation by three dainty little volumes of the works of Richard Jefferies that they have just issued. Jefferies did for England what Thoreau did for America and with a peculiarly poetical and spiritual insight. The three volumes now to hand are "Nature Near London," "The Life of the Fields," and "The Open Air." They are of uniform and convenient size, finely bound and decorated, and with unassuming and useful introductions by Thomas Coke Watkins. Price, 75 cents each.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## New Publications.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published in volume form Carolyn Wells's "The Rubaiyat of Bridge" with illustrations by May Wilson Preston.

Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, has published Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra." The tasteful form of these little reprints is well known and appreciated.

Arthur Symonds has translated "Electra," by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and it has been published by Brentano's, New York. "Electra" is a tragedy in one act. The *dramatis personæ* are thirteen in number.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, New York, and Chicago, have published Emerson's "Education," and other selections in convenient pocket form and as part of the Riverside Educational Monographs, edited by Henry Suzzallo.

Garden owners should possess themselves of "The Book of the Cottage Garden," by Charles Thonger, published by John Lane, New York. Garden possibilities have never been better set forth, while the illustrations are worthy of frames. The price is \$1.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published a capital series of adventures among wild beasts and in the wilderness. It is entitled "Adventures in Field and Forest" and several competent authors have joined forces in its compilation. It is well illustrated and its price is 60 cents.

"The Boh's Cave Boys," by Charles Pierce Burton, is a book of wholesome adventure that can be safely recommended to boys. The author has already shown his competency to write this sort of book by his "The Boys of Boh's Hill," to which the present volume is



Barr Moses, Author of "Dreaming Ring." Frederick A. Stokes Company.

a sequel. Henry Holt & Co., New York, are the publishers and the price is \$1.50.

A hook for boys containing a series of stories of baseball, the cinder path, the river, and the tennis court has been published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Its title is "On Track and Diamond" and the contributing authors are George Harvey, Van Tassel Sutphen, James M. Halliwell, J. Conover, and S. Scoville, Jr. Illustrated. Price, 60 cents.

Every one remembers Dr. David Starr Jordan's allegory of protectionism, first published in the *Popular Science Monthly*. This has now been republished by Henry Holt & Co., New York, under the title of "The Fate of Ichorium," with a preface, some amendments in the text, and notes illustrative of "the fulfillment of prophecy" as made in the first issue. The price is 90 cents.

Nothing can be better for the child mind than stories of elves, gnomes, and the mythological life of nature. Mrs. Lily F. Wesselhoef has proceeded along this line in her "The Diamond King and the Little Man in Gray," published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, with illustrations by Clara E. Atwood. This is somewhat of a new departure for the author, but she shows as much skill as in her earlier animal stories.

Nothing can be more fascinating than the fresh-water aquarium, and it is only through lack of knowledge that it is not more often found in the home. A volume just issued by Henry Holt & Co., Boston, should go far to popularize an amusement that is not only instructive, but inexpensive and available to nearly all. The book is entitled "The Fresh-water Aquarium and Its Inhabitants," and the authors are Otto Eggeling and Frederick Ehrenberg. It seems to contain all practical information necessary to success, dealing not only with fishes, but with the humbler forms of life, such as plants and insects, with information as to diet, sickness, and methods of

capture, with illustrations that are numerous and well done. This volume belongs to the American Nature Series, made up of substantial and authoritative works. The price of this latest addition is \$2.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The posthumous novel by F. Marion Crawford, "The White Sister," which is presumably the last work of his pen, will be published soon in England and in this country. It deals with Rome, as is fitting for the last book of one who gave so much of his life to writing of that city.

A new hook by the author of that delightful volume, "Confessio Medici," is announced by the Macmillan Company. The title is "Faith and Works of Christian Science," and the various chapters will deal with such subjects as "The Reality of Nature," "Disease and Pain," "Common Sense and Christian Science," and "Authority and Christian Science."

"A Vindication of Warren Hastings," by G. W. Hastings, is to be published by Henry Frowde. The author's object is to prove that "Warren Hastings, the man who made our Indian empire and preserved it for the crown, was wholly innocent of the crimes so often and so grievously laid to his charge."

For some time the *Bookman* has carried on a somewhat elaborate system of determining the best selling books of the month. Naturally the six leaders have practically invariably been novels. Now the *Bookman* has tested by the same method the popularity of more serious works. The result is rather interesting. Of the seven leaders, two deal with Lincoln, as was to be expected in the year of his centenary, two with the effect of the mind upon health, two with travel, and one is a biography of a Boston philanthropist. One of the books of travel is Dr. Van Dyke's "Out of Doors in the Holy Land," the other "Alaska, the Great Country," by Ella Higginson.

In this year of centenaries, that of Edward Fitzgerald, on March 31, brought to light many interesting facts in connection with Fitzgerald's work. Despite the present-day tendency to disparage Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat," the fact remains that his "Fourth Translation" continues to be immensely popular, with no end of new editions being issued yearly. One of the recent ones is that published by Duffield & Co. in the Rubric Series of little classics, and of all the titles yet issued the publishers say that Omar claims by far the most readers.

President Chester A. Arthur is defended by an anonymous writer in the New York *Evening Post* from the estimate of him in Mrs. Blaine's "Letters" (Duffield & Co.). An interesting sketch of Arthur's personality is given to offset the portrait drawn by Mrs. Blaine, a good hater of her husband's political enemies. The writer in the *Post* finds the twenty-first President to have been a very gentlemanly boss, "well read, especially in the field of French memoirs." Mrs. Blaine's pen picture is as follows: "All his ambition seems to centre in the social aspect of the situation. Flowers and wine and food, and slow pacing with a lady on his arm, and a quotation from Thackeray or Dickens, or an old Joe Miller told with an uninterfered-with particularity, for who would interrupt or refuse to laugh at a President's joke, make up his hook of life, whose leaves are certainly not for the healing of the nation."

An honest confession may be good both for the public and the publisher. Doubleday, Page & Co. announce that they are sorry they made use of so small a type in their first edition of E. F. Benson's brilliant novel, "The Climber," published last month. The plates of the first edition have just been destroyed, and the book is being printed again. In the new edition a large, clear type, like that in the "Large Print Library," is being used. So, in addition to doing the right thing by a good hook, the publishers feel that they have made another contribution to save the failing eyesight of the nation.

## The Oriental Mind.

Frederic S. Isham, the author, tells the following to illustrate the double-dyed duplicity of the Oriental mind. Mr. Isham was in Pekin; passing the arch to the Baron Von Kettler—supposed to be an arch of contrition for the foul assassination of that brave official—the novelist asked a Chinaman who spoke a little English:

"You know why this monument was erected, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," was the ready reply in dialect, "to commemorate a triumphant deed; the death of a very powerful ruler!"

"Commemorate! And is that?"—in amazement—"what the people generally think was the purpose of this monument?"

"Why not?" the celestial's face was immovable; but a suggestion of sardonic humor seemed to flash from his slant eyes. "Chinese people much likee monument."

And, indeed, they seemed to hark in the shade of it with much satisfaction.

## A Literary Tragedy.

The English poet, John Davidson, whose mysterious disappearance from his home a few weeks ago is the sensation of the literary hour, left behind him a somewhat pertinent autobiographical fragment as the epilogue to one of his latest hooks, "The Triumph of Mammon," published on his fiftieth birthday. "Nine-tenths of my time, and that which is more precious," it runs, "have been wasted in the endeavor to earn a livelihood. In a world of my own making I should have been writing only what should be written. . . . For half a century I have survived in a world entirely unfitted for me, and having known both the heaven and the hell thereof, and being without a revenue and an army and navy to compel the nations, I begin definitely in my testaments and tragedies to destroy this unfit world and make it over again in my own image: in my own image because that can not be transcended; all men, crossing-sweepers or ministers of state, endeavor to their utmost to make the world to their order; and those who identify their minds and imaginations with the universe have unusual power and authority."

To encourage French writers of fiction and stimulate their best endeavors a literary periodical of Paris has founded a prize of three thousand francs to be awarded annually to the young author who shall have produced the best novel in the preceding two years, the verdict to be rendered by a jury of academicians.

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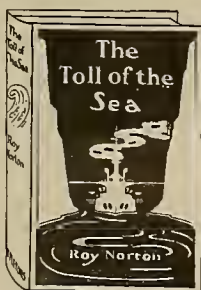


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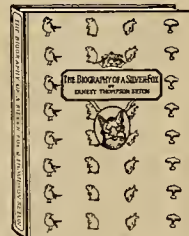


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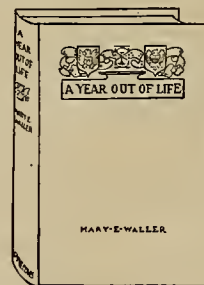


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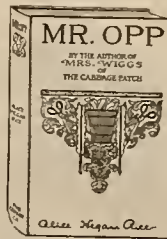
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## REAL NATURE-LOVING ARTISTS.

Anecdotes of F. E. Church and S. B. Gifford, Who Searched Many Lands for Views.

In a recent issue of the New York Herald, a writer familiar with the art life of the metropolis quotes these reminiscences by one of the associates of the eminent painters mentioned:

"The prominent members of the old 'Hudson River School' were Thomas Cole, F. E. Church, and Albert Bierstadt," said Mr. A. Cary Smith the other day. "All of these men loved the grand and dramatic effects of nature as found in different parts of the world. All painted large pictures and portrayed the vast space and aerial effects of nature far from the haunts of men.

"No distance or trouble kept these men from the scenes that they loved to paint. Labrador, Mexico, South America, Yucatan, Spain, the Rocky Mountains were visited in turn. They learned to paint from what Homer Martin called 'old God,' and did not go abroad to copy pictures, and when the feeling grew weak go again to the Pierian spring and bathe in the washings of the old masters.

"These men worked from nature from May to November for their inspiration. They wore good clothes, got 'big money' for big pictures, and did not wear 'Merry Widow' hats, nor did they wear long hair, cloaks, and queer collars, or rusty sealskin coats, and they did not cultivate a Rembrandtesque air and gait.

"As an instance of the fame of their pictures, however, Mr. Church told me that when he put the 'Heart of the Andes' on exhibition the receipts of the first day were \$300. The picture of the Rocky Mountains, mentioned by Sir Purdon Clarke as the best landscape in the Metropolitan Museum, was the result of toilsome ride on horseback, the paint box being carried by first one and then another of

of the surf as the long swell washed into the water worn caverns, the deep blue of the Arctic water, cold as death, as it washed back from the impact, turned to a deep green and fringed with the sunlit foam, formed a picture I can not forget. No colors could reproduce the majestic effect of that scene."

"Mr. Church was a many-sided man. He would paint a name on the stern of a fisherman's boat in a way to make the professional letterer turn green with envy. He taught the fishermen how to utilize the hollow stem of the giant kelp that grows on reefs down East for a siphon to get the water out of a boat when hauled up. Then he related, with a twinkle in his eye, how they tried it when the boat was in the water, and told him it was no good, because it didn't work that way.

"There was a place in his studio where the sun shone on a pane of glass. He painted the effect exactly on a piece of glass and put it in the same place. Gignoux came in and remarked how the sun shone. The glass was removed. Gignoux remarked, 'Church, you are the devil!' M. J. Heade, who occupied Church's room for a while, was painting a sunset—a meadow scene—and left a part of the canvas below the picture. When Heade went out Church at once finished the lower part. The water from the meadow was leaking down in every direction. The effect was immense.

"Sanford B. Gifford must be included with these men. He was a most genial man, who, however, showed his mettle when he heard the call of the drum—put away his palette and shouldered his musket.

"Having read an art criticism, one of those 'wild, weird, fleshy things,' that possibly was clear to the writer, but not being able to assimilate it, I took it to Mr. Gifford, who, as a prominent artist, should know all about art. He read it carefully, and when he paused and looked up, I asked, 'What does he mean?' 'I don't know,' was Gifford's answer. To a novice in art, like myself, this was a blow below the belt. Mr. Gifford not know what these iridescent, long tailed, involved sentences meant! *Pour quoi?*

"Then the artist told me of one of the cult who called on him and began to dilate upon art. 'At last I told him I could not follow him,' Thackeray tells us that no artist can tell what is in his own picture. Perhaps we can extend this idea to the art critic. *Quien sabe!*

"Such is the only possible explanation of the wonderful ideas set forth about pictures. I remember that Homer Martin sometimes used the word 'sub-tile' (pronounced very broadly) in speaking of a picture, and a term yeclpt 'towt an' swobble,' used by an artist who had studied abroad. The meaning is esoteric.

"One day an old and shabby person called at No. 51 West Tenth Street and looked in at the studios. He was treated with scant courtesy. His aura did not look auriferous. He 'smelt' of the pictures, which in the vernacular is looking closely at a picture and is an offense. In one room he was looking about and asked, 'What will you take for that picture?' 'Fifteen hundred dollars,' was the answer. 'I'll take it.'

"The artist, like Daniel, 'was astonished for the space of one hour.'

"A great Frenchman said, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God,' and this nomenclature is correct. These men I have named resided on the Hudson River. Mr. Church had a house at Hudson, on an eminence that commanded a beautiful view for many miles down and across the river. This house was of stone, in Persian style, and was filled with curios collected from all over the world. Mr. Bierstadt also had a beautiful home on the Hudson.

"All these things combined formed a concatenation of circumstances that displeased. Captain Brand, the pirate, when he heard that men-of-war were coming to smoke him out of his retreat, remarked, 'Ah! Success breeds envy.' Hence the name Hudson River School of Painting."

Mr. A. Cary Smith is a distinguished yacht designer and naval architect. Before deciding upon his profession he studied art, and his reminiscences are based upon his experiences at that time.

This story is told of the life experience which so early taught J. M. Barrie the talismanic and healing power of a laugh. When a mere lad of six his elder brother died suddenly, and to him fell the task of comforting his grief-stricken mother. "Then and there," says the story, "he started upon the business he has been engaged in ever since—the business of making people laugh and forget their troubles. That was his crafty way of playing physician to his mother, and every time he won a laugh from her he tallied it on a scrap of paper. When the doctor came he slyly slipped the laugh report into his hand, and the first day he had scored five. The doctor advised him to show the report to his mother. 'I did as he bid me,' says Barrie, 'and not only did she laugh then, but again when I put it down, so that, though it was really one laugh with a tear in the middle, I counted it as two.'" "Since then," says the narrator of this incident, "how many, many thousands of those laughs that displace tears has Barrie won from people all over the world?"

## Legends of a Violinist.

Paganini is always alluded to (declares James Huneker in *Everybody's Magazine*) as the "greatest" violinist (which he was not) and as the craziest man who ever held a fiddle (which he was not). Technically considered, he was the most astounding executant in the history of his art. No one has rivaled him in dexterity, in extravagance, in passionate outbursts. His peculiar personality, coupled with his enormous command of the fingerboard and bow, completed his conquest of the public. From the first he set Italy on fire, and to account for his genius he became the centre of a network of fairy tales. It may be admitted that he did not seek to deny the ridiculous reports spread about him. He was said not only to be an ally of Signore Satan but a murderer who had served his term in the galleys, where leisure gave him an opportunity to perfect his matchless mechan-

ical skill. Furthermore, he had gone to the galleys because of a love murder. Ah, they had "passionate press agents" in those days!

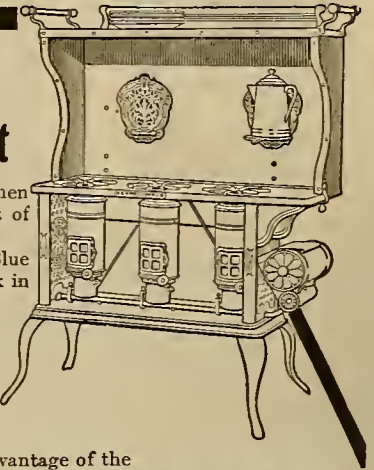
Beaten in early youth by a cruel father, his liberty, when it did come, only drove him to excesses. He gambled away his money as soon as he earned it, nor was his private life a matter for publication. He hurt his health and was forced to retire from the public for long intervals. This practice gave rise to the legendary Paganini. We know that he never murdered any one except himself, that the only devil who haunted him was the devil called gaming; but he did dissipate, and several love affairs played important rôles in his curious career. He wrote a piece for two strings, the G and E strings, a duo, and naturally it was set down to a love affair at Lucca. Followed a fantasy for the G string, at the suggestion of Napoleon's sister. It was called "A Military Sonata, Napoleon," though the sonata form never bothered the composer.

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John Reed Scott, Author of "The Woman in Question." J. B. Lippincott Company.

the party. In those days there were no limited trains to the Rocky Mountains. As another instance of the enterprise and energy of Mr. Church, he once mentioned to me that while he was in Mexico, well off the beaten track, he learned that there was a volcano far inland that probably never had been seen by a white man.

"Immediately arrangements were made to take the trail. An old Indian was procured for a guide. After riding for days on mule back, over a desolate and arid country covered with scanty bushes, the snow from them making the journey a constant misery, the guide made signs that they were near the mountain, which was hidden from view by a mist. At the same time he explained that the next day they must go back, as the melting snow would make the streams they had forded impassable.

"The artist continued with eyes that glowed with lambent flames at the recollection:

"Just before sunset the sky cleared, and I saw in the distance a snow-capped peak, with a faint trail of smoke drifting across the amber-colored sky. You can imagine my disappointment. In a few moments the fog settled down like a curtain and night came on. The next day at dawn we started back."

"On another occasion he related the difficulties of a trip to Labrador, where he went to paint icebergs: 'A topsail schooner was chartered at St. John's and fitted out for the trip. My friend Noble was with me. Both suffered with seasickness, much to the amusement of the captain, who could not make out what we were after.

"As we approached an iceberg and began to feel the chill in the air the sight so exhilarated me, though seasick, that I got my paints ready. There was a long, smooth swell on and the wind was light. The berg towered above the sea, the outline worn into fantastic and suggestive shapes. The pale emerald of the ice against the afternoon sky, the many rolls of water trickling down the sides of the berg, and the sun, the sun; the thunder

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## THE FAMILY HONOR.

By J. M. Barrie.

Much of the story of the Glendowie Monster, now on the tongues of all in the north who are not afraid to speak, has been born of ugly fancies since the night of September 4, 1890, when that happened which sent the country to bed with long candles for the rest of the month. I was at Glendowie Castle that night, and I heard the scream that made nigh two hundred people suddenly stand still in the dance; but of what is now being said I take no stock, thinking it damning to a noble house; and of what was said before that night I will repeat only the native gossip and the story of the children, which I take to be human rather than the worst horror of all, as some would have it. Thus I am left with almost naught to tell save what I saw or heard at the castle on the night of the fourth of September; and to those who would have all things accounted for, it will seem little, though for me more than enough.

There are those in Glendowie who hold that this Thing has been in the castle, and there held down by chains, since the year 1200,



Illustration from "The Missioner," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co.

when the wild Lady Mildred gave it birth and died of sight of it; and, in the daylight (but never before wine), they will speak the name of her lover, and so account for 1200 A. D. being known in the annals of that house, not as a year of our Lord, but as the year of the devil. I am not sufficiently old-fashioned for such a story, and rather believe that the Thing was never in the castle until the coming home from Africa of him who was known as the Left-Handed Earl, which happened a matter of seventy years ago. The secret manner of his coming and the oddness of his attendants, with a wild story of his clearing the house of all other servants for fifteen days, during which he was not idle, raised a crop of scandal that has not yet been cut level with the earth. To be plain, it is said by those who believe witchcraft to be done with, that the Left-Handed Earl brought the Thing from Africa, and in fifteen days had a home made for it in the castle—a home that none could find the way to save himself and a black servant, who frequently disappeared for many days at a time, yet was known always to be within whistle of his master. Men said furtively that this Thing was the heir, and again there was the devil's shadow in the story, as if the devil could be a woman.

Half a century ago the Left-Handed Earl died, and they will tell you of a three days' search for a minister brave enough to pray by the open coffin, and that, in the middle of the prayer, the mourners rose to their feet and ran out of the room, because of something squatting on the corpse's chest. There are many such stories of the Thing, against which all who might have seen shut their eyes so quickly that no two drew the same likeness. But this is no great matter, for what they say they saw I will not tell, and I would that none had ever told me.

There have been four earls since then; but, if the tale of the Thing be true, not one of them lawful earls. Yet until the fourth of September, 1890, since the time of the Left-Handed Earl, it has always been the same black servant who waited on the Thing, so that many marveled and called these two one, as they were not. Of the earls I have nothing to tell that could not be told by other men, save this, that they paced their halls by night, and have ever had an air of listening, not to what was being said to them, but as if for some sudden cry from beyond. And I have heard tell that, though brave men in war, they would not go into a dark place, even for a wife, which was the bribe offered to one of them.

It is not a pretty story, except what is told of the Monster's love of children; and though, until the fourth of September, 1890, I never believed what was told of the Thing and these children, I believe it now. What they say is, that it was so savage that not even the black servant could have gone within reach of it and lived; yet with children scarce strong enough to walk, save on all-fours, it would play for hours even as they played, but with a mother's care for them. There are men of all ages in these parts who hold that

they were with it in their childhood and loved it, though now they shudder at a picture they recall, I think, but vaguely. And some of them, doubtless, are liars. It may be wondered why the lords of Glendowie dared let a child into the power of one that would have broken themselves across its knee; and two reasons are given: The first, that it knew when there were children in the castle, and would have broken down walls to reach them had they not been brought to it; the other, that compassion induced the earls to give it the only pleasure it knew. Of these children some were of the tenantry and others of guests in the castle, and I have not heard of one who dreaded the monster. To them it ever seemed to have been lovable; and, if half the stories be true, they would let it toss them sportively in air, and they would sit with their arms around its neck while it made toys for them of splinters of wood or music by rattling its chains. I need not say that care was taken to keep these meetings from the parents of the children, in which conspiracy the children unconsciously joined, for their pleasant prattle of their new friend allayed suspicion rather than roused it. Nevertheless, queer rumors arose in recent times, which, I dare say, few believed who came from a distance; yet they were sufficiently disquieting to make guests leave their children at home, and, as I understand, on the fourth of September, 1890, several years had passed since a child had slept in the castle. On that night there were many guests and one child, who had been in bed for some hours when the Thing broke loose.

The occasion was the coming of age of the heir, and seldom, I suppose, has there been such a company in a house renowned for hospitality. There were many persons from distant parts, which means London, and all the great folk of our country, with others not so great in that gathering, though capable of making a show at most. After the dancing begins, no man is ever a prominent figure in a room to those who are there merely to look on, as I was; and I now remember, as the two which my eyes followed with greatest pleasure, our hostess, a woman of winning manners, yet cold when need he, and the lady who was shortly to become her daughter, a languid girl, pretty to look at when her lover, the heir, was by her side. I know that nearly all present that night speak now of a haggard look on the earl's face, and of quick glances between him and his wife; I know they say that the heir danced much to keep himself from thinking, and that his arm chattered on the waists of his partners; I know the story that he had learned of the existence of the Thing that night. But I was present, and I am persuaded that at the time all thought, as I did, that never was a gayer scene even at Glendowie, never a host and hostess more cordial, never a merry-eyed heir



Percy Brebner, Author of "A Royal Ward," Little, Brown & Co.

more anxious to be courteous to all and more than courteous to one. The music was a marvel for the country. Dance succeeded dance. The hour was late, but another waltz was begun. Then suddenly—

And at once the music stopped and the dancers were as still as stone figures. It had been a horrible, inhuman scream, so loud and shrill as to tear a way through all the walls of the castle; a scream not of pain, but of triumph. I think it must have lasted half a minute, and then came silence, but still no one moved; we waited as if after lightning for the thunder.

The first person I saw was the earl. His face was not white but gray. His teeth were fixed and he was staring at the door, waiting for it to open. Some men hastened to the door, and he cast out his arms and drove them back. But he never looked at them. The heir I saw with his hands over his face. Many of the men stepped in front of the women. There was no whispering, I think. We all turned our eyes to the door.

Some ladies screamed (one, I have heard, swooned; but we gave her not a glance) when the door opened. It was only the African servant who entered, a man most of us had heard of but few had seen. He made a sign to the earl, who drew back from him and then stepped forward. The heir hurried to the door, and some of us heard this conversation:

"Not you, father; me."  
"Stay here, my son; I entreat, I command."  
"Both," said the servant, authoritatively; and then they went out with him and the door closed.

The dancing was resumed almost immediately. This is a strange thing to tell. Only a woman could have forced us to seem once more as we were before that horrid cry; and the woman was our hostess. As the door closed, my eyes met her, and I saw that she had been speaking to the musicians. She was smiling graciously, as if what had occurred had been but an amusing interlude. I saw her take her place beside her partner, and begin the waltz again with the music. All looked at her with amazement, dread, pity, suspicion, but they had to dance. "Does she know nothing?" I asked myself, overhearing her laughing merrily as she was whirled past me. Or was this the woman's part in the tragedy while the men were doing theirs? What were they doing? It was whispered in the hall that they were in the open, looking for something that had escaped from the castle.

An hour, I dare say, passed, and neither the earl nor his son had returned. The dancing went on, but it had become an uncanny scene: every one trying to read the other's face, the men uncomfortable, as if feeling that they should be elsewhere, many of the women craven, only the countess in high spirits. By this time it was known to all of us that the door of the hall was locked on the outside. Guests had our hostess good-night, but could retire no further. One man dared request her to bid the servants unlock the door, and she smiled and asked him for the next waltz.

About two o'clock in the morning, many of us heard a child's scream, that came, as we thought, from the hall of the castle. A moment afterward we again heard it—this time from the shrubbery. I saw the countess shake with fear at last, but it was only for a moment. Already she was heckoning to the musicians to continue playing. One of the guests stopped them by raising his hand; he was the child's father.

"You must bid your servants unbar that door," he said to the countess, sternly, "or I will force it open."

"You can not leave this room, Sir —," she answered quite composedly; and then he broke out passionately, fear for his child mastering him. Something about devil's work, he said.

"There is some one on the other side of that door who would not hesitate to kill you," she replied; and we knew that she spoke of the native servant.

"Order him to open the door."

"I will not."

In another moment the door would have been broken open had she not put her back against it. Her eyes were now flashing. The men looked at each other in doubt, and some of them, I know, were for tearing her from the door. It was then that we heard the report of a gun.

It is my belief that the countess saved the life of her guest by preventing his leaving the hall. For close on another hour she stood at the door, and the servants gathered round her like men ready to support their mistress. We were now in groups, whispering and listening, and I shall tell what I heard, believing it to be all that was heard by any of us, though some of those present that night now tell stranger tales. I heard a child laughing, and I doubt not that we were meant to hear it, to appease the parents' fear. I heard the tramp of men in the hall and on the stairs, and afterward an unpleasant dirge from above. A carriage drove up the walk and stopped at the door. Then came heavy noises on the stair, as of some weight being slowly moved down it. By and by the carriage drove off. The earl returned to the hall, but no one was allowed to leave it until daybreak. I lost sight of the countess when the earl came in, but many say that he whispered something to her, to which she replied, "Thank God!" and then fainted. No explanation of this odd affair was given to the company; but it is believed that the Thing, whatever it was, was shot that night and taken away by the heir and the servant to Africa, there to be buried.

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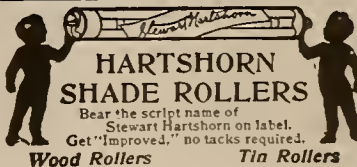
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MME. NAZIMOVA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The Russian actress whose real name of Nagizimoroff has, for purposes of expediency, been curtailed to Nazimova, is now within our gates, and it seems that people are very curious about her. She has been so much advertised that the public, a little too distrustful of foreigners and foreignisms to rush into a possibly unwarranted expenditure—is asking many questions of those who have seen her.

Everybody wants to know if she is a great actress. Well, it takes two things to make histrionic greatness: Genius, and a pretty universal acknowledgment of it.

Nazimova does not strike one as a genius, even of a mild order. But she is one of those



Mme. Nazimova, at the Van Ness Theatre.

human dynamos of energy, talent, and temperament that are next door to it. She is really quite a wonderful actress. No one I have seen, not even Mrs. Fiske, can touch her Nora, principally because she has attained to a more intimate knowledge and expression of the soul of the woman who tenanted the famous doll's house than any of the other Noras who have come our way.

From the first moment of her entrance she struck the right note. Dressed as simply and plainly as a school-girl, animated by the restlessness of a woman who is as yet scarcely more than an undeveloped girl, full of a child's enjoyment of trifles, and with her wits, like those of a precocious child, sharpened to the self-defensive and disarming point of appealing prettily to the indulgence of her husband and protector, she comes in in a whirl of merriment and gay spirits. She is expansive, affectionate, demonstrative. In her coddled, petted, sheltered life she has not learned reserve, and the emotions and sensations which animate her being play over her mobile face as openly and freely as though she were sixteen. And with this mobility of feature is united an artless abandon of gesture and attitude, and an immaturity of social experience is so guilelessly expressed in her deportment that we realize, early in the engagement, that this Nora is more truly Thorwald's "little squirrel," his "lark" and "songbird" than any in the, to us, brief procession we have hitherto seen.

She is a restless Nora, as restless as a monkey. Her hands and feet are as expressive of the passing emotion as her features. Her swiftly fitting glances, her school-girl laughter, her sudden changes of mood, and her childlike unbelief in a Nemesis that can overtake her, all were wonderfully consistent, and brilliantly depicted.

With it all, she is something of an exotic. Nora, you remember, besides enslaving the senses of her husband, kicked up a good deal of a commotion in the susceptibilities of the moribund Dr. Rank, who was not too busy dying to fail to respond to the charm of the sensuous little pagan, who, true to her undeveloped soul, and as frank and unhypercritical as a child, says gayly to the poor wretch in the midst of his confession, "Oh, what an ugly way to talk of death!"

In the scene of scenes, when the awakening comes, the audience realized that the dynamic Russian woman was fully up to expressing the immense transformation that, all in a moment had been wrought in the spirit of the girl-wife. When the perception came to her of her husband's absolute selfishness, of the fact that his protection and love were to be withdrawn, and that "the miracle did not happen," a "will" white intensity of mood enwrapped

She made her auditors feel with her

that the rosy clouds of illusion were swept away, and that, for the first time, Nora, who, mother though she was, had hitherto been a girl, had become a woman looking at the ugly facts of life in the clear and prosaic light of reality.

It is always a wonderfully interesting scene; one that reaches women particularly. Women are often rebels at heart, but the tacit creatures habitually conceal the fact, only venturing to glory in the uprisings of others who dare to break their chains. It is odd that it fell to a man to write of this particular phase of the marital life, because women do so glory in this scene of Nora's revolt. And the rebellion was so complete. For my part I can never understand a woman going off deliberately and leaving three babies behind. With all due respect to Ibsen, my opinion is that Nora, even Ibsen's Nora, would be sure to come back like that other rebel wife in "The Revolt" of the German Strindberg's creation, who, though hating her slavery to a bondmaster, returned because the impulse toward freedom had, through lack of usage, become blighted.

Nora had so much more reason to return, with three innocent hostages to fortune lying in their cradles, but she goes away with a quickness of movement and a firmness and finality of tone that do not suggest a latent relenting.

And she reached her audience thoroughly. Many, including even man the tyrant, wept freely, if we may believe the testimony afforded by the sound of several trumpet blasts played upon masculine noses, which diversified the gentler and less positive note of feminine sniffs.

There was, nevertheless, no stacy sentiment in Nora's leave-taking. It had the dignity of self-unconsciousness, and the dominant note the actress struck was not that of pathos.

A thought, by the way, suddenly struck me. I wonder if the masculine blowers of emotional trumpets were weeping in sympathy with Thorwald. Poor, selfish Thorwald, I don't believe the women ever waste a tear upon him. But he had his sorrow, too, and perhaps the men do. It's the same old, ever-burning question of the point of view.

Nazimova gave a more, much more complete revelation of the maternal side of Nora than we have been accustomed to, by showing herself in the light of a care-free playmate of the children. The scene in which she "played bear" on all fours was done with the same amount of artistic conscience as all the others, and, as in the parting scene, with a commendable absence of seeking for the stereotyped response due to a puling sentimentality.

In the matter of looks, Nazimova is as un-American as they make them. She has a pair of immense dark eyes, the size of which is unduly emphasized by grease paint, hair dark enough for a Latin, an ivory-tinted skin, and strongly marked features.

Her figure is slight to angularity, and she omits to cover her rather swarthy neck and arms with the conventional pearl powder. She is neither beautiful nor handsome, nor even pretty. She is unusual, distinctive. She is better than pretty, being of a type that would instantly arrest the eye. She is, in the matter of looks, the woman who would, in her progress down the street, be followed by every masculine gaze, even if it were unknown that she was the Nazimova.

She is not gifted vocally, her voice being light, unmusical, and inclined to hollowness. In spite of her vivacity there seemed to be always an underlying note of plaintiveness in it.

Her knowledge of English is ample enough to reassure those who are hesitating to venture their pile on seats for a foreigner who is possibly unintelligible. Yet, although she pronounces her English almost perfectly, she has not succeeded in conquering the intonations natural to her native medium of speech, and a number of times she was almost if not quite unintelligible. These occasions were, however, the exception. She has a marked though recurring lisp, very noticeable when she says, for an instance: "I must 'sink' sings out for myself."

With all her talent, her artistic thoroughness, and the completeness of satisfaction that her impersonation gives, there is in Nazimova a curious lack of being able to win us, to draw our sympathies warmly to her. It is rather difficult to say why. Perhaps it is her foreignness, but that would certainly place us in a provincial light.

Perhaps it was because her conception, and Ibsen's, of Nora's character is not such as to warrant her winning hearts. The curious thing, by the way, about these human dynamos is that they can fascinate, can magnetize, but they can not so readily win hearts. Sometimes they even exert a sort of power of repulsion. At any rate, there is something about this slight girl-wife of Thorwald Helmer, an exoticism of nature, which just removes her from the realm of our sympathies.

The support in "A Doll's House" was all right, but not in the least brilliant.

Mr. Brandon Tynan, the leading man, is a shouter, and his acting, as well as his voice, lacks shading. He did, to be sure, cause us to realize the monstrous egotism and the superficiality of Helmer, but that was more due to the rôle itself than the acting of it.

Mr. Percy Lyndal's Dr. Rank was mortuary

enough in all conscience, and perhaps a little more than enough.

Mr. Cyril Young's Krogstad was just routine work, and Miss Evelyn Wiedling gave a satisfactory Mrs. Linden.

#### Elman's Farewell Concert with Orchestra.

Never in the musical history of this city has a more remarkable musical treat been offered the music lovers than the one Manager Will Greenbaum has arranged for Sunday afternoon, May 2, at the Garrick Theatre. On this occasion Mischa Elman will make his farewell appearance, and will have the assistance of the Russian Symphony Orchestra of New York, under Modest Altschuler. This orchestra is one of the finest in the world and it was with it that Elman made his debut in America, scoring a sensational triumph with the difficult "Concerto" by Tschaiakowsky. This is the work he will play on Sunday. Elman's other big number will be the "Otello" fantasia by Ernst.

The great orchestra will play novelties by Russian composers, quite new to this city. One of the numbers is called "Khowanschina" or "Sunrise on the Moskva River" and is by Musorgski. Another is a group of two Caucasian sketches, in one of which Mr. Jacob Altschuler, said to be the finest viola player in America, will play an obligato, as will also



May Boley, Comedienne, at the Princess Theatre, as Queen Elsa in "Happened in Nordland."

Mr. Edward Raho on the English horn. The composer of this work is Ippolitoff Ivanow, one of the younger Russians who is creating a stir in the world of music. Liadow's charming "Mosquito Dance," introduced by Walter Damrosch, and the wild, barbaric "March Slav" will complete the programme.

Notwithstanding the great expense of combining these two attractions there will be no rise in prices. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office of the theatre will be open at 10 a. m.

Although M. Eugène Brieux is just past fifty, having been born in Paris in 1858, he has won a high place in the dramatic world, and has lately been elected a member of the French Academy. Like many others, he began as a journalist. The demon of the theatre gripped him, however, and, yielding to its suggestion, he trod with invincible perseverance the path to fame. About twenty years ago two of his plays, "Mariage d'Artistes" and "Blanchette," opened to him that path on which he has traveled with a firm step onward and upward. Several of his dramas have received the official seal of approval by being produced at the Comédie Française.

Alessandro Bonci, who was once the star of the Manhattan Opera House and then joined the Metropolitan forces, sailed a few days ago for Europe in what may be vulgarly defined as a state of mind. He declared that strife and intrigues had disrupted the forces at the Metropolitan; that he, personally, Alessandro Bonci, had unwittingly grasped the hot end of the poker; that he didn't care a fig for his contract with the Metropolitan; and had grave doubts whether he would return.

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This Sunday Afternoon, May 2 at 2:30  
Elman will play concerto by Tschaiakowsky and "Otello" Fantasia by Einast.

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"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,"  
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Next—"SPORTING LIFE."



EASTERN THEATRICAL NOTES.

By the performance of "What Every Woman Knows" that Maude Adams and her company gave at the Grand Opera House, New Haven, in the afternoon of April 19, Yale University is assured a theatre of its own—where it may hold its commencements and occasionally invite visiting artists. Long before the performance every seat and most of the aisles were crowded, at advanced prices. Miss Adams donated the services of the company, the railroad expenses, moving the production from



Zoe Barnett, Soubrette at the Princess Theatre.

New York to New Haven, and the rental of the Grand Opera House of New Haven.

The breakdown of Caruso—whether temporary or permanent, no one can tell—is the musical sensation of the day. It has been said that a singer dies twice—the first time when he loses his voice. Caruso has gone back to Europe, but is not without hope that he will recover the full use of his vocal chords.

Julia Marlowe has joined E. H. Sothern for a round of Shakespearean productions in Baltimore, Washington, and New York.

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will appear in "Romeo and Juliet," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Hamlet."

Of the concert given a few evenings ago in New York by Miss Clemens, the critic of the *Evening Post* says:

"There was an audience of unusual distinction at Mendelssohn Hall last night when Miss Clara Clemens and Miss Lillian Littlehales gave a joint recital. Literature was represented as well as music; Mark Twain was there to witness his daughter's triumph, and W. D. Howells applauded as if he belonged to a paid clique. After the second group of songs, bouquets were passed to Miss Clemens, the last one being carried by her venerable father, and as she was a little slow in coming out again, he deposited it on the stage for her to pick up. Miss Clemens's voice has the true contralto quality, so rare in these days; yet there is great beauty also in her highest tones. If Mme. Schumann-Heink, who sings soprano as well as mezzo and contralto, had charge of her voice, great things might be accomplished with it."

The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues, to be delivered in Christian Science Hall by Mr. Wright Kramer, Mr. Holmes's fellow-traveler and associate lecturer, are to begin this week, "Berlin" being the first subject. Colored illustrations and motion pictures will give glimpses of the strange life and scenes in and about the great German capital. The Berlin dates are Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon of this week.

"Vienna" will be the subject on Monday and Tuesday evening and Wednesday afternoon of next week. Mr. Holmes has made a great study of the Viennese out-of-door life and will describe not only the outlying lake districts, but will enter the valleys of the Austrian Alps and climb the highest peak of the Gross Glockner.

"Paris," the city magnificent, will be pictured Thursday and Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. Art galleries, churches, the tomb of Napoleon, and the Bois de Boulogne will be shown, with the fashionable resorts, and those of the American artists in the celebrated Latin Quarter.

"London" will furnish the topic on Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday afternoon of the third week of the Travelogues.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Prices, \$1, 75 cents, and 50 cents.

Shakespearean Plays at the Greek Theatre

A more suitable play than "A Midsummer Night's Dream" could scarcely have been chosen for the moonlight performance at the Greek Theatre at Berkeley Saturday night,



Paul McAllister, Leading Man of the Valencia Theatre Stock Company.

May 1, by the one hundred actors, singers, dancers, and musicians comprising the Ben Greet Players and the Russian Symphony Orchestra. With this play, Mendelssohn's delightful music, both vocal and instrumental, will be given.

Next Saturday afternoon, May 8, the same organizations will present "The Tempest" there, with the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Peter Tschaikowsky. These are by far the most important productions yet offered in the wonderful open-air auditorium.

The performances are given under the auspices of the faculty committee on music and drama.

Seats can be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, both in San Francisco and Oakland, and at the usual places in Berkeley.

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April 26th, 1909.

Messrs. Baldwin & Howell,  
318 Kearny Street,  
City.

Dear Sirs:-

Referring to the matter of the auction sale of the lots in Dingee Park, which I have already instructed you to hold on Saturday, May 1st, - I wish to impress upon you the importance of keeping the public informed of the fact that these lots are to be sold without limit or reserve.

It would be well to call attention to the fact that Peninsular property is a good investment, especially when purchased upon a conservative basis.

I have no doubt that this sale will be made on a plane that will return a fair profit to the purchasers, owing to the steady increase in values on all suburban properties during the last few years.

I have every reason to believe that the auction sale will prove a success and of benefit to both the purchasers and the owner.

Very truly yours,

W. H. Crocker.



## VANITY FAIR.

Few people know that the United States treasury employs an army of spies in Europe in order to checkmate the wiles of returning tourists who would defraud the revenue. It is common enough to hear of some too confiding passenger betrayed to the customs men by a fellow-traveler who has been made the recipient of dangerous secrets as to the disposal of silks and jewelry, but that the department goes so far as to send its emissaries to Europe is something new to most persons. But it is a fact. A telegraphic dispatch from Paris says that secret service agents have just arrived in readiness for the summer tourist and that it will be hard to make a purchase of any importance without attracting attention that may ultimately prove troublesome.

One of the functions of these agents is to keep an eye upon collusion in low invoicing between French exporters and American firms, but their chief duty is to get on the track of the wealthy tourist who makes large purchases of dutiable goods and then exercises his ingenuity to get them into the country without the formality of paying duty. It is said that Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, who recently arrived in Paris from London, has entered no art shop or tapestry dealer's place without the fact of her visit being known a few minutes later with full details of her purchases. When Mrs. Palmer went away she took all her acquisitions to London with her and this somewhat complicated the situation, although a similar secret service exists in England.

It is said that some of these agents have exceeded their duties and have made themselves offensive, besides resorting to methods that are not defensible. When it comes to hiring chambermaids, valets, hotel servants, and even hotel managers to spy upon the privacy of guests, we feel that even the necessities of revenue are a small excuse for an intolerable espionage, and it is said that some pretty vigorous complaints have been lodged. There is no doubt that customs duties are evaded to an enormous extent, but the American visitor in Paris does not like to be treated by his own government as though he were in Russia and had fallen under the suspicions of the political police.

A report from London says that the models who are employed by many West End dress-makers to display the new season's dresses are trying to bring their waist measurements up to a uniform twenty-four inches, which is the ideal waist of the present fashion.

The eighteen or nineteen-inch waists which were once the rule in many West End show-rooms and which necessitated excessive tight lacing for the girls employed are not only no longer required in the better-class establishments, but their possessors are required to develop a waist measurement several inches larger.

"Our stock waist is twenty-four inches, for it is impossible to show present-day gowns to advantage on a smaller waist," explains the manager of one well-known establishment. "Many people have developed unnatural waists in course of time, and when a girl has acquired one of these small waists a pad is placed inside her corsets to fill up the waist cavity."

"Tight lacing only obtains in old-fashioned showrooms which have not yet taken cognizance of the entire change in the character of dress."

A New York oculist makes a curious disclosure and we hardly know whether his experience was exceptional or whether it indicates a more or less common practice. Interviewed by the New York Sun, the oculist in question says he was surprised when there walked into his office a very pretty woman whose eyes showed at once that they needed no treatment:

"I want you to make my eyes beautiful," said she.

"Madam," I replied, "this is not the office of a beauty doctor."

"I don't care," she retorted. "I know that you can improve the appearance of my eyes and I want you to do it."

"Kindly remove your hat," said I, in my most professional manner.

"No," said she, "it is not necessary to take off my hat. You can observe my eyes better with my hat on."

The hat was of the very tall, very round, and very overhanging variety. I believe she called it a peach basket. I know it came so far down over her forehead that only her eyes were visible under the downturned brim, and the edges were so low as to act like blinders.

"My eyes are well," she said, "but they are not effective. I must have beautiful eyes if I am going to wear this kind of hat. I want eyes that are big, lustrous, and deep, that glow and look expressive."

I had become interested.

"May I ask what you expect me to do?" I ventured.

"I want you first to give me something to make my eyes bright at night—belladonna or whatever will have that effect. Then I want you to treat my eyelashes so that they will grow until they sweep my cheeks like the eyelashes of the heroine in the best story."

"And then—"

"I suggested, drawing her out."

"Then," said she with the slightest hesita-

tion as though she feared that I might balk—"and then I want you to lengthen my eyes. I want the very long Cavalieri eyes, the eyes of Maxine Elliott, the eyes of the Spanish dancers."

"Ah," I observed, "and you wish me to—"

"Exactly," said she, "I wish you to slit my eyes at the outer corners so as to increase the size. Then I may want you to slit the upper lid and draw it up a little tighter, so that it will not sag over my eyes. Do you get the idea?"

"I get the idea perfectly," said I, "but it is, I fear, far beyond my skill and experience. I would stumble and blunder and I might injure your appearance."

"I'll take the risk," said she, "because I've heard that it can be done. A friend of mine knew an American woman who had her eyes treated that way in Paris, and it is well known that the Italian ladies have their eyes lengthened in that fashion."

"It may be," said I, "but I am afraid to undertake it. I must refer you to a faculty expert. I am only an oculist. My mission is to keep the eyes well, not to vivisection them."

This experience has been duplicated many times since. My warning in each case is to let the eyes alone. If a woman can get hints—harmless hints, mind you—from her beauty missionary all the better for her. No woman can be too beautiful. But when it comes to surgery upon the eyes I advise a woman to pause. Even the overtopping peach basket is not worth the risk involved.

The peach basket hat has much to answer for, but if it necessitates a surgical reconstruction of the face it is time to call a halt. It is true that the woman who wears this sort of monstrosity usually has a face that seems to call for some surgical assistance, but it is so easy to carry these things too far.

The German emperor, as head of the army, has issued an order eminently proper, but one that should hardly have been necessary. His attention having been called to the prevalence of smoking among army officers, he has directed that henceforth there shall be no such indulgence in the presence of ladies who are in evening dress, neither in hallrooms, restaurants, nor anywhere else. The order applies even to private houses and the emperor wishes it to be understood that he means what he says, and as he is usually a man of his word in such matters and with full power to make things exceedingly lively for any officer who offends him we may be sure that his wishes will be respected. But why is such an order necessary? Are German officers accustomed to smoke in hallrooms? We may assume that they are, but this intimation that the military sprig is not entirely supreme in the Fatherland will be received with some surprised satisfaction.

Speaking of Germany, the British Board of Trade, for some obscure reason of its own, has issued a report on the relative cost of living in Germany and England. On the whole, the prices seem to be in favor of England, but a correspondent maintains that for the same money one can have a much better time in Germany than in England. Here are a few of the prices paid in the course of over a year in various German towns. For a large front room with veranda and bedroom, both well furnished, in one of the best streets of a fairly fashionable town, \$7.50 a month. Breakfast, coffee and rolls, cost 5 cents a day; dinner at midday, at the best hotel (most Germans seem to dine out), costs 35 cents a day, and a hot meat supper 15 cents. Afternoon tea on the river or at the confectioner's was usually about 10 cents. If one went out into the country things were cheaper again. "After a long walk one morning I turned into a wayside public house for something to eat," writes a correspondent. "They had nothing but fresh eggs, so I had two with some bread and butter and coffee. The bill was 25 pfennigs (5 cents). It was made up thus: 10 pf. for the coffee, 10 pf. for two eggs, and 5 pf. for the bread and butter."

"But the thing on which I found most money was to be saved in Germany as compared with England," adds the correspondent, "was amusement. The amusements, to begin with, are of a simpler kind. One can hear as good music as a town has to give for a copper—that is the price of a glass of beer in a beer garden. The regimental bands play in these gardens, and half a town will muster in the garden to listen, children as well. On a summer Sunday morning you may get up at 6 a. m., walk to a neighboring hilltop, and find the regimental band playing there. Theatres, too, are cheap. For my hoat on the river I used to pay 3d. an hour or 1s. a day; for a bicycle, about the same price; for the hire of a piano, 5s. a month. Work, too, is done more cheaply. For the soling and heel-ing of a pair of hoots I paid 3s., as compared with 4s. here, and so on. The thing is, of course, that the German does not get as much to spend as we do, and his amusements have to cost less. Then materials may be dearer, but the work expended on them is cheaper. With an English income and German conditions I could get along very well."

The London correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says that the silly people in England are just as silly as silly people in America, for which recon-dite discovery let us be duly grateful. As an evidence of the prevalence of senseless pastimes among the "upper ten" we are asked to consider the present house-party craze for amateur hairdressing and manicuring which has swept over England.

All the women of the party, with their attendant swains, assemble in the morning-room or houndoir, the women arrayed in the most fantastic dressing gowns, things of wonder and fascination, hetucked, hefrilled, and made gorgeous with lace and ribbons; the men in elaborate Oriental draperies—the latest feat of Dame Fashion for the adornment of the male. Thus the work begins.

Awkward situations occasionally arise when it happens that a guest's "crowning glory" has been purchased from the hairdresser. In these days heauty depends not so much on mother nature as on that far kinder mother—art. Those at the mercy of the latter have been disagreeable about the latest pastime and have huddled themselves and their tresses out of their hostess's house with dispatch.

At a well-known ducal house the hostess recently offered prizes for the best and the worst dressed head which appeared at her dinner table, the operators having been the men of the house party. Originality went a long way in determining the victors. The coiffure which won the first prize represented a bird's nest arranged with the owner's magnificent hair. In the nest were three eggs, and above was poised a stuffed bird on a branch.

It is expected that during the coming season these amateur hairdressing competitions will form one of the greatest attractions at parties.

In manicure all the smartest set excel. So accomplished are they that they boast that were there need for them to earn a living they could make it in this way. The most exquisite tools in gold filigree work and mother of pearl, not to mention those in solid gold hejeweled, are used by these society manicurists when operating on each other's fingers. The host and hostess inspect the work of their guests, approving or disapproving, as the case may be, though they, too, are among the most active of the workers.

There is a story going the rounds to the effect that a fashionable high church clergyman, son of a late prime minister, having observed that for several Sundays the owner of a famous mansion and his guests never attended church, determined to find out the reason. Fortwith, during service hour, he made his way to his friend's house, and, entering unannounced through a French window, found the whole house party arrayed in their gorgeous and picturesque dressing gowns, squatting on the floor manicuring each other's nails.

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Table Damask

Crash

Face Cloths

Towels

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Organdies

Men's Handkerchiefs

Women's Handkerchiefs

Piques

Men's Hosiery

Men's Underwear

Women's Hosiery

Women's Underwear

Brown Shirtings

Bleached Shirtings

Wide Bleached Sheetings

Wide Brown Sheetings

### Ducks

House Linings

Colored Denims

Laces

Embroideries

Silk Gloves

Colored Burlap

Men's Gloves

Tickings

Sheets

Pillow Cases

Sateens

Notions

Ribbons

Kid Gloves



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him. "Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you." "Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"

The story is an old one of the party of tired travelers who entered a house decorated by a peculiar sign and demanded oysters. "This is not a restaurant," said the courteous gentleman who met them; "I am an artist." "Isn't that an oyster hung outside the door?" asked one. "No, gentlemen, it is an ear."

An English paper says that the champion absent-minded man lives at Balham. On one occasion he called upon his old friend, the family physician. After a chat of a couple of hours the doctor saw him to the door and made him good-night, saying: "Come again. Family all well, I suppose?" "My heavens!" exclaimed the absent-minded heggar, "that reminds me of my errand. My wife is in a fit!"

Little Willie was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared, she asked: "Where have you been, my pet?" "Playing postman," replied her "pet." I gave a letter to all the houses in our road. Real letters, too." "Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother, in amusement. "They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.

The fair young debutante was surrounded by an admiring crowd of officers at the colonel's hall. Mama was standing near by, smiling complacently at her daughter's social success. The discussion was over the quarrel of the day before between two brother officers. "What was the *casus belli*?" asked the fair debutante. "Maud!" exclaimed mama, in a shocked voice, "how often have I told you to say stomach?"

This is one of the old stories told by Henry Clews, of Travers, the New York stammering wit. Mr. Clews always insists that the average Wall-Street broker is the most honest of men. "Travers," said Mr. Clews, "was once invited to be a guest at a yacht regatta. The waters of Newport harbor were covered with a beautiful squadron. Mr. Travers found that each yacht belonged to a banker or broker. He gazed blankly into the distance for a time, and then inquired softly: 'W-w-where are the c-c-customers' yachts?'"

Bill Barlow, of Wyoming, told of one of the first humorous paragraphs of his former editorial associate, Bill Nye. There had been a railroad accident. The locomotive was lost, two passenger cars were destroyed, the express car was smashed; but no one had been fatally hurt. This is the way Bill Nye described it: "For upward of twenty years repairs have been repeatedly promised the old South Bridge. Hoping against hope, and waiting until distracted, the old bridge became discouraged at last, and yesterday just laid down in the gorge with a passenger train."

Ever since entering the train, two stations back, the Yankee in England had been talking about the speed with which buildings were erected across the water. Finally, to cap the climax, he told of a twenty-two-story building which was started and finished in one month. His fellow-passengers had given up all hope that he would ever stop, when a burly York-shireman turned to him, saying: "Why, mon, that's nowt. At home I've seen 'em laying foundations for a row o' houses in the morning when I'm goin' to work, and at night when I come back they're turning t' people out for hack rent."

Matters theatrical were on the tapis and Robert Edeson was cheerfully remarking the tolerance with which the public frequently flock in crowds to productions of no especial merit. "It reminds me," said Mr. Edeson, "of a brewer I once knew who had a large family, and each child had a number of animal pets. One evening a clergyman and his wife were making a formal call on the brewer, when one of the children hurried riotously into the room, accompanied by his favorite goat. The callers were, of course, plainly disconcerted by this unexpected visitation. 'Louie,' said the father reprovingly, 'how many times have I asked you not to bring dot goat into der harlor? I must insist dot you keep him in der libray!'"

A minister who has been doing missionary work in India recently returned to New York for a visit, and was a guest at a well-known hotel where everything pleased him except the absence of the very torrid sauces and spices to which he had become accustomed in the Far East. Fortunately he had brought with him a supply of his favorite condiments, and by arranging with the head waiter these

were placed on his table. One day another guest saw the appetizing bottle on his neighbor's table and asked the waiter to give him some of "that sauce." "I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it is the private property of this gentleman." The minister, however, overheard the other's request, and told the waiter to pass the bottle. The stranger poured some of the mixture on his meat and took a liberal mouthful. After a moment he turned with tears in his eyes to the minister. "You're a minister of the gospel?" "Yes, sir." "And you preach hell and damnation?" "Yes," admitted the minister. "Well, you're the first minister I ever met who 'carried samples!'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

There Are Others.

If your affinity proves untrue,  
There are others!  
If sometimes you're feeling blue,  
There are others!  
If you show up late for lunch,  
If your wife hands you a bunch,  
And you simply sit and munch,  
There are others!  
If at trifles you get sore,  
There are others!  
If though rich you still want more,  
There's John D.!

—Hallsville News.

Seasonable Symptoms.

There's a feeling o'er me stealing  
That there's something in the air  
That displeases both my kneecaps  
And that fills my joints with care.  
There's an atmosphere of Patmos,  
Or some other lazy clime,  
Where the worker is a shirker  
Ten-elevenths of the time.

And for toiling I'm not spoiling  
As old April comes along,  
And I harken to the lark in  
Dulging in his morning song.  
I've a leaning overweening  
For the hammock and the vine.  
There's a shaky and a flaky  
Sort of shiver in my spine.

There's a sing-song sort of spring-song  
That is ringing in my soul,  
And a notion that all motion  
Is the harbinger of dole.  
I'm not lazy, but I'm hazy,  
And I'd give most anything  
Just to scribble and to fribble  
For the balance of the Spring!

—Corlyle Smith in Harper's Weekly.

A Tempter.

"There's nothing like a yacht," he said,  
As on the beach they stood;  
"It's nice," was her reply, "but then,  
A smack is quite as good."

—Boston Courier.

When He's "It."

The farmer's life has cares and joys,  
His work is long and hard and rough;  
He slaves from dawn till after dark,  
To raise and grow and own enough,  
But there's a bright side to his life,  
His sorrows he can always drown  
When, with his team, he's hired to haul  
A husted auto back to town.

—Los Angeles Express.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Already something of the summer quiet is manifesting itself in the social world and as soon as the several important weddings of the next few weeks are over the many who have planned to leave town for the next few months will depart.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Eleanor Cushing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cushing of San Rafael, to Mr. James Jenkins of San Francisco. The date of the wedding has not been stated.

The wedding of Miss Edith Berry, daughter of Mrs. J. P. Berry, to Mr. Lloyd Baldwin will take place on Wednesday, May 19, and not as was announced, through a typographical error, on May 15.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Severance Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Russell, to Paymaster Eugene Hale Douglas, U. S. N., will take place on Wednesday evening, May 12, at St. Paul's Church, Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week in honor of Mr. D. O. Mills. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss McKinstry, Miss Rhett, Mr. Henry T. Scott, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Miss Rhett.

Miss Helen Chesebrough was the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening at her home on Clay Street in honor of Miss Margaret Newhall and Mr. Athole McBean.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Alyce Sullivan and Mr. Frederick Murphy.

Mrs. Edward Eyre was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home on Sacramento Street in honor of Mrs. William Mintzer.

Miss Griffith entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week at her home on Webster Street in honor of Miss Rhett of New York.

The Misses Ruth and Dorothy Boericke entertained informally at tea on Sunday afternoon in honor of Miss Louise McCormick.

Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Beatrice Wetmore.

Miss Florence Hopkins entertained over the week end at her home at Menlo Park Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Katrina Page-Brown, Miss Mary Keeney, Mr. Reginald Fernald, and Mr. Beverly Tucker.

Admiral and Mrs. Rohley Evans, upon their return to the St. Francis last week, were the guests of Mr. Henry T. Scott at luncheon. Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker and Mr. Duane Hopkins were among the guests.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin will leave in about a fortnight for the East, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, Miss Rhett, and Miss Elizabeth Ashe spent the week end at Del Monte.

Miss Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard left on Saturday last for a stay of six weeks in the East.

Mrs. C. August Spreckels, who is a guest at the St. Francis, will leave about May 15 for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker and Miss Jennie Hooker left last week for New York, en route to Europe.

The Misses Eleanor and Katharine Duane of New York are expected to arrive in a few days

to visit their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langhorne.

Miss Rhett of New York is the guest of Mrs. William B. Bourn.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., spent the week end at Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh have closed their town house and are at their country place near Woodside for the summer months.

Miss Gertrude Craven, who has been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ralston, in Berkeley, has returned to Santa Barbara.

Miss May Hammond of Visalia is the guest of her cousin, Miss Leslie Page, at the latter's home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and Miss Katharine Donohoe have returned to their country place at Menlo Park.

Mr. Drummond MacGavin arrived early in the week from Northern California and spent a few days in town as the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin.

Mrs. William R. Smedberg has returned from a fortnight's stay at the Presidio of Monterey with her daughter, Mrs. McIvor.

Mr. William G. Irwin and Mr. Lansing Mizner will leave this week for Honolulu.

Mrs. Russell Wilson and Mrs. George Cadwalader are expected to arrive from New York next week.

The Rev. John W. Nichols and Mrs. Nichols are expected to arrive here in a few weeks from their home in Shanghai for a visit of several months' duration.

Mrs. Covington Pringle will leave shortly for a visit to Southern California.

Miss Minnie Houghton will spend the summer in the East with her sister, Mrs. Morgan Bulkeley, and plans to leave next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark will leave in June for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. Paige Monteagle will leave shortly for Europe to join his mother, Mrs. Louis Findley Monteagle, who is at Bad Nauheim.

Mrs. Davenport and Miss Eleanor Davenport will leave today (Saturday) for Spokane, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. Harry Dibblee has returned to his home in the East, after a visit to his mother, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale have been visiting here from their San Mateo home as the guests of Bishop and Mrs. Nichols.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Sefton, Jr. (formerly Miss Helen Thomas), have returned from their wedding journey to the Yosemite Valley and have left for their home in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. George Toland Cameron have closed their San Mateo home and are at the Burlingame Club for a stay of some weeks.

Mr. Walter Dillingham has arrived from the East and is here for a brief visit, en route to his home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean have gone to the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith and Miss Enid Gregg have gone on a motor trip to Southern California.

Mr. D. O. Mills spent most of the last week at the St. Francis. On his return to Millbrae next winter he will probably be accompanied by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. and Mrs. John Ward (Jean Reid).

Lieutenant and Mrs. Emery Winship are now at Del Monte.

Rev. John F. McGinty of San Francisco is the guest of the M. A. McLaughlins at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Sullivan, Miss Alyce Sullivan, and Mr. Frederick L. Murphy are spending some time in Del Monte.

Mr. John Burroughs is a guest of the Fairmont. Mr. Burroughs has been making an extended tour in the South and will be in San Francisco for but a few days.

Among those who visited The Peninsula during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Judge and Mrs. J. A. Cooper, Mr. Charles Laumeister and Miss Laumeister, Miss Ethel Gregg,

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Fritz, Mr. G. L. Payne and family, and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Selfridge (Grace Baldwin) are at Del Monte.

Major Robert H. Noble, now stationed at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, is spending a few weeks in San Francisco and is staying at the Stratford Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth spent the week end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have engaged rooms at The Peninsula for the summer.

Mrs. B. P. Brodie, formerly Miss Tallant of San Mateo but now of Detroit, has engaged rooms for herself and family at The Peninsula, for the summer months.

Mr. James Carolan and family will be at The Peninsula for the summer.

Dr. David Starg Jordan has been in the city for the past few days and has been a guest at the Fairmont.

Mrs. George D. Nixon, wife of Senator Nixon of Nevada, is at the Fairmont. Mrs. Nixon is accompanied by Miss Leah D. Burton.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral E. B. Barry, U. S. N., is ordered detached from duty as supervisor of naval auxiliaries, Navy Yard, New York, and to duty as commander, Second Division, First Squadron, U. S. Pacific Fleet, on board the *Tennessee*, May 17.

Colonel Levi P. Hunt, U. S. A., promoted from lieutenant-colonel, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., dat-



Lo Volero (Mrs. Horton Forrest Phipps) Who Begins an Engagement at the Orpheum Next Sunday Afternoon.

ing from March 23, is assigned to the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Colonel Charles W. Mason, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, Angel Island, has been ordered to proceed, accompanied by Captain Merch B. Stewart, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., to the Presidio of Monterey for the purpose of inspecting the companies of the Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., at that post.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert L. Bullard, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence heretofore granted him extended fifteen days.

Major Homer W. Wheeler, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived here last week from Cuba, via Panama, being on four months' leave of absence.

Major Walter A. Bethel, U. S. A., judge-advocate of the Department of California, has been ordered to proceed to the Military Academy, West Point, in time to report for duty on August 22 as professor of law.

Captain Wallace M. Craigie, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain Frank C. Jewell, quartermaster, U. S. A., was relieved from temporary duty in the office of the quartermaster-general, on April 13, and then proceeded to Fort Hamilton, New York, to take station at that post and assume charge under the instructions of the quartermaster-general of construction work at Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth, New York.

Captain Charles Crawford, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted leave of absence for one month, which took effect on April 25.

Captain D. C. McDougal, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to the Marine Corps, Camp of Instruction, Sea Girt, New Jersey, for special temporary duty.

Commander J. M. Ellicott, U. S. N., is detached from duty in command of the *Solace* and ordered to temporary duty as assistant to the inspector in charge of the Thirteenth Light House District, Portland, Oregon, and to duty in charge of said district on the detachment of Captain C. F. Pond, U. S. N.

Captain Wilson B. Burt, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted leave of absence for one month and twenty days, dating from April 5.

Past Assistant Surgeon H. A. Dunn, U. S. N., is detached from the *Colorado* and ordered to the *Independence*, Mare Island Navy Yard.

## Church Rehabilitation.

A concert in aid of the rehabilitation of Trinity English Evangelical Lutheran Church (E. M. Stensrud, pastor) will be given under the auspices of the Young People's Society at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday night, May 5, at 8:15. The participating artists are Mr. Hother Wismer, Mrs. Mathilda Wismer, Mr. Eugene Blanchard, Mr. L. A. Larsen, Mr. Mackenzie Gordon, and Mr. Fred Maurer. Seats, \$1, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s or at the door.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Paul McAllister and Florence Oakley, the new leading man and leading woman at the Valencia Theatre, have earned their welcome this week in "If I Were King." They have had grateful rôles to interpret, but have been much more than merely satisfactory to the audiences. George Osbourne has had, also, a hearty reception on his return to San Francisco. The last performances of the pretty costume play will be given Sunday afternoon and evening.

"A Texas Steer," that perennial favorite among the Charles H. Hoyt farces, will be the offering all next week at the Valencia Theatre.



Florence Oakley, as Bossy in "A Texas Steer," at the Valencia Theatre.

atre, beginning on Monday night. The trials of the Hon. Maverick Brander, the breezy independence of his daughter, Bossy, and the humorous incidents of frontier and national capital political life, will be found as entertaining as ever. Mr. McAllister will prove his versatility by exchanging a romantic rôle for that of an unwilling congressman, and as Maverick Brander will be forceful and effective. Miss Oakley's opportunity, as Bossy, will be no less sharply distinctive. Mr. Osbourne will be the Major Yell of that roaring trio, and Robert Homans and William Wolbert will be his companions as Brassy Gall and Colonel Bragg. Charles Dow Clark will be the Minister to Dahomey. Lillian Andrews, Grace Travers, and the other members of the company are well bestowed. The scenic possibilities will be improved, and Orchestra Leader Heller's music will add to the incidental attractions.

If "A Chinese Honeymoon" were entrusted to a third-rate company the result would be melancholy; but the Princess Theatre Company is first-rate, and it makes the rather labored ingenuity of the musical farce almost praiseworthy. Fred Mace is a capital Pineapple, and the English bridegroom's predicaments are well spiced by this versatile and tuneful comedian. Budd Ross is disguised again, but his talent is not hidden, as the Lord Chancellor. James F. Stevens is debonair and delightful as a singing lieutenant. Oliver Le Noir acts and sings the rôle of the Emperor Hang Chow with capability and art. And May Boley, who really doesn't care, is absurdly pretty as a Cockney waitress, and deliciously amusing in every pose, movement, and speech. A part that she could not make comedy out of will never be planned by musical farce writers. Zoe Barnett and Helen Darling are not especially favored in this production, but they are attractive. Ethel du Fre Houston gives another carefully studied and excellently portrayed characterization in the official mother-in-law. Myrtle Drigwall and Jennie Metzler have opportunity to prove that their singing and speaking voices are as pleasing as their stage presence, and they have been shining figures in the chorus from the beginning of the Princess popularity. "A Chinese Honeymoon" will run all next week. It will be seen again by those who never miss a Princess production, and it will not be neglected by any who know what the Princess really offers.

Mme. Nazimova's second and final week at the Van Ness Theatre will begin next Monday evening, when another Ibsen play, "Hedda Gabler," will replace "A Doll's House." Her rôle in the latter play is the subject of a dramatic study on another page. In "Hedda Gabler," Mme. Nazimova shows a contrasting character, and one whose individuality and force are notable. On Wednesday evening Roberto Bracco's comedy, "Comtesse Co-

quette," will be produced, and in this the star will have a still greater change. Her success is already assured throughout the engagement.

The Orpheum bill for next week is particularly attractive. It will witness the first appearance in vaudeville of Mrs. Horton Forrest Phipps, the young society dancer who carried off the principal honors at the recent Kirmess. Mrs. Phipps will assume the nom de theatre of La Valera, and her contribution to the programme will consist of the Spanish dances La Manola, La Banda, and La Tarentella. She will wear several costly, picturesque, and characteristic costumes. Angela Dolores, a clever young actress of Eastern repute, will, with the assistance of her own company, present a farce entitled "Cupid at Home." The Melnotte Twins, two handsome and talented girls, and Clay Smith, an amusing comedian, will indulge in a singing and dancing sketch which they term "Artistic Nonsense," and Hawthorne and Burt, two song-and-dance artists, will create lots of fun. Gordon and Marx, the Dutch drolls, will return for next week only. Lillian Mortimer and Company for their last week will present the comedietta, "The Arrival of Betty." The Four Amatis Sisters and Grigolati's Aerial Ballet will finish their engagement with this bill.

Three plays entirely new to this city will be presented by the co-stars, Nat C. Goodwin and Edna Goodrich, during their engagement of two weeks at the Van Ness Theatre, commencing Monday, May 10. One of the newest will be found in "The Master Hand," which was especially written for the stars by Carroll Fleming and Florence Miller. It is said to be the biggest success since "When We Were Twenty-One." The other plays to be staged are "A Native Son," in which Goodwin plays the rôle of an energetic Californian, and a new Broadhurst comedy called "The Easterner."

Theatre-goers are eagerly awaiting the eighth benefit in aid of the charity fund of the Associated Theatrical Managers, to take place at the Princess Theatre next Tuesday afternoon at precisely half-past one o'clock. The performance will be, as is always the custom, continuous, and will be opened by I. P. Wilkerson's Minstrels of Today in their



Fred Mace, Comedian, at the Princess Theatre.

brilliant first part. The two splendid stock companies from the Alcazar and Valencia Theatres will enter into friendly competition with their respective renditions of the school scene from Barrie's delightful "Quality Street" and the dinner scene from Hoyt's "A Texas Steer." The talented principals and chorus of the Princess Theatre musical comedy company will present the best parts of "A Chinese Honeymoon," and May Boley will be seen in one of her inimitable specialties. Talent from the vaudeville world, including Mrs. Horton Phipps, the Kirmess dancer, will be supplied by the Orpheum, and Arthur Cunningham, who has just returned from a starring tour in "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhuc," will sing the prologue to "I Pagliacci" and other selections. A number of peculiar interest will be the rendition of Tennyson's "The Lady of Shalott," which has been given a musical setting by Albert Elkus, a San Francisco composer, and which will be read and sung by Miss Alice Colman, accompanied by the composer. Manager Will L. Greenbaum contributes "Ten Minutes in Berlin," one of the best portions of the Burton Holmes Travelogues, and he also announces that Jacob Altschuler, of the Russian Symphony Orchestra and a great viola player, will be heard in solos. There will be several distinct surprises on the programme, and the overture, by the combined orchestras of the city, will be a rouser. Seats are going with a rush at the Princess box-office and standing room will undoubtedly be at a premium.

The Shakespearean Festival.

Each of the Shakespearean plays to be given here in the Garrick Theatre by the Ben Greet Players, assisted by the great New York Russian Symphony Orchestra, during the week commencing Monday evening, May 3, is a perfect harmonic delight, the effect of the melodious orchestral renditions being splendidly powerful. Forty strings, reeds, and brasses, in the hands of the most accomplished musicians and directed by Modest Altschuler will bring forth the most exquisite harmonies. The plays are made incidental to the themes of noted composers and the scenes are arranged to fit the orchestral scores.

In the Greet company are thirty-five players, singers, and dancers, many of them New York favorites, especially engaged for this tour. In addition to the orchestral music, there will be any number of vocal solos and dances incidental to the play.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" has been selected for the opening performance on Monday night. Mendelssohn's musical setting will be used, and among the numbers will be many of his best loved and most familiar pieces—his Overture, Scherzo, Intermezzo, Nocturne, and Wedding March. "Ye Spotted Snakes" and "Through This House" will be sung by Miss Grace Clark Kahler, and the play will end with a grand chorus.

The dramatization will be artistic and classical. Mr. Greet will himself play the part of Bottom, the weaver. George Vivian will portray Puck, Milton Rosmer will be Oberon, king of the fairies; Irene Rooke, Hermia; Ruth Vivian, Titania; Violet Vivian, Helena; A. Hilton Allen, Lysander, and Hypolyta will be in the hands of Miss Grace Halsey Mills.

Shakespeare's last play, "The Tempest," written as a tribute on the discovery of the new world, will be given on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Tschaiakowsky. The latter's beautiful overture-fantasia will be rendered and an interlude, "Isle of Love," by Glazounow, from the suite "The Middle Ages," will be played between two of the scenes. Miss Ruth Vivian will dance. In this drama Mr. Greet will play the part of Caliban.

On Friday evening "As You Like It" will be given, with the musical setting of Beethoven; and on Saturday night "Romeo and Juliet" will be played with Gounod's incidental music and Tschaiakowsky's fantastic overture and intermezzo.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Stella*—Does she accompany on the piano?  
*Bella*—No, she just sits in the audience and hums.—*Puck*.

"My dear, I saw a perfectly lovely flat this morning." "All right," replied her husband. "When do we move?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I never saw such a man! He is always running down his neighbors." "Scandal or automobile?"—*Baltimore American*.

*Old Lady*—Conductor, is this my car? *Conductor* (offably)—No, ma'am, this car belongs to the Boston Elevated.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

*Tommy*—Pop, what is a skeptic? *Tommy's Pop*—A skeptic, my son, is a person who doubts anything you are sure of.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Is Scribbler writing any fiction these days?" "Oh, yes; more than he can attend to. He has orders for six summer resort booklets."—*Puck*.

"Is Jones an optimist?" "Is he? He found a ticket entitling him to a chance in an automobile drawing the other day and he is building a garage."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Hope," said Uncle Eben, "is a blessin' when you's willin' to back it wif a little hard work, 'stid o' lettin' it play itself out on a policy ticket."—*Washington Star*.

*Adjutant* (ot inspection, discovering second button of soldier's tunic unfastened)—Dash it all, sergeant-major! Here's a fellow half naked! Make him a priz'nar!—*Punch*.

*Mr. Henpeck*—We're going to remove to the seaside, doctor. *Doctor*—But the climate may disagree with your wife. *Mr. Henpeck*—It wouldn't dare!—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

*Artist*—Have you noticed that long hair makes a man look intellectual? "Well, I've seen wives pick them off their husbands' coats when it made them look foolish."—*New York Herald*.

*Mrs. Camptown*—Tell your captain I'd like the pleasure of his company to a dance next Friday evening. *Corporal Ginnis*—O! will, ma'am, hut Oi'm afraid some of 'em can't dance.—*Life*.

*Browning*—What do you know about this poultry business, Greening? Is there any money in hens? *Greening*—You het there is. I put all of \$50 in mine last winter.—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Mrs. Peckem*—I guess my brother will live and die a bachelor. He says he's afraid to marry. *Peckem*—That's funny. I never knew what fear was when I was single.—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Pat* (waking up)—An' phwat happened to me? *Ambulance Surgeon*—You were asphyxiated. *Pot*—Faith, I had that done wance before—in me lift arrum—but it didn't take, thot time.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Shadbolt, did you ever have a touch of anything like the appendicitis?" "Once; have you forgotten, Dinguss, that when you were operated on for it you touched me for an even hundred?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Young Lady* (to *Tommy*, who has just announced that he is engaged to a lady aged twelve)—Why, I thought you always promised to marry me! *Tommy*—Yes, yes, I know I did. I blame myself entirely.—*Punch*.

"I dropped considerable money at the track today." "Well, you helped improve the breed of horses." "Yes; and after a man has picked six straight losers, he feels that the breed needs improving."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Philanthropic Caller* (with subscription paper)—I shall ask your attention only a moment, sir. Are you a friend of the dumb brutes? *Shorty McGinnis*—You bet I am! That's why I hate cats, parrots, an' donkeys.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you don't want to listen to no hard-luck story, do you?" "Not a bit of it." "You relieve my mind. If you want to hear somethin' worth while, you jes' gimme a chance to show what I kin do as an after-dinner speaker."—*Washington Star*.

*He*—So you favor woman suffrage? *She*—I certainly do! *He*—Well, in the last election, for instance, would you have voted for Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan? *She*—I would not have voted for either. When I vote I'll vote for a woman or not at all!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

*Stage Struck*—Is the manager in? *Manager*—He is out. *Stage Struck*—Funny. A gentleman at the entrance just told me that you are the manager. *Manager*—That's true enough, but I'm out, all the same. I'm out about fifteen hundred dollars on that last play I staged.—*Boston Courier*.

"When there is company here," said Mrs. Hewligus, after the caller had gone, "I wish I wouldn't make such pointed remarks about women's hats?" "Pointed remarks!"

exclaimed Mr. Hewligus; "why, I never talked more bluntly in my life!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Caller*—Nellie, is your mother in? *Nellie*—Mother is out shopping. *Caller*—When will she return, Nellie? *Nellie* (calling back)—Mamma, what shall I say now?—*Short Stories*.

"I like my house all right," said Luschman, "except for one thing. I guess you'll have to fix that." "What is it?" asked the architect. "Several times lately I've nearly broken my neck reaching for another step at the head of the stairs when I got home late, so I guess you'd better put another step there."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

Among the passengers on a Western train recently was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse-girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about three years. The hoy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continual shrieks, and kicks, and screams, and his viciousness toward his patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face without a word of remonstrance from the mother. Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother chided her sharply. Finally, the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the hoy had slapped his nurse for the fifth time, a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it. The nurse caught his hand and said, coaxingly: "Harry mustn't touch. Bug bite Harry!" Harry screamed savagely and began to kick and pound the nurse. The mother, without opening her eyes, or lifting her head, cried out sharply: "Why do you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once!" "But, ma'am, it's a—" "Let him have it, I say." Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The scream which followed brought tears of joy to the passengers' eyes. The mother awoke again. "Mary," she cried, "let him have it!" Mary turned in her seat and said, confusedly: "He's got it, ma'am."

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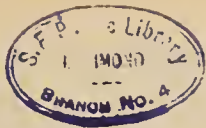
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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Have a Care!—Two Instances—President Taft's Policies—Plain Remarks on Education—The "Civic Centre" Proposal—Champ Clark's Dream—The Baby at The Hague—Editorial Notes.....	305-308
CURRENT TOPICS .....	308
OLD FAVORITES: "The Escape of Count Fernan Gonzalez," by J. G. Lockhart.....	308
THE WRITING ON THE WALL: Miss Jeannette Gilder Talks about a New Play and Other Things, Including Miss Netherlands.....	309
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.....	309
MY LITERARY WIFE. By Marguerite Stabler.....	310
A MEDICAL WARNING: The Author of "Confessio Medici" Draws a Grave Indictment of Christian Science	311
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	312
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	313
A SOCIAL DEPARTURE: Diplomatic Ladies of Peking Pay Homage to the Coffin of a Woman.....	314
CURRENT VERSE: "Anne," by Lizette Woodworth Reese; "Of Those Who Walk Alone," by Richard Burton; "Alaska," by Charles Keeler.....	314
DRAMA: The Den Greet Players, and Nazimova. By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	315
VANITY FAIR .....	316
STORYTELLERS: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	317
THE MERRY MUSE.....	317
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	318
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	319
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	320

### Have a Care!

Lawyers and others in Alameda County and elsewhere who are counseling boys and girls connected with the public schools to disregard and defy the law relative to membership in secret social organizations are doing a grievous thing. Leaving aside questions as to the rights and wrongs of the law, it is a great wrong to instill into the mind of youth the spirit of protest and rebellion against authority.

The Argonaut thinks the law not only a just but a necessary one. It believes that serious effects proceed from the school societies—nothing less than the fostering of a spirit of class distinctions, the development of a petty arrogance in social affairs, with destruction of that rule of equality which is the fundamental and main purpose of our school system. It believes that these societies threaten the integrity of popular education by tending to raise against our high schools the enmity of those who through their children feel themselves aggrieved by social discriminations.

But the point of respect and obedience to law is far

more important than the intrinsic merits of the law itself. We are living in a country whose sovereign is the law, and the integrity of our system rests upon respect for and cheerful obedience to the law. Fix it in the minds of our people that the law is a thing to be disregarded and defied with impunity and without discredit, and you destroy the cornerstone of representative institutions.

And so we repeat that those who are counseling contempt and disobedience of the law on the part of school children are doing a grievous thing; nothing less than preparing and drilling the childhood under their counsels in a spirit destructive of patriotic feeling and of that kind of respect for authority which is essential to any system dependent upon the thought and will of the people.

Furthermore, the best thing that any child gets in school is the moral poise which proceeds from discipline. The lesson of obedience where obedience is due is the greatest of all lessons. He who learns this lesson in his youth, whose spirit conforms to it cheerfully, who knows how to obey without abasement—one so drilled holds in his hand the key to personal development and to individual fortune. On the other hand, he who fails to learn this lesson, who enters upon life in the spirit of protest and rebellion, unwilling to be taught, resentful of guidance—one so started on his course has entered a road which leads to disappointment and failure.

Let those who deal with childhood have a care lest they destroy in those under their counsels that spirit and those habits and capacities which are far more important to the integrity of our system and to the fortune and happiness of the individual than mere book instruction.

### Two Instances.

A good woman known to the Argonaut, possessed of small means, but of a sympathetic heart and stimulated to a noble activity by motherly impulse, has established a vacation retreat for poor boys in the beautiful foothill country near Saratoga, fifty miles south of San Francisco. By dint of devotion, sacrifice, untold individual labor and of some polite begging, she maintains a little "farm" where many young lads who otherwise would know only the slums of the city are introduced to the inspirations of the country under influences calculated to stimulate body, mind and spirit. Her work lacks the resources of a fashionable charity; indeed, it is maintained in the spirit which fights shy of the term "charity" in its conventional usage, but it seizes firm hold of that spirit which has been defined as the very highest of human virtues. The purchase and maintenance of this little farm has been no simple or easy matter, but there has been no shrinking from difficulties and the success from a moral point of view has been a thing incalculable.

Among trying details in the maintenance of this little foothill retreat has been the housework problem. During much of the time the place is all but untenanted, therefore intolerably lonesome to the average "help." At other times there is a little army of boys, and then the work becomes heavy. No householder needs to be told what demoralizations have resulted from these conditions. For the small amount of money at her disposal the head of the institution long found it all but impossible to sustain her domestic organization. Household assistants maintained through a period of comparative idleness abandoned their work just at the moment when their service was most needed. Difficult as has been the business of providing funds for the establishment, still more difficult has been the problem of maintaining the retreat in readiness for the reception and entertainment of its guests. Literally, the good woman who is putting her life into this work has grown weary and gray under the burden of her domestic problem.

Some months ago she had the good fortune to find

two Japanese, man and wife, decent, industrious, well ordered people, with a singular appreciation of the work to be done, who relieved her of her domestic troubles. In periods when there have been few to entertain at the retreat and therefore little to do they have not fallen into idleness and demoralization; and in periods when there have been many guests they have not been resentful or insolent. They have given to the work precisely the kind of intelligent devotion under its varying conditions that its integrity and effectiveness have required. In truth these people now for some months past have rendered it possible for this most excellent and humane service to be carried on in the spirit of its founder and promoter.

Now comes the Asiatic Exclusion League, a society made up of foreigners and aliens and operating as an annex to labor unionism in its least reasonable forms, and notifies the good woman who is maintaining this retreat for the inspiration and elevation of poor boys that she must discharge her Japanese helpers. With that offensive-arrogance common to a laborite committee when it falls in with a shrinking temperament, those who represent the Asiatic Exclusion League have talked loudly and roughly. They have caused it to be inferred that direful things will happen if the mandate of their association is not obeyed. They have done everything possible to disturb and intimidate this good woman, short of open outrage.

What think you, men and brethren, of this sort of thing? Are there terms severe enough to declare the contempt which all decent men and women must feel for an organization which busies itself in pestering and terrifying a good woman engaged in an unselfish and worthy work? Remember that the two Japanese in question are carrying a responsibility which these exclusionists are unwilling themselves to assume, making it possible for a kindly and devoted woman to play an important part in elevating a race alien to themselves. The Argonaut's gorge heaves at the spectacle presented by this incident. It counsels the good woman in charge of the retreat to defy the representatives of the League, to bid them begone and leave her to mind her own business in her own way. If she will take this course, if she will stand firm against an outrageous interference, we believe that she will not only win the approval of the public and rebuke those who are disturbing her, but that she will command a larger measure of support for her work. The Argonaut counsels her to stand upon her rights and to depend upon the American spirit and the decent liberality of a community which has never yet failed to sustain courage and independence in a worthy cause.

Our State capital, the historic city of Sacramento, has many beauties and attractions, but its midday summer climate is not among them. There come periods of severe heat, not indeed such heat as that which makes the staple summer weather in the Middle West, but heat which is thought to be severe for California. But, however hot the day, the evening brings relief. About seven o'clock the coast breezes, softened by their inland journey, steal in to yield balm and charm to the night. Nothing that belongs to out-of-doors is more perfect than a Sacramento evening following a mid-summer Sacramento day. It is the good fashion of the people of the capital city to make the most of their summer evenings and a favorite means of doing it has been to gather in public parks where, on stated evenings of each week bands play for the entertainment of thousands. The evening out-of-door concert has become one of the traditions and one of the charms of the city.

But now comes the Musicians' Union with a series of demands which threaten to break up a practice which has yielded so much pleasure. In former years anywhere from eight to fifteen musicians have constituted a "band," and the music produced, if not positively sublime, has been quite sufficient for the public enter-



tainment. But now it is insisted by the Musicians' Union that a "band" shall be composed of no less than thirty performers; and since each performer under the requirements of the union must receive \$3 for two hours' service, it puts the cost of a concert at \$90 without respect to lights and other expenses. It is even threatened that in case there is serious back talk with respect to this demand the rate of pay will be advanced from \$3 to \$4 per man.

And now, because under unionism the expense has become too great to be borne easily, it is proposed to abandon the evening concerts altogether. Thus unionism by an unreasonable exaction cuts out a whole community from a source of entertainment which in the past has contributed largely to the pleasure of life in Sacramento and incidentally cheats its own members out of a very considerable part of their normal earnings. Shame on the whole business. How long, let us ask, will the American people consent that an organization wholly without legal standing, moral scruples, or common sense shall vex the life of our people and limit their legitimate advantages and pleasures?

#### President Taft's Policies.

In a dinner talk at New York last week Attorney-General Wickersham, speaking obviously by authority, defined the plans of the administration in respect to matters about which the country has been more or less agitated during the past three years. The laws limiting the license of the trusts, the laws regulating interstate commerce, the laws made to enforce equal privileges to all—these, Mr. Wickersham said, would be enforced to the letter. But, he added, certain suits instituted by a former administration without sufficient consideration and without adequate cause, would be abandoned. In other words, the policy of rip-snort and slap-dash is to be put aside for a policy of intelligent, definite, and formal regularity. The Rough Rider scheme of procedure is to be superseded by a procedure in consonance with legality and legitimacy. In this scheme there is nothing which thoughtful men have not understood all along. Everybody has known that when it came to a practical try-out of issues raised by the Roosevelt administration, resort would necessarily be made to processes within the spirit of the law. No other course is possible, for while loud shouting and stamping on the floor may be effective methods of political and personal campaigning, they find neither respect nor toleration in courts of justice, and they fail invariably unless backed up by more sober and considered forms of effort.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Taft administration thus far stands the test of critical scrutiny. It is lax at no single point connected with the enforcement of the laws or associated with the ideas of practical reform. And with thoroughness it combines the merits of regularity and general propriety. It does not shout from the house-tops, it does not grind its teeth, hammer with its fists on tables, or stamp on the floor. But it is firm, intelligently devoted to the ends in view, and as morally inspired as anything this country has ever known in times recent or remote. It is precisely the kind of administration which a country over-preached-to, over-excited, and over-wrought has needed for the quiet of its nerves and for the promotion of that confidence which is the foundation of business thrift and of general prosperity.

It is interesting to observe in every department of the government the hand of intelligence and care. Note, for example, the appointments made within the last few weeks to Federal posts on the Pacific Coast. Arizona has been much vexed by a régime founded in too much confidence in the integrity and capacity of members of the Rough Riding regiment. President Taft has given Arizona a new governor, chosen according to all accounts with a judgment which has left nothing to be desired. The *Los Angeles Times*, noting the appointment of Governor Sloan, foresees for Arizona a new career under conditions of advantage never before enjoyed in her history. Likewise President Taft has chosen United States judges in two new Coast districts, one in Oregon and the other in Washington. Both appointments are ideal. The men selected are lawyers of experience, men highly accredited in every way. No reasonable criticism can be made in either case. These three appointments, the most notable yet made in connection with Pacific Coast affairs, are taken naturally as indicating the principles and methods upon which Mr. Taft will proceed.

Even more notable as illustrating the judicial and

impersonal aims of the administration is the policy developed within the past few weeks in connection with army promotions. For the first vacancy in the rank of brigadier-general Mr. Taft chose Colonel J. A. Augur of the Tenth Cavalry and the senior in his grade. The next choice was that of Colonel J. G. B. Knight of the Corps of Engineers, and this was quickly followed by the promotion of Colonel Marion P. Maus of the Twentieth Infantry and well known on the Pacific Coast. For the vacancy in the rank of major-general Mr. Taft has chosen Brigadier-General W. H. Carter, a choice resting upon the traditions of the service and eminently satisfactory to the army itself, as well as to those who understand the significance involved in army appointments. Noting these promotions, the *New York Evening Post* remarks:

Not one of these officers who have been advanced was a Rough Rider and not one of them has been in any way personally affiliated with the present President. It will also be observed that Augur, Maus, and Knight are full colonels, not captains or majors, as was so apt to be the case under the last administration. No mere civilian can fully appreciate what a great feeling of relief and encouragement this will bring to the army, which asks only that senior officers of merit be advanced to the prized positions. Exceptional promotions in war-time for special achievements there will always be. But if there ever comes a time when not a single one of the forty-three line colonels proves fit for a generalcy, it will mean that there is something radically wrong with the whole army.

By these things, with other developments of the past two months, it is manifest that President Taft is actuated by judicial motives rather than personal impulses, that he holds the presidency as a public trust rather than as a personal privilege. Already he has calmed and cleared the air, and in doing so he has confirmed the country in the wisdom of its choice.

#### Plain Remarks on Education.

Mr. A. R. Pickles, an English schoolmaster, has the thanks of the *Argonaut* for directing attention emphatically at a recent convention of English teachers to a great evil in the modern system of education. Mr. Pickles dared say to the assembled "educationists" of Great Britain that a pitiful injury was being done to English childhood—and he might have included American childhood—by the system of periodical examinations which directly promotes the cramming habit. Mr. Pickles quoted impressively a remark of Huxley that "the setting of young people to work at high pressure by extensive competitive examinations is an abomination."

In America we have this particular evil in its extreme development. Not only do we have the system of competitive examinations, but we have so gorged the curriculum that a child of ten is obliged to pursue a dozen or more studies. The effort is not only to cover the whole range of science, history, etc., but in addition to pursue all that the specialists and the faddists have engrafted upon the educational system. This is the course not only in public but in private schools, for the latter find it necessary to imitate the former not only in their methods of organization in grades and classes, but in the scope and variety of their work.

Nor is this all. With the idea of "supporting the university" the system in lower grades is so arranged here in California as to lead directly to a university course, into which only the exceptional child ultimately goes. The practical result is that multitudes of children not destined for the university are wasting precious years and precious energies in an utterly futile labor, to the neglect of things which are important to their future welfare and to which they ought to devote their time in school. For example, it is important that every child should learn to read intelligently. As a matter of fact not one in a hundred is taught how to read in our public schools. The hurry of unnecessary work is so great that time can not be "wasted" in drilling children in the important and essential work of reading. Take also the matter of writing. Every little while somebody engrafs upon the schools a new system of writing, so that a child of twelve has been taught at different periods half a dozen different styles of penmanship, to the utter confusion of its writing habit and to the destruction of anything like simplicity, naturalness, and effectiveness. On top of all, notes and reports must be done in writing and in haste, because there is no time for deliberate work. The result is that the child, in the period when its handwriting is being formed, is compelled to write with pencil on the arm of a chair or on a desk too low or too high and at forced speed, and thus forms its writing habit under the most impossible and vicious conditions.

The result is that not one child in ten comes out of the public school with a fair handwriting. Even the capacity to acquire good handwriting has commonly been lost in a fixed habit of haste and slovenliness which it promotes.

The trouble is that our educational system lacks common sense at every point. Between the "educationists" who would have every child trained up as a schoolmaster, the faddists who would have the system devote itself to the evils of alcohol and tobacco, the higher culturists who would have the system support the universities, the child is crammed and grilled to the destruction of all wholesome and effective mental habits, and in the end comes out almost as much harmed as helped by school experience.

Education ought to be preparation for life; and educational systems ought to be adapted to the uses and purposes of life. It is absurd to crowd upon little children so many studies that thoroughness with concentration of interest upon any one is impossible. It is absurd to so overload the system with specialties that essentials like reading and writing must be something worse than neglected. It is absurd to assume that all children are to be scholars and must be prepared for a university career when experience shows that only a few out of the many get beyond the grammar grades.

And, since we are at it, let us add another frank word. To a very large extent our educational system has been diverted from a scheme for the education of youth to an institution for the support and sustenance of young womanhood of genteel aspirations during the period between childhood and marriage. School teaching, which above all occupations calls for tact, judgment, propensity, patience, devotion, and the ten thousand virtues herein implied, has become the common resource of young girls who must somehow earn their living and who hold the general industrial occupations in contempt. The vast majority of those who go into school work are not teachers by propensity or by any other element of fitness, but as a means of bridging over the period which follows girlhood and precedes matrimony. Our schools are filled up not by teachers worthy of the name, but by apprentices who have as little purpose as they have taste or fitness or true intent for the work to be done. This unceasing procession of necessitous young womanhood has almost completely feminized our school system. It has made teaching, perhaps the most important of all kinds of professional work, an essentially feminine trade, in the common idea a thing unworthy the attention of men.

Now if society owes support to young womanhood it ought to yield it, but it ought to do it in such ways as not to impose upon the childhood of the land a cruel burden under a fraudulent name.

#### The "Civic Centre" Proposal.

The proposal for a "Civic Centre" is attractive. It looks to a coördinated arrangement of municipal buildings under the plan suggested by Mr. Burnham, calculated to give to the city a definite organic centre or core, and at the same time contributing to its dignity and general interest. The immediate proposal is for the purchase of four blocks of land with part of a fifth bounded by Hayes, Franklin, and Market Streets for the uses above defined. This general conception accords with the ideas upon which many European cities, particularly those founded under autocratic authority, were originally laid out.

We are not without examples of this sort of thing in our own country, although the instances are too few to be broadly impressive. The national capital has the right sort of ground plan, but departs from it under political and other influences have been so many as measurably to vitiate the original purpose. It is one of the distinct marks of a better national taste that an effort is now making to correct the mistakes of the past and to respect in future public construction, at least, the general scheme in view when the city of Washington was originally laid out. A still better illustration, although upon a smaller scale, of what a well-considered plan will do for the dignity and convenience of a city is afforded by Savannah, Georgia. Here we have a considerable city built in a low and flat situation, comparable in many aspects to the site of Sacramento. And yet so admirable is the arrangement of streets, open spaces, public structures, etc., that Savannah has become famed among the more beautiful and charming cities of the country. The merit was in the original plan—Spanish, by the way—which defined a general scheme, and by the forces both of authority and suggestion created a city in which each section or



district stands in a proper and artistic relation to the whole.

But in the average American city, San Francisco being a fair example, the public or general interest has been left to take care of itself. Each lot owner, barring only a shifting "fire limit," has built as it has best pleased him. Municipalities have followed rather than led the march of development, and the result is that our cities, while admirable at many points, are commonly lacking in artistic coördination, while the element of dignity is wholly wanting. Even the utilitarian principle is but poorly served, since the establishment of commercial values has commonly preceded municipal construction and as commonly enforced the use of secondary and relatively out-of-the-way sites.

It would be truly a fine thing if from out the havoc of our disaster there might come readjustment that would yield the advantages of distinction, harmony, and utility, giving to San Francisco in her organic and municipal character a development in consonance with the unparalleled charm of her situation and surroundings. With these ideas in mind, and putting aside the suggestions of experience and suspicion, it would be easy to grow enthusiastic over the "civic centre" proposal.

It is, however, to be regretted that this proposal comes from questionable sources. While most of us would be willing enough to be taxed in the interest of utility and taste, we don't want to be taxed in payment of the political and other obligations of that sinister organization which circles about Mr. James D. Phelan. Before obligating ourselves in the vast sum of \$8,000,000—it would easily mean three times eight millions before we were done with it—we should like to feel certain that the enterprise would not become part of a political scheme. There are few who are willing to be taxed to the end of supporting the political aims, paying the political debts, augmenting the political fortunes of an ever-aspiring political boss, even though we might ultimately get a "civic centre" as part of the bargain. Before accepting a great proposal of this kind we should like to have some sort of assurance that the scheme in its development shall bear some honorable and harmonious relation to the general conception.

Furthermore, the people of San Francisco would like to know before accepting this project that a particular site has been chosen with respect to the uses in view rather than with the view of developing the values of adjacent property. It would be irritating to discover after the scheme was well on its feet Mr. Phelan, his partners, friends, and retainers, as the owners of property roundabout, picked off the bargain counter on the basis of inside knowledge of things going to happen.

On the whole, before accepting the "civic centre" proposal, we think it would be well to have something like definite assurance at the points of, for what, by whom, and to what ends the money is to be expended.

#### Champ Clark's Dream.

Champ Clark of Missouri, minority leader in the House of Representatives, has an interesting plan for the political revolution of the country. His scheme seems reasonable enough if you grant his premises. First, the tariff measure to be adopted at the present session of Congress is to be a complete failure, yielding disappointment alike to producer and consumer and tending to universal discontent. On the basis of this failure and what will follow it the Democrats in 1910 are to elect a majority of the House of Representatives. Then in the following year, which precedes a presidential election, the Democratic House of Representatives is to enact a rational tariff scheme, striking at the great combinations and bringing the cost of living down to moderate figures, and pass it up to the Senate. This latter body, which under Mr. Clark's plan must remain Republican, will decline to ratify the bill; and upon the basis of the failure the people will hand the government over to a reorganized Democratic party of which Champ Clark of Missouri shall be the champion, the prophet, and all the rest of it. Simple and easy, isn't it?

But it would be more reasonable to credit Mr. Clark's ingenious plan if the Democratic party in Congress were to exhibit in its present situation, even once in a while, some faint signs of sanity and discipline. Mr. Clark does not explain by what happy miracle the party is to get a new birth of judgment, sound purpose, and self-control. Here we have today in the House of Representatives a minority even less capable of getting together and working together than the majority. Amid the contentions of the past few weeks nothing worthy of the name of Democratic policy has presented

itself. Every Democratic congressman is tripping over the heels of the next man in his efforts to conciliate the majority, to the end of getting some favor, great or small, for his own particular constituency. Judging by what is now going on, there is nothing to indicate that the party has any will or any capacity to define a tariff policy and to stand by it.

Before the Democratic party can command the respect and support of the country it must make some showing of fixed and positive purpose with the capacity for carrying it forward. Among the demonstrations of recent years nothing is more assured than that the country will not give its confidence or its votes to a party whose policies are purely negative, which can not of itself formulate a line of policy nor bring its own forces into working coördination.

If the Democratic party had been a thing of working force, and if it had any purposes with the power to carry them into effect, it would at the beginning of the present Congress have prepared a tariff measure representing the principles which it approves. Such a measure might have been adroitly arranged to exhibit the whimsicalities and weaknesses of the Republican programme; and if persistently supported and artfully exploited it might duly have impressed the country. To have failed in so important an emergency to make any showing either of principle or of discipline, to have abandoned all notions of party consistency and fallen into the scramble for minor advantages—this course has destroyed any chance which the party may possibly have had to impress and win the country.

#### The Baby at The Hague.

The maternal expectations of the Queen of Holland, now happily realized, have excited an amount of solicitude on the part of a kindly world that has been seldom equaled in the case of royal births. The circumstances themselves were unusual. As a rule royalty has been exempt from the unsatisfied domestic yearnings that have given a certain pathos to the figure of Queen Wilhelmina since her marriage in 1901. Very seldom has there been a threatened succession for lack of issue in the royal families of Europe, these interesting events being notable rather for their promptness and regularity than for their uncertainty.

Apart from the natural wish of a young wife, a wish with which all womanly women will sympathize, it was specially important that Queen Wilhelmina should not be the last of her line. The House of Orange has played so large and honorable a part in the world and in its struggle for freedom that its extinction would be the disappearance of a landmark. But the loss would not be a matter of sentiment alone. Queen Wilhelmina married a German, Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and had she died childless the throne of Holland would have passed to some German prince, with international results of a serious nature. It would have meant the Germanization of the kingdom, the practical acquisition by Germany of the sea front that is her chief ambition, and an important disturbance of the European influences that still exist in the proximity of America. The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin now becomes, of course, the head of a new Dutch dynasty, but it will be essentially Orange, and we may therefore assume that the prompt congratulations of the German emperor and his expressions of paternal solicitude for mother and child are of the kind intended only for publication.

That Queen Wilhelmina's first child is a girl is, of course, unfortunate from the national point of view, and has been a disappointment to the people, who were resolutely determined in an illogical kind of way that the child should and must be a boy. But the queen is only twenty-nine years of age, and now that a beginning has been made there is every reason to hope that there may yet be a Prince of Orange and a descent of the line through male heirs. The House of Orange is not of the kind that royalty or European civilization in general can afford to lose, and Queen Wilhelmina is in every way worthy of her heritage of tradition. Her personal wealth is probably greater than that of any other European monarch, but she preserves a severe simplicity and an unostentatious bearing that are very dear to the Dutch heart. She always begins her day at seven in the morning and often at four or five, and the domestic life at the palace at The Hague is just such as may be found at a thousand other homes throughout the country. She strongly discountenanced the raising of large sums of money as presents to the expected infant, while showing a willingness to accept articles that were not intrinsically of great value.

Those who wished to give play to their generous feelings upon an auspicious occasion might do so, she said, by gifts to charity, which would be of all others the form most welcome to herself. But there must be no costly expenditure, or displays of toadyism, or extravagant gifts where they were in no way needed. These great democratic virtues the queen owes, of course, to her mother, Princess Emma, and if she can pass them on intact to the long and tearfully awaited baby at The Hague she will render the greatest of all possible services to her country.

#### Editorial Notes.

We are told that persons connected with a family row and a personal scandal developed in suggestions both shabby and unsavory through the daily newspapers within the week are concerned as to what the *Argonaut* may say about it. Let them quiet their minds: the *Argonaut* does not soil its pages with matters of this kind. It has larger things to think about—cleaner and better work to do than to rake over domestic—or quasi-domestic—muck heaps. Those who determine their family differences by the Kilkenny method and those who choose to wallow in filth need have no fear of the *Argonaut*, for its interest in such things is only to avoid them. But while holding its nose and putting this disgusting subject to one side, it can but note the light which the incident casts upon the character and breed of certain persons who, fired by a noble self-consciousness of superior virtue, have assumed to personify the forces of moral purity in San Francisco.

There is a notable advance toward the ultimate peace of the world when so important a man as Elihu Root takes a stand for international arbitration. Discussing "The Relations Between International Tribunals of Arbitration and the Jurisdiction of National Courts" at Washington last week, Mr. Root took the ground that submission to international tribunals implies no impeachment of sovereignty. He declared that denial of justice in national courts in relation to international affairs had worked grievous injuries. Such denial, he said, involves aspersions upon government, imputations upon high officials, and tends to destroy good feeling between nations. Proceeding, he said:

The better rule would be to avoid the danger of denials of justice and to prevent the belief that justice has not been done, which must always possess the parties defeated in a tribunal suspected of partiality, by submitting in the first instance to an impartial arbitral tribunal all such cases as are liable to be affected by the consideration I have mentioned. If recourse to arbitration is a reflection upon national courts, the people of the United States have been strangely obtuse. Nowhere in the world, surely, is greater honor paid to the courts of justice, yet we have embodied in the fundamental law which binds our States together a recognition of the liability of courts to be affected by local sentiment, prejudice, and pressure.

Mr. Watterson's *Courier-Journal* thinks it has discovered the "inward sacredness" of Senator Aldrich's attitude toward the income tax. Here it is for whatever it may be worth:

That the enactment of an income-tax measure means the destruction of the protective tariff system which the Republican party is bound to maintain, come what may, is the argument being put to wavering Republican senators by the Republican organization, headed by Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. These men are telling Republican senators from Western States, who with difficulty see their way out of voting for an income tax, that once such a measure is placed on the statute books of the country and is declared constitutional by the judicial branch, then and there the government will derive a revenue which will make impossible a high enough tariff to protect the manufacturers of the United States.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* declares that there is immediate necessity for a thoroughgoing house-cleaning in the inner governmental machine at Washington. There has, he declares, been no adequate supervision of applications to Congress for money made by the several bureaus of the several departments. Their demands have been made and acceded to without due care or regard for the pecuniary condition of the government. Likewise, this correspondent declares, there have been tremendous losses through failure to supervise and enforce the revenue laws, due to the fact that general executive supervision has been lax, the revenues of the government have suffered vastly through smugglers, makers of false declarations of values, and through the inefficiency of custom officers. The losses on these several accounts, according to the Finance Committee of the Senate, are put at over \$5,000,000 per year. The correspondent who is authority for these statements places the blame at the



door of Mr. Roosevelt, who, he declares, has habitually neglected the detail work of his office. Roosevelt, he says, was no doubt ignorant of the conditions because he did not do faithfully the detail work of going over estimates and demands. In conclusion, the correspondent remarks: "Mr. Roosevelt probably had no time for the work because of his occupation in outdoor performances, traveling, talking, writing speeches and letters, playing politics, causing panics, and doing everything besides enforcing pecuniary economy and the laws of the country."

### CURRENT TOPICS.

The current of journalistic protest against the new tariff grows stronger day by day. Hardly a single newspaper now maintains the attitude of benevolent hopefulness that was a feature of the earlier stages. The Springfield *Republican* was among those most disposed to believe that everything would be for the best in this best of all possible worlds, but the *Republican* has now come out openly into the field of remonstrance and denunciation. It points out that Mr. Aldrich has irrevocably let the cat out of the bag by his admission that the proposed rates would have yielded \$8,000,000 more of revenue than would the Dingley rates, and this under a revision that he still maintains is a downward one. Senator Aldrich says that the added revenue comes from increased rates on wines and a few other articles of luxury and from a prevention of undervaluations, but "what about revenue losses on equal importations from rate reductions?"

This is rather remarkable, and calls for an explanation, which Mr. Aldrich is careful to avoid. The only possible explanation available is that the rate reductions, while comparatively numerous, perhaps, are upon small and inconsequential articles of import, while the increases weigh, as a rule, upon important lines of importation. At all events the bill, as interpreted by Mr. Aldrich himself, imposes a heavier measure of customs taxation than the existing tariff law. Put forward in response to a demand for reduced taxation of this kind, it conceals within its vitals more tariff taxation than ever. Pretending to carry out the party pledges and the President's promises of a reform revision, it offers a more reactionary tariff policy than ever. For the bread that was promised a stone is tossed out.

Later on the *Republican* is still more outspoken. Commenting upon the rumor that the President is ill at ease with Mr. Aldrich's proposals, we are told:

Yet the latter hangs to his measure and is making it more reactionary and intolerable from a downward-revision standpoint as time goes on. Evidently he expects the President to yield, for he can not desire to have the whole matter thrown back upon Congress by a presidential veto. Meantime, however, the President, we are told, is keeping his own counsel, but does not hesitate to inform inquirers that he is accustomed to live up to his pledges. This is good news. It can mean nothing but a veto if the Aldrich abortion passes Congress.

The New York *Evening Post* pins its faith to the President and is comfortably reassured by the fact that he waves no big stick and confines himself to the threats that are expressed by silence. In this connection we have a story from which the moral can be obtained without aid. This government once sent to a troublesome, hot-headed little government a special diplomatic agent on a special errand. This agent carried simple instructions. He was told to present as strongly as possible the demands of the United States government for a settlement of the outstanding difficulties. He was to insist upon an immediate reply, and if his demands were not granted he was to return home at once. The agent sailed, arrived at his destination, and forthwith presented his demands, laying down direct terms. The foreign minister gave him no satisfaction. The agent waited twenty-four hours, and then sent a note to the foreign minister in about these terms:

"Excellency: Unless your government shall have granted the demands of my government within twenty-four hours I shall have no alternative, but shall be compelled to execute the second half of my instructions, which I have not disclosed to your excellency."

This threat, so terrible because so vague, caused the troublesome little government to shiver in its hoots. It capitulated without further parley or delay.

The *Post* says that Mr. Taft is hurning the midnight oil studying the two tariff bills and comparing them. He is much more interested in the fulfillment of his pledges to the consumer than he is in the question of revenues:

The President is a genuine revisionist. That is the inescapable impression of every man who ever talked with him about the tariff. He honestly and earnestly desires to see the duties reduced, to eradicate the extortions of the Dingley bill and to equalize the burden of the tax. It is perfectly apparent that the same desires have not animated the framers of the Senate and the House tariff bills. Mr. Taft has been, and still is, relying upon Mr. Aldrich to secure the enactment of such a tariff bill as he (Aldrich) knows the President would like. In the face of the Senate bill Mr. Taft has not given up hope that Mr. Aldrich will do what is expected of him. The chairman of the Finance Committee knows thoroughly what Mr. Taft wants in the way of tariff revision. It remains to be seen whether President Taft's reliance has been placed in the proper quarter.

One more thing is worth notice. President Taft flatly declines to say what he will do if the tariff bill does not come up to his expectations and fulfill the pledges he has made. Several of his recent visitors have been daring enough to question him upon this point, and Mr. Taft has told them in substance: "That is my concern. I must decide that question when I am faced by the condition. I always have kept my pledges."

The New York *Times* uses language of the iron-clad variety. Senator Aldrich, we are told, has confessed, and "he thereby puts his immortal soul in considerable peril." When Senator Bailey referred to the pledge to reduce the tariff Senator Aldrich asked when such a pledge had been made. He went on to say that there was no "downward" undertaking, but that

revision was promised "by fixing rates equal to the cost of production here and abroad and providing a reasonable profit to the American manufacturer":

Those, we all know, were the terms of the promise. Mr. Aldrich now admits that this promise was a cheat and a sham, that it did not mean what the American people were induced, persuaded and permitted to believe that it meant, what, in fact, by any truthful interpretation of the words it did mean. There was a very evident public demand for a reduction of the tariff rates. It was in response to that demand that the promise quoted by Mr. Aldrich was inserted in the platform. It was universally accepted as a pledge to reduce the burdens imposed upon American industry and the American consumer by the Dingley tariff. The guileless, gullible, confiding people went through the campaign in the full conviction that duties were to be reduced.

The *Times* is not sure that the people will be indignant about it. "Their indignation has been fatigued, their capacity for that emotion well-nigh exhausted, by the repeated tariff swindles practiced upon them by the party now in power. They have got used to being swindled."

Commenting on Mr. Aldrich's statement as to the productive power of the new schedules, the *Times* says:

This statement, we may say at once, is one of sublime hardihood, but the calm language of the Rhode Island senator affords no evidence that he is conscious of the degree to which his admission disappoints the expectation of the people and falsifies the promises of his party. We were to have the tariff revised because the burdens it imposes are too severe longer to be borne, and because we have outgrown the necessity for the protection which many of its schedules provide. Instead of that, Mr. Aldrich and his committee submit a bill that actually increases the Dingley extortions! The impudence of the procedure is astounding, but we do not see what the people are going to do about it, we do not see even what they can do about it. Mr. Bryan has reduced the Democratic party, or what was once the Democratic party, to a condition that makes it possible for the Republicans to do with entire impunity what the stand-patters believe, or what the protected interests demand.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* is similarly outspoken:

Is there any possibility of mistaking the purport or the purpose of this argumentative statement? Is it not as plain as day that it is intended to justify a pretended revision of the tariff which does not revise downward, which does not diminish the protection of any "interest," however favored or pampered, which does not take away any support of trusts or monopolies, which affords no relief to consumers, which has no relation to the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad; in short, which is a sham and a false pretense? It does not even conceal its purpose, but holdly blazons it in every line.

There is a report that Senator Aldrich will retire at the expiration of his term on March 3, 1911. The report has been made many times before, but it is significant that the senator is now receiving an unusual number of requests to reconsider his supposed decision, while many of his older colleagues say they believe that he should remain in the Senate. In this connection it may be pointed out that the other senators whose terms expire on the same date are the following: Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, Morgan G. Bulkeley of Connecticut, Elmer J. Burkett of Nebraska, Julius Caesar Burrows of Michigan, Thomas H. Carter of Montana, Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota, Clarence D. Clark of Wyoming, Chauncey M. Depew of New York, Charles Dick of Ohio, Henry A. du Pont of Delaware, Frank P. Flint of California, Eugene Hale of Maine, John Kean of New Jersey, George T. Oliver of Pennsylvania, Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, Porter J. McCumber of North Dakota, George S. Nixon of Nevada, Carroll S. Page of Vermont, Samuel H. Piles of Washington, Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia, George Sutherland of Utah, and William Warner of Missouri, Republicans; Charles A. Culberson of Texas, John W. Daniel of Virginia, James B. Frazier of Tennessee, Hernando D. Money of Mississippi, Isidor Rayner of Maryland, and James P. Taliaferro of Florida, Democrats.

Mr. Hearst has definitely decided that he will not be the Independence League candidate for Mayor of New York next fall. As a result the Leaguers have permission to think for themselves. It is the majority opinion of the members of that organization that Mr. Hearst should take the nomination, and they recall that when he was the candidate for mayor in 1905 he got a rousing vote, while in 1906 as the candidate of the Democracy for governor he came within 66,000 votes of election. On the other hand, in the national campaign of 1908 the Independence Leaguers put up Thomas L. Higen of Massachusetts for President, and his vote was little short of ridiculous, being only 83,183 in the entire country. These Independence Leaguers contend that had Mr. Hearst been the candidate for President he would have rolled up a far greater vote than Mr. Higen.

Among the Democrats who are now being talked of in this connection are Martin W. Littleton and Lewis Nixon. Of course dozens of other names will be mentioned between now and convention time in October. The Socialists will put a ticket in the field and the Prohibitionists will probably do the same.

Preparations are on foot for the renewal of the boundary monuments between Canada and the United States all the way from the Bay of Fundy, on the east coast of the continent, to Vancouver, on the west. The old monuments on land have in many instances been overgrown with timber, while the water boundary is not at all well defined. New reference monuments will be erected in six sections of the line during the summer. Plans will also be perfected for the definite marking for all time of the boundary between Alaska and Canada which has been surveyed but not marked.

Chauncey M. Depew is seventy-five years old. He declined to be minister to Japan forty years ago, and once put behind him an offer of the portfolio of state by President Harrison.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### The Escape of Count Fernan Gonzalez.

They have carried afar into Navarre the great Count of Castile,  
And they have bound him sorely, they have bound him hand and heel;  
The tidings up the mountains go, and down among the valleys,  
"To the rescue! to the rescue, ho!—they have ta'en Fernan Gonzalez!"

A pilgrim knight of Normandy was riding through Navarre,  
For Christ his hope he came to cope with the Moorish scimitar;  
To the Alcayde of the Tower, in secret thus said he:  
"These hezaunts fair with thee I'll share, so I this lord may see."

The Alcayde was full joyous—he took the gold full soon;  
He brought him to the dungeon, ere the rising of the moon;  
He let him out at morning, at the gray light of the prime;  
But many words between these lords had passed within that time.

The Norman knight rides swiftly, for he hath made him howne  
To a king that is full joyous, and to a feastful town;  
For there is joy and feasting, because that lord is ta'en—  
King Garcí in his dungeon holds the doughtiest lord in Spain.

The Norman feasts among the guests, but, at the evening tide,  
He speaks to Garcí's daughter, within her tower, aside;  
"Now God forgive us, lady, and God his mother dear,  
For on a day of sorrow we have been blithe of cheer."

"The Moors may well be joyful, but great should be our grief,  
For Spain has lost her guardian, when Castile has lost her chief;  
The Moorish host is pouring like a river o'er the land—  
Curse on the Christian fetters that hind Gonzalez' hand!"

"Gonzalez loves thee, lady—he loved thee long ago,  
But little is the kindness that for his love you show;  
The curse that lies on Cava's\* head, it may be shared by thee—  
Arise, let love with love be paid, and set Gonzalez free."

The lady answered little, but at the mirk of night,  
When all her maids are sleeping, she hath risen and ta'en her flight;  
She hath tempted the Alcayde with her jewels and her gold,  
And unto her his prisoner that Jailor false hath sold.

She took Gonzalez by the hand, at the dawning of the day,  
She said: "Upon the heath you stand—before you lies your way;  
But if I to my father go, alas! what must I do?  
My father will be angry—I fain would go with you."

He hath kissed the Infanta—he hath kissed her brow and cheek,  
And lovingly together the forest-path they seek;  
Till in the greenwood hunting they meet a lordly priest,  
With his bugle at his girdle, and his hawk upon his wrist.

"Now stop! now stop!" the priest he said (he knew them both right well),  
"Now stop, and pay your ransom, or I your flight will tell;  
Now stop, thou fair Infanta, for, if my words you scorn,  
I'll give warning to the foresters with the howling of my horn."

\* \* \* \* \*

The hase priest's words Gonzalez heard; "Now, by the rood!"  
quoeth he,  
"A hundred deaths I'll suffer, or ere this thing shall be."  
But in his ear she whispered, she whispered soft and low,  
And to the priest she heckoned within the wood to go.

It was ill with Count Gonzalez, the fetters pressed his knees;  
Yet as he could he followed within the shady trees—  
"For help, for help, Gonzalez! for help," he hears her cry,  
"God aiding, fast I'll hold thee, until my lord come nigh."

He has come within the thicket—there lay they on the green—  
And he has plucked from off the grass the false priest's javelin;  
Firm by the throat she held him bound—down went the weapon sheer,  
Down through his hody to the ground; even as the boar ye spear.

They wrapped him in his mantle, and left him there to bleed,  
And all that day they held their way—his palfrey served their need;  
Till to their ears a sound did come, might fill their hearts with dread,  
A steady whisper on the breeze, and horsemen's heavy tread.

The Infanta trembled in the wood, but forth the Count did go,  
And, gazing wide, a troop descried upon the bridge below,  
"Gramercy!" quoeth Gonzalez, "or else my sight is gone,  
Methinks I know the pennon yon sun is shining on."

"Come forth, come forth, Infanta, mine own true men they be—  
Come forth, and see my banner, and cry *Castile!* with me!  
My merry men draw near me, I see my pennon shine,  
Their swords shine bright, Infanta—and every blade is thine."

—J. G. Lockhart.

\*Caba, or Cava, the unfortunate daughter of Count Julian. No child in Spain was ever christened by that ominous name after the downfall of the Gothic kingdom.

Amzi L. Barber, founder of the asphalt paving business in this country and England, and active in other industrial enterprises, died a few days ago in New York. Mr. Barber was in the real estate business in Washington in 1876 when a small piece of asphalt pavement was laid in Pennsylvania Avenue as an experiment. He saw the possibilities in pavement of this kind and two years later bid for contracts. The Barber Asphalt Company was organized in 1883, and in 1888 he obtained from the British government a concession for the lake of asphalt on the Island of Trinidad. The use of asphalt for paving became general in the years following the obtaining of the concession, and one company after another was organized.

The phrase "The Sick Man of the East" originated in a speech of Czar Nicholas to the British charge d'affaires at St. Petersburg at the time of the Crimean War. He said: "We have on our hands a sick man, a very sick man. It would be a great misfortune if one of these days he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made."



## "THE WRITING ON THE WALL."

Miss Jeannette Gilder Talks About a New Play and Other Things, Including Miss Nethersole.

Poor Miss Nethersole, she is having a hard time of it! When she tore passion to tatters in such plays as "Sappho" she got herself into no end of trouble, having actually been dragged into court to prove that she was not corrupting the young morals of New York. That was some years ago, I forget how many, but I am sure that it was not very many. Times have changed since then. We had only had "Zaza" then. The author of "The Easiest Way" was scarcely out of knickerbockers, and there still was a sentiment among theatre-goers that a line must be drawn somewhere. That sentiment has vanished into thin air and the theatre-goer of today can see no reason for drawing a line anywhere—not even a clothes line—see "The Girl from Rector's"!

The Nethersole kiss, an exaggeration of the Emma Abbott kiss, the latter said to have been invented by Mr. James Morrissey, was looked at askance and all sorts of unkind things were said about it. But since the soul kiss, the Abbott kiss and the Nethersole kiss are put aside and smiled at with other childish things.

Feeling that her hectic plays no longer had any "draw in them," to quote the language of the profession, Miss Nethersole decided to take an entirely different line. She would have a slum play. Mrs. Fiske had won out with a slum play in "Salvation Nell," and Miss Eleanor Robson has won out with a slum play, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," so she would join the slum play procession. Mr. William J. Hurlbut, the author of Miss Blanche Bates's successful play, "The Fighting Hope," was commissioned to write it. It was to be a New York slum play, so he and Miss Nethersole set out to study the New York slums at first hand. They also attended Mr. Jacob Riis's lectures on the lives of the "other half," and they particularly studied the condition of the tenements controlled by Trinity Church. Here was a chance to hit a hard-hearted corporation from across the footlights, and Mr. Hurlbut intended to make the most of it. He had the chance; there's no doubt about that; but he did not make the most of it; there's no doubt about that, either!

The play is called "The Writing on the Wall," a good Biblical title, suggesting great dramatic possibilities, but these are not realized. Bernard Shaw in his own Shawish manner handled this subject in "Widower's Houses." Mr. Hurlbut has elected to make a melodrama of his play, and in this he has succeeded.

Miss Nethersole is the wife of Irving Lawrence, who is supposed to be a typical New Yorker, to whom business is business, and nothing more. If he represents our wealthy citizens, I can only say firmly and emphatically that they are a rotten lot. With one eye on God and both on Mammon, he lies and cheats his fellow-men and yet makes them think that he is an upright man and a Christian gentleman. He is the owner of some of the vilest tenement houses in New York and defends their condition by saying that they are no worse than those owned by Trinity Church. His wife has become interested in the other half through the teachings of Lincoln Schuyler (those tenement-house workers always have such aristocratic names!) and she has extracted a promise from her husband that he will have new fire-escapes put on some of the tenements that he owns. When her back is turned he winks at the contractor and tells him instead of putting up new fire-escapes to give the old a coat of paint, and he shakes hands with himself for a very clever fellow.

Having made this saving in his bank account, he immediately orders a magnificent string of pearls for his mistress and a modest present for his wife. The two get mixed up and the immodest present goes by accident to the wife. This is not a necessary part of the play, but it goes to show how all around rotten and lowdown this typical business man and church-goer was.

The great act of the play is that in which the son and heir of the Lawrences goes to a tenement house fête on Christmas and is killed by the collapse of the newly painted fire-escapes. Here we have a harrowing scene over the dead body of the child. There is no emotional note that Miss Nethersole does not play upon. Nervous women start and breathe hard, but those who are not nervous smile audibly. This domestic tragedy fills the husband with remorse, particularly as the law is upon his trail, and he promises to improve his tenements and discard his mistress. This so pleases his wife that she vows to stand by him and help him climb to heaven by some more substantial means than broken-down fire-escapes, but there are those in the audience who believe that no amount of "escapes," be they new or old, will help him out of the fire that will be meted out to him on the day of judgment.

Mr. Hurlbut has made his play too much of a preachment and not enough of a play. It has every appearance of being written to order, and it does not ring true. Even when he girds at Trinity he does not do it in the right way. He has not stuck quite to the facts. When a playwright becomes a preacher he must not only know his subject, but he must be absorbed by it—he must feel it in every pore. The spirit should move or he should not write. That an actress says, "I must have a play, give it to me hot off the bat, and make it of the slums slummy, for that is the present craze," is not enough of an inspiration to produce an

inspired play. But I am sorry for Miss Nethersole nevertheless. She wanted to get away from hysterical kisses and prurient suggestion and her attempt has failed—at least it has failed in so far as New York goes. But then just how far does New York go?

In the current (May) number of the *American Magazine* Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams has an article on the indecencies of the contemporary American stage which will make people sit up and think. It is a fierce arraignment of present dramatic conditions, which are handled without gloves. There are those who will say that Mr. Adams is too outspoken, that he uses language not fit to print in a family magazine; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that he is fighting fire and he fights it with fire, which we have been brought up to believe is the most effectual way. Whatever criticism the author's manner may call forth, no one can deny the force of his arguments and their vivid presentation.

I notice that in speaking of "The Girl from Rector's" and "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" Mr. Adams says that the author of these dainty bits, Mr. Paul Potter, is an American. In this he is mistaken. Mr. Potter is an Englishman, or a Scotchman, I am not quite sure which. He was a grown man when he first came to this country with his little Italian wife and big Saint Bernard dog. He had not been here long before he became foreign editor of the *Herald*. He only used journalism as a means to an end, for it was always his intention to become a dramatist and I have seldom known a man more completely saturated with dramatic literature. In those days I think that Scribe and the more refined French dramatist were his models and that such plays as he has elected to write now did not interest him then. He told an acquaintance recently that "The Girl from Rector's" and "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" were the sort of plays that the American public wanted and that he was the sort of man to hand them out. I am not sure of the first part of his statement, but I am of the latter, and I am sorry that it should be so, for Mr. Potter is capable of better things. He is a man of unusual equipment for dramatic writing, but unfortunately he is a cynic, if not a downright scoffer.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1909.

### Drifting Souls.

Ah, there be souls none understand;  
Like clouds, they can not touch the land,  
Drive as they may, by field or town;  
Then we look wise at this and frown,  
And we cry, "Fool!" and cry, "Take hold  
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold."

Unanchored ships, they blow and blow,  
Sail to and fro, and then go down  
In unknown seas that none shall know,  
Without one ripple of renown.  
Poor, drifting dreamers, sailing by.  
They seem to only live and die.

Call these not fools! The test of worth  
Is not the hold they have on earth;  
Lo! there be gentlest souls sea-blown  
That know not any harbor known;  
And oft for this the reason is—  
They touch on fairer shores than this.

—Joaquin Miller in "The Ship in the Desert."

Undoubtedly the richest transportation corporation in the United States, if not the world, is the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The annual report to the stockholders, made by the directors March 2, shows its assets to be over \$706,000,000, of which half is in road and equipments, one-third in securities, and the remainder in cash and miscellaneous property. These figures are hard to appreciate, and the executive ability required to handle such a business must be of the highest order. The vastness of this business can perhaps be better comprehended by a consideration of the fact that its gross receipts for the year exceed both the receipts and expenditures of the national government in 1860. In that year the government received and paid out only \$120,000,000. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company last year received and accounted for \$136,000,000.

Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury Coolidge has approved a plan for systematizing designs for United States notes and coin certificates, carrying into effect a scheme of uniformity in portrait and general design for notes of the same denomination of each class. The plan adopted will embody the ideas of officials of the treasury department, bankers, business men, and currency experts. Under the new plan there will be but nine designs. The \$1 silver certificate will carry the portrait of Washington; the \$2 silver certificate the portrait of Jefferson. The \$5 note, whether silver certificate or greenback, will carry the portrait of Lincoln; the \$10 gold and silver certificate and United States note that of Cleveland; the \$20 that of Jackson; the \$50 that of Grant; the \$100 that of Franklin, the \$500 that of Salmon P. Chase, the \$1,000 that of Alexander Hamilton.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley of the English department of the University of California will deliver the commencement address at Michigan university on June 25. He formerly was an Ann Arbor professor.

The world's entire supply of the oil of bergamot comes from a small section of Calabria, fronting on the Straits of Messina.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Kinyoshi Kuni, grandson of the Emperor of Japan, has recently been in St. Petersburg for a week. During his stay he received marked attention at the hands of the Russian officials, as an indication of Russia's friendly disposition to his country.

Sir Thomas Lipton sends word from Naples that he will make another try for the *America's* cup. The formal challenge will be issued in August for a series of races under universal rules with a ninety-foot boat. The autumn of 1910 is the time in the mind of the prospective challenger.

Professor William H. Pickering, the astronomer, who discovered the ninth and tenth satellites of Saturn, and showed why the ninth revolved in a direction opposite to that of the others, is now very anxious to make an attempt to communicate with the inhabitants of Mars by means of great reflectors. The experiment would cost several million dollars, and that amount is not easily obtained.

Lieutenant Calvin P. Titus, of the Fourteenth Infantry, who was the first man to scale the walls of the Chinese city at the battle of Peking, on August 14, 1900, has reconsidered his intention to leave the army, and President Taft has revoked the acceptance of his resignation. He has become deeply interested in religious work and will be aided in his desire to become a regimental chaplain. To become eligible for a chaplaincy, it will be necessary for him to become an ordained minister.

Major-General Leonard Wood, now in command of the military Department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York, will be the next chief of staff of the army. General Wood will succeed Major-General J. Franklin Bell, whose reappointment to his present office was announced immediately after the inauguration of the new administration. General Bell, however, has decided to remain in Washington but a year longer, and some time next spring probably will be transferred to Manila, where he will have command of the troops stationed in the Philippine archipelago.

Meme, an Eskimo lad who was brought to New York in 1896 by Commander Peary, has grown tired of his adopted land, has denounced civilization, and is now working his way back through Canada to the land of his fathers. The boy came from the region of the Humboldt glacier on the northwest coast of Greenland, his people being the most northerly race, living within two hundred and eighty miles of the Pole. Meme is the last survivor of a small party of Eskimos which accompanied Peary back to New York. All the others died of tuberculosis. His father's body was embalmed and put on exhibition with other relics of the expedition, and the skeleton is now on view in the Museum of Natural History in New York. Meme was adopted by the superintendent of the museum and it was while attending Manhattan College that he decided to go back to the "land of the midnight sun."

Henry A. Wise was recently appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York by President Taft. For six years Mr. Wise had been an assistant in the office and had made a record for ability and efficiency. He is the grandson of Henry A. Wise, who was governor of Virginia during the John Brown insurrection, and the son of John Sargent Wise, formerly United States attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia and afterward a member of Congress. Mr. Wise, who is only thirty-five years old, was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1894, afterward became a clerk in his father's law office in New York, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1897. He served in Cuba in the Spanish-American War, attaining the rank of major. After leaving the army he became a partner with his father in the practice of law, and in time was appointed Assistant United States Attorney. He has been a member of the Republican County Committee in New York for ten years.

Miss Mabel E. Sturdevant, a Missouri girl, has astounded the pedagogical world by winning the Braun international law scholarship over ninety-six contestants, eighty-four of whom are graduates of European universities. The scholarship provides for a two years' course of study and travel for the one law-school graduate who passes with the highest percentage an examination prepared by a board of trustees composed of the ablest lawyers in Europe. The first examination was held last June, at which time twelve American students and eighty-four European students took the examination. Of the ninety-six, Miss Sturdevant was the only woman who dared to contest her knowledge against that of graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and the University of Michigan in the United States, and of Berlin, Oxford, Heidelberg, and Cambridge in Europe. Miss Sturdevant answered a percentage of ninety-four of the questions correctly and her nearest competitor, a student of the University of Berlin, got a percentage of only ninety-one. The next nearest student of a United States university was a Harvard graduate, whose percentage was eighty-seven. She was born in Brookfield, Missouri, twenty-six years ago, and received her early education in the grammar and high schools of that city, finishing the twelve-year course in eight years. She then took the three-year law course at the State University at Columbia in two years, graduating with the highest honors.



## MY LITERARY WIFE.

By Marguerite Stabler.

Eloise was literary; I knew it before I asked her to be my wife. She was also charming, and I was not in a frame of mind to weigh qualifications. I was, in fact, proud of her talents, and when Barstow said some things about my prospect of domestic happiness I flashed out the verses she had written upon "Longing" the day after we had become engaged.

As long as we drifted about from one boarding-house to another there was not a man in town more overcome with admiration for his wife than I. To see Eloise's name in the magazines and notice the deference accorded her in her women's clubs always thrilled me with pride. But when Barstow, who had been married at the same time, offered us the use of their house while they went to live with Mrs. Barstow's father my real experience of life began.

When I presented Barstow's offer to Eloise she was delighted with the idea. Having a home of her own had apparently never before entered her mind; and as visions of my own fireside beyond the intrusion of fellow-boarders floated from my post-prandial pipe, there came other visions of a widening hearthstone circle, for Barstow had been telling me the observations of Thomas Barstow, Jr., upon his baby sister.

"And I shall have so much more leisure for my literary work in a den of my own," my wife's voice broke in upon my reverie.

The Barstow house was modern and sunny and my boarding-house-bred eyes, ranging from cheerful library to cosy dining-room, came back in blissful anticipation to the big chair beside the fireplace. Also Mrs. Barstow had bequeathed to us Nora, her cook, whom she assured us was a treasure.

But house-keeping with only one servant, I began to hear from Eloise, did not leave her any more time for literary work than boarding. "Mrs. Barstow kept a second girl, you know," my wife never failed to remind me when my temper got ruffled. "But," I as promptly came back, "there were the Barstow children."

"Does Nora ever dust the furniture, my dear?" I asked my wife after the second week of our house-keeping.

"Nora has no time to dust," my wife answered sweetly, reaching for a manuscript with inky fingers.

"Everything in the house is six inches under a coating of dust," I persisted, "seems to me it wouldn't be much of an undertaking to get it off."

"That's so," Eloise agreed blandly, blowing a cloud of ashes and dust off the mantle. "Where do you suppose it comes from? Each infinitesimal particle has doubtless been at some time a component part of a living organism. It may have blown from its temporary resting-place the remnant of some prehistoric chief. Just fancy! the dust of Julius Caesar and Charlemagne, or even Napoleon, may from the sub-surface working of the soil be getting on people's mantel-pieces. Why wouldn't this make a good editorial?" she went on, fired with interest. "Unreverenced Relics of the Renowned," or "Balm for the Housewife's Bane?"

In answer to my horrified glance as she jotted down her notes on the wall—Barstow's wall—she turned with her unruffled serenity to say, "Oh, I can wash it off in the morning," as down went a shorthand synopsis of her editorial.

The walls were rose-color and when the next morning the inky fingers washed off the memorandum, the color came with the pencil marks, but Eloise was too preoccupied with her editorial to notice that I chose Richter's picture, "Awakening from Love's Dream," to hang over the bald spot.

The next evening as we met on the steps, my wife from her Portia Club and I from my office, Eloise's countenance dropped to the register of her regret at having forgotten her promise.

"I was going to have the house all dusted today to surprise you," she said sweetly.

I refrained from telling her how much it would have surprised me if I had found the house in order, for with her unflinching good-nature she proceeded to make her promise good. Depositing her hat on the lamp and tossing her gloves into a corner, she went to work while I escaped upstairs.

"Tomorrow every book on the shelves is going to be dusted," Eloise informed me when, after dinner, we ventured back to the library.

"See!" she exclaimed proudly as we entered. But all I saw was that the clouds of dust, so furiously agitated for a few moments, had settled back contentedly in their old places.

I am not easily ruffled, but my wife's cheerful lack of appreciation of her duty was grating on my nerves. There are times, too, when a man is bound to rise to the point of being master in his own house, and it was now high time for the president of the Portia Club to learn to make a home habitable for her husband. In plain language I said so. In still plainer terms, I paid my respects to the false standards of life that beguiled a woman from her duty to her home and the growth of the nation. I had never talked so sternly to my wife before, but under the lash of my growing wrath waxed eloquent, and, I felt, convincing. Such a life as she was living was, I told her, of no use to any one, rather a detriment both to herself and to me. That whole club of insexed, addle-pated women was a curse to society. One plain, home-keeping, domestic little

woman who kept her home bright and cheerful and raised a family to rise up and call her blessed was worth this whole invoice of scribblers and ranters. If the shoe pinched I did not care. I was at last aroused to the intolerable injustice of it all.

As I went on the bright eyes opposite me grew serious, the puckers of thought between them deepened, and I now realized my mistake in being so easy-going all these years. I did not regret the pensive shadow my words called into Eloise's face. I finished my law-giving with the spirit of the conqueror, feeling that once for all this question of divided or neglected duties should be settled.

"Well?" I said at last, gently and reassuringly, after the pause had become unnecessarily long.

With an almost imperceptible start Eloise brought her eyes down from the ceiling and turned to me. "Of course," she answered somewhat vaguely. "Of course," trying to show a polite interest in what I had been saying. Then, "I noticed you used the word 'silurian'; what a slim and slimy sound it has, what a pity it can't be induced to rhyme with anything but Manchurian—Arthurian; can't you suggest something? You are quite an inspiration to me at times."

But when I returned home that evening what had seemed a mountain of discord was suddenly sunk to the proportion of a mole-hill in the light of our new disaster.

"Nora has given notice," Eloise announced tearfully. "What shall we do?"

"Perhaps Mrs. Barstow knows of another treasure," I ventured.

Mrs. Barstow, when a few hours later we presented our difficulties to her, went into the servant question learnedly with Eloise, offering innumerable practical suggestions, while Barstow and I smoked in silence, watching the antics of Tom, Junior.

Eloise, I noticed with surprise, seemed as interested in the Barstow baby as I was in the boy. I cast many furtive glances at her as she coaxed the little tot over to her and finally, by giving her her watch to cut her teeth on, induced her to climb into her lap.

My wife had never guessed what a disappointment our solitude *à deux* had been to me, nor how I had longed to hear the prattle of childish voices and the patter of little feet in my own home. Now, as I watched Eloise sitting under the rosy glow of Mrs. Barstow's lamp—our witching pink shade had long since been replaced by a ghastly green one, as so much better for night work—the president of the Portia Club seemed lost for the moment in the woman. The child played "pussy" with her tippet till at last the flaxen curls snuggled down in her arms and the bright eyes fell asleep. Eloise's tones, I noticed, fell into an instinctive hush as she held the sleeping child, and she rocked gently to and fro without knowing she was doing it.

It was a sweet and almost holy picture to my eyes, and as Barstow did not seem inclined to talk it left me time to take it in deeply. The room in which we sat had that orderly, reposeful atmosphere ours had lacked since our first evening therein. The lights were soft and rose-shaded (Mrs. Barstow did not have to write articles on Ibsen and Shaw for the *Universe*). Moreover, Mrs. Barstow, instead of the stiff, immaculate shirt-waist usually affected by Eloise, wore some sort of a light soft gown that fell away from her round, white throat and left her arms bare below the elbow. I glanced covertly at Barstow to see if he really looked happier than most fellows, and hated him for it when I found myself bound to admit he did. I wondered if he remembered my enthusiasm over a certain little poem on "Longing." Ye gods! What soul-stirring things I could have written on the same subject during the intervening years! Longings for a home that was not merely four dust-covered walls, longings for a wife who was not too deep in writing a book or planning an editorial to sit cozily by the fireside and talk to me at the close of a strenuous day, longings for the young "olive branches" whose prattle would make the music of my life and whose growing needs would sanctify the sordidness of barter and trade.

As Eloise and I walked home from the Barstow's that evening a pale young moon shone coyly between the house-tops, and we stopped as we had in the days of our loving to watch its reflection in the tiny fountain. Eloise seemed thoughtful and I deemed it best not to intrude upon her musings by allusions to the servant problem. Perhaps it was because my own mood was gentler that Eloise's eyes seemed more tender and her manner less preoccupied.

"Barstow seems to have a very happy home," I ventured tentatively at breakfast.

"It is indeed," my wife agreed warmly.

"I never saw two more engaging youngsters in my life," I went on, following up my wife's mood.

"Nor a sweeter little mother than Mrs. Barstow," Eloise surprised me by adding.

"What could approximate nearer the ideal home than theirs?" I continued.

Eloise's beautiful eyes grew soft and luminous as that hearth-stone scene arose before her. "How Mr. Barstow will miss his family while they are away," she said.

"I will bring him home with me to dinner, if you say so," I suggested, knowing the first night out is the worst.

"By all means," Eloise agreed sweetly, her manner all warmth and enthusiasm over the Barstow family.

On my way down town that morning I found it in my heart to laugh at the cruel chant of the car-wheels that morning several weeks before. During the day I

laughed at many other things—my old fears and scruples, my doubts of Eloise's depth of heart, my growing hatred for the club-ridden women of the town. Often it is the smallest agent that brings about the greatest result. In this case, I told myself, it was a baby's hand that had arrested the break-neck speed with which Eloise's head had been running away with her heart.

When I stopped at Barstow's office to take him along I ran up the steps three at a time. As I slapped Barstow on the back and told him it was time to quit work and come off with me I longed to tell him what the vision of his home had done for me.

Eloise's changed mood after feeling the weight of that little head upon her breast, the kiss of those baby lips upon her cheek, and her admission that that was what made an ideal home, dissipated my last suspicion that in becoming an assistant editor of the *Universe* she had ceased to be, first of all, a woman. I began to hate myself for the meanness of my doubts of her and made full mental reparation for the mental injustice I had done her.

"And my wife says she wants you to drop right in and be one of us while your folks are away," I said to Barstow. "Must be lonesome up at your house without that boy."

Barstow accepted my invitation eagerly. He seemed to be lost in this big cold world without his own fireside to curl up by. "We don't go out very much," I went on, "my wife always has a good deal of studying and reading on hand, so you are always sure of a cheerful fire and a good dinner," wondering the while if a rose-hued gown would this evening replace Eloise's customary immaculate shirt-front.

We were laughing over some by-gone reminiscences of Barstow's when we entered the house or I might have noticed the shades were still drawn. But since this fact had escaped us we were not prepared for the semi-darkness into which we entered and the chill of the air throughout the house.

We exchanged glances in alarm. What could have happened! Hastening through the lower floor and calling in vain upon my wife, I left Barstow in the living-room telling him to keep on his overcoat, then ran upstairs.

Nowhere could I find Eloise. A flood of misgivings overwhelmed me until, as I stopped to consider what course were best to pursue, I caught a faint clicking sound from her little den on the top floor.

Running up to the door and entering without my customary warning, "Eloise!" I cried.

Without looking up she answered me with a little nod, a way she had when she meant she was not to be interrupted.

"But, Eloise!" I insisted, "what does all this mean—the darkened house, the fires out, no dinner, and Barstow invited here to spend the evening?"

Taking her own good time to finish a line and turning down the bar with a very inky hand, my wife looked up at last.

"Are the fires?"—click—click—"out?" she asked indifferently. But seeing she had thrown my top-coat over her shoulders, she must have had some vague idea that it was cold.

"Yes, they're out, I say. What's the matter with Nora that she hasn't kept 'em up and gotten dinner on time?" raising my voice to drown the infernal click of that infernal machine.

"Oh, yes; I forgot." Click—click—click. Here a faulty line, caused perhaps by my intrusion, caught her eye and her thoughts flew back to her manuscript.

"Well, here's Barstow downstairs—"

But my wife's serene tones broke in above mine with, "I forgot to telephone you that Nora has left!"—click—click—"don't interrupt me just now!"—click—click—click—"I'll be through in a few minutes. Who did you say is downstairs?"

"Barstow," I roared. "Barstow is invited here to dinner, and here we are, no fires, no dinner, and it's beginning to rain."

The state of mind that prompts a woman to fly into hysterics prompted me to swear. Coming in from the bleak autumn air in the hope of the warmth and cheer I had a right to expect in my own home I had found this—this refrigerator. The wind howled dismally around the corners, and the rain, now falling in a drenching downpour, made a dinner downtown almost impossible.

"Then you were not sincere," I began in scathing tones, after recovering myself somewhat, "you were laughing in your sleeve when you agreed with me last night about the charm and comfort of a domestic home."

Eloise's eyes turned upon me reproachfully, as, still fingering the keys of her typewriter, she listened to my charges.

"You don't understand!"—click—click—"you poor dear, you have no idea what a deep and all-pervading impression"—click—click—"that beautiful home-scene made upon me. Don't you see I've been ever since"—click—click—"utterly lost in the"—click—click—"beautiful atmosphere of that setting and the *dramatis personae* of that scene. It took such complete possession!"—click—click—"of me that I"—click—click—"am writing!"—click—click—click—"it up!"—click—click—click—click!

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1909.

A Japanese newspaper says the prevalent defect of Japan-made goods is "inferiority of quality."



## A MEDICAL WARNING.

The Author of "Confessio Medici" Draws a Grave Indictment of Christian Science.

We have not yet forgotten "Confessio Medici," that volume of delightful medical essays that proved their author to be not only a wise physician, but a gentle and humane philosopher, as well versed in the arts of kindness as in the lore of the schools. It is said that "Confessio Medici" was written by Dr. James Paget, and the statement is at least consonant with a reputation that will not suffer from his present assault upon "The Faith and Works of Christian Science."

It is indeed time that some one of understanding should speak out with no uncertain voice. Here we have a physician of wide experience and of general philanthropy, a scientist of broad sympathies who is well abreast of his times in the best that those times have produced, one who recognizes gratefully the benefits of mental therapeutics, and who yet condemns Christian Science, not in obedience to professional prejudice, but after an elaborate research into its fruits. Nothing is more evident in his book than the conscientious care with which it is compiled, nothing more obvious than his desire to render credit where credit is due and to avoid alike the suggestion of the false and the suppression of the true. It is impossible to read what he says without a new recognition of an imposture that in its cruelty, in its destruction of heart and conscience, exceeds all other impostures and infamies of its day.

But it is not only as a physician that the author makes his appeal to the sanity of civilization. The philosophic student who may be enamored momentarily by theories that, whenever plausible, are always stolen and distorted, will find much to attract him in these pages. The religionist will find still more. He will find here some reasons for a protest already strangely belated against a terminology and an interpretation which, as the author well says, produce a feeling of physical nausea. He may even be brought face to face with the fact that Christian Science is not merely an eccentric heresy, a weird and twisted graft upon the original stem, but a negation of Christianity itself, and that to the destruction of the body it joins the starvation of the heart, and of the sentiments and emotions that make life tolerable. Its God is the "God of Being Supremely Comfortable," and it seeks its God not in pity and compassion, but in cruel, contemptuous and neglectful denial of whatever can interfere with its selfish complacency and its Satanic self-righteousness.

A single passage will suffice from that part of the book which deals with the religious aspect of the question. After dealing with the placid comparisons of Mrs. Eddy with Jesus Christ and with the Virgin Mary, the author continues:

But we need not stay over the divine honours claimed or accepted or not refused by the Founder of Christian Science. There is an admirable account of them in Mr. Lyman Powell's book. What concerns us is the parody, by Christian Science, of the Christian Faith. It is not a question of orthodoxy; it is a question of decency. I learn from Mr. Lyman Powell that Christian Science, when she talks of the "dual personality" of Christ is reviving the Nestorian heresy; and I do not need his learning to see that her version of the doctrine of the Incarnation is new and feminine. I note, in passing, that she is the Word, also the Comforter, also the Second Advent, and the Last Day; and that she frequently receives honourable mention in the Apocalypse. I note, also, that she does not favour "audible prayer," or the use of prayers for the sick; and that she, who has endlessly revised and expurgated, without sense, without conscience, her Divine Revelation, says that we, who are not her disciples, worship "a corporeal Jehovah." Let all that, and much, else, go. Nothing will ever stop Christian Science from disgracing herself in public. But I do wonder that she did not keep her hands off the Lord's Prayer and the Lord's Supper.

Every Sunday, in every Church of Christ, Scientist, her version of the Lord's Prayer is read aloud, sentence by sentence, with that version which we owe to the mistaken views entertained, by Jesus, of Deity. The audience, with one of the readers, recites the Christian version; and the other reader recites the version which Mrs. Eddy understands "to be the spiritual sense of the Lord's Prayer." The alternating sentences produce a well-marked almost physical, nausea, as if one had got suddenly into foul air. The difficulty is to sit still; to resist the longing to get away, out into the street, the sound of traffic, the sight of the sky. But I am not sure which is the worse, her parody of the Lord's Prayer, or her parody of the Lord's Supper.

The Lord's Prayer is given us with the Eddy interpretations. Perhaps one line will be enough to justify the author in the use of the word nausea. Here it is:

Our Father which art in Heaven.  
Our Father-Mother God, all harmonious.

Passing now to the medical aspects of the question, we find at once a thoroughness of investigation, an undeviating fair play, and a trenchancy of judgment that ought to be conclusive. Two hundred "testimonies of healing" are reproduced from the columns of the *Christian Science Sentinel*. They are not selected to buttress a theory, but they are taken as they were recorded between April and August, 1908. There is no need to give examples, because their precise parallels can be found in any patent medicine advertisement. They are all there in their delightful vagueness or in their disgusting precision. There is the lady with the "sense of fatigue," and there is the other lady—we all know her—with the "heart, stomach, and nervous trouble." Then there is "Mrs. K.," who was "haunted with the fear of hereditary insanity" and who has been unaccountably healed of this fear. The whole garrulous tribe of the afflicted are represented in these two hundred cases. They have "severe pains in the head," and "fevers," and "coughs," and "aches," and "complications," and "untold miseries," and "inflammations," and other things that may be left unnamed. They remind

us so much of the good lady next door or over the way who is so distressingly anxious to tell us all the repulsive medical happenings to her family for three generations back. Next to the possession of horrid symptoms, there is no such pleasure as in the telling of them. Here is a part of the author's judgment on the cases of these two hundred:

Anyhow, the vast majority of these testimonies are not worth the paper on which they are printed. What are kidney trouble, lung trouble, heart trouble, liver trouble, and eye trouble? They are not chronic nephritis, phthisis, valvular disease, cirrhosis, and cataract. Bowel trouble is ordinary constipation; stomach trouble is ordinary indigestion and aversion from food; spinal trouble is ordinary backache. These are not testimonies, but testimonials; every advertisement of a new quack medicine publishes the like of them. We all know Mr. A. and Mrs. B. and Miss C., who bear witness to So-and-So's Pills. They had spinal trouble and kidney trouble. There is a rough sketch of them, doubled up with pain, or weeping at the family tea-table. And it is certain, that the pills did them good.

Again, many of these witnesses are not telling the truth. They are so excitable, so ill-educated, that they fail to distinguish truth from falsehood. They have given false evidence, have perjured themselves, not willfully, but from sheer inability to be accurate.

Again, we all know that no statement is more inaccurate than the average statement of "what the doctor said." We listen with politeness to it, but without acceptance: we think to ourselves, *I wish I knew what he really did say.*

Again, what is the good of proclaiming that Christian Science heals diseases which get well of themselves? Time heals them. Here is a girl with a cold in her head: she is healed "through the realization of the omnipresence of Love." Was there ever such an insult offered to the name of Love?

Again, the healing of one "trouble" must not be reckoned as the healings of half-a-dozen troubles. For example, a woman is subject to aversion from food, constipation, headache, backache, liver trouble, and eye trouble. Christian Science, bidding her eat more, amends all these troubles: and is thereby encouraged to order plenty of solid food in cases of gastric ulcer, and in cases of typhoid fever with ulceration of the bowels.

Again, what is the good of testifying to the healing of hernia? Was it hernia? Suppose that it was, what sort of hernia was it? Hernia will vanish for ever so long, and leave no sign of its presence. Or, take the cases of asthma. Were they asthma? Even then, asthma can hardly be called an organic disease. Or, take the "tumours." Were they solid tumours, or cysts, or effusions, or deep-seated abscesses, or inflammatory swellings? Who made the diagnosis? Were they subjected to microscopic examination by a skillful pathologist? Or, take the "dislocations." Were they x-rayed? Were they not the cases that bonesetters cure? Or, take the cases of "lung trouble." Most of them were ordinary bronchitis. One or two, not more, may possibly have been early consumption. Which of us has not friends who were consumptive, and now are strong, and hard at work?

Let us apply a fair and mild test to these two hundred cases. Let us show them to any doctor; and let us ask him what he thinks of them. He will laugh at them: he will say, "What is the good of such cases? Why don't they report them properly? Why don't they give details? What do they mean by spinal trouble, and all the other troubles?"

Dr. Huber is quoted at some length. Contemplating a large number of Christian Science enthusiasts at Albany, he says "the opportunity to study hysteria was one the like of which I shall probably never again realize." Dr. Huber had investigated the alleged healings of organic diseases and he found them "pitifully without foundation." In other words, the people had not had the complaints claimed for them or had not been cured. At least there was no evidence of either:

So Dr. Huber made personal and very careful examination of twenty cases, where it was alleged that Christian Science had healed, not neurasthenia or "hysteria," but organic diseases, such as Bright's disease, or cancer. "I could find in all these twenty cases no 'cure' that would have occasioned the medical man the slightest surprise. What did surprise me was the vast disproportion between the results they exhibited and the claims made by Christian Science healers. A lady stated that she had had pneumonia. I asked her how she knew she had had pneumonia. She declared she knew, because her nurse 'could tell at a glance she had pneumonia.' No medical examination had been made. I asked what symptoms she had had. She told me she had purposely forgotten. I heard, during my investigation, of cases of yellow fever, phthisis, cancer, and locomotor ataxia which had been 'healed in Christian Science.' But truth compels the statement that my efforts to examine these cases were defeated by the cheapest sort of subterfuge and elusion."

In the two hundred cases that the author cites he uses no discrimination. He takes these boasts as he finds them, but he shows very conclusively that in his impartiality he follows no Christian Science example. For no failure is allowed to enter these records. Sometimes we hear of the failures at coroners' inquests. Sometimes the complacent physician, summoned at the last moment, gives the death certificate and there is no inquiry, no publicity. But there must be no failure in the official record, no stories of long-drawn agony, of miserable and needless deaths, or of the terrible self-reproaches that come too late. And so the author sums up:

It is plain, from these evidences, and from the previous chapter, that Christian Science accepts all testimonials, even the most fantastical and illiterate. That she embellishes what she publishes. That she evades investigation. That her claim to cure organic diseases breaks down under the most elementary rules of criticism. That she does cure "functional" diseases. That she has never cured, nor ever will, any disease, except those which have been cured, a hundred thousand times, by "mental therapeutics." From the setting-up of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, and the works of healing in the temples of Æsculapius, mankind has used, for better for worse, mental therapeutics. We live and move under suggestion, and are suggested from our cradles to our graves.

The book contains what is almost an embarrassment of evidence. It is positive, detailed, competent—and horrible. Here, for instance, is a quotation from a Boston physician:

Boston is a hot-bed of Christian Science, and we see a great many patients who are treated by those who practice it. I have seen a patient dying of strangulated hernia, who had been treated from first to last by Christian Science. The patient was, I say, moribund, and died shortly after my visit. I have seen many cases of malignant disease treated by Christian Science until the period of operability had passed. I have seen one or two patients dying of hemorrhage who had

been treated by Christian Science. I should say I had seen about a hundred cases, in which the only chance for cure had been lost through the Christian Science treatment.

There are scores of such cases. Every physician knows of them. Every physician knows of the lives needlessly thrown away, of the curable maladies made permanent, of the hideous sufferings created and perpetuated by a system which calls itself Christian and scientific and which is the impudent denial of both:

These short notes, put here as I got them, give but a faint sense of the ill working of Christian Science. It would be easy to collect hundreds more. Of course, to see the full iniquity of these cases, the reader should be a doctor, or should go over them with a doctor. But everybody, doctor or not, can feel the cruelty, born of the fear of pain, in some of these Scientists—the downright madness threatening not a few of them, and the appalling self-will. They bully dying women, and let babies die in pain; let cases of paralysis tumble about and hurt themselves; rob the epileptic of their bromide, the syphilitic of their iodide, the angina cases of their amyl nitrite, the heart cases of their digitalis; let appendicitis go on to septic peritonitis, gastric ulcer to perforation of the stomach, nephritis to uræmic convulsions, and strangulated hernia to the *miserere mei* of gangrene; watch, day after day, while a man or a woman slowly bleeds to death; compel them who should be kept still to take exercise; and withhold from all cases of cancer all hope of cure. To these works of the devil they bring their one gift, willful and complete ignorance; and their "nursing" would be a farce, if it were not a tragedy. Such is the way of Christian Science, face to face, as she loves to be, with had cases of organic disease.

There is a concluding word on behalf of the children. "For God's sake leave the children alone. It doesn't matter with grown-up people; they can believe what they like about good and evil, and germs and things:

For their bodily safety, children must believe in the reality of injuries, diseases, and pain. Grown-up folk do not play with fire, slide down the balustrade, swallow foreign substances, kiss diphtheritic babies, climb spiky railings, and so forth. Every year, in this, as in every other country, thousands of children are burned to death. Is it fair, to tell a child that pain is not real? I can not imagine a sharper grief than for a mother to lose her child that way—O mother, mother, you told me God wouldn't let me be hurt; and O mother, He has, dreadfully!

There is another quotation from the *Christian Science Journal*. A little girl, five years old, fell out of a window. "The blood was spurting from her mouth; she seemed to suffer greatly if she was moved at all, and her legs seemed paralyzed, lifeless." That afternoon the mother went to a Christian Science meeting: "I went, to the afternoon service, rejoicing greatly in my freedom from the sense of personal responsibility." It seems strange that we quarantine cases of contagious disease and allow the Christian Scientist—the pestilence that walketh by day—to go at large.

The author's concluding paragraph is a prophecy:

What place will she hold, a quarter of a century hence, in London, the one city at whose mortal mind I can make a guess? Heaven be praised, I believe that she will hold none, or next to none; that her churches will be given to the nobler purposes of music, with lectures twice a week on Mental Hygiene; that her name will be written, her story told, not in lives, but in hooks of reference, thus: *Christian Science* (See Science, Christian).

So may it be!

"Faith and Works of Christian Science," by the author of "Confessio Medici." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

## Heinrich Conried.

At Meran, Austrian Tyrol, Heinrich Conried, former director of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, who had suffered an apoplectic stroke several days before, died on the morning of April 27. Heinrich Conried, who, following the death of Maurice Grau and his appointment as director of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, was arbiter of grand opera in America, held a prominent place in theatrical and operatic affairs in this country from 1878 until he left for Europe last fall. He was an Austrian by birth, born in 1855 in Bielitz. He began his career as an actor at the Vienna Burg Theatre, remained there two years, and then joined the company at the National Theatre in Berlin. In 1878 Herr Conried became manager of the Germania Theatre in New York. Subsequently he organized the Conried Opera Company, which traveled over the United States from 1885 to 1890. In 1892 he undertook the management of the Irving Place Theatre in New York, and remained in that position until appointed to succeed Maurice Grau in 1903. He had no practical knowledge of music and left that part of his work to conductors and singers, giving his time to stage management and scenic arrangements. The most spectacular event in his career was the bringing of "Parsifal" to this country. Shortly after his appointment as head of the Metropolitan forces he offered Frau Wagner \$1,000,000 for the right to produce the opera in America. She refused the offer, declaring that the wishes of the composer were expressly stated in his will to the effect that "Parsifal" should not be produced outside Bayreuth, and that to do so would be "an act of great irreverence" and "the greatest musical scandal of the century." The impresario declared that Frau Wagner had no copyrights in America, and that if she was unwilling to accept a million dollars she need take nothing. Conried was responsible for revolutionary policies in connection with the production of grand opera in America. He insisted upon and secured elaborate scenic investitures for all his operas. He tore out the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House and built a larger one at a cost of \$150,000. Conried was a manager, an actor, a producer, a scholar, a lecturer, and a business man. His attainments as a scholar won for him the degree of LL. D., and he was a member of the committee of Germanic languages and literature at Harvard University.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Katrine*, by Elinor Macartney Lane. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This fine story, tender and beautiful as it is, leaves us with a certain sense of injustice. The scene is laid in North Carolina with changes to New York and Paris. The chief characters are Katrine Dulany, the daughter of the overseer on the Ravenel plantation, Francis Ravenel, and Dermott McDermott. It is a case of love at first sight between Francis and the adorable Katrine, although it might be thought that Katrine would prefer her inimitable countryman, Dermott, to a young aristocrat who is saturated with caste pride to the point of baseness. When Francis finally awakes to his position he tells Katrine: "But, never, never for one instant, and, Katrine, it is of this you must think always, never for one instant did I intend to marry you." In spite of the author's strenuous effort to rehabilitate Francis this shameful avowal refuses to be erased from the memory. It is, if anything, aggravated by his self-excuse to the girl who had surrendered her heart to him with the beautiful abandon of the Irish nature. "Although I did not do the best I could have done for you, at least I kept myself from doing the worst."

Francis has at least the grace to be self-reproachful. He even makes some amends by secretly paying for Katrine's musical education in Paris, and when she achieves her triumph as a prima donna he renews his suit. To do him justice it is not the fact of her success that animates him. We may believe that his self-torturings would in any case have brought him to that point, but that so womanly a woman as Katrine should forget an insult placed upon her with the studied brutality of which only caste is capable is a little inexplicable. Dermott has been her persistent lover from the beginning. He is of her own people and a gallant, witty, and chivalrous gentleman with likable faults and some sublime virtues. The whole story turns upon two postulates, and we are not sure that either of them is impregnable:

"Tell me," said Katrine; "do you think any woman ever married the man who was kindest to her?"

"It's unrecorded if it ever occurred," Dermott answered.

That is the first and the second is like thereto:

"Nora," Katrine asked, "could you ever have loved any but Dennis—your first love?"

"No," answered Nora. "To an Irishwoman the drama comes but the wance."

We may hope that Francis and Katrine were happy, but we should be inclined to fear some recrudescence of caste insolence that might cause Francis to ask his wife to black his boots.

But the story belongs in the front of the modern ranks. The author has created a heroine who will not be forgotten, a heroine with the stamp of national femininity as exquisite as any in the world.

*The Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town*, by Lyman P. Powell. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This book professes to be a record of results achieved by the Emmanuel practice, and it is not easy to apportion our disgust between the methods employed and the nauseating genuflections to the medical profession and to "historic Christianity."

Stripped of its verbiage, the Emmanuel practice seems to be hypnotism pure and simple, and hypnotism in its most dangerous form as imposed by clergymen upon neurotics. If clericalism is now to masquerade under the guise of the "healing Christ," it would seem that a renewal of historic struggles is not far off.

Let us take an illustration from the book. We are told that "a good man" came to the author with the "heart-breaking news" that he expected to fail in business and asking for "spiritual help." He received a "quieting treatment, in which faith was mingled with suggestion," with the amazing result that he forthwith composed a doggerel hymn which he sends to the author and which the author is unwise enough to print. Moreover, "his business improved," etc. If the writing of the verses was actually the result of the "quieting treatment" the patient would do well to have no more of it, lest some worse befall him.

But far more serious are the incitements to the treatment of childish faults by hypnotic suggestion. The spectacle of the slinking, whispering figure by the child's cot robbing it of the free-will that alone makes virtue possible in order that it may be cured of nail-biting, depriving it of its divinity power to choose between good and evil, that it may cease some childish fault, is indeed one to make angels weep, tolerable only to parents who are so infatuated with such witchcraft as to imperil their child's sanity. And such practices as these are identified with the "healing Christ."

That respectable Scientists of today repudiate the Emmanuel practices, that they utter a word of stern warning against per-

nicious and mind-destroying methods probably will not weigh at all against clerical persuasions allied with superstition. Dana, for instance, writes of the "rapid breaking down of nerve tissues," and Duhois, Wundt, Stoddard, and Dercum speak in similar ways. This latest volume of the Emmanuel Movement shows us how real is the danger, but we shall have to wait for some years before we recognize how large is the crop of cradle-made idiots manufactured by the well-meaning charlatanism of today.

*St. Botolph's Town*, by Mary Caroline Crawford. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

This book is described as an account of old Boston in colonial days and it may be said at once that it is one of the most satisfactory accounts that have yet seen the light and nearer than most to a right conception of history. Up to the time of the Revolution Boston and the American colonies were almost convertible terms, and the history of Boston has therefore a special national significance. It may be said, moreover, that many of the actors in the story of the early days were already great figures in the mother country and likely to lack perspective without a due consideration of their origin and concurrent activities. The author is among the first to recognize this and so to present us, for example, with a picture of Sir Harry Vane that shows him not only as an American pioneer, but as a participant in the English revolution and a contemporary of Oliver Cromwell. If the author shows an over-partiality for biography it is done so well that we shall be in no mood to remind her of an historical mission and its boundaries.

The work is indeed very well done and with none of the tiresome obeisances to chronology that mar the more conventional histories. We have a series of vivid pictures of old Boston from its beginnings down to "The Dawn of Active Resistance." The chapters on Winthrop are particularly good. Of Sir Harry Vane we have a sketch somewhat exceeding in breadth the actual needs of American history, while the Mathers may consider themselves fortunate in a leniency of judgment but ill deserved. The establishment of Harvard is interestingly described, and due attention is given to the diary of Samuel Sewall and the reign of the royal governors. The volume comes to an end somewhat abruptly with Governor Hutchinson and the first mutterings of the coming struggle, a volume that is readable from the first word to the last and with most of the virtues and few of the defects that have characterized its predecessors.

*Wireless Telegraphy and Wireless Telephony*, by A. E. Kennelly, A. M., Sc. D. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

When this work first appeared, some three years ago, it was recognized as among the best of available text-books on a line of research and experiment that had made a profound impression on the popular mind. Wireless telegraphy was in its infancy. It was then about ten years old, but since that day the extension of its use has been very great. The range distance has increased and the number of stations has nearly doubled, while

upon more than one occasion dramatic services in life-saving have emphasized the value of the service. It was therefore fitting that a book that became at once a standard of reference should be brought up to date and made inclusive of the most recent discoveries and extensions. Several chapters have, moreover, been added on the subject of wireless telephony, the achievements in this direction during the last two years having been of the most striking kind. Copious illustrations add greatly to the value of the book.

*The Other Side of the Door*, by Lucia Chamberlain. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

This is distinctly among the stories of early San Francisco that are worth while. It is the personal narrative of a young girl, Eleanor Fenwick, daughter of one of the old families, who finds herself involved in a murder trial and forced to give evidence against a man with whom she has already fallen in love at first sight. Eleanor is so unlucky as to witness the early morning shooting of a man in Dupont Street and to be able to identify his companion. Summoned as a witness, she finds herself tangled in a maze of circumstantial evidence and brought into unpleasant association with the beautiful Spanish woman who has had dubious relations both with the murdered man and with the accused, and who does not hesitate at drugging and abduction to secure the silence of a dangerous witness. The trial, the back and forth play of illicit influences, the subsequent daring escape outside the jail door, Eleanor's strange meeting with the man for whom the whole city is on the alert, and the ultimate elucidation of the mystery are all forcefully told and with a certain charm and reminiscent directness that captures the imagination. The author knows the early California days and she can work them into an artistic picture, and she has done so in "The Other Side of the Door."

*The Earth's Bounty*, by Kate V. St. Maur. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.75.

It would hardly be supposed that a substantial hook on agriculture and stock-raising could be so interesting to the ordinary reader. The author tells us that "a sense of unconfessed failure prompted us to abandon city life," but that city failure was turned into country success is made evident through some four hundred readable pages.

Well-nigh the whole scope of ranch life is covered, and in an easy narrative style that is almost as attractive to the city as to the town dweller. Sheep, cattle, horses, goats, poultry, and dogs receive a descriptive attention that is suited to the beginner and that is by no means beneath the notice of the experienced rancher. In other chapters we have a consideration of tillage, crops, silos, manures, and the dairy, all of them bearing the stamp of intelligent experiment and set forth in a convincing and conversational way. We feel that the author is writing from knowledge and that its acquisition has been an intelligent pursuit. It is certainly conveyed to the reader brightly, entertainingly, and practically, while about fifty well-chosen illustrations add greatly to the value of the book.



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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Religious History.

*History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred*, by Charles B. Waite, A. M. For sale by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

That this important work has reached a sixth edition proves that its immense collection of information and the erudition with which it is set forth have been of value in the work of Biblical research. It will be remembered that among the main objects of the author is a demonstration that the four canonical gospels are spurious in so far as they displaced earlier writings that have now disappeared. Until the year 180 no one of the canonical gospels had ever been named in Christendom, while Theodoret, writing in A. D. 430, speaks of putting upon one side the two hundred books "held in honor among your churches" and introducing in their place the "Gospels of the Four Evangelists."

The chief feature of the present edition is the enlarged appendix. We now have an article on "Jesus Christ as an Historical Personage," but the author seems to lay undue stress upon the testimony of Josephus. He is, of course, entitled to disagree with the prevailing opinion that the reference in Josephus is a forgery, but he seems rather to overlook the point that if Josephus was at all acquainted with "Jesus who was called Christ" or with the narrative of his life he would not have dismissed the subject in the few words that are to be found in his writings as we now have them. Perhaps, too, he is over-jealous in his defense of the doubtful passage of Tacitus. But apart from the author's special contentions, we can hardly enough admire a collection of facts and evidences almost without parallel and presented with a reverent scholarship that commends them for universal reference.

## New Publications.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have published "Hero and Leander," a tragedy by Martin Schütze. The principal characters are twelve in number and the action is laid in Sestos and Abydos.

A satisfactory hook for small children is "Barbara and the Five Little Pussies," by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, with fifty illustrations by Josephine Bruce. It is published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston.

Most people are familiar with Beatrice Herford's "Monologues" and will welcome their issue in volume form by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. They belong to the not over-crowded department of real humor. The numerous illustrations in tint are by Oliver Herford and the price is \$1.25.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published a volume of "German Prose Composition," by Carl W. F. Osthaus, A. M. It is a graded textbook of German writing based on consecutive prose and well adapted to promote facility in German composition. Price, 65 cents.

From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, comes an attractively gotten up little volume entitled "Catch Words of Patriotism," compiled by Wallace Rice. We miss none of the familiar sayings and we find many of the less familiar ones of which we are glad to be reminded. The book is printed in calendar form, in two colors, and with marginal decorations.

The poems of Edward William Thomson are well and favorably known through magazine channels and their publication in volume form under the title "When Lincoln Died and Other Poems" is justified. As is usual with collections of this kind, the book would be bettered by some few omissions, but everything in it has the mark of feeling and sincerity. The volume is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, and the price is \$1.25.

"Accidents and Emergencies," by Dr. Charles W. Dulles, is a manual of the treatment of surgical and medical emergencies in the absence of a physician. It seems to contain most of the holly troubles that befall us and the advice is practical and clear, if sometimes of a heroic nature. For example, we are told that one of the best remedies for an attack of asthma is "a full dose of opium." But suppose the attack comes nightly, as is often the case! Opium, paregoric, and calomel are, in fact, recommended with a surprising frequency that suggests that the author's forte is surgery rather than medicine. The book, with forty-four illustrations, is published by P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia, and its price is \$1.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The recent passage of the Copyright Bill by Congress will extend for fourteen years the copyright on the works of many of the standard authors of this country.

The modesty of a great man of science is shown in the relations between Darwin and his publisher, Mr. John Murray, of which Mr. Murray gives an account in *Science Progress*. When he sent to his publisher the famous

"Origin of Species," Darwin wrote: "It may be conceit, but I believe the subject will interest the public, and I am sure that the views are original. If you think otherwise, I must repeat my request that you will freely reject my work. I shall be a little disappointed: I shall be in no way injured." He was "astounded" at the fact that the trade ordered 1493 copies before publication, and delighted with Dr. Wilberforce's article in the *Quarterly Review*. "I am quizzed splendidly," he said. "I really believe that I enjoyed it as much as if I had not been the unfortunate butt." When he brought to Mr. Murray his book on earthworms, of which seven editions were sold within a year, Darwin said: "I doubt very much whether it will interest the public, as the subject is not an attractive one."

"The American as He Is," President Nicholas Murray Butler's recent analysis of the American character will soon be obtainable in seven languages. Danish, French, and German translations are announced for immediate publication, and the book is now being turned into Italian, Spanish, Russian, and Japanese.

Victor Mapes, the author of "Partners Three," is a nephew of the late Mary Mapes Dodge, the founder and life-long editor of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

A curious incident occurred in connection with the revision of "The Glory of the Conquered," by Miss Susan Glaspell. While she was revising the manuscript before publication she received a sudden attack of appendicitis. At this time she had just started the work upon the chapter in which one of the characters becomes ill with the same disease. Miss Glaspell fortunately recovered and finished the chapter sitting up in bed in the hospital.

When she was a youngster Mary Roberts Rinehart spent her summers on a farm. There was an old wooden settle in the kitchen; the seat was hinged, and one day underneath it she struck treasure trove. Under Fox's "Book of Martyrs" were about ninety-five of the Nick Carter nickel novels dripping with crime and oozing with gore. They had pictures, too. They belonged to the hired man, a pale-eyed, pale-haired creature, meekness itself, who reveled in crime on the sly and dreamed of making redskins tremble at the mere mention of his name. Some go to "The Iliad" for their inspiration, some to Shakespeare or the Bible. The author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten" cheerfully confesses that she got hers from Nick Carter at the age of nine.

The *Bookman* says the high-water mark of protest between author and publisher was reached the other day when a certain author's hook was published by a well-known firm who "pushed it hard." The result, however, was very disappointing to the author. He wrote the firm that he was very much dissatisfied and went on to say, "If your firm had published the Bible there would have been no Christian religion."

The author of "The Man Without a Shadow" is Oliver C. Cabot. Mr. Cabot used to sign the first part of his name with the initials only, until some wise individual discovered that the name reversed spelled "To-hacco." Mr. Cabot, not superstitious, but aiming to be rather sure than sorry, and not wanting the result of his efforts to vanish in smoke, has since signed his name Oliver Cabot.

If the mysterious disappearance of John Davidson means that Mr. Davidson has committed suicide, English literature has lost one of the most noted of its modern poets. A singer of great versatility, Davidson was master of the ballad form. His many admirers will recall a stanza from the "Ballad of Heaven," one of his most perfect poems:

He doubted: but God said "Even so;  
Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears;  
The music that you made below  
Is now the music of the spheres."

## Memorial to "Ouida."

It is desired to bring to more general notice in this country the project of the memorial to "Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée) in her birthplace, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England. Funds have been collected in Italy, her home for many years, and in England, and contributions have generously flowed in, but about \$500 is still lacking to the sum required for the proposed memorial, and it is felt that opportunity should be given to those in the United States, who may be interested to lend their aid. Surely there must be among us many who, even failing in admiration for Ouida as a writer of fiction, may still feel drawn toward her as an ever active worker in the cause of animal protection, and may care to aid in perpetuating the memory of the lover of horses and dogs in the appropriate manner proposed, namely, the erection of a drinking fountain by the roadside for the benefit of all passing beasts. It is to be placed at a much frequented cross-roads outside the town, and near the cottage where Ouida was born. A number of prominent English men and women have been active in this project; Lord Curzon has written the inscription. Any one who may feel disposed to help the work,

by ever so small a sum, may send contributions direct to the chairman of the Ouida Memorial Committee, G. Milner-Gibson-Cullum, Esq., F. S. A., Hardwick House, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England, or for convenience to Miss Cortazzo, Meadville, Pennsylvania, who will forward remittances to their destination.

## The Song of the Vine.

POET—  
O I've along my garden wall,  
Could I thy northern slumber break  
And thee from wintry exile disenthral,  
Where would thy spirit wake?

LINE—  
I would wake at the hour of dawning in May in Italy,  
When rose-mists rise from the Magra's valley plains  
In the field of maize and olives around Pontremoli,  
When peaks grow golden and clear and the starlight wanes:  
I would wake to the dance of the sacred mountains boundlessly  
Kindling their marble snows in the rite of fire,—  
To them my new-born tendrils softly and soundlessly  
Would uncurl and aspire.

I would hang no more on thy wall a rusted slumberer,  
Listless and fruitless, strewing the pathways cold;  
I would seem no more in thine eyes an idle lumberer,  
Profitless alien, bitter and sere and old.  
In some warm, terraced dell where the Roman rioted,  
And still in tiers his stony theatres heaves,  
Would I festoon with leaf-light his glory quieted  
And shade his thrones with leaves.

Doves from the mountain helpires would seek and cling to me  
To drink from the altar, beating the fragrant airs;  
Women from olived hillsides by turns would sing to me,  
Culling the olives or stooping aside in pairs;  
On gala evenings the gay little carts of laborers,  
Swinging from axles their horns against evil eye,  
And crowded with children, revelers, pipers, and tabors,  
Chanting, would pass me by.  
—Herbert Trench, in *McClure's Magazine*.



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## A SOCIAL DEPARTURE.

Diplomatic Ladies of Peking Pay Homage to the Coffin of a Woman.

Chinese of the better classes have always been so jealous of their family privacy that when Na Tung, a grand counselor and one of the best-known and most influential men in China, invited the ladies of the diplomatic corps to pay their respects to his dead mother it was felt to be an important social departure. Curiously enough, this first breach in the wall dividing East and West has been made by the very man who a few years ago was a friend and leader of the fanatical Boxers—though his connection with them is conveniently forgotten. He himself would be the last to remember it, as nowadays he is all for progress. The present government thinks highly of him, and, indeed, from every point of view he seems an exemplary character, courteous, tactful, and above all conspicuous for his filial piety, which is a virtue admired in China more than any other.

As a son's love and respect for his parents is largely gauged by the display provided at their death, it follows that funerals in China are seasons of keen rivalry when the Celestial Four Hundred vie with one another much as the New York Four Hundred do at their balls and dinner parties. A rich silk merchant of Shanghai held the palm until recently. He spent \$250,000 (gold) on the burial of his father, and when he had invited all his acquaintances (according to the old custom) to see the preparations, his guests numbered 5000.

Notwithstanding, Na Tung has surpassed him, if not in the quantity, at least in the quality of his guests. The ladies of the diplomatic corps, all in deep mourning, added a sombre dignity to the occasion which even a grand counselor did not despise.

He sent them an invitation through a lady of the American Legation—I must say the Americans have done all that has been done so far in the way of pushing open the door of Chinese official life, for it was Mrs. Conger who first established relations with the court ladies, and her friend, the American painter Miss Carl, who first painted the famous Empress Dowager's portrait—and they met at his house at three o'clock on the seventh afternoon following the old lady's death. The usual funeral musicians, who play weird music on gilded wooden trumpets and lacquered drums, ushered them in, and a number of interpreters from the Waiwupu, the Foreign Office, joined them within the outer gate and escorted them to the main waiting-room, a splendid apartment hung from floor to ceiling with silk scrolls which had been sent by friends. These will all be carried in the funeral procession and afterward brought home again and made into clothes for the family—a fact so well understood by the senders that all, or nearly all, are chosen with this object in view. In color they are generally dark blue or buff—the most fashionable shades for dressy wear—and the gold paper characters describing the dead woman's virtues or wishing her soul peace and happiness, are simply pinned on.

After being served with tea, without which no ceremony in China is complete, the party was taken directly to the "hall of death," which is really not a hall, but a magnificent mat pavilion built over a courtyard with all the grace and finish of a permanent structure, with glass windows, with a gallery for the priests who pray unceasingly, and with a sloping roof ornamented with the straw dragons and volutes which are the triumph of the Peking shed-maker's art. Except the pavilion under which the dead Emperor Kwang Hsu now lies in state, there has never been a more elaborate or a more expensive *p'eng* (mat room) built in the capital, and it undoubtedly cost a fabulous sum—quite as much as a well-built, permanent dwelling house.

The bustle of the courtyard outside, where servants and messengers are constantly passing to and fro bringing messages of condolence and visitors' cards, is reduced to a murmur by the heavy hangings at the door. The doorkeeper draws them aside for a moment, announces the ladies' arrival by a sharp rap of a piece of steel on a piece of wood, and in single file they enter. A number of people are standing about, but all are silent and solemn as Buddhas. The low voice of an interpreter saying, "Ladies, please step forward and make three bows to the coffin," sounds loud by contrast with the stillness. Then strictly according to precedence the ladies do as they are told. Chinese visitors would of course drop on their knees and knock their foreheads on the ground, but as that would never suit the Western style of doing the hair, three bows are judged sufficiently respectful.

"Now a bow to the east," the interpreter whispers again, and Na Tung himself, standing very dirty and disheveled through grief and for want of a comb and a little warm water, bows in return. Opposite him, on the west of the coffin, is his wife, a fine-looking Manchu woman with the dignity and carriage of a queen. Her presence there with her husband is a most important concession to Western ideas, for under ordinary circumstances she would either receive the ladies alone or rain away while Na Tung received them,

since, officially, she is of no importance. These Manchu women, full of energy and brains, and with the most irreproachable manners, are plainly nearer to our own women than any of their Eastern sisters. Give them a typewriter and a tailor-made and I believe they could make their way anywhere.

To our ideas it seems odd that a "hall of death" should be gayly decorated, but that is the Chinese custom. Silk hangings and streamers, bright carpets and curtains abound. There is also dish after dish of indigestible flour cakes, which will be distributed among the poor the day after the funeral, row after row of ceremonial umbrellas with laudatory characters embroidered upon them, and pot after pot of flowering plants—all presents.

But the most curious and elaborate gifts are outside in the different courtyards through which the ladies were conducted. Everything the dead woman had used or cared for during her lifetime was reproduced—and how marvelously—in paper, so that it might be burned later and thus ascend to the spirit world. In the first place there were effigies of Buddhist angels mounted on storks to guide her and paper cows to lap up the river which her soul must cross. Then there were wardrobes full of clothes for all climates and occasions. Never will she need to feel shabby in the best society. Likewise her loving friends and relatives, determined she shall not lack a single comfort, have provided her all toilet requisites as well as two little paper maids to comb her hair. Some one has sent a clock, in case there should be hours in eternity after all. Neither has a small supply of ready cash in gold and silver paper or the balance to weigh what the cook brings home from market, so that if the Celestial cook, like his mortal brother, tries to perpetrate a "little squeeze" he may be promptly detected. Indeed, everything must be just so; and everything has been carefully prepared. Though no books or writing paper has been provided, it was not because somebody overlooked her amusements. It is because she had apparently no taste for literature. She cared rather for outdoor pastimes. Therefore plenty of conveyances have been ordered, and they are the most curious models of all. An open "palace chair," because she is entitled to go to court, stands ready; the soothsayers say it may be required. A closed green official chair is ready, too, in case of dusty days; there may, of course, be no dust in Paradise, but her devoted son wishes to be on the safe side. Then there is a brougham with big American horses to draw it. What a sign of the times! No more stunted native ponies for these rich Chinese. They prefer foreign horses now, the officials who only ten years ago were going to sweep foreigners and all their works into the sea, and big dapple grays made of bamboo and Canton flannel and painted to appear lifelike, are being sent to the Chinese Heaven in these changed times.

None of the Chinese interpreters, some of whom had been in Europe and must have got rid of the notion that the world rests on the back of a tortoise, seemed shy of showing off these proofs of superstition. On the contrary, they rather gloried in the display, repeating again and again with pride, "All these things will be burned in front of the coffin on the day of the funeral." One courtly old fellow, tickled with the lavishness of the whole affair and delighted that one of his countrymen had so impressed foreign ladies, urged the diplomats' wives to be sure and watch the grand funeral procession pass a certain point on one of the main streets. "There the grand burning will take place!" "What," a lady exclaimed, "in the middle of a crowded street! Why, it will take hours! What will the carts and the crowd which has business further along the street do?" "Oh," he replied, quite hurt at such a question, "they will wait." That is the Chinaman's character summed up in a sentence. He will wait with patience and with curiosity, and he can not understand people who would not leave their business for half a day in order to watch Canton flannel horses and cakes of brown paper soap start on their long journey.

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKIN, April 3, 1909.

J. H. Benrimo, who made his first success on the stage of the old Alcazar Theatre in this city, has just made another hit in New York in "An Englishman's Home." The critic of the *Globe* says: "In the dignified, handsome German officer, Prince Yoland, who strikes terror into the breasts of the English yeoman guard with his six brave invaders, few of the general public recognized the actor who some years ago electrified New York by his graphic performance in 'The First Born,' who played the fisherman of the Inland Sea in 'The Darling of the Gods,' the grotesque clown in 'Adrea,' and the pathetic Spanish muleteer in 'The Rose of the Rancho,' or Jack Rabbit, the Indian vagabond, in 'The Girl of the Golden West.' For years Mr. Benrimo has sunk his personal identity in grease paint and fantastic character make-ups, and here we have him at last in all the glory of his personal charms."

Australia covers twenty-six times as much area as the British Isles, but its population is less than that of London.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Anne.

Her eyes be like the violets,  
Abloom in Sudbury Lane;  
When she doth smile, her face is sweet  
As blossoms after rain;  
With grief I think of my gray hairs,  
And wish me young again.

In comes she through the dark old door  
Upon this Sabbath day;  
And she doth bring the tender wind  
That sings in bush and tree;  
And hints of all the apple boughs  
That kissed her by the way.

Our parson stands up straight and tall,  
For our dear souls to pray,  
And of the place where sinners go,  
Some grewsome things doth say;  
Now, she is highest Heaven to me;  
So Hell is far away.

Most stiff and still the good folk sit  
To hear the sermon through;  
But if our God be such a God,  
And if these things be true,  
Why did he make her then so fair,  
And both her eyes so blue?

A flickering light, the sun creeps in,  
And finds her sitting there;  
And touches soft her lilac gown,  
And soft her yellow hair;  
I look across to that old pew,  
And have both praise and prayer.

Oh, violets in Sudbury Lane,  
Amid the grasses green,  
This maid who stirs ye with her feet  
Is far more fair, I ween!  
I wonder how my forty years  
Look by her sweet sixteen!

—Lizette Woodworth Reese, in "A Branch of May."

## Of Those Who Walk Alone.

Women there are on earth, most sweet and high,  
Who lose their own, and walk bereft and lonely,  
Loving that one lost heart until they die,  
Loving it only.

And so they never see beside them grow  
Children, whose coming is like breath of flowers;  
Consoled by subtle loves the angels know  
Through childless bours.

Good deeds they do: they comfort and they bless  
In duties others put off till the morrow;  
Their look is balm, their touch is tenderness  
To all in sorrow.

Betimes the world smiles at them, as 't were shame,  
This maiden guise, long after youth's departed;  
But in God's book they bear another name—  
"The faithful-hearted."

Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,  
Such souls, in sooth, illumine with lustre splendid  
That glimpsed, glad land wherein, the vision saith,  
Earth's wrongs are ended.

—Richard Burton, in *Century Magazine*.

## Alaska.

O ye, who love all elemental things,  
Who own fond fealty to Nature's sway,  
To wild storm wind on awful crests that sings,  
To fierce seas battling at the granite gray,  
To mighty mountains riotously piled,  
Sky-cleaving pinnacles on ranges grim,  
And forest fastnesses austere wild—  
Go to the Northland where the splendid rim  
Of ice-tooled islets breaks the sweep of tide,  
Where proud Balboa's waters vainly roar,  
Tossing their glist'ning spray in wanton pride  
On bulwarks fronting the sequestered shore.

There where mid islands idly lead away  
The glassy vistas toward enchanted towers,  
All vermeil tinged in the long close of day,  
And mirrored in the tide through twilight hours,  
There where hoar glaciers vast and fraught with dread

Swing down from crests to sea their solemn way,  
And hurl their massy burdens cold and dead  
Down in the icy waters of the bay;  
There where from cones majestic smoke-wreaths curl

To tell of pent fires smoldering in their keep,  
And snows perennial round their summits whirl,  
Or down their gorges turbulently sweep—  
There find proud wildernesses round thee piled,  
And, where the eagle screams above the sea,  
Shout forth the praise of this far Northland wild;  
Alaska! Hail thy grim immensity!

My heart-beats quicken at thy very name,  
Which conjures up a thousand haunting scenes  
Of titan splendor. What a cosmic fane  
Is here where, lo, the great Creator's means  
Of sculpturing a world are all revealed!  
Behold, the Graver's tools are round about;  
In leagues of ice the silent rocks are sealed,  
The wind-tossed snows around the mountains shout;

God striveth here and men with heads upturned  
Look on in awe at such majestic toil;  
For here the Lord and all His host hath yearned  
Heavenward in granite crags, while from the soil

Spring at His touch frail flowers to prove that He  
Who piled St. Elias toward the sky  
Loves every blade of beauty that can be  
Crowded upon the land to live and die;  
That He who leadeeth forth from flocks of fear  
From Arctic poppies can breathe on tundras cold  
And call the poppy from the ice to cheer  
The gloomy isles with wealth of glowing gold.

Yea, to behold such scenes were worship meet  
For Nature's eremite who stands in awe  
Upon Alaska's peerless strand to greet  
Such tokens of God's everlasting law.

—Charles Keeler, in *Sunset Magazine*.

## Free Concert by Columbia Park Band.

Next Friday evening the band of the Columbia Park Boys' Club is to entertain their friends and patrons at the Fairmont Hotel. The beautiful Norman Café has been placed at the disposal of the boys by Manager Ohadias Rich. A carefully selected concert of popular and classical music will be presented. A vocal concert by the boy singers of this band will be rendered. There will be duets, solos, a trio of boy voices, and other interesting features. The evening promises to be one of interest and the general public is cordially invited to attend.

The affair is to be in charge of Mrs. Isaac N. Walter and Miss Helen Hecht. The list of patrons is as follows: Mrs. Jennie Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Walter, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Zeile, Miss Fernanda Pratt, Mrs. Ernest S. Simpson, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Mr. and Mrs. J. Charles Green, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brandenstein, Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, Miss Alice Haas, Mrs. J. Leo Lilienthal.

One of the curious concerts of the season in Berlin was that by Richard Grünwald of Buda Pesth. He played the zither and the how melodeon. The latter instrument is about like a large violin fastened firmly to a table, and the artist played the Mendelssohn concerto and the Sarasate "Faust" fantasia on it. The chief value was that of novelty.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

William A. Brady will star Frank Worthing next season in a play entitled "The Doctor."





## THE BEN GREET PLAYERS. AND NAZIMOVA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

With absolutely not one scrap of stage property in view except the familiar couch-shaped blocks whereon the Athenian lovers reposed during the pauses of their wanderings through the darkling woods that girt the fair city of Athens, the Ben Greet Players, at the Greek Theatre last Saturday night, performed "A Midsummer Night's Dream" before an audience of some thousands.

Not one tree trunk, not a spear of property grass was visible. But by a skillful manipulation of lights the want was not keenly felt, although we have now seen just a sufficient number of scenically elaborate representations of the fairy fantasy to miss a little the beautiful effects produced by a sylvan setting.

The greater number of the scenes were played in a dim light, which is often mildly teasing, but, as was discovered when the lights were turned up, was not at all regrettable in this case, more particularly as there were no extremes of beauty lurking in shady backgrounds waiting to be revealed at the auspicious moment.

This lack ought to have been balanced by an excess of talent, but neither the men nor women of the company are staggering uncomfortably under an overweight of that commodity.

Well, in fact, to tell the plain, cold truth, Ben Greet made the best histrionic appearance in the company, and as Mr. Greet makes no pretensions to more than humdrum competence, it is plain to see that one had no right to expect wonders in the way of acting. What we did get, however, was a very amusing and well-played performance of the comedy scenes that represent the rehearsal and performance of "Pyramus and Thisbe" by the horny-handed sons of Athens.

From the visual point of view—that sounds like an Irish bull, but let it pass—we had one of the most effective Pucks we have ever seen. Annie Russell's I suppose was the best, and the effect of hers was notably enhanced by the stage device for flying which was utilized in the recent "Peter Pan" production at the Valencia, and again by the troupe of "Aerialists that formed the *pièce de resistance* of the first down-town Orpheum programme.

The Puck of George Vivian, however, needed no property wings. He seemed to fly with his feet, and was as light as a feather in the breeze. The reading of the lines, although good, was not extremely so, but the antic merriment of Oberon's favorite sprite was well done, and the wonderfully nimble capers he cut, duplicated as they were by the clear-cut shadows cast by a glancing red light that played perpetually upon his flying figure made him seem, in the illusory lights and shadows, a little more—or less, as the case might be—than mortal.

The men in the company intone, solemnly, prodigiously, and self-satisfactorily. That is, the men who play the parts of Lysander, Demetrius, Oberon, and Theseus. But the group of Athenian artisans was well and satisfactorily represented. The clowning was legitimate, yet funny, which is all one can expect of the cruder forms of Shakespearean comedy. A perpetual ripple of laughter accompanied each scene of the kind, and, in fact, the comedy part was so well done as to cast the scenes representing the perplexities and cross-purposes of the lovers entirely in the shade. Neither the men nor women who assumed the rôles of the four lovers were able to project their personalities beyond the footlights. They seemed like flat, painted shadows, and were utterly unable to make the poetry of the scenes breathe and burn.

The familiar accompanying music by Mendelssohn was played with beautiful effect. Indeed, I am not sure but that the music was equally important as the acting of the performance. At any rate, it enormously increased one's possibilities of enjoying the play. There is, too, such a beautiful softening of orchestral music when played out of doors, and, to add to the pleasure of this effect, the temperature, as the result of an exquisite day of summer warmth, was perfect. An effulgent moon, not at all jealous of the warmer glow of the calcium lights that disputed its hazy silver, shone down indulgently upon us until it went to bed under a thick blanket of fog. Then we were treated to a curious atmospheric effect. The fog came lower and lower, and finally descended into the amphitheatre,

and we saw the classic figures on the stage, thrown in relief against the dim gray stone, through a rosiely illuminated veil of floating vapor.

The fairies tripped lightly and fleetly around their rather inaudible queen, and a pretty conception which we will call the dance of the dawn held all eyes for a time upon the floating figure of the dancer, who, wreathed in filmy scarves and flutterings of gauzy folds which changed color in the changing lights, seemed to personify the spirit of fairy revels.

Was it, could it be the same being that gave us Ibsen's Nora last week? I could have all but sworn it was not. For, when Hedda Gabler parted the hangings and a tall, slender, pallid woman of strange, mysterious, evil beauty appeared before us, the very profile seemed that of another being.

In "Villette" Charlotte Brontë wrote a wonderful chapter about the great Rachel as she saw her in "Phædre." She was strangely fascinated, immensely repelled. So, too, would one with any power of imagination be by Nazimova's Hedda Gabler. I have seen Mrs. Fiske in the part, which she illuminated here and there with sudden lightning flashes of insight. But Nazimova's conception of this strange, haunting, brooding, lighted being is infinitely superior, and wonderfully fascinating. It is the morbid fascination of decadent sin, which calls to the demon of the secret soul as Rachel's Phædre called to the demon of the Yorkshire clergyman's daughter. Ibsen himself, in "The Lady of the Sea," defines a feeling of fascination as a mixture of attraction and fear. In actual life Professor Tesman would never have dared to marry Hedda—or, at any rate, the Hedda that Nazimova shows us. And that, we feel instinctively, is the real Hedda. An instinct would have told him that she was a thing unholy. As she enters the scene, a figure of doom, dead-white, black-browed, with "level fronting eyelids," with scarlet lips that move indifferently as the toneless words fall from them, it is plain that a moral light is over her, and she is as the spirit of evil made visible.

And as the play moved on, we learned that, as with Nora in "A Doll's House," it was not with externals only that the Russian actress was dealing. She was laying bare to us the secret, sick soul of the true Hedda, and we gazed, as if serpent-fascinated, "And saw her soul like a slimy thing in the bottom of a brook."

Hedda Gabler is a vampire of souls. We know it now. She longs to meddle with people's destinies, to turn their footsteps in the path of evil, to break through the outer barriers and place a curious, tentative finger on human heart throbs. But she can not. No one can love this unnatural being whose soul inhabits strange abysses that a healthy, normal mind can never penetrate.

Men only desire to win her because of her serpentine grace, her pallid, red-lipped beauty, which is that of a magnificent courtesan.

And here we find the key to her strange nature. I saw a printed copy, recently, of "Sin" as imagined and painted by Stuck, the famous German artist. It represents a woman whose voluptuous body is enwreathed by a serpent and out of whose eyes look shameless desire and nameless evil.

But the vision Hedda affords us is of a different nature. She is no sensualist, in the ordinary sense of the term, her passion being for evil in the abstract. She has, indeed, a horror of physical contact, as evidenced by her sudden starts and shudders and violent repulsions when she was touched or caressed. Her voluptuousness is entirely in the spirit, for this beautiful, deadly being is enamored of sin.

One divined the reason for the abyssal pessimism of men like Nietzsche and Strindberg as we gazed upon this woman, fashioned in the likeness of a beautiful Satan, who caused one to realize the presence in the world of unguessed possibilities of evil, of strange, unnamable, unthinkable sins.

The incipient insanity that courses fiercely in Hedda's veins is indicated in various ways that speak of a close life-study by the Russian actress. The twitching of the lips, the occasional wildness of the eyes, the brief, mirthless laugh, the tigerish pacing when she is alone in the dark, and the convulsive outward fling of the arms in Hedda's more desperate moments of revolt are significant indications.

But in her quieter moments there were minute but poignant evidences of acute feeling that passed like ripples over her face and sensitive body. A sort of weary perversity spoke in her cold, sombre gaze, and when Tesman and the good Aunt Julia obtruded themselves upon her consciousness a faint expression of chill distaste passed like a shadow over eyes and lips.

At all times Nazimova was a picture of serpentine grace, for she evidently had made a careful study of the serpentine in pose and gesture. She is the perfect mistress of her body, which responds to her will as the horse to the rein. The movements of her small, pointed fingers fascinate one, so sure are they, so invincibly true to her aim even when it is to give a suggestive twist to Thea's blonde tendrils of hair as a faint wave of incipient madness clouds Hedda's spirit. A curiously

serpentine effect was suggested by the peculiar angle at which the long white collar throat was projected from its base. With the head, and watchful, brilliant, deadly eyes thrown in a sort of detached, floating relief against a faintly lit background, one seemed to feel the same sense of danger in the air, as if the warning of a rattler had just been sounded.

Nazimova is either an artist in dress, or engages one to plan her costumes. In "A Doll's House" she studied both with dress and coiffeur to make herself petite, while in "Hedda Gabler," with her beautiful hair piled in a burnished tower on the top of her head, and with long, sweeping, clinging garments defining and lengthening the outlines of her slender figure, she gave one an impression of extreme height.

And now wonderfully her costumes symbolized her nature or mood. Upon her first appearance, in her floating, wing-like draperies of gray gauze, she was the vampire of Swinburne's poem.

In the scene in which Assessor Braek makes his first appearance she wears a long, graceful dress of a storm-cloud blue which symbolized thunder in the atmosphere. In it, particularly when Hedda, with the exquisite gaucherie of royalty unaccustomed to serve, offered a tray of refreshment to her guests, she looked like a dethroned empress. And when, with an attitude expressive of luxury and self-indulgence, she disposed her slim, graceful body in the *chaise longue*, she looked like a new version of Messalina: one whose veins ran ice from an icy heart.

A wonderful and wonderfully fitting black gown, which served as mourning for the dead Tesman aunt, formed marvelously graceful draperies around a slim figure which again, and more than ever, carried out the suggestion of serpentine coils and windings.

The commonplace character of the company surrounding Nazimova had the effect of throwing in even greater relief the peculiar exotic beauty of the Russian actress and the strange, baffling fascination exerted by her. She takes, indeed, such a powerful hold of the imagination, and holds those of her auditors who respond to the interest of the impersonation in such a state of tension that they are like to pay for it. The impression is not easily shaken off, for all day long in the midst of numerous tasks and preoccupations, I have been haunted by the pallid face of the Hedda Gabler I saw last night, who will be to me henceforth the true and only Hedda Gabler created by Ibsen.

### The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

"Paris" is the subject of the Burton Holmes Travelogue which is now being delivered by Mr. Wright Kramer in Oakland this Friday afternoon at Ye Liberty Playhouse, and in Christian Science Hall in this city on this Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. A special "Paris" talk has been arranged for Sunday evening, May 9, in the Garrick Theatre, where the remainder of the Travelogues will be delivered.

The subject selected for Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday afternoon is "London," the largest and one of the most entertaining cities in the world. Together, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Kramer have explored all its quaint streets in the older portions of the city; they have visited its churches, its palaces, the Tower, Westminster, St. Paul's, and Hyde Park. Snapshotting everything of picturesque value or historic interest which could be crowded into one Travelogue, the collection of still pictures, finely colored, and the wide variety of motion pictures makes this London talk one of the most interesting and instructive of the series.

On Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon, Mr. Holmes will picture and describe Morocco, and the Moors' metropolis, "Fez." Mr. Holmes will give a clear and accurate idea of an almost unknown country and travel by caravan from Tangiers to Fez, and thence with an armed escort westward across the territory of the warlike Benihasan tribesmen.

Seats may be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and for the Sunday Paris Travelogue the theatre box-office will be open on Sunday morning at ten o'clock.

### Shakespearean Plays at the Garrick.

The queen of comedies, "As You Like It," will be presented this Friday night by Ben Greet and Modest Altschuler, with their respective dramatic and musical companies. The music to be rendered with the play is Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," one of the most beautiful of his nine. Mr. Greet will appear as Jaques; Duke Frederick will be played by Leon Brown; the banished duke will be impersonated by T. Redmond Flood; George Vivian will be Le Beau; Frank Darch, Amiens; R. Hilton Allen, Milton Rosmer, and Eugene Cleves will take the parts of the three sons of Sir Rowland, and John Sayer Crawley will be the Touchstone. Rosalind will be played by Miss Irene Rooke, Celia by Miss Violet Vivian, Phoebe by Miss Grace Halsey Mills, and Audrey by Miss Ruth Vivian.

"Romeo and Juliet" will be given Saturday night, with the musical setting of Gounod and the "Overture Fantastic" of Tchaikowsky. Between two of the scenes, an interlude, "A

Spanish Episode," by Glazounow, will be rendered by the orchestra. The selections incidental to the play are "The Quarrel of the Two Houses," "The Love Motif," "The Minuet," "The Garden of Love," "The Monastery," "The Wedding of Romeo and Juliet," "The Waltz Song," "Juliet's Slumber," and "The Union in Death."

A special performance of "The Tempest" will be given Saturday afternoon in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, at two o'clock. The music which accompanies the drama will be that of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Tchaikowsky.

Sunday afternoon, in the Garrick Theatre, a special production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be given with the familiar music of Mendelssohn.

An American hospital has been established at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris, through the generous contributions of Americans, including J. Pierpont Morgan, John H. Harjes, H. H. Harjes, W. S. Dalliba, and John J. Hoff. A fine property was purchased in the Rue Chauveau, skirting the Boulevard du Château, at Neuilly, two villas, which already existed, being joined together, the whole forming an imposing building, which will rival in the up-to-date ingenuity and completeness of its equipment any similar institution elsewhere. The hospital is designed to meet the needs of all classes in the American colony, students, artists, business, and professional men.

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This Friday Eve., "AS YOU LIKE IT." Music from

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Saturday Eve., "Romeo and Juliet." Music by Tschai-

kowsky and Gounod.

First Performance, Sunday afternoon at 2:30, "A

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Seats 75c to \$2.00 at Sherman Clay & Co.

### GREEK THEATRE—This Saturday at 2 p.m.

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## VANITY FAIR.

## Not Worrying About Her Rights.

I'm averse to this speaking of cart-tails.  
And I think woman's place is the home,  
With a motor, 'tis true, and a special car, too,  
And a yacht when one wishes to roam.  
It's not that I'm selfish or worldly—  
They may charge what they wish for a bat,  
And I'm free to confess that I don't think of  
dress;  
Let the dressmakers think about that!

Mamma says that man is a tyrant  
And sister's a bold suffragette;  
And in the delights of obtaining our rights,  
I suppose I should revel. And yet

I can't be quite sure I'm unhappy,  
The future I can't quite foresee,  
Suppose there should be votes for women,  
Would any one vote for me?  
O dear! Wouldn't you vote for me?  
—Collier's Weekly.

Bishop Moore, president of the Methodist Episcopal Conference that recently met at Cincinnati, does not approve of feminine millinery, and this fact will no doubt cause a waver of consternation in the line of fashion seekers. The bishop says: "For a woman of moderate means to pay \$48 or \$35, or just \$19 for the plain hat without trimmings is absolute wickedness. Why, one Easter hat could buy an entire clerical outfit."

Well, what of it, hishop? We do not know precisely of what a clerical outfit consists, and the hishop might have been more explicit upon this point. At a time when the subject of vestments was much to the front in England the late Sidney Smith protested his indifference to the whole quarrel on the ground that it seemed immaterial whether a clergyman wore his shirt inside or outside of his coat. If a "clerical outfit" means no more than a transfer of this humble and obscure garment from inner darkness to the light of day, then it must be admitted that the average spring hat could furnish forth a whole college of bishops and leave something over for hymn books.

But the worthy man should have been sure of his facts. The "plain hat without trimmings" does not cost anything like the sums he mentions. You can get them from \$1 upward, while \$5 is quite a good price to pay. In this respect the hats are much like clergymen; everything depends upon the trimmings. You can get a plain clergyman, what may be called a clerical "shape," for a very small amount, as low as \$15 a week, but when it comes to the trimmings—why a hishop may run as high as \$100. In view of such salaries as we hear of sometimes, a woman might exclaim indignantly that she could buy half a dozen hats, fully trimmed, for the amount that a bishop gets every week. So much depends upon the point of view, dearly beloved.

A striking instance of the penetration of Western ideas eastward is an advertisement which appeared a few days ago in a Turkish newspaper. In it a middle-class Mohammedan returns thanks "for the many proofs of sympathy received on the occasion of the death of my beloved wife, especially to those of the faith who gave me the comfort of their presence at the Dzenaza (funeral celebration)."

This is the first time on record that a Mohammedan has ever referred to his wife in this public way. Not many years ago such an action on the part of a Mussulman would have called forth universal reprobation. Even to ask a Turk about his wife's health has hitherto been held exceedingly bad form.

The recent customs seizure in New York of imported dresses has led to some newspaper reflections on the fiscal morality of the large metropolitan stores. It was said not only that smuggling was carried on freely by the large establishments, but that a system of collusion prevails between the Parisian maker and the American importer whereby fictitious invoices are furnished for the deception of the innocent and unsuspecting appraiser. With a view to getting at the facts of the matter, a correspondent of the New York Evening Post has interviewed the head of one of the great Fifth Avenue establishments, and the result appears as follows:

Had the proprietor read of the grave charges which the morning had brought forth? The proprietor straightened, and pushed his beard outward with a vigorous understroke.

"But, yes," he said, "I pause a moment." He glared thoughtfully out on the avenue.

"Dis donc—Miss Rafferty. Conduct the gentleman. Show him everything. Let him behold."

The saleswoman explained the proprietor's meaning as she led the way through the various floors, filled with glass cases containing importations valued at several hundred thousand dollars.

"His idea," she said, "was to give you an object-lesson; to show how ridiculously foolhardy it would be for houses like this and others along the avenue to descend to smuggling. We do business on too large a scale. It would be the same as a great bark manufacturing its own money. And yet, of course, when these sensational smuggling stories appear, the public, if not our patrons, include us in the scandal.

"Now, such smuggling as is done is confined to the small dressmakers. Women who buy one of our Parisian models bring them to this country and copy the gowns they make therefrom. They,

of course, are strongly tempted to get them in without paying duty if they can.

"For instance, the cheapest model will cost about \$140 in Paris. Now the 60 per cent duty on this amounts to more than eighty dollars; quite a premium, and a premium they will avoid paying if they can.

"I do not say that these dressmakers do not have fine patrons, for they do; but the patrons are never of the very first rank of what we term 'gentle' trade. Hence, these reports of customs seizures are misleading and very frequently do us harm."

Mr. Beerhohn Tree, the well-known English actor-manager, recently applied for some fencing lessons to Professor Bertrand of the London Salle d'Armes, and was surprised to meet with a refusal on the ground that the whole time of the professor was occupied by the instruction of society ladies. "There has been an enormous increase in the number of ladies who are learning fencing," said the professor. "The entries for the ladies' championships established only two years ago increased from twenty-five to forty, and next year will apparently be still larger.

"This season several of the leading girls' schools have started classes for fencing—a new departure for girls' schools."

At the Academy of Dramatic Art pupils are in the proportion of fifty ladies to twenty masculine students, and the professor hinted that the men are outclassed in style as well as outnumbered. Miss Ellaline Terriss took lessons while rehearsing "The Dashing Little Duke."

"In May, several English ladies—Miss Millicent Hall, who won the ladies' championship two years running, Miss Julia Johnston, Miss Martin Edmunds, Miss Cheetham, and Miss D. Johnston among them—are taking part in an assault-at-arms at Antwerp. This, again, is a novel departure.

"The English ladies go to Antwerp at the invitation of a distinguished Belgian master—Professor de Verhugge, who was present at the recent ladies' championship. Later on there may be similar visits to Paris and Brussels."

The costume of the up-to-date fencer differs from that of the pioneers. The fencing waistcoat is no longer worn. A short black skirt, a white linen blouse trimly huckled round the waist, and heelless shoes, with mask, gloves, and foil constitute the correct equipment.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid are telling their friends that they will make their permanent home in England when Mr. Reid's ambassadorship comes to an end. Dorchester House, however, will see them no more except as visitors, but they will continue to rent West Park, which has been their country home hitherto. Dorchester House is enormously expensive for one thing, while Mrs. Reid feels physically unable to undergo the strain of hospitality that the historic mansion demands. It is said that the Earl and Countess of Granard may take over Dorchester House from the Reids. It will be remembered that the Countess of Granard was Miss Beatrice Mills, but Lady Granard's health will probably prove an obstacle to the project.

A new manual of etiquette, just published, will help to steer the uncertain steps of the unwary past the shoals and rocks of social navigation. What should we do without these friendly warnings not to put the knife in the mouth, or wipe the hands upon the tablecloth, or expel an undesired mouthful upon the carpet, it is hard to say. Presumably we should be guilty of all these dreadful things and even worse. We might even "enter a drawing-room with muddy boots or without removing the hat."

The latest addition to this invaluable library contains an assortment of social information that should be guide, philosopher, and friend in Kalamazoo and other centres of light and leading. The hostess will find that these charming pages take from her shoulders the burden that has been so crushing. If she wants a hint on the "ideal dinner" she will find it here, if she is perplexed as to the fashionable form of invitation or acceptance, she need do no more than turn to the right chapter to be primed with all the graces of polite life. Here, for example, is the "ideal dinner." First comes stewed chicken, and this is followed by creamed squash and hot biscuits for the first course. After the Red Cross people have cleared away the dead and wounded comes the second course, consisting of oyster salad. The third course of this hachanalian repast is custard pie with whipped cream, while lemonade marches triumphantly by the side of the ideal dinner from start to finish. Think of the labor that is saved by this delightful programme. A wedding breakfast is handled in the same way. The anxious mother need do no more than follow instructions, and they are all as clear as a time-table. The wedding breakfast begins with fruit and cereals, then come "gems" with poached eggs, and the repast concludes with bananas and cream.

Invitations to social functions are similarly dealt with. We have model letters that have only to be copied with appropriate changes of names and date. For example, if Mrs. Jones should invite Mr. and Mrs. Brown to dine with herself and Mr. Jones, Mrs. Brown

will reply in a note beginning "Dear Mrs. Jones" and ending with the signature, "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown."

There is a good deal more of the same kind, but this will be enough to show how little excuse there is for such common solecisms as appearing at breakfast without a collar or attending to small details of the personal toilet at the dinner-table.

Some amusing stories are told of the popular excitement in Holland prior to the birth of the queen's baby. In more than one place false alarms were given by the premature distribution of hand-bills printed in advance for issue as soon as the birth occurred. Some of these got into circulation even at The Hague. A stationer who had a stock of them ready was called up on the telephone. "Who is there?" he asked. The reply came "Prins," a fairly common name in Holland.

He did not stop to hear any more. His mind, running constantly on the event awaited at the palace, jumped to the conclusion that this was the announcement all Holland was expecting so eagerly. He rushed off to a cupboard, pulled out the hand-bills on which was printed in bold letters "Prins" (Prince), and began giving them away. Ten minutes later a sad stationer was looking up that cupboard again and reflecting on the Dutch proverb which says, "Make sure the hell is ringing before you start for church."

In a little town of North Holland an even greater confusion was caused. A bundle of these hand-bills was despatched to a shopkeeper from Amsterdam. There were three different kinds. One said "Prince," another "Princess," and a third "Twins." The shopkeeper opened the parcel unsuspiciously, and saw that the top bill announced the birth of a male heir. Instantly he seized an armful of the papers and ran out, distributing them as he went. For a few minutes all was joy and exhilaration. But then there arose disputes. "Long live our little Prince!" cried

one. "Prince?" said another. "Why, man, it's a princess." "What are you talking about?" inquired a third in amazement. "It's twins. Look here."

The shopkeeper, it may be imagined, had a had quarter of an hour before the mystery was cleared up by the discovery of the letter of explanation which he had overlooked!

The latest victim of the hatpin is a Chicago car conductor. A bad curve on the track caused him to lurch and he fell on the rim of a spring hat. He is quite certain that when the accident happened he had two eyes. Rigid cross-examination fails to break down his testimony upon this point, and it is equally certain that after the accident he had only one. The lost optic was represented not even by debris and wreckage. The young woman carried it away bodily upon her hatpin, while she herself disappeared as absolutely as though the earth had swallowed her.

It is interesting to note that the Federal railroads in Switzerland have decided to charge extra for big hats, not when sent in baggage, but those on women's heads. Stimulated by the complaints of men who have had their eyes put out, their hair disarranged and their ears cut by the enormous hats of women passengers, these railroads are going to measure every woman's hat, and any hat that is more than eighty centimetres in diameter will be classed along with bicycles and carts and other things that have wheels and can not go in on the wearers' tickets.

*She (effusively)*—How nice it is to have met you again after all these years, my dear Captain Burlington. *He—Major* now. That was ten years ago, you know. *She (still more effusively)*—How time flies! Well, congratulations and good-bye. I hope you'll be a general when next we meet.—*Punch*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dominick Mullaney, losing in a poker game to Patrick McCarren, the political leader, once expressed the popular opinion of the Brooklyn man. McCarren's favorite author is Benjamin Kidd, who wrote upon social evolution. "Not Benjamin—Captain Kidd," said Mullaney.

Little Mary went into the country on a visit to her grandmother. Walking in the garden, she chanced to spy a peacock, a bird she had never seen. She ran quickly into the house and cried out, "Oh! grandma, come out and see. There's an old chicken in full bloom."

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street. A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and after helping him to arise, inquired if he was injured. The little German gazed at his place of business, which was now burning briskly, and said: "No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city not long ago when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity. "Jim!" exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?" "Yassum," lightly responded the hackslider. "I's charged with stealin' a barrel of sweet pertaters." The visitor sighed. "You, Jim!" she repeated. "I am surprised!" "Yassum," said Jim. "So was I, or I wouldn't be here!"

A party of English tourists were traveling in Persia, and in Tahriz they invited a prince to dinner. He came, splendidly attired in gold and white. But he was taciturn. He seemed disappointed. When the dessert was served he sneered and said: "I am pleased to see that the Englishmen are now taking a leaf out of the Persian's book." "How so, Prince Kamil?" said the host's wife—a very tall, lean woman, with unusually long teeth. "They leave all their pretty women at home," said the prince frankly.

Many years ago a youthful man of letters arrived at Etretat with a letter of introduction to Alphonse Karr. He had been particularly told of Karr's passionate love of the sea; and, finding the author of "Genevieve" seated on the beach, mending a net, he immediately began an enthusiastic outburst of commonplaces about the grandeur of the ocean. "Monsieur," interrupted Karr, "I love the sea; we have lived together a long time. But if you have come all the way from Paris to disgust me with it, I can only say it is a wicked thing to do."

In an emergency the manufacturer of Limburger cheese was forced to use strategy with a shipment. Ordinarily his product went in special cars, but in this instance no car was available and the order must be filled. Two hundred pounds of the fragrant comestible was put in a rough, oblong box, and taken to the railroad baggage-room. Then the manufacturer bought a ticket for himself and the box, and entered the train. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage-car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a disconsolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand. The haggagman was sympathetic. "A relative?" he asked. "Yes," answered the manufacturer; "it is my brother." "Well," said the railroad man, philosophically, "you have one consolation. He's dead, all right."

When T. H. Benton was in the House, he was of the opinion that the third day of March, and consequently the congressional term, ended at midnight of that day, instead of at noon on the fourth, an unbroken usage had fixed it. So on the last morning he sat with his hat on, talked loudly, loafed about the floor, and finally refused to vote or answer to his name when the roll was called. At last the Speaker, the Honorable James L. Orr, of South Carolina, picked him up and put an end to these legislative larks. "No, sir; no, sir; NO, sir!" shouted the venerable Missourian; "I will not vote. I have no right to vote. This is no House, and I am not a member of it." "Then, sir," said Speaker Orr, like a flash, with his sweetest manner, "if the gentleman is not a member of this House, the sergeant-at-arms will please put him out." And so this vast constitutional question settled itself.

The colonel of the —th Cavalry was a martinet in all save his own habits. On one occasion the regiment was about to start on a long march through Texas; and orders were issued that baggage should be reduced to the minimum. Lieutenant B—— had just received from his father a small box of hooks twelve by fourteen inches in measurement, and timidly asked the colonel if he might not

take it along. "Good gad! Sir! No, sir! Couldn't hear of such a thing, sir!" "I'm very sorry, colonel! It will be very dull out there, without any reading. My father sent me a barrel of whisky, too, but of course I couldn't take that." "Good gad! Sir! Of course you can, sir! Anything in reason, sir!"

Wilbur Wright, on the broad, green plain of his school of aviation at Pau, talked about his early struggles. "We had in those Dayton days," said he, "wonderful offers, magnificent promises, but when it came to the actual laying down of money, then gloom descended on the scene. Our friends, with their mouths full of millions and their quite empty hands, reminded me of a Dayton barber. This barber said one day as he shaved me, 'That's a fine pup of Simmons's. I'd give anything for it.' 'Well, it's for sale, isn't it?' said I. The barber burst into sneering laughter. 'Oh, yes, it's for sale,' said he, 'but do you know what Simmons wants for it? Why, two dollars!'"

The tramp entered the diaconal council. He had on a long frock-coat, fastened closely around his waist by a thorn, and from the flowing lap above oozed out the ends of a much soiled handkerchief. His closely fitting trousers, through numerous portals of which protruded his interesting self, seemed to run without any dividing line into the shoe and hoot which respectively incased his feet. The deacons had time to note these peculiarities before the stranger broke the silence. "Gentlemen," he began, "your pardon for disturbing you, but I am very sick." He paused after this announcement to note the effect. "I went to the doctor," he soon continued, "and he gave me the pills—see, the pills," and he held up to view a small bottle which he had in the palm of his hand. "He said take these pills, three after each meal, and I would like very much to have some assistance." "Well, why in thunder don't you take your pills, then, and not come hithering here?" interposed a deacon, who was becoming tired. "Gentlemen," replied the tramp, with much unction, "I can not take the pills; I have no meal." He got the meal.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Billy's Taste.

He spotted next a poster girl  
With gown extremely low,  
And as he ate her up he said,  
"I'm taking in the show."  
—Boston Transcript.

A Fair Question.

If you should die and, later, waken  
Somewhere across the gulfs of space,  
To find, when your first glimpse was taken,  
Maude, Laura, Geraldine, and Grace,  
And all the rest you nearly died for,  
The short, the tall, the plump, the lean,  
The ones whose favor you have sighed for  
Since you were, say, about thirteen—  
If you should find them all there waiting  
When you arrived upon that shore,  
And all of them rushed forward stating  
That they were yours forevermore,  
And if you found you had to take them,  
All just as they had been in life,  
And never, never might forsake them—  
If each at once became your wife,  
Would you conclude—now please be candid—  
If such a circumstance befell,  
Would you conclude that you had landed  
In heaven, or had gone to hell?  
—The Woman's Review.

Waiting, Just Waiting.

Summer's for labor! When the firelight glows  
I dream, and wait the passing of the snows.  
Winter's for labor! When the wild flower blows  
I dream, and wait the coming of the snows.  
—The Club Fellow.

Since Pa Has Bought a Limousine.

The neighbors never pass us by unnoticed any more;  
They've ceased to tilt their noses high the way they did before.  
We're not looked down on by the Browns or snubbed by Mrs. Greco—  
There's been a sudden change since pa has bought a limousine.

Ma gets invited out to tea or something every day,  
And boys that used to hoot at me have pleasant things to say;  
The callers come in style and show an interest that's keen  
In us and our affairs since pa has bought a limousine.  
Sis used to sit here lookin' glum, because no beau would call.  
But now you ought to see them come!—they line up in the hall;  
Ma used to often fret, but she has learned to be serene,  
Although we're deep in debt since pa has bought a limousine.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Married his stenographer, didn't he?"  
"Yes, and he's been short-handed ever since."  
—Puck.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Every one's thoughts are turning countryward just now and the preparation for traveling fills the time of the socially elect to the exclusion of other things. There seems to be no definite movement in any one particular out-of-town direction as yet, and Burlingame, San Mateo, San Rafael, and Berkeley are each claiming their share of summer dwellers, while the European travelers seem to be rather fewer in number this year than is customary.

The wedding of Miss Alyce Sullivan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, to Mr. Frederick Lawrence Murphy will take place on June 23 at St. Mary's Cathedral.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Newhall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, to Mr. Athole McBean will take place on Wednesday next at Trinity Church. Miss Marian Newhall will be the maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Helen Chesebrough, and Miss Maude Bourn. Dr. Henry Stevens Kierstedt, U. S. A., will be the best man and the ushers will be Mr. Arthur Chesebrough, Mr. Walter S. Hohart, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Raymond Armshy, Mr. Laurence Scott, and Mr. Walter Martin. After the ceremony there will be a reception at the home of the bride on Scott and Green Streets.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Mills, daughter of Mrs. W. O. Mills, to Mr. James Fletcher of Yokohama took place on Wednesday evening of last week at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Simeon Wenhan, on Pine Street, the Rev. Ernest Bradley of Trinity Church officiating. Miss Ethel Dean was the maid of honor and Mr. Simeon Mills was the best man. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. After a brief honeymoon at Del Monte, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher sailed this week for their home in Japan.

The wedding of Miss Kathleen Thompson, daughter of the late Mr. James Thompson, to Mr. Charles Gilman Norris took place on Friday of last week at the Paulist Church, New York. There were no attendants of either bride or bridegroom and the bride was given away by her cousin, Admiral Henry Lyon, U. S. N., retired. After a brief honeymoon trip, Mr. and Mrs. Norris will make their home in New York.

The wedding of Miss Marie Gatewood, sister of Naval Constructor R. D. Gatewood, U. S. N., to Lieutenant Farmer Morrison, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday of last week at St. Peter's Chapel, Mare Island. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock in the afternoon by Chaplain A. A. McAlister, U. S. N. Mrs. John Meyers was the matron of honor and Miss Mattie Milton and Miss Nina Blow were the bridesmaids. Lieutenant Laurence Irvine was the best man and the ushers were Lieutenant John Holliday and Mr. Henry Gearing.

The Lagunitas Club of Ross Valley entertained at an informal dance on Friday evening of last week at their clubhouse.

Miss Helene Irwin was the hostess at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Margaret Newhall and Mr. Athole McBean. Those present were Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Walter Dillingham, Mr. C. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Arthur Chesebrough, Mr. Duane Hopkins, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Raymond Armshy, and Mr. Frank Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained at a dinner on Monday evening of last week in honor of Admiral Swinburne, U. S. N.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Miss Genevieve Walker.

Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick was the hostess at an informal luncheon on Tuesday of last week at the Fairmont.

Miss Margaret Mee was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home in San Rafael in honor of Miss Alyce Sullivan.

Mrs. Parker Whitney was the hostess at an informal tea on Tuesday afternoon of last week at her apartments at the Hotel Monroe.

Miss Mary Phelan was the hostess at a tea on Thursday last in honor of her niece, Miss Alyce Sullivan.

Miss Ethel McAllister was the hostess at a bridge party on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. Evan Evans and Mr. Harry Evans entertained at a launch party on Wednesday evening of

last week in honor of Miss Eleanor Cushing and Mr. James Jenkins.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries entertained on Thursday at the Fairmont in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Magnus of Cincinnati, Ohio. Among the guests were Mrs. Helen Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. George Mayer, and Miss Dorothy Fries.

Mrs. Edward Barron was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont recently. Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Mrs. Hyde-Smith were the guests.

Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick entertained at tea in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont on Thursday. Among Miss Kirkpatrick's guests were Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Dolly Cushing, Miss Marian Miller, and Mrs. K. McDonald.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at luncheon in the St. Francis a few afternoons ago, her guests being Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Miss Genevieve Walker, and Miss Janet von Schroeder. At another table were Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. McDonald Spencer, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. William Taylor, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, and Miss Mary Josselyn.

Monday evening in the St. Francis Mr. Knox Maddox entertained at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Miss Josselyn, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn were the guests.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mrs. George Cadwalader arrived this week from New York, where Mrs. Cadwalader met Mrs. Wilson on the latter's return from Europe. Mrs. Wilson has taken apartments at the Hotel Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer have returned to Philadelphia, after a brief stay here. They will spend the summer in the East, returning here in the fall.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall will leave in the near future for a stay of some months in the East and Europe.

Mrs. Augustus F. Rodgers, Mrs. Henry F. Allen, and Miss Nannie Rodgers left this week for a stay of a few weeks at Santa Barbara.

Miss Martha Calhoun and Miss Margaret Calhoun spent the week end in San Rafael as the guests of friends.

Miss Jackson and Miss Eleanor Townsend arrived last week from New York and are the guests of their cousins, Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols.

Mr. Walter Dillingham sailed this week for his home in Honolulu, after a sojourn of some weeks' duration here and in the Eastern States.

Miss Eleanor Duane and Miss Katherine Duane arrived on Saturday last from New York and are the guests of their cousin, Miss Julia Langhorne.

Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and Miss Katherine Donohoe have gone to New York to spend a month or six weeks.

Miss Virginia Newhall and Mr. Almer Newhall will leave shortly for an extended visit in the East.

Miss Beatrice Wetmore, who has been the guest of Miss Maud Wilson here, left a few days since for her home in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen made a brief visit to Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tallant have gone to Blithedale for a few months' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler and their family will leave for their country place in Shasta as soon as Miss Lilius Wheeler arrives from the East.

Mr. Walter Martin has returned from a visit to Portland, Oregon.

Miss Rhoda Failing of Portland is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Holman at 2533 Clay Street.

The Rev. Cecil Marrack and Mrs. Marrack will spend this month at Fort Wright, Spokane, Washington, as the guests of Mrs. Marrack's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Lea Fehiger.

Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke and the Misses Ruth and Dorothy Boericke will leave next week for their country place in Mill Valley, where they will spend the summer months.

Mrs. Charles E. Maud has been visiting her mother, Mrs. John A. Darling, in this city.

Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding has returned from a fortnight's stay at Monterey.

Mrs. M. A. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington have taken a house in Piedmont for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adams Thayer are staying at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee and her children spent the week end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfield and Mrs. Florence Schloss, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Leon Roos, left for New York on Wednesday, en route

for Europe. They expect to be away about four months, during which time they will visit London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and the other principal European cities.

Mrs. W. H. Moreland of Sacramento is at the St. Francis.

Major Willy von Livonius, military attaché of the German embassy, is at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Waldo Coleman (formerly Miss Margaret Lucile McCormack) are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fee, with their daughters, Miss Marcia and Miss Elizabeth, and Miss Ernestine Fielder, went down to Del Monte for the week end.

Mr. P. Kosakovitch, the Russian consul at San Francisco, was at Del Monte for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bates were at Del Monte last week, making arrangements for their summer quarters. Mr. and Mrs. Bates had as their guest Miss G. C. Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman of Burlingame were at Del Monte last week visiting Mrs. Coleman's mother, Mrs. Simpkins. The Colemans will probably spend the summer at Del Monte.

Lieutenant S. F. Baker and Lieutenant H. L. Jordan of the Monterey Presidio were at Del Monte last week.

Recent arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado include Mr. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Lieutenant and Mrs. M. K. Metcalfe, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton, Mr. George A. Lamh, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Dow, Mr. Will E. Keller.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Ramsay D. Potts, U. S. A., sailed on Wednesday last for Manila and on his arrival there will report to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for assignment to duty.

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, inspector-general, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as inspector-general, Department of the East, to take effect at such time as will enable him to comply with this order and sail on the transport leaving San Francisco on July 5 for Manila, and on his arrival there will report to the commanding general for duty as inspector-general of the Philippines Division.

Lieutenant-Colonel Louis A. La Garde, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to this city upon being relieved in Denver, and will upon arrival here report for duty as chief surgeon of the Department of California, relieving Major James Kennedy, Medical Corps, U. S. A., from temporary duty as chief surgeon.

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Dunn, judge-advocate, U. S. A., will arrive here on the transport *Logan* from Manila about May 15, proceeding almost directly East.

Lieutenant-Colonel George P. Scriven, Signal Corps, U. S. A., sailed on the *Sheridan* on Wednesday last for Manila, and will report on his arrival there for duty as chief signal officer of the Philippines Division.

Major John Biddle Porter, judge-advocate, U. S. A., who has been recently relieved from duty in the office of the judge-advocate-general, Washington, D. C., sailed on Wednesday last on the transport leaving this port for Manila. On his arrival there he will report for duty as judge-advocate of the Philippines Division.

Major Benjamin J. Edger, Jr., Medical Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippines Division, to take effect in time to permit him to comply with this order and sail on July 15 from Manila for San Francisco, reporting by telegraph, on his arrival here, to the adjutant-general of the army for orders.

Captain Charles T. Boyd, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., sailed from Manila for this port on April 15 from Manila.

Captain James E. Bell, Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed to enter the Army School of the Line, and will report in person to the commandant of that school at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on August 15.

Past Assistant Surgeon P. T. Dessez, U. S. N., is detached from the *Denver* and ordered to the *Helena*.

Former Lieutenant Thomas A. Jones, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Baker, has been formally dismissed from the army as the result of the findings of a court-martial.

The Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel Daniel Corman, U. S. A., arrived on Monday last from Forts Wayne and Brady, Michigan, and sailed on Wednesday for the Philippines.

The royal road to riches is surely that of the dramatist, the modern dramatist. As an instance the farcical comedy entitled "The Private Secretary," in which W. S. Penley made his first great hit and which is still running in the English provinces, may be adduced. After its original production at the old Globe Theatre in 1884 the weekly profit amounted to \$3760. By the end of the second year's run \$384,000 was made in London alone. Altogether the proceeds from its many tours amount to at least \$1,440,000. There have been no fewer than 16,000 performances of the piece, and the provincial tour now in progress marks the twenty-fifth year of a triumphal success.

The announcement made concerning the coming golf tournament at Del Monte will be welcome news to the many devotees of the sport in and about San Francisco. The date chosen for the play is a happy one, as it brings the tournament immediately following the convention of the Bankers' Association, which meets May 27, 28, 29, at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman are re-joining in the advent of a little son, born on Thursday of last week.

"The Merry Widow" will make its first visit to San Francisco on the week of July 4.

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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

It is not probable that Nat C. Goodwin will ever find among his speculative ventures in Nevada such a gold mine as he possesses in his own dramatic personality. That is a true vein, rich ore, free-milling, and easily worked—at least from the observer's viewpoint. He may tire of the stage occasionally, but the audiences do not tire of him. They welcome him when he comes, no matter how old the play—they gladly see him again and again play all the strings in "David Garrick," and as enjoyably witness his middle-aged benevolence and up-to-date methods in "When We Were Twenty-One." But he comes back to San Francisco this time with two new plays, and also with a co-star, for it is spoken of as the Goodwin-Goodrich engagement. Miss Goodrich was leading lady in Mr. Goodwin's company on his last visit and made a pleasing impression.

Next Monday night at the Van Ness Theatre Nat C. Goodwin and Edna Goodrich will open an engagement limited to two weeks. For the first week, George Broadhurst's comedy, "The Easterner," will be offered. The play, which is in four acts, and Californian in localization, is said to be a particularly happy effort. In support of the stars is a company including Neil O'Brien, Carl Anthony, Lowell P. Sherman, Arthur Behrens, Bud Woodthorpe, Edward M. Morrison, John Ahlberg, Zeffie Tillbury, Alice Butler, Pauline Lord, and Anna Heritage. Matinee performance on Saturday only.

Hoyt's hilarious political-life farce, "A Texas Steer," is a laughing success at the Valencia Theatre this week. It will be seen for the last times on Sunday afternoon and evening. "Sporting Life," a scenic melodrama by Seymour Hicks and Cecil Raleigh, will come next, and be presented with a better equipment than ever before in this city. The play tells the story of an English earl who was fascinated by the excitements of sport—the race-track, the prize-ring, even—and of the ill fortune that beset him. His victory in the end is won by manly strength and courage, and his reward is double. Paul McAllister will play the part, and need ask for no better opportunity. George Osbourne, Robert Homans, and Charles Dow Clark will be hardly less prominent in good rôles. Florence Oakley will have the part of an adventuress, Olive de Carteret, and Edith Lyle will be the earl's sweetheart, Norah. Grace Travers and Peggy Monroe will be attractive as ever in feminine contrasts. The scenic embellishment of the play will be especially notable, as no less than fifteen scenes will be shown. A race-track, training stables, an athletic club, a great exposition scene, and other realistic views will be offered in the handsome style which the Valencia management has made its own. No detail will be spared, from the professional pugilist who will appear in the ring scene to the horses that are shown in appropriate quarters. The piece should prove one of the strongest of attractions.

May Boley and Fred Mace have made the fun of "A Chinese Honeymoon" at the Princess Theatre very taking, and they have been supported with spirit by the big company. The piece will run up to and including Sunday night, and Monday evening "Piff, Paff, Pouff," the "rollicking musical whimsicality," will be put on. This offering has been brought up to date, and several new and charming numbers have been added to the original score. In it there will be full scope for the ability of the Princess Theatre principals and chorus. May Boley will have the rôle of Mrs. Lillian Montague, and will supplement its obvious appeal with her own original mannerisms. Her four daughters will be impersonated by Helen Darling, Zoe Barnett, Ella Morris, and Lydia Crane. Fred Mace, as Peter Pouffier, will renew his success in the part when in New York. James F. Stevens will be the Lord George Piffle, and—best of all—will have good songs. Budd Ross and Bert Phoenix will have distinctive parts. The chorus will be larger than ever, and handsome costumes will be one of the great features of the show.

Even the great capacity of the new and handsome Orpheum Theatre is taxed at every performance now, and there is no hint of hard times in the array of smiling faces at daily matinees and evening shows. The vaudeville standard of the house is kept at its highest, and the result is as gratifying to the patrons as to the management. Next week's bill, beginning Sunday afternoon, is equal to any. The famous Russell Brothers, who have been too long absent, and who have no superiors as fun-makers, will present their farce, "Our Servant Girls," in which they are inimitable. With them is associated Flora Bonfanti Russell a handsome girl and an accomplished toe dancer. The Five Juggling Normans, agile club manipulators, Frederick Allen, formerly with Charles Frohman companies, supported by Bertha Van Norman and other capable people in the fanciful novelty, "His Phantom Sweetheart," and Francini-Olloms, a clever acrobat and juggler, who plays his own accompaniment while turning twenty-four somersaults, are other novelties which can not fail to please. Next week will be the last of Angela Dolores and Company, the Melnotte

Twins and Clay Smith, Hawthorne and Burt, and La Valera (Mrs. Horton Forrest Phipps), whose tersipichorean triumph is the theatrical sensation of the present. Motion pictures as usual.

Mme. Nazimova and her company complete their engagement at the Van Ness Theatre Saturday evening.

The play for the second week of the Goodwin-Goodrich engagement at the Van Ness Theatre is to be "The Master Hand."

### THE JEW IN MUSIC.

Eminence of the Composers and Interpreters That Have Come from the Jewish People.

In a recent issue of the New York *Musical Courier* there appeared an extended and scholarly article, written by Jeannette F. Gittelsohn for a Jewish publication in Philadelphia, which calls attention in a striking manner to the achievements in music of representatives of the Jewish people. It begins with an historical account of early music and musical instruments and concludes with an array of famous names, known to all music-lovers. Famous as they are, however, it is doubtful if many readers have realized how numerous and omnipresent. Following is a part of the article, which is discriminating in its praise, as it is fully informed:

"Considering that modern music is an art of comparatively recent growth—probably not more than four hundred years old—and that the Jews, until the last one hundred years, have been at the lowest stage of social repression, it is remarkable, in reviewing musical history, to find Jewish names of any prominence at all—the more so, a long list of really great composers and virtuosi. When it is stated that even during the eighteenth century only a very limited number of Jews were permitted to live in large cities abroad, that they were unmercifully taxed for the smallest privileges; that they were not allowed to follow any liberal professions, except medicine and mathematics, it can readily be seen that Jewish musical ability, however abundant, could not easily develop. No matter what talent might be in evidence, it could grow and flourish only with proper training.

"The Jew's very existence through these centuries is a marvel—how much more wonderful his success in those arts supposed to be the result of contentment and prosperity.

"During the past century the Jews have included in their ranks many of the most gifted creators and interpreters of music that have ever lived. It is true that some of the great musicians have found it necessary, in order to succeed, or even to further artistic careers, to abandon their faith, but that does not relegate their genius to other than Jewish ranks, because in their compositions it is the sorrow of the Jew which cries out for utterance, the poetry of the Jew which flows in rhythmic line, and speaks in pathetic or exultant strain.

"It would be well to give the names of some Jewish composers that were known to the world as great musicians, as evidence is more convincing than surmise. The name of Felix Mendelssohn is that of the 'best modern representative of sound, progressive musical culture.' With him stand in foremost rank Giacomo Meyerbeer, Jacques Halévy, Jacques Offenbach, Bizet—all great in operatic composition; Max Bruch, J. Moscheles, Karl Goldmark, Ferd. David, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Johann Strauss, and, among minor composers of great merit, F. H. Cowen, J. A. Josephson, Hauser, Gottschalk, Hiller, Emil Jonas, Alkan, Sir Julius Benedict, Cohen, Charles K. Salaman, and Jadassohn.

"There are many who, besides being composers of note, achieved renown as instrumentalists, such as Wieniawski, that master of violinists; Moszkowski, and the unsurpassed Anton Rubinstein, the giant among pianists of all times. The name of Joachim has stood for a generation as that of a great musical pedagogue and violinist.

"The number of great Jewish composers in proportion to the number of Jews is very large, but when truly great artists are enumerated their name is legion. Who shall say that performers do not leave an impression on music? After all, no composition, however great, could be perpetuated without its proper interpretation. It is a well-known fact that Bach's music lay almost in oblivion—certainly unhonored—for a century before Mendelssohn's time. 'It remained for a Jew to bring to the world the great Christian "Passion Play." And in like manner, the greatest of all violin concertos—the Beethoven—was unappreciated until Joachim gave it new life, perhaps seventy-five years after its creation.

"It is mainly through virtuosi that musical culture (the education of the people at large) is accomplished. A word is even necessary here in regard to the position which the Jew holds as student and teacher. Were it not for the number of Jews enrolled in our conservatories we would not have so many Jewish names among the great ones. There is a large proportion of Jews in the conservatories abroad and in America, and the list of pedagogues is a lengthy one. Orchestras are filled with Jews, conductors are more than well represented, and as soloists they are preëminent.

"Musical literature of the present day fairly teems with Jewish names, to confound those who endeavor to show the contrary. Madison Peters in his 'Justice to the Jew' says 'that when Wagner produced an opera to show the Teutonic superiority over the Jews he was dumbfounded when on the first night of the performance all the first violins were in the hands of Jews.'

"The Jew excels as an interpreter. It is because he feels so deeply himself that he is adept in portraying the sentiments of others; it is because he must express with an outward voice that which clamors for expression from within. When he is glad he rejoices with all his soul, and when he is sorrowful he sounds the depths of woe. These characteristics of the Jewish temperament make him peculiarly fitted to express the moods of others.

"To mention the names of Joseffy, Vladimir de Pachmann, Josef Hofmann, Moriz Rosenthal, Godowsky, Gahrlowitsch, Bauer, Bloomfield Zeisler, Mark Hambourg, Philip and Xaver Scharwenka, Germaine Schnitzer, Augusta Cottlow, Alfred Grunfeld, among pianists; David Popper, Louis Blumenberg, and Hans Kronold, among cellists, and Fritz Kreisler, Leopold Auer, Arthur Hartmann, Petschnikoff, Lichtenberg, Hubermann, Boris Hambourg, Willy Hess, Mischa Elman, Zimbalist, Brodsky, Arnold Rosé, and Flesch, among violinists, will be to give names foremost in the list of great modern soloists. Among the best of musical leaders are Gericke, Mahler, Damrosch, Carl Wolfsohn, Alfred Hertz, Henschel, Aaronson, Rosewald, and Wetzler, while among singers stand the great Pauline Lucca, Abraham, and Pasta, of other generations, and Lilli Lehmann, Lina Abarbanel, Rosa Olitzka, Josephine Jacoby, and Bella Alton, of our own time. Even our 'Queen of Song,' Melba, is known to be of Jewish descent.

"In continuing this list of Jews great in music, a word of praise is due those impresarios who, musicians themselves, have contributed largely to cultivating the taste of the public. In speaking of Strakosch, Daniel Mayer, Henry Wolfsohn, Maurice Grau, Hammerstein, Wolf, and Conried, we must acknowledge that they also are makers of musical history.

"This survey of the Jew's part in the history of music shows it to have been one of glorious distinction. His generous contributions to the art during the past century make it reasonable to expect that with the more liberal spirit of future generations he will produce more liberally."

Amy Leslie, now the widely quoted dramatic critic of the Chicago *Daily News*, was in the cast of the original production of "The Masco" in America, at the Bijou Theatre in Boston. As Lillie West she was well known on the dramatic and musical stage.

At the close of her engagement here in "The Morals of Marcus," Marie Doro will go to Honolulu for her vacation.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Ella*—Her face speaks for itself. *Stella*—Yes; and it is pretty plain talk.—*Chicago News*.

"Don't court trouble." "No; court a girl and the rest will take care of itself."—*Boston Herald*.

*Knicker*—Did your father give you an auto? *Bocker*—Yes, but he didn't endow it.—*Horner's Bazar*.

*Teacher*—Where was the Magna Charta signed? *Intelligent Boy*—At the bottom, sir.—*Hurvard Lampoon*.

*Dolly*—When they came back from their wedding trip he had just \$2.98 in his pocket. *Polly*—The stingy thing.—*Puck*.

*Madame (to the new girl)*—Egg-spoons, Annie! Egg-spoons! When you lay eggs, always lay spoons too!—*Tit-Bits*.

*Tommy*—Paw, what is concentrated lye? *Mr. Tucker*—It's the short and ugly word, Tommy. Don't bother me.—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Johnny*—I made a quarter today, pa. *Pa*—That's good! How did you make it? *Johnny*—Borrowed it from ma.—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Jack*—Was her father violent when you asked for her hand? *Tom*—Was be! Great Scott! I thought he would sbake my arm off.—*Boston Transcript*.

"It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, it's hard to find the new tricks," added the Simple Mug.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I want to get something suitable for a wedding gift." "Yes, ma'am," replied the floorwalker. "Pickle dishes in the basement."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Traveling Man*—My good man, what time does this train leave Swamp Centre? *Agent*—My friend, I'm only the agent. I'm not a fortune teller.—*Stroy Stories*.

*Migrant Matthew*—Can you help a poor man? I haven't had a bite for three days. *Preoccupied Angler (without looking up)*—Hard luck! Here, take a couple of trout!—*Puck*.

"I noticed," remarked a tourist in Berlin, "that twenty-six of the German papers speak very highly of the new Reichstag." "Ach!" responded the native addressed. "Dvendi-six of de members of de new Reichstag is news-baler men."—*New York Sun*.

"I have here an opera," announced the robust composer, "which will be the greatest production of the century. It is called 'Paradise.'" "Paradise!" roared the impresario; "man, do you realize what it would cost for

scenery?" "Yes," answered the composer calmly, "but do you realize what would be saved on costumes?"—*Town Topics*.

"Did your father die seized of much property?" asked the lawyer. "No," replied the disconsolate heir, "he died seized of the sheriff."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lapsling, "Johnny's all right now. When he was bitten by that strange dog I took him to a doctor's and had the wound ostracized right away."—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Possible Employer*—But we are slack ourselves. If I found you anything to do it would be taking work from my own men. *Applicant*—The little I should do wouldn't 'arm nobody, guv'nor.—*Bystander*.

"It's the old story." "What's that?" "The owner sneaked the auto, thinking the chauffeur would never find it out. Of course there was a smash-up, and the machine was wrecked."—*Washington Herald*.

"Did you ever have appendicitis?" said the insurance man. "Well," answered the skeptic. "I was operated on. But I never felt sure whether it was a case of appendicitis or a case of professional curiosity."—*Washington Star*.

*Nelle*—Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up the courage to propose? *Belle*—I guess not—he's like an bour-glass. *Nelle*—An hour-glass? *Belle*—Yes—the more time he gets, the less sand he has.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"There," said Borem, "that's what I think you should do in the matter. I'm no lawyer, but this is just a little bit of advice that costs you nothing. What do you think of it?" "Well," replied Wise, "it's worth it."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"Why," said the first athletic booster, "every morning before breakfast I get a bucket and pull up ninety gallons from the well." "That's nothing," retorted the other. "I get a boat every morning and pull up the river."—*Universalist Leader*.

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites." "Sure, boss, Ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but Ah don't know how soon be's going to stop barkin'."—*Success Magazine*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Timidity Against Enterprise—The Navy and Other Matters—Mr. Taft and the Correspondents—The Business Argument and the True Argument—Uneasy France—Reflections upon an Individual Experience—The British Budget—Editorial Notes.....	321-324
CURRENT TOPICS .....	324
ADMIRALS IN TROUBLE: "Piccadilly" Talks about the British Navy, and Lord Beresford and Sir John Fisher .....	325
OLD FAVORITES: "The Flying Dutchman," by E. M. Clerke .....	325
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.....	325
THE LOVE THAT LIVES. By William Lightfoot Visscher .....	326
HORSES, AUTOMOBILES, BALLOONS: Miss Jeannette Gilder Discusses Different Fashionable Ways to Get About Town .....	326
THE EMPEROR AND THE WOMAN: Paul Cheramy Introduces Us to a Tender Facet of Napoleon's Character .....	327
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	328
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	329
ON A STORMY NIGHT. Translated from the Russian of Maxime Gorki .....	330
CURRENT VERSE: "Renewal," by Ina Coolbrith; "An Ode to Sky Climbers," by Harry H. Kemp; "Omnia Somnia"; "Of Buried Cities," by Wilbur D. Nesbit....	330
DRAMA: "Countess Coquette" and "The Easterner." By Josephine Hart Phelps .....	331
VANITY FAIR .....	332
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	333
THE MERRY MUSE.....	333
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy .....	334
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	335
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	336

### Timidity Against Enterprise.

The advantage of having at the head of the Interior Department at Washington a man with something more than a theoretical knowledge of Western affairs has just been illustrated by the action of Secretary Ballinger in declining the request of Forester Pinchot to withdraw new millions of acres of land from settlement in order to create more forest reserves. Mr. Ballinger knows what Mr. Pinchot does not know, that there is a time, when timber is fully "ripe," when no advantage is to be gained from delaying the harvesting of it, and when the land is better employed in growing new trees than in harboring old ones. Mr. Pinchot, while one of the nicest men in the world, is an enthusiast and a faddist with many things to learn; Mr. Garfield fell under the spell of his personal attractiveness and did everything that he asked blindly. Secretary Ballinger knows some things for himself, among them that there are a good many things about timber and timber lands that Mr. Pinchot does not know. The

trouble with our Interior Department in its more recent administration is that it has proceeded upon the presumption that everybody who has wanted to make any use of timber, coal or other resources connected with the public lands is a thief and a despoiler. Whole regions needed in the development of the country have been withheld from occupation and use. In Alaska vast measures of coal which enterprising men have been preparing to exploit to the extent in one instance of building more than fifty miles of railway, have been withheld because, forsooth, the Secretary of the Interior lacked confidence in the good purpose and integrity of men whose standing is quite as good as his own. In its operations the department has been possessed of the idea that everybody who wanted to do anything in the way of developing the resources of the country is to be restrained on the score of probable evil intent. It was time indeed for a change. The great achievements of our people on this continent have not been wrought under a policy of distrust and restraint. The way to make a country grow in material and other forms of greatness is not to hamper men of enterprise and courage by a system of petty distrust, with policies of timidity and restriction. Mr. Ballinger is plainly right in his refusal to grant requests for further withdrawals of land under the forest reserve plan until it is shown that there is need for more reserves.

### The Navy and Other Matters.

Editor Roosevelt, in the *Outlook*, exploits his well-known ideas about a great American navy. There is no doubt of our ability to have the greatest navy in the world. Indeed we can build a navy equal to the combined navies of the world if we want it. We have the resources to pay the price and can afford to pile obsoleted ships on the scrap heap as fast as marine architecture invents new and stronger types. Already we are spending more than half our national revenue on preparations for war. If we choose we can spend it all on the army and navy and find new objects of taxation to pay the cost of our civil establishment. It is true that no war is in sight, but sometimes storms fall out of a cloudless sky, and we may go ahead and prepare for that which is not in sight.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, suggests the direction from which trouble may come in his discussion of our relations with Japan. That suggestion may well be examined. Assuming that justice is a living element in the relation of nations to each other, our practice of justice in those relations should induce a reciprocal practice, that would make war a dim and distant probability. But justice requires equality of treatment. We can not claim that our policy is just when we favor one nation above another.

In this view it is plain that Mr. Roosevelt bases his call for a great navy upon his proposition that we shall refuse equality of treatment to Japan, and that that empire may resent this, leading to friction in which we can maintain our position only by the overawing power of a great navy. In his view this friction is to arise in opening our gates to the enormous immigration from Europe and closing them to the people of Japan. In his mind there is evidently a nebulous admission that this policy means that we propose to degrade Japan, and to deny to her equal treatment. But this twinge of conscience is medicated by the proposition that Japan shall exclude from her soil Americans of the like class as the Japanese we propose to exclude from this country. This is not a logical comfort to the mind disturbed by consciousness of injustice.

In respect to immigration we are the sump and not the fountain. All nations come here, or want to. Americans do not migrate. Economic law protects Europe against invasion by American labor, just as effectually as it protects Japan, without any exclusion decree by that empire. Japanese statesmen see in the proposition a futile subterfuge unworthy of statesman-

ship. It is merely an invitation to Japan to save her face by doing something that economic law has done better already. In its last analysis, therefore, the proposition of Mr. Roosevelt is that we spend a few hundred millions to enable us to degrade Japan by having a navy large enough to protect us in doing wrong. He takes pains to argue that every nation has an inherent right to protect itself against immigration. The statement was unnecessary, for the world knows the fact which is exploited with all the enthusiasm of discovery.

What the American people need is a policy of exact equality in respect to immigration. With millions of unemployed here now, the tide of immigration from Southern Europe is rising every month. Labor here is already picking a bare bone and every month a hundred thousand Europeans are rushing in to help pick it. Why not apply to all the policy we propose in the case of Japan? Then none can complain, for our policy will be, as it ought to be, impartial. That policy will need no navy to enforce it, and it will convince the world that we intend to be just and treat all alike. Talk with any ten Americans and nine of them will agree that this should be done. That it is not done is due to the fact that the politicians are afraid of the alien-born vote. If the Japanese who are here were voters the situation would change and justice would be easier of enforcement. That, however, in no respect invests our attitude with dignity, since we ought to be great enough to be just, regardless of the civic status of any class.

### Mr. Taft and the Correspondents.

There are indications of a disposition more or less general among newspaper correspondents at Washington to discredit the administration of President Taft. As a manifestation of this disposition we may cite the letters of Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis which appear daily in the San Francisco *Examiner* and in other Hearst newspapers. In these letters there is a systematic, shrewd, subtle, and effective belittling of Mr. Taft and his doings—nothing large or serious, to be sure, nothing open or dignified, but just a steady fire of trivialities all tending to make an unpleasant impression in the mind of the reader. The same thing may be noted in other newspapers served regularly by Washington correspondents.

Now we have not far to seek for motives. Mr. Taft, while the most just and gracious of men, is not one who makes much of small things. He is not a man who goes out of his way to please or "hypnotize" anybody by small cajoleries or trickeries. If he is occupied in large matters he will not pause to meet and harangue a group of correspondents. He will not adjourn a Cabinet meeting or keep a foreign ambassador waiting for the sake of talking with "the boys." He puts great things before small things. He does not see the necessity for personal diplomacies, because these things are too trivial for a mind persistently addressed to large and impersonal matters. And it appears that because he does not make a point of cajoling correspondents and of "yielding copy," so to speak, he has incurred the enmity of a group of rather small-minded people.

Mr. Taft's failure to conciliate and placate the correspondents is emphasized by the contrast which it affords when compared with the policy of his predecessor. Mr. Roosevelt did not, indeed, hesitate to trounce a correspondent now and then and put him into a hole by disavowing his own statements but at the same time he paid delicate and persistent court to the newspaper writers and was never too much occupied to give them attention. He liked nothing better than to call in the "gang" and harangue them about one matter or another. His very faults contributed to their sense of self-importance, at the same time yielding them some advantage, for there was always "good stuff" in Roosevelt whether he liked it or not. He did not always command the respect of the correspondents, but he was nevertheless : times



a subject of interest to them and a producer of things which they could easily turn into merchandise.

It will indeed be discreditable to the journalistic profession if because the temperament of Mr. Taft prevents him from playing a spectacular rôle, prompts him to a course of reserve and so limits the field of White House news—if because of these things—he shall incur the enmity and incur the resentment of the Washington correspondents as a body. It will be a shameful thing if the attitude of the journalistic profession in the United States shall be colored revengefully and maliciously by the fact that a busy man under heavy pressure finds neither time nor inclination to deal volubly with the "newspaper boys." Let it be hoped for the dignity and integrity of journalism that the mood illustrated in Mr. Lewis's letters, for example, is an exceptional and a transient one and that Mr. Taft will be accorded by the correspondents the kind of consideration which his high office and his high character merit.

It is to be hoped that the petty malice manifest in Mr. Lewis's letters speaks the views of nothing more worthy of serious attention than the irritation of a small nature. There is, indeed, an underground report to the effect that it is designed to lead up to an outburst of Rooseveltian fireworks when the psychological moment shall present itself. It would indeed be unworthy if this should turn out to be the fact, and it is not easy to believe that Mr. Roosevelt would or could lend himself to it.

### The Business Argument and the True Argument.

There is a familiar legend of a Hieland cattle poacher who parted company with another of his own delectable profession because forsooth he would "nae thieve wi' ony mon who whistles o' the holy Sabbath day." This story with its naïve inversion of moral proportions comes to the mind of the *Argonaut* every time—and there have been many times of late—it is compelled to listen to a "strictly business" argument in criticism of the long-drawn-out graft procedure. It is true enough that the tedious and futile operations of the Spreckels-Phelan-Heney outfit are increasing public expenditure, augmenting taxation, destroying confidence, demoralizing business. These things are grievous, truly, but grievous as they are, they are not to be named in comparison with other forms of damage imposed upon San Francisco by these same operations. Material injury is superficial; it affects only the transient interest of society. Time will heal the wounds it makes. But the injury we are suffering through the so-called graft movement is a thing of the spirit, nothing less indeed than a species of degeneracy, destructive to the very fibre of society. The current procedure is creating and establishing precedents, turning authority and legitimacy to scorn—in short, it is forging a chain of tradition which will bind us and gall us even unto the fourth generation.

The real purpose of this movement ever since its mask of moral purpose wore threadbare and since the barrenness of its resources drove it to desperate courses is something very much more important than the fact that it makes business dull. First of all, it is a fraudulent thing, because while claiming to be a moral crusade it is in fact a private vendetta. Second, it is an illegitimate thing, because while proceeding nominally upon the basis of legal authority it is a gross misuse of public powers in a private cause. The root of the evil in it is precisely the same as that in the operations of Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz. Ruef in his day carried forward his régime of plunder by a system of terrorism over a group of cringing official puppets. Spreckels is carrying forward his scheme of private vengeance by means precisely similar. Mr. Spreckels holds no public office; he has no mandate from the people of San Francisco. And yet we see him month by month dominating the course of officials, even taking it upon himself to reprimand a public official in his own office, to berate him for his acts and demand his resignation, as in the case of poor Biggy in the boisterous interview which preceded his death.

The true business of reform in San Francisco at the time Mr. Spreckels and his associates assumed to take it up was to destroy the system of official subordination and subordination and reestablish the rule of legitimacy—the rule under which the man nominally responsible is really responsible. Reckoning the accomplishment of Mr. Spreckels at its highest pretensions, nothing at all has been done in the correction of the basic vice of debauched government. Mr. Spreckels has continued the evil principle; his achievement has been merely to place himself in the position from which

he ousted Abraham Ruef. The rule of Spreckels in our affairs is fundamentally identical in the view of legitimacy and morality with the rule of Abraham Ruef. He has continued and confirmed a false and ruinous practice and, by his pretensions, has given to it in many heedless minds even a glamour of moral sanction.

Equally at odds with every principle of legitimacy, equally fatal to the integrity of government by law, are the methods by which the prosecutors are urging the so-called graft trials. There is now only the merest pretense in these operations of legal and regular procedure. The spirit is notoriously that of malice and vengeance. "*I will put them behind the bars yet*"—this remark, which the foremost conspirator is wont, with fine moral delicacy, to hiss over his own dinner table, characterizes the movement in its later development. It has come to be a thing without even the semblance of moral aim, and what is even worse in its effects upon community life, without more than a pretense of legal propriety. We have before us week by week the spectacle of courts under the hand of judges discredited by their own record, debased in subservience to a vulgar and criminal conspiracy. We see as witnesses duly accredited before these courts, confessed criminals, men who have been suborned under bargains of immunity and who, even before the face of the public (as in the case of Boddler Wilson), have been whipped into "remembrance" of what is wanted from them by their masters. We have seen week by week citizens dogged by so-called detectives in an effort to "fix" a jury in the interest of conviction, without respect to the rights or wrongs of the case to be developed in court. We have seen agents of prosecution, under the guise of officers of court and in defiance of the positive mandate of another court, break into the private receptacles of a citizen, search his confidential papers and memorials, even paw over and read the letters of his wife and children. We have seen for weeks past, and we see daily a procedure in court so farcical under any theory of legality or propriety as to shame the cause and the very name of justice. We see regularity, propriety, legality, decency, everything that smacks of legitimacy and honor, cast to the winds in a stubborn and desperate effort to wreak malice and vengeance.

In the face of these conditions how trivial and contemptible appears the "strictly business" argument. Of course these outrageous procedures are throwing public money to the winds, or, what is worse, using it for shameless purposes. Of course public taxation is augmented by these doings. Of course confidence is being destroyed. Of course business is being demoralized. These things are grievous, indeed, but in comparison with the moral ruin which is being wrought, the "business" argument is pitiful to contemptibility. That which should rouse the spirit of every thoughtful man, which should stir the gorge of every citizen who feels a decent sense of moral responsibility, is a consideration far higher and deeper than any possible to be measured in terms of dollars and cents. As a community we are being demoralized, not merely in respect of immediate business traffic, but in respect of things far more important. We are suffering under a decline in the integrity of government, in our respect for law, in our devotion to regularity and decency of conventional procedures, in the tradition we are making for the governance of our children. We are putting in discredit and contempt the only rule under which it is possible for a free people to maintain social order—we are dethroning the law. We are permitting justice to be corrupted through paralysis of her chosen agents and in her own temples. We are consenting, in so far as we do not openly resent these things, to the debauchery and ruin of that system for which our fathers shed their blood at Bunker Hill and Brandywine. It is against these wrongs and injuries that public indignation should rise and declare itself. To talk of business interests when issues so much greater and graver are at stake is a gross inversion of the proportions of things.

Let nobody understand that the *Argonaut* makes appeal for any man charged with crime. Now as always the guilty, whatever their rank or place in the world, ought to be punished. If Mr. Calhoun bribed the board of supervisors, then he ought indeed to pay the penalty. Integrity of the law should not be outraged in the interest of one who happens to be a polished gentleman or the bearer of a historic name or because he has exhibited enterprise and liberality of spirit. The law in its full intent and spirit should take its course. But every man, whatever the charges against him, has a right to be tried regularly and decently under the principles and rules defined in our

system of laws. Every man charged is required to plead under the law; therefore in common justice every man charged should be prosecuted under the law. Every man, the humblest as well as the mightiest, the guilty as well as the innocent, has the right to be adjudged under and by the law rather than under the malice of selfish conspirators and by the methods of a conscienceless vendetta. The *Argonaut* pleads no personal interest. It stands for the law in its regularity, its legitimacy, its integrity, for there is no other principle under which the functions and uses of society may be sustained and carried forward.

### Uneasy France.

It is said that during King Edward's recent visit to Paris he took occasion to talk in a heart-to-heart way with the French premier upon the social condition of the republic. He warned him—we may be sure in a very personal and friendly way—that France was in measurable distance of revolution, that the ultra-democracy of the government had inflamed rather than appeased the spirit of revolt and that grave events might be expected unless a strong controlling hand should make itself felt. The seed seems to have fallen upon good ground, for the premier at once announced that the leaders of the recent telegraphers' strike would be prosecuted for their share in a difficulty that isolated the Foreign Office at a time when Germany was handing an ultimatum to Russia and when French interests all over Europe were in jeopardy. The reply of the Electricians' Union was prompt. They applied for membership in the General Federation of Labor, which would not only place them beyond the reach of prosecution, but would threaten the government itself with all the terrors of a general strike. Whether this general strike shall be declared is now under discussion. Its accomplishment would mean the paralysis of the country. Already the postal employees have left their work and threaten that within a week not a letter shall enter or leave Paris, and from this to a universal cessation of work is only a step. The fact that troops are under orders is not reassuring.

The action of the Electricians' Union and its effect upon the situation will not be clear to those unfamiliar with French law, which hardly admits the existence of human rights until they have been sanctioned by the government. There was, for example, no right of labor association until it was formally granted by law on the creation of the General Federation. This was the work of Waldeck Rousseau in 1884, and a mushroom growth of "labor exchanges" was the immediate result. Premier Dupuy suppressed them as soon as they became troublesome, but they were reestablished during the Dreyfus trouble, when the government needed the aid of the Socialists. The General Federation of Labor has since become the biggest thing in French life, with a regular legal basis and the legal right to strike. But the General Federation did not include government servants such as the telegraphers and the postmen, who thus had no right either to combine or to strike.

A further concession was won from the Rouvier government in 1905, but it was of a partial nature. Henceforth government servants were allowed to form unions or "syndicats," but not to strike. The vitality of the whole nation depended upon their activities, and the prospect of a strike that might empty the school houses and desolate every post and telegraph office in the country was one not to be lightly faced. But the General Federation with all its branches had legal rights of association and of strike, and it only remained for the electricians and the postmen to amalgamate their "syndicat" with the General Federation to bring them under cover of its general privileges. This is what they now threaten to do if they have not already done it. It is thus another phase of the celebrated associations law, of which we have heard so much in connection with the religious orders. These orders refused to associate themselves in a legal way, and so plunged the government into the embarrassment of their ejection. The labor unions, on the other hand, jumped at the opportunity to legalize themselves and so created a far greater difficulty for the authorities than the contumacious religionists.

Some time before the Boulanger agitation an eminent French sociologist said, "I hear a galloping horse, but I can not yet see who is in the saddle." The galloping horse is once more audible, and there is no doubt as to its rider. It is Citizen Pataud, the secretary of the Electricians' Union, who has forced himself to the front not only of his own organization, but of associated labor all over France. It is not without significance



that this daring leader is already known as "King Pataud." He vaulted into the saddle at the great meeting of telegraphers that was addressed by M. Chardon of the august Council of State. M. Chardon warned his audience that they had no legal right to strike, and this was received with such a tumult that he put on his hat and declared the meeting closed. "And I declare the meeting to be reopened," shouted Pataud, making his way to the chair and summoning every one to be present at the forthcoming meeting of the General Federation. From that moment Pataud became a "man of destiny" and he who can appeal to the imagination of the French has become a force to be reckoned with.

Pataud seems to have no political views outside of his labor leadership. He is not an avowed Socialist and he has no good news for the monarchists. But there can be no doubt that behind his agitation lie all the forces of discontent, all those scattered and rebellious units that, inconsiderable in themselves, need only a focusing point to become formidable. French governments die as much from old age and from popular weariness as from incapacity, and the most dangerous feature of the situation is a general sense of impending change, a general belief that the hour has come—and perhaps the man.

### Reflections Upon an Individual Experience.

Very recently the editor of the *Argonaut*, having a job of house painting to be done, called upon a well-known contractor, asking him to suggest a man for the work. The contractor ran over a series of names and finally halted at one, manifestly German, with the remark, "I have not personally seen any of his work, but I think he will give you satisfaction. He has the manner of a workman who knows his business, *besides, he learned his trade in the old country.*"

"And what," asked the editor, "is the advantage in having learned one's trade in the 'old country'?"

The contractor leaned back in his chair. In the old country, he said, a tradesman, painter or other mechanic, commonly comes from a family associated traditionally with his particular trade. The younger members of the family grow up in an atmosphere tending to promote taste for the family trade and to sustain respect for it. If not as a matter of course, at least in most instances, the son becomes the inheritor, so to speak, of knowledge, skill, and propensity, all leading up to ultimate efficiency. Then, when working life begins, the youth is duly apprenticed, usually for a period of seven years. During this time he is under constant superintendence, his work always being subject to an oversight tending to its betterment. He comes out of his apprenticeship not only a skilled workman, but one disciplined by the drill of experience for all the work of the craft. The "old country" mechanic, one duly accredited in his own craft, is commonly a man who may be depended upon for skill in his work and for conscientious devotion to it. It is partly his inheritance, partly his training, partly the development which long tutelage has given of devotion to the trade.

Then the contractor turned to the American mechanic. I don't need to tell you, he said, that we don't proceed by the same methods or to the same ends in this country. In the first place nearly every mechanic's son looks toward some easier way of life than the trade of his father. He commonly goes to the public school long enough to get the notion that manual work is a contemptible thing, only to be resorted to after one has failed to get on in life by any other means. He aims to live not by industry, but by politics or speculation or some species of professional or quasi-professional work. A trade—the trade of his father—is commonly the last thought in his mind.

And when the boy of exceptional sense does turn to skilled industry as a life purpose he finds the door of his father's occupation fast locked in his face. The Plumbers' Union, or the Cabinet Makers' Union, or the Cement Workers' Union all have strict rules concerning apprenticeship. The number of boys allowed to any one shop or employer is limited for the reason that it is desired to hold the trade as a monopoly for those already in it. The Plumbers' Union, for example, wishes to restrict the number of plumbers in any given community, to the end that wages may be maintained on a high level. If young men are to be permitted indiscriminately to learn the plumbers' trade apprentices will be many, doing a considerable portion of the work, and in the end there will be many plumbers instead of few. And so it is all down the line of industrial occupations. The members of every trade want to limit, and do limit, in fact, through unionism, the num-

bers who may learn the trade, thereby barring the door of that particular trade against young men.

Likewise at the dictation of unionism, the period of apprenticeship and the general conditions under which boys may be employed in any industry are such as to render the apprentice system rather a bother than an advantage to the employer. Certain classes of work must not be done by apprentices; the youngsters must be kept at minor tasks wherein their work will not compete with the work of regular journeymen. Again, the boys must not have an all-round experience; and as soon as they do any part of journeymen's work they must be given full journeymen's pay, leaving no advantage to the employer, no margin to pay for the labors of supervision, instruction, etc. The result is that the apprentice system has almost ceased to exist in this country. And even where it does survive, the restrictions are so many that the apprentice gets no real training; he comes to the end of his apprenticeship without being a technically qualified man. Furthermore, he gets nothing of the moral poise, nothing of the sense of dignity of his work, nothing of love for it, under a system to which he is an attachment rather than an integral element. It is only in exceptional instances that the younger rank of American mechanics are properly qualified men. As already explained, the terms of apprenticeship are inadequate; its period is too short, the range of employment permitted under it is too narrow, the drill which it provides is far from being a full and sufficient discipline either of hand or mind or spirit.

Now, the competitions of modern life are primarily those of industry and commerce. The country that can create out of raw materials universally available the best merchandise at the lowest cost is the country which wins in every commercial field. England for a long period has carried the commercial supremacy of the world, not because of her natural advantages, but because of the superiority of her workmen. For a century the British stamp upon manufactured goods was the mark of supreme excellence, and in competitions the world over it was accepted—not only accepted, but specially paid for.

In recent years Germany and America have made large advances in competition with England, partly because the British industrial system under unionism is deteriorating. Yankee skill and the dogged German spirit have slowly been forging their way ahead. But in very recent years, while Germany has been making her greatest advances, American progress has been less notable. The traditional Yankee skill has not been maintained. The American shops are no longer producing the best, they are no longer producing the greatest output per man. Their work is relatively deteriorating and with it there is a marked decline in the competitive power of American industry and American commerce. We have larger resources, with facilities quite as good as any other country, but our workmen are not what they were. The younger rank is less skilled, less devoted, less qualified by propensity and character for its work; and these facts are telling with tremendous effect upon the product of our factories.

Today if you want the best of anything you are more than likely to be compelled to buy an imported article—a thing made in a factory where the demoralizing influences of unionism with its restrictions, limitations, and individual demoralizations have not entered. If right here at home you want a man to paint your house you will commonly find it to your advantage to get a man from the "old country" because our own mechanics are not duly disciplined and skilled. We have come to a point where we can not do even our own work as well as those who come to us from countries less contaminated by the destructive rule of unionism, less limited by interference with the training of youth. We are face to face with the terrible fact that in the sphere of industry as in many other spheres our country is not developing the human material sufficient to maintain the integrity of industry and production. It hardly needs to be added that we must find a way to cure this evil or we shall not maintain ourselves in the general competitions of the world nor indeed in domestic self-sufficiency.

What happens to a country when it scorns the labors of the mechanic and subordinates industry to other ideals and standards is sufficiently illustrated in the decline of Spain and in the degeneracy of Spanish character. And if we don't want to follow in the steps of Spain we must find a way to give respect and opportunity to industry. We must make a condition wherein if you want to paint your house or build a chimney you

do not have to search for a painter or a mason trained in the "old country."

### The British Budget.

The British financial statement, commonly known as the Budget, has proved an unwelcome surprise to those sections of the population who, in proportion to their wealth, contribute the least to the treasury funds. The introduction of the Budget is an annual affair in the House of Commons. It consists of a minute statement of the receipts and expenditures of the past year and a carefully prepared estimate for the year to come. Should there be a surplus it is used at once in the relief of taxation, while a deficit is similarly provided for by augmented imposts. However it may be, a balance must be found year by year, debts must be paid in full and at once, and the nation must be informed to a penny as to the precise state of the public funds.

The present government did well during its first three years. It paid off \$75,000,000 of the national debt, thus reducing the annual interest by nearly \$10,000,000, while there were no new taxes of any importance. But as a result of the prevailing depression there was a deficit for the current year of about \$7,500,000, but although this was bad enough, the estimates for the coming year showed an anticipated further deficit of \$78,000,000, due, of course, to old age pensions, *Dreadnoughts*, and similar luxuries of modern civilization. The whole of this amount must be raised forthwith and the chief interest of the Budget naturally lay in the new taxation that would be called for and which must be clearly indicated by the chancellor of the exchequer.

Mr. Lloyd George has been equal to the occasion. Needing money, he proposes to go to the people who have it and whose contributions hitherto have been wholly incommensurate with their means. The tax on unearned incomes will be increased to one shilling and two pence in the pound. Upon earned incomes of over £2000 the tax will be one shilling in the pound. Those who earn less than £500 a year will be allowed an abatement of £10 for every child under sixteen years of age, while on incomes exceeding £5000 a year there will be an additional tax of six pence in the pound.

The death duties are raised in like proportion but upon a sliding scale. The man who leaves \$1,000,000 behind him at his death will do so with the knowledge that the government will take \$250,000 for legacy duties. Then there is a new tax upon mining royalties, upon undeveloped lands, upon ungotten minerals, upon unearned increment, and upon stock exchange speculations. The duty on whisky is increased by one-third, the duty on tobacco is advanced 16 cents per pound, and a new tax upon motor-cars is imposed. Tea and coffee are left untouched, contrary to the expectations of the merchants, who rushed large quantities out of bond in anticipation of a treasury raid. Mr. Lloyd George explained in his speech that he had no designs upon the necessities of life and that there would be no new taxation upon such commodities. Such are the main expedients by which the chancellor proposes to pay his way, and he has at least let the nation know the precise extent of its debt and how it was incurred.

The proposals for new taxation have naturally been received with mixed feelings. The rich man cries confiscation while the poor man smiles his approval. But in view of the nature of the new expenditure, it would seem that substantial justice has been done. The old age pension scheme is little more than a ransom offered by wealth to poverty, while every one knows that the military and naval scare was engineered if not actually manufactured by those who neither toil nor spin and for an increased insurance upon their own property. If there were only some way by which fire-eating editors could be substantially mulcted to pay for the hysteria that they induce it would have a salutary effect upon civilization, but in the meantime Mr. Lloyd George seems to have made a reasonable use of the by no means plentiful material at his service.

### Editorial Notes.

The direct primary in the State of Washington continues to work out those practical results which have made the system so interesting in Oregon. Spokane is a Republican city by a large majority, but under the direct primary law it has just elected a Democratic mayor precisely as Portland elected a Democratic mayor some time ago. It worked in this way: There was a scramble among second-rate Republicans under the primary plan for the nomination, a scramble so great that there were many candidates, with the result



that a weak man, able to command only a small fraction of the whole vote, won out at the polls. This is the usual thing, because strong men do not compete under the system, and because cheap "popularity" counts for more in the primary voting than substantial merit, which is more than likely to be involved in local antagonisms. It is your good fellow—your Eagle, your Elk, your Native Son, your miscellaneous "jiner"—who invariably wins under the system. Then when the majority nomination has thus been bestowed upon a weak man, of many enmities in his own party, the minority party puts up a man upon whom it can unite and wins in the end. Of course those who like to see Democratic mayors in Republican cities, those who do not regard it as important that men chosen to public office should represent the prevailing political sentiment, those who do not care much any way about matters of this sort—all such see no objection to the system. But those who realize the responsibilities of government, general and local, those who think it important that sound ideas and those who stand for them should dominate the public life, have other views. All such know that the way to cheapen and degrade political life and to weaken community forces is to cheapen the character of men in public office and so to confuse issues that no official has any responsibility either to any particular body of ideas or to any particular group of his fellow citizens.

Hon. T. W. Davenport, of Silverton, Ore., has contributed to the latest number of "The Quarterly of the Oregonian Historical Society" a most interesting presentation of conditions in Oregon fifty years ago, of the thought, the debate, the spirit and opinion of the times with respect to the then pending slavery question. This is good work. It is of the greatest importance in the life and tradition of any country that the varying phases of its mental and moral moods should be set down and preserved. This work is being done in Oregon by men of whom Mr. Davenport is an example, under the auspices of the State Historical Society. Work of this kind and in this spirit ought to be done in California. The *Argonaut* suggests that the society of Native Sons might very properly undertake it. It is infinitely a better function than giving picnics, promoting fancy balls and doing politics.

Up in Oregon and under the direct primary law, there is contention—both contention and confusion—on the use of party names, and there are those to declare that in these days party names signify nothing. To these the Portland *Oregonian* says:

Party names in this country have stood for distinct policies that could not be mistaken. So they will again. Indeed, they do now. The Republican party stands for a government of authority, and on occasion a government of force. The Democratic party stands for a loose kind of policy that in its ultimate is negation or abandonment of government to sectional ideas and to local whims. President Cleveland was only nominally a Democrat. When he asserted authority for the government and used force to overcome opposition, he lost his standing at once with his party. His vigorous measures, repeating those of Washington, Hamilton, and Lincoln, broke the backbone of his party; and it never has been vertebrate since.

Hammond Lamont, journalist and educator, died suddenly in New York, May 6. Mr. Lamont was a Harvard graduate who began newspaper work in Albany, New York, and soon afterward became a member of the staff of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. After two years in the latter position he returned to the East to become an instructor in English at Harvard University, subsequently going to Brown University as associate professor in the same department. He was professor in rhetoric there when he accepted the position of managing editor of the *New York Evening Post* in 1900. He came to California on two occasions, as lecturer in the summer school of the University of California. In 1906 he became editor of the *Notion*, a place which he held at the time of his death. Mr. Lamont distinguished himself in all his activities, and as a writer and critic displayed unusual ability and an effective style. In his personal relations he won the highest regard of all. He was only forty-five years old. A widow, a brother, and a sister survive him.

The Viscount d'Avenel in Paris recently said that in 1909 France finds herself ten times richer than she was in the Middle Ages, and six times richer than she was seventy-five years ago, during the time of King Louis Philippe. This wealth has been acquired almost entirely during the last half-century, and is in the hands of the army of small land-owners who have taken the place of the few owners of vast estates which have been broken up. France has a very small number of people possessing large fortunes. Only 5000 have incomes of \$20,000 a year. There are only ten million who enjoy incomes above a million.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

It is distressing to find that Mr. Loeh's financial chastity has been attacked by an offered bribe of \$260,000, and this so soon after his appointment to the collectorship of the port of New York. The attack was, of course, wholly unsuccessful; Mr. Loeh says so himself. Indeed, we should never have known anything about it but for the collector's frank avowal of an immaculate purity that must cause every patriot heart to heat under a forced draught. Suppose some other man had been collector of the port when this nefarious project was mooted, some man who had never harked under the effulgent radiance of Mr. Roosevelt. The idea is too dreadful for expression, but we have here another illustration of the immortality of great ideals.

The offer of the bribe came from the smuggling syndicate responsible for the recent attempt to land \$55,000 worth of Paris gowns. Mr. Loeh says: "The amount now offered the government to drop the investigation and probable prosecution is \$260,000. The amount represents what would be the penalties of fully \$200,000 above the appraised value of the goods. All offers have been refused. We want the smugglers."

There is something memorable about those fine concluding sentences, something worthy to rank with the great utterances of the past. "All offers have been refused. We want the smugglers." In this age of decadence we can at least thank God for Mr. Loeh.

The problem of Southern appointments, so ably handled by Mr. Taft, is responsible for some good stories. Two of them are just now being canvassed in Washington, and not without amusement. The first concerned Senator Simmons and the President, and had to do with the announced appointment of a certain North Carolinian to office, the which appointment the senator had called to protest most vigorously. Here is the conversation alleged to have ensued:

"Well, now, senator," said the President, "I am frank to say to you that if this man is objectionable to you, I will hesitate about appointing him. I am desirous always of consulting you gentlemen from the South in such matters. Since you don't like this man, suppose you suggest a name to me."

"No, sir, Mr. President, never," exclaimed Simmons.

"No! Why not?" asked Taft.

"For this simple reason, Mr. President," was the reply. "If I suggest a man to you and he is appointed, that man will immediately become a Republican, and I do not propose to assist, sir, in making Republicans out of our good Democrats. During your administration I may frequently protest against some prospective appointee, but never shall I appear to recommend any one to you."

The second story concerned Senator Frazier of Tennessee, who had called to talk over patronage in that State:

"Tell me who your good lawyers are?" suggested Taft.

"That I will not," replied the senator. "Most of our good lawyers are also good Democrats, and I will not hand them over to you to be tampered with."

If these two stories are authentic it may be feared that the duty of party allegiance hangs somewhat lightly upon the conscience of Southern Democrats.

Senator Tillman has honored the President by a formal visit of congratulation. In spite of his long, arduous, and self-sacrificing service of his country it has never before fallen to the lot of the distinguished and militant senator to call upon a President. In order to allay the feverish curiosity excited by his visit Senator Tillman was good enough to explain that he had no favors to ask nor even advice to offer. He would have gone to the White House sooner had it been possible, and he had merely seized the first opportunity to pay his respects to the head of the nation.

There was a time when William Travers Jerome, district attorney of New York, had nothing unkind to say about the newspapers of the country, but experience has taught him some bitter lessons on the "demagogic rule of newspapers." Speaking a few days ago in New York at a dinner given to him by the panel of the grand jury, he said:

I believe today that those of wide experience will hear me out, when, if a young man consults them, if they think that he is bright and capable, they say, "Keep out of public life; there is no future." There is no future because we are governed and ruled here by demagogic opinion. We are only permitted to do certain things; not to demonstrate what there is in the position, because we allow people who live in the top stories of these high buildings to write on subjects of which they are entirely ignorant and attempt to tell the public about something, talking on a subject which they know nothing of, and are therefore unable to give out a fair and just criticism. No honest man objects to criticism, but we have come, gentlemen, to be run in a measure by the newspapers, for the newspapers, and there will be another greater peril than this unless it is checked.

Senator Cummins has expounded the new "Iowa Idea" to the Senate in a speech of considerable length in support of his amendment for a graduated income tax of 2 per cent on incomes of \$10,000 a year and over, which increases to a 6 per cent tax on incomes of \$100,000. Incomes below \$5000 are not taxed. Explaining his amendment, Senator Cummins made the following statement:

The amendment providing for an income tax differs in some important particulars from both the law of 1894 and the amendment offered by Senator Bailey. It exempts incomes below \$5000 and authorizes the reduction of that amount from every dutiable income. The rate provided for is as follows:

Upon incomes not exceeding \$10,000, 2 per cent; upon incomes not exceeding \$20,000, 2½ per cent; upon incomes not exceeding \$40,000, 3 per cent; upon incomes not exceeding \$60,000, 3½ per cent; upon incomes not exceeding \$80,000, 4 per cent; upon incomes not exceeding \$100,000, 5 per cent; upon all incomes exceeding \$100,000, 6 per cent.

Asked what revenue his income-tax project would yield, Mr. Cummins said it was a matter of conjecture, but he believed that at least \$40,000,000 would flow from that source.

Before he had concluded, Senator Bacon of Georgia secured an admission from Senator Cummins, by dint of persistent questioning, that the Iowa senator would be in favor of imposing the tax even if he were convinced that the tariff

bill would produce sufficient revenue to meet the government's need. Mr. Cummins admitted that he favored such a tax because it compelled the wealth of the country to bear the burden of taxation, and he said if the income tax added more than enough revenue he would readjust the schedules and reduce duties.

The tariff bill still occupies the place of honor in the larger newspapers of the East, and it must be admitted that they are nearly unanimous in denunciation. Even some of those who were at first inclined to bless have resorted to curses instead as the real "inwardness" of the situation is disclosed. Some hesitation was indeed pardonable. A tariff bill is not distinguished for that pellucid lucidity associated with compositions of the "Now I lay me down to sleep" order. Many of its clauses can be read two or three times over without arousing any passionate opinion one way or the other. The *New York Sun*, indeed, says that no one can read a line of the bill without being better and wiser, without awe and ecstasy and a sense of occult influences and powers, but that is not the experience of the less intellectually exalted among us. Who among us, for example, can conjure up a definite opinion at first glance upon the following clause as copied from the *Congressional Record*:

The next amendment was on page 201, line 25, after the word "nitro-toluol" to strike out "naphthylaminosulfonacids and their sodium or potassium salts, naphtholsulfonacids and their sodium or potassium salts, amidonaphtholsulfonacids and their sodium or potassium salts, amidosalicylic acid, hinitrochlorbenzol, diamidostilbendisulfonacid, metanilic acid, paranitranilin, dimethylanilin," so as to make the paragraph read:

528. Coal tar, crude pitch of coal tar, and products of coal tar known as dead or creosote oil, benzol, toluol, naphthalin, xylol, phenol, cresol, toluidine, xylidin, cumidin, hinitrotoluol, hinitrobenzol, henzidin, tolidin, dianisidin, naphthol, naphthylamin, diphenylamin, henzaldehyde, henzyl chloride, resorcin, nitrobenzol and nitro-toluol, all the foregoing not medicinal and not colors or dyes.

But the Senate agreed to that amendment without discussion. To the senatorial eye the proposition was as clear as the sun at noonday. Perhaps no other nation could furnish a spectacle of such legislative erudition or such ability to pronounce instantaneous judgment upon such a question.

A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* is so discourteous as to draw a comparison between a cage of menageric monkeys and the tariff-making activities of the country. He says:

While the "Greatest Show on Earth" was in winter headquarters at Bridgeport, Connecticut, thirty or forty monkeys were kept in a large circular cage, separated by wire partitions. At feeding-time each monkey received his separate portion, but, instead of eating it, the highly intelligent animal would thrust his hand through the grating and grab some of his nearest neighbor's food. While thus engaged, his neighbor would be pilfering from the next compartment, and so on, all around the cage. The result was that a lot of food was spilled and wasted, and, in the end, few of the monkeys got as much as if they had contented themselves with their own portion.

In Congress today we find the manufacturers trying to steal from the consumers; the farmers seeking higher prices at the expense of the workers who buy farm products; the workers endeavoring to get higher wages by increasing the cost of the goods they make. If they are all successful the net result would be to leave them just where they would be with no tariff at all. But the ape instinct is too strong in humanity as at present constituted, and so Congress will doubtless continue to be the arena in which the game of grab, greed, and graft will be played to the limit by the representatives of the ignorant and short-sighted selfishness of the country.

The Springfield *Republican* says that "the country is again being wheeled and fooled into complaisance with more tariff for more trust protection, by arguments that destroy themselves. It is time for the people to wake up to this ever-continuing, more-tariff iniquity, and we are glad to note some indication of an awakening." The *Republican* believes that the President will veto the bill. Otherwise "his administration would start off with so heavy a discredit mark against it as to weigh it down in the popular estimation throughout the rest of his term." The *New York Evening Post* says that by the Senate bill "the Republican party is threatened not only with failure, but disgrace." The *New York Globe* says the country "is not to be tricked by after-the-event verbal analysis." The *New York Tribune* calls for a reduction of the Dingley schedules "in accordance with good national and consequently with good party policy." The *New York World* calls upon the President to exercise his veto and assures him that he "need not fear the political consequences." And so the chorus grows louder and louder, but the Senate seems to hear nothing of it.

Holbein's portrait of Christina of Denmark has been sold by the Duke of Norfolk. It is said to an American, for \$330,000. There is talk in London of a movement to retain the picture in that country. Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the artist, says that if the Holbein goes to America it will not only be lost to England, but to the world. No painting upon a panel, he says, can survive for many years in the overheated atmosphere of American rooms and galleries. The wood inevitably cracks. This is common knowledge among all connoisseurs, and a grave responsibility attaches to those concerned whenever a panel picture crosses the Atlantic. The picture was done in 1538, when Henry VIII sent Hans Holbein to Belgium to paint the Duchess of Milan, whom Henry had in mind as the successor of Jane Seymour.

Adres Osuna, director of public education, has asked the state government of Coahuila, Mexico, to enact an order prohibiting school teachers and children from attending bullfights. Señor Osuna believes that witnessing such brutal exhibitions as bullfighting tends to harden the minds of students and make them unfit for citizenship.



## ADMIRALS IN TROUBLE.

"Piccadilly" Talks About the British Navy, and Lord Beresford and Sir John Fisher.

This is certainly a day of tribulation for English admirals. A few weeks ago Lord Charles Beresford hauled down his flag, after having seen continuous service for fifty years and more hard fighting than any other man in the navy. And now Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, is in trouble, although no one seems to know exactly why. There is some talk of an inquiry into his official life, and this, of course, would mean his resignation, but in the meantime nothing more serious, is said by any one than that he is something of a martinet and has made hundreds of enemies among those who do not like to be forced to work to their utmost capacity.

People are more interested in Lord Beresford than Sir John Fisher. Lord Beresford is one of the men who lay hold upon the imagination not alone because he has done remarkable things, but because he is credited with an intensely human nature and with the peculiarly attractive qualities that we usually associate with sailors. He came first into prominence during the bombardment of Alexandria on the occasion of Arabi Pasha's revolt, that unfortunate Egyptian who was so ill-advised as to dream dreams of national independence. Beresford was in command of the *Condor*, an insignificant little gunboat, but by his audacity in engaging Fort Marabout and silencing its guns he won the admiral's signal of "Well done, *Condor*." A little later he was in command of the naval brigade of the Gordon relief expedition. Nearly killed at Abu Klea through his determination to save a jammed gun that had been left outside the square during an Arab rush, he was again mentioned in dispatches. Then came his rescue of Sir Charles Wilson, who had been wrecked on an island in the Nile and was already reckoned as a "sure thing" by the tribesmen. Beresford went to his relief on a river boat that was disabled under fire and was repaired by the engineers while Beresford fought a fierce action from the deck. That was his last actual engagement, although probably he had high hopes of a fight when he was temporarily ordered to put out from Gibraltar and intercept the Russian fleet after its crazy behavior in firing upon the Dogger Bank fishing boats.

Since then Beresford has been something of a thorn in the flesh of the government and of that section of officialism that believes in letting things absolutely alone. Knowing the weak points of the navy to the last detail, he has always had an uncomfortable determination to let the nation also know them, and within a few days of the final surrender of his command he has issued another of his impressive warnings, and it comes at a psychological moment when the average Englishman is rather surprised each morning to find that no German officer from an invading force has been billeted upon his breakfast table. In 1900 Beresford began his two years' command of the Mediterranean fleet and rapidly put it upon an effective war basis. In 1903 he became commander-in-chief of the Channel Fleet and rendered a similar service there. Then came the quarrel among the naval men in which Beresford figured somewhat prominently, and it gradually became evident that both admirals and captains were divided into two camps over a miserable dispute that began by being childish and that might easily have ended in a tragedy. Sir John Fisher was among those who allowed themselves to be persuaded into a partisanship as hurtful to individual reputations as to the national service. This unlucky quarrel was probably the beginning of the unpopularity that has now cast a cloud over the first sea lord.

Sir John Fisher has, of course, made enemies—hosts of them. He is not a man who particularly cares for the opinions of others, and he has never allowed anything to stand in the way of a contemplated reform. So long as Queen Victoria was alive his zeal was held in check, as the queen was conservative to the backbone and keenly sensitive to anything that would diminish the royal prerogatives. But with the death of the queen the admiral had things his own way. Naval education was the first to be overhauled by the grim seaman. Then came the reform of dockyards and the better distribution of the ships. From the dockyard laborers to the naval officer, every one was expected to do about twice as much as ever before, and as the number of men involved is enormous, the amount of enmity created is correspondingly large. Those who are accustomed to play and to be paid for it are naturally incensed at the suggestion of work, and the volume of disapproval has therefore been growing steadily for four years. At last it has reached the high places and a perplexed government does not know quite what to make of it. But one thing is certain. If any kind of official inquiry is started it may as well save itself the trouble of further proceedings, because Sir John Fisher will resign forthwith.

It is not universally known that Sir John Fisher is the originator of the *Dreadnought* type of war vessel, although whether the world owes him a debt of gratitude upon that account is an open question. He is said to have had Germany directly in mind when he designed a ship that the Germans would be compelled to copy and that would yet be too big for their harbors and canals and would seriously retard their defensive or offensive preparations. But these things weigh little against personal resentments, and an admiral who was

strong enough to consign one hundred and fifty war vessels to the scrap heap with a stroke of his pen is not likely to have a well-developed bump of conciliation. Moreover, Sir John Fisher has the aristocratic mothers of the nation arrayed against him because he has insisted that midshipmen shall be personally acquainted with the engine-room and shall soil their hands and their garments with the work of greasers. It is a heavy indictment, and Sir John Fisher will need all his fighting force to resist it.

LONDON, May 1, 1909.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## "The Flying Dutchman."

Still southward—through the torrid seas,  
Past surf-hound tufts of palms,  
And witched in waters where no breeze  
Stirs the tranced zone of calms.  
Where all the sails drooped dead, and low  
The listless pennant hung,  
And round and round, and to and fro,  
The vessel idly swung.

With stooping masts, with decks foam-strewn,  
And prow wrapped white in spray  
She fled before the fierce monsoon,  
A hundred leagues a day;  
While writhing shafts came stalking o'er  
The deep in whirling routs,  
And sky and sea were roof and floor  
To aisles of water-spouts.

Still southward through the lengthening days  
And lingering twilights dim,  
Till morn chased midnight with its rays  
Behind the ocean's rim.  
And fleets of icebergs sailed in files,  
Tall phantoms pale in shrouds,  
Till seemed the sea thus thronged for miles,  
A firmament of clouds,

And like the clouds where heaven breaks through  
Their shining folds of white,  
Those fronts of ice were veined with blue  
Where lifted to the light.  
Some stooped their polished flanks to lean  
O'er huses hurrowed through,  
Scooped by the wave in arches green,  
Or infinitely blue.

They soared in flames to meet the day,  
As through the ocean burned—  
Or quenched in twilight's ashen gray,  
To livid corpses turned.  
The noonday sun their summits smote  
With pale prismatic sheen,  
Or clothed them, like the peacock's throat,  
In woven blue and green.

A spectral army northward driven  
The self-same path for years,  
They reared against the verge of heaven,  
A host of silver spears.  
And sometimes clashed in hattle shock,  
Like Titans in the lists,  
And hurled in thunder cliff and rock,  
Through rising ocean mists.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The gust brought up a pall for night,  
And tore her veil away,  
The tattered shreds of mist took flight,  
And settled o'er the bay.  
The ship was folded in a cloud,  
From earth, and sea, and sky:  
And no man's glance has pierced that shroud,  
Save when his end was nigh.

Resounding to the thunder's din,  
Down stooped the dark, as though  
The arch of heaven were falling in,  
On all things here below.  
Its roof in rifts of glory broke,  
Abyss flamed into height,  
And the dead heart of midnight woke,  
Convulsed, in throbs of light.

The void profound was stirred with sound,  
And quick with stings of fire,  
And echoing far from star to star,  
Pealed heaven's tremendous choir.  
Those flaming shafts whose torment wrung  
All secrets from the dark,  
Pierced not the shield of shadow flung  
Around the fated bark.

But when the wrath of the typhoon,  
In devastating sweep,  
With midnight in its heart at noon,  
Is loosed upon the deep,  
And in its clutches onward whirled,  
All helpless and forlorn,  
With naked spars and canvas furled,  
Some crippled ship is borne,

Drowned deep in spray, the destined prey  
Of ocean's gaping jaws,  
Still blindly tumbling on her way.  
With many a dizzy pause,  
She sees a vessel tall with sail,  
Uplifted as a tower,  
Drive like a cloud before the gale,  
Yet stoop not to its power:

With drift on drift of snowy cloth,  
Wreathed high on mast and spar  
Tempting the hurricane's wild wrath,  
Swift as a shooting star,  
The waters smoke—the whirlwinds wake,  
Their chaos is her home,  
And from her prow in lightning's break  
The splintered sheaves of foam.

A wraith along the deep she goes,  
Till nearing swift and pale,  
Upon the fated wreck she throws  
The shadow of her sail.  
And through the storm with hollow chime  
A spectral hail they hear,  
"How goes the world? Methinks 'twere time,  
That Doomsday should appear!"

—E. M. Clerke.

Dr. George A. Gordon has lived and worked for twenty-five years in the city of Boston as the minister of the Old South Congregational Church.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Victoria of Spain, successful in her efforts to have the once popular military custom of dueling placed under the ban, now purposes to have bull-fighting stopped.

Joseph H. Choate recently remarked that the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York next fall will bring together the largest battle ship fleet ever assembled, and will be a step toward universal peace.

Professor P. Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University, recently read an address before the American Oriental Society, at Columbia University, in which he declared that Moses is not a proper name but a common noun meaning "deliverer."

Governor Jared Young Sanders, of Louisiana, was a printer at eighteen, an editor at twenty-one, a lawyer at twenty-six, and after twelve years' service in the State legislature became lieutenant-governor. Last year he was advanced to the highest place among the officials of his State.

Miss Mary Crozer Page of Philadelphia is entitled to write "M. F. H." after her name when she has any correspondence in reference to the Upland Hunt Club. This fifteen-year-old horsewoman has just been appointed "master" of foxhounds of the club, which hunts in Chester County. Miss Page is among the first of her sex to be appointed to such a position.

Tommaso Salvini, the eminent Italian actor, recently celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday. On the occasion a gold medal and the insignia of the Order of the Crown of Italy were presented to him. The mayor, the members of the corporation, the minister of public instruction, and many other prominent men were present. Speeches were made eulogizing the artistic and patriotic work done by Signor Salvini.

Dr. J. Paul Goode, head of the department of political economy of the University of Chicago, in a recent lecture held out reassurances as to the nation's fate when its supply of coal gives out. Power may be obtained from the sun in America's desert area. Air motors will reach for power from the wind, securing eight to ten times as much as is available at present. Then there are the waves, tides, rivers, and waterfalls.

Signora Del Edda, the novelist, was voted for by a number of electors at Nuoro, Sardinia, as a member of the Italian Parliament. She was not legally eligible, but these men cast their votes for her in token of their esteem for her. The press dispatches say: "This was the first general election in Italy in which the question of woman suffrage was raised. The suffragettes used all their influence to procure the return of candidates pledged to woman suffrage."

Walter Williams, dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri, has been asked to deliver the chief address before the Institute of Journalists of Great Britain at its annual meeting in Plymouth, England, in August, on "The Professional Education of Journalists." Representatives of the universities of Oxford, Glasgow, Manchester, Dublin, Leeds, Birmingham, London, and Cambridge are on the programme for discussion of Mr. Williams's paper.

All over Texas a few days ago was celebrated the seventy-third anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto, wherein the little army of Texans, commanded by General Sam Houston, crushed an overwhelming force of Mexican soldiers under General Santa Ana. There is one survivor of that Texan army, Alfonso Steele, of Mexia, ninety-four years old, and still vigorous. He visited Austin last winter and addressed the legislature in joint session. He was voted a handsome gold medal, and a painting of him is to be made and hung in the State Capitol. There is one other survivor of General Houston's army, Captain Zuber, of Austin, but he did not participate in the battle of San Jacinto, that won for Texas her independence from Mexico.

Dr. Gustave le Bon, the French physicist, calls attention to Hertzian waves as the future agent of universal peace. Hertzian waves are the electrical pulsations in the ether which are at present mainly used in wireless telegraphy, and, once propagated, they move in all directions. If they could be controlled and concentrated they could be made enormously destructive to material objects. Having such possible developments in mind, Dr. Le Bon prophesied, according to the *Paris Matin*, "that the discovery of an apparatus for transmitting parallel Hertzian waves would render war impossible. For this purpose it would be necessary to use parabolic mirrors 10,000 yards or more than five miles high.

General Sir O'Moore Creagh, who is to succeed General Kitchener of Khartum as commander-in-chief in India, is not of the Kitchener school or of anybody's school. It would be difficult to find a man with less bias for or against the particular notions of any of his predecessors or one who has less identified himself with this or that policy in the conduct of affairs in India. What he has manifested has been a capability for fine performances as a leader, especially in tight places. He earned his brilliant reputation in one Afghan campaign after another, and incidentally gained his V. C. His appointment is a reversal of policy so far as the age consideration is concerned, for he is nine years older than Lord Kitchener was when he went to India in 1902.



## A LOVE THAT LIVES.

By William Lightfoot Visscher.

JE SUIS PRET.

If 'twere a sin to love you, madly,  
And I were white as any angel is,  
I'd break the Decalogue—most gladly—  
From end to end, then go and sizz.

"Did you know that the major has a beautiful love story?" Hattie Johnson said to Arthur while they sat one evening, not long ago, before their glowing grate in the cosy home on a Devisadero hill.

"What? That old easy mark, any particular love story? I know that he has been a sort of pet pack-horse for a bunch of you women folks ever since my babytime, but as to any special case of goneness—why the bare suggestion astounds me."

"But he has, and my Aunt Hilda was—and is—the entire plot, atmosphere, and environment."

"Say, Hattie, fly down."

"After dinner, in your den—are your cigars good?"

"Course, and I've got a fresh box, at that."

"Then, if you are the diplomat that you pretend to be and have any of the curiosity of your sex—that you all say you have not—he will tell you that story—and tell it well."

"He'll have to tell it well if he tells it to me."

"Go on! You are dying, this minute, to hear it."

"Hattie Johnson, do you know that sometimes you are monstrous provoking?"

"Arthur Johnson, do you know that I wouldn't take the trouble to provoke any one that I didn't care for?"

"That settles it, but I am not going to pry into the major's private affairs—just the same."

"Bless your innocent life, Arthur boy, you will be doing the dear old fellow a good turn if you get him to tell that story. Besides—"

"Besides you want to hear it yourself."

"Me an eavesdropper?"

"Oh! no, but you will expect me to rehash it for you, with embellishments."

"And you will—s-s-h! There's the major now, in the hall. *Taisez-vous!*"

"Shall you kiss her? Well, you had better, unless you wish to be called out. Hear that bell? We are all called out."

After dinner, in Arthur Johnson's "smoke-house"—Hattie calls it—the two cronies sat: Major Tom Bob Hart, bachelor, ex-soldier, gallant old-young man, soul of honor, poet, patriot, and relic of romance; his companion Arthur Johnson, little more than half the age of the major, debonair, businesslike, lover of good things, particularly Hattie, his wife.

Toward the end of a specially good cigar the major had sat for some minutes, "lost to the world"—apparently. The gold-rimmed glasses had fallen from his field-marshal nose and he leaned far over the table, seeming as though he were looking away down the vista of the past at something particularly beautiful.

"Major, I'll bet a horse that you are thinking, this minute, of some prehistoric love affair. Ah! you sly old pirate!"

"Arthur, boy, you like me, don't you?" queried the major, in a voice full of pathos and touched with solicitude.

"Who does not, major, that knows you?"

"Well, I'm glad of that. You are just the kind of a friend I like to have. You are fond of me without having any very good reason for it."

"In this way you remind me of a sweetheart I had once—got her yet, as to that. But her husband and I are friends, and you know what that means to me. He knows that she and I are very fond of each other yet, and he is so well informed as to the principles that control us both that he is actually pleased with the situation. Tries to make fun of us sometimes, and calls us a pair of 'Babes in the Wood,' or wooden babes, and the like."

"Why don't you challenge him?"

"And make her a widow!"

"Seems to me that would be bully for you."

"It would be lacking in finesse, young man."

"Oh! I hadn't thought of that."

"Often she and I call each other 'Honey,' which is a common expression of friendly affection in the South, where we both came from."

"Now it may seem funny to you, but that little woman doesn't know that I am homely."

"Is she blind?" the younger man promptly and bluntly asked.

"Of course she's blind. Blind as a bat, and yet her eyes are as good as anybody's. She is simply a living exemplification of the trite old saying that love is blind."

"I'll tell you just how it was, and I'll test your credulity right at the start. Make you smile, too."

"I was a handsome boy."

"Gee! but you do laugh, don't you? And yet I had tried to prepare you for it. Well, I was handsome. Had just as good a right to be so as any other boy. My eyes were clear, blue and intelligent. I had red cheeks and a heavy suit of brown, silken hair. Besides I was shaped like the statue of a young Greek god."

"That sweetheart of mine and I grew up to love each other, just naturally, and in fact we didn't know it 'til too late."

"When the war came I went out to the ocean and storm of practical patriotism. Of course she stayed where the placid little lake of home-peace makes those happy who live forever on its shores. It sparkles and dimples in the springtime and from it, in summer, come cooling breezes. In autumn its myriad of furred leaves, like tiny ships, drift in fleets to its leeward shores, and in winter it glazes and glints in a crystal floor, for carnivals of mirth."

"Before the storm of patriotism was over, a great, big man, who was not nearly so practically patriotic—or idiotic—as I was, came along there and told my sweetheart things that I had not thought to tell her. Moreover, he was accumulating gold while I was not gathering anything more substantial than glory, but I was fairly windrowing that. It has melted like the snow forts of boyhood."

"Those who had the direction of her ways directed her toward him and he gathered her in. He has her yet."

"After the storm went down, strange as it may seem, there was no calm for me—perhaps there was too much calm."

"At first I frequently saw my old sweetheart, then came long spells when I didn't see her at all. At last it dawned upon my opaque heart and brain that I was in love with that little woman, and always had been. She was before me and with me in every moment of life, sleeping or waking. Sometimes I thought I would try to steal her and sail away with her, 'to the isles where the mango apples grow,' and all that sort of thing. But I thought better of it, and she—Heaven bless her!—wouldn't have thought of it at all. Besides, the law stood up in front of me, with a bludgeon and a snarling look, which together were very hindbersome."

"I did the next worst thing, however. I told her that I loved her, always had and always would. To my utter astonishment, dismay, and happiness, thereby perplexing me more than ever, she confessed—that she had loved me in the old days, and—but she loves her husband."

"So this sort of thing has gone on for years, and years, and years."

"The other day I was telling her that she was the only woman I had ever loved and that she was always a pearl. She said:

"You're a dear old fellow, but you must not talk that way."

"Oh! That's all right," I said. "I am old and homely enough to be a privileged character."

"She leaned over, her elbows on the marble between us, hands to her face, and looked searchingly and inquiringly into my eyes. Then as if deeply bewildered and amazed, she said:

"N-o-o! Are you homely, Honey?"

"Yes, indeed, picturesquely homely. Don't you see that I am old, and wrinkled, and bald, and stooping, and lame, and querulous, and fidgety, and—"

"No," she exclaimed, "I only see my gallant boy sweetheart, and his patient, knightly, hoiden soul. I remember the flash of your sword in the sunlight that morning when, as the boy-captain that you were, marching with your men to the war, you saluted the cheering village girls in passing. The gleam of that blade has always kept you and your eyes before me."

"Say, my son, I have clung to a spar amid the crawling canyons of the ocean, until dashed breathless and unconscious upon a long stretch of white beach on an arid island of the seas; I have faced the fierce sirocco and foremost focal fire of battle, time and again, and felt its fiery breath blow back the brown locks that then were mine; inspired by a something whose achievement might be borne to her, I have poured out a stream of impassioned eloquence before an audience of heroes and statesmen, until they climbed to chairs and tables yelling: 'Old man, you're a king!' But never—even in the deepest intensity of any instant at such times as these have I had such satisfaction and triumph, or more of a yearning for more of life, than when my old sweetheart leaned over and said, with the light of love in her eyes and its music in her voice:

"N-o-o! Are you homely, Honey?"

Well, Hattie, the major told me his love story and I have written it for you.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1909.

On May 10, 1909, just forty years had elapsed since the rails of the Union Pacific, moving westward, met the rails of the Central Pacific, moving eastward, at Promontory Point, near Ogden, Utah, and the first transcontinental railway was completed. Near Missoula, Mont., a few weeks ago, the gap in the links of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul was filled in, and the sixth of the roads which span the continent in the United States was finished. Canada has one road—the Canadian Pacific—which reaches from one ocean to the other. The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is booked for 1911, will give the Dominion a second continent-spanning line; while the Canadian Northern, which is expected to be finished by 1913 or 1914, will give it a third. Not long ago these lines would have been thought impracticable.

The Dowager Countess of Dudley, mother-in-law of Mrs. John Ward, who is the daughter of American Ambassador Reid, is an enthusiast in cookery reform. The countess has lately published a book on scientific cooking.

## HORSES, AUTOMOBILES, BALLOONS.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Discusses Different Fashionable Ways to Get About Town.

While the automobile is on the top wave of popularity, there is a certain "sporty" element among the fashionable women of New York that prefers horses to gasoline. There are women among us who drive their own motors, but they are comparatively few. When you see a woman driving a motor-car it is usually an electric and she goes leisurely up and down the avenue. Once in a while you see one handling the touring car, and if you are wise you will get out of the road quickly. Fortunately, there are not many of these. Women have not yet declared themselves in favor of driving their own cars. They may come to it, but let us hope that it will be a long time before they do.

It is quite the thing for actresses to be photographed at the wheel of a motor-car, but they are not driving. I know of one actress who, if the car had started, would have given a scream and jumped out, but her press agent had persuaded her that it was the proper thing to be photographed as a motor-car enthusiast and she was so photographed. The real "sporty" thing for a woman to do is to drive a four-in-hand. There are not many who do this because there are not many who have the four-in-hands to drive. Among those who handle the ribbons skillfully is Mrs. Thomas Hastings, the wife of the well-known architect. Mrs. Hastings when she was Helen Benedict, the daughter of Mr. Cleveland's intimate friend, managed her father's stables. What she does not know about horses is not worth knowing. Although she goes in for sport, particularly sport connected with horses, Mrs. Hastings is not a "sporty" looking woman; on the contrary, she is small and very quiet looking. Just now she is driving the Arrow coach from the Colony Club on Madison Avenue to The Abbey, a road house on a bluff overlooking the Hudson, not many miles out of town; as a matter of fact I think it is quite within the city limits. For most of the way the road to The Abbey is as level as a billiard table, but within a short distance of that hostelry there is a steep hill which it is safer to go up than it is to go down. The coming down is usually attended with considerable nervousness on the part of the passengers. One always feels pretty high up in the world when perched upon the top of a coach, but never so high as when that coach seems to be in danger of turning over a precipice.

Mrs. Hastings has a cool head and a skillful hand, and to see her come down that hill, giving her horses just enough rein to swing around the curve safely, is an inspiring sight. Miss Twombly is one of the most famous lady whips in New York, and she, too, makes this Abbey hill in good style. The Arrow starts at the Colony Club every morning a little before ten and returns a little before one.

When the Colony Club was first organized, and this was a year or so before it was in actual working order, it was intended to be a social and athletic club. Athletics still hold a prominent place with the club members, so that it is quite fitting that the one woman's coach running out of New York should start from its hospitable doors.

When navigating the air becomes a little more assured I am positive that a number of women well known in New York society will have their own aeroplanes. I know of some who are already discussing the subject seriously and believe that within the course of a very few years they will be flying like birds through the air. I draw the line at sky sports. In an automobile or a coach, even if the horses become fractious, you are somewhere near the ground, but in an aeroplane if anything happens you may be near the ground, but there won't be much of you left when you get there. Only last summer Miss Anne Morgan and Miss Elsie de Wolfe made an ascent in a balloon in France. They sailed about for several hours among the clouds, over tree tops, over cathedrals, and out of sight and sound of anything on the earth. Fortunately, everything went well, and they say that they had the time of their life. They were fortunate that nothing happened that should not have happened. Now they think navigating the air is as safe and simple as navigating the land or the water. Courage is a fine thing. I had a good deal myself when I was young, but I think if I should be put in a balloon and the ropes were cut that all the courage that I could muster up would desert me and I would give myself up for dead or worse, for I think that being dragged and mangled, as aeronauts so often are, is much worse than death. I know that I should die of fright 100 feet above the earth, and as a place to die in, I infinitely prefer a bed to an aeroplane.

When I send clippings about balloon accidents to my courageous and "sporty" friends they always explain that accidents are impossible if proper care is taken. Balloons are as safe as rocking-chairs they declare, perhaps, but even a rocking-chair may be an instrument of danger, particularly if one loses one's balance. A balloon on a hotel piazza is one thing, but a balloon 1000 feet above the earth is another. I wouldn't feel safe in a rocking-chair if it had nothing under it but clouds.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, May 6, 1909.

Among the Paris buildings soon to be demolished is the castle of Etoiles, on the Seine. It was the favorite domicile of Louis XIV.



## THE EMPEROR AND THE WOMAN.

Paul Cheramy Introduces Us to a Tender Aspect of Napoleon's Character.

It seems still to be possible to say something new about Napoleon, or rather newly to discover what some one else has said. Public interest and curiosity still welcomes with both hands whatever diligent search can find, and now when it would seem that the historical cupboards have been ransacked to the ground comes a document of extraordinary human interest and one that reveals the figure of the First Consul in an unfamiliar role.

Mr. Paul Cheramy may be credited with the discovery of the memoirs of Mlle. George. We may thank the destitution of a once celebrated actress for revelations that otherwise would never have seen the light and for a record as frank as any that have been given to the world by a woman. For many years Mlle. George was the idol of the Paris stage. For six years of that period she was the mistress of Napoleon and the recipient of a tenderness and a generosity not usually associated with that titanic mystery. Everything was within her reach except rank and honor, and even these might have been hers had she realized in time the inevitable end of such an intimacy and the weariness that must surely follow such unlicensed satiety. With Mlle. George herself we have little interest. We can believe that she was beautiful and of a fascinating manner, but the portrait painted by herself in her memoirs is that of an unlovable woman, calculating with commercial precocity the advantages of her surrender to Napoleon, maintaining her hold to the last moment by cautious policies, and descending easily into a physical and mental coarseness that displaces her earlier charms by a corresponding repulsiveness. She may have had a heart. Her adoration for Napoleon may not have been wholly self-interested. It is said that she wished to accompany him to St. Helena, but it would take more than this to remove an unpleasant impression that she herself is at no pains to avoid. Mr. Cheramy does not believe that Mlle. George was very amorous and sensual, although he gives us the names of some ten of her lovers, including Talleyrand, Murat, Lucien Bonaparte, King Jerome, the Emperor Alexander I, and Alexander Dumas, but he is disposed to think that she was too fat for such fatigues. She liked to be admired, but passionate transports were too much trouble.

The essential value of the book is, of course, in its revelation of Napoleon's attitude toward women. We have heard much of this from other quarters, of his violence, his brutality, and his contempt for the women of his court, and of the fury of female resentment that burst upon his head in 1815. But was this a part of his nature or was it provoked by circumstances, perhaps by sycophancy or irritating conventions? Mr. Cheramy thinks that it was not part of his essential instincts and that to women who pleased him he could be tolerant and gracious. The rudeness and violence was "the unconscious result of a formidable tension of spirit, of superhuman toil." He was a "tender, thoughtful lover," this immense man who threw his grim and portentous shadow across Europe and who may be recognized, even in an age that laughs at what it can not understand, as nearer to a superhuman ideal than any other for a thousand years.

But let us see what the tragedienne has to say for herself in some of her most vivid passages and with careful omission of such portions as an excessive candor may have rendered unpalatable to Western ears. Receiving an invitation to visit the First Consul and to receive in person the testimonies of his appreciation—and other things—Mlle. George presents herself at the palace and is overawed by the vast and brilliantly lighted rooms in which "everything is open":

The Consul was in silk stockings, white satin knee breeches, green uniform, red facings and collar, his hat under his arm. I got up. He came towards me with that charming smile which only belongs to him, took me by the hand, and made me sit on the enormous sofa. He lifted my veil, which he threw on the ground without more ado.

My beautiful veil! That is kind of him; if he walks on it he will tear it for me. How disagreeable!

"How your hand trembles. Are you then afraid of me? Do I seem terrible to you? I found you exceedingly beautiful yesterday, madame, and I wished to compliment you. I am more amiable and polite than you, as you see."

"How is that, monsieur?"

"How! I sent you a remittance of three thousand francs after seeing you in Emilie, as a proof of the pleasure you gave me. I hoped you would ask permission to present yourself to thank me. But the beautiful and haughty Emilie did not come."

I stammered and did not know what to say.

"But I did not know; I did not dare to take the liberty."

"Oh, a poor excuse. Were you, then, afraid of me?"

"Yes."

"And now?"

"Still more."

The Consul laughed heartily.

"Tell me your name."

"Josephine—Marguerite."

"Josephine pleases me, I like that name; but I would prefer to call you Georgina! Heint! would you like it? I wish it!" (This was my name with all the Emperor's family.)

"You do not speak, my dear Georgina. Why?"

The Consul, sometimes fatigued by his glorious and responsible duties, seemed to take some pleasure in being with a young girl who spoke simply to him. It was, I think, a new experience for him.

He was very tender and delicate. He did not wound my modesty by too much fervor and was glad to find a timid resistance. Heavens! I do not say he was in love but quite certainly I pleased him. I could not doubt it. Would he have put up with all my childish whims? Would he have spent a night in his desire to convince me? Moreover, he

was very excited and desirous of pleasing me; he yielded to my continuous prayers for indulgence.

"Not today; wait, and I will return, I promise you."

He yielded—that man before whom every one was pliant. Perhaps I charmed him. We went on so till five o'clock in the morning. And since eight o'clock in the evening, that was time enough.

"I should like to go."

"You must be tired, dear Georgina. Good-bye till tomorrow, then. You will come?"

"Yes, gladly. You are too kind and gracious for one not to love you, and I love you with all my heart."

He put on my shawl and veil. I was far from guessing what was to happen to those poor objects. In saying good-bye he kissed me on my forehead. I was a silly; I burst out laughing, and said to him:

"Ah, that's splendid. You have just kissed Prince Sapieha's veil."

He took the veil and tore it into a thousand pieces; the shawl was thrown under his feet. I was wearing, too, a little chain round my neck, which carried a medallion of the most modest of stones, the carnelian; on my little finger a ring even more modest in crystal, where Mme. Prouty had placed some of Mlle. Raucourt's white hairs. The little ring was snatched from my finger, and the Consul crushed it beneath his foot. Ah! he was then no longer gentle. I was afraid and said to myself, "It will be some time before you see me again." I trembled. Then he became quite gentle again with me.

"Dear Georgina, you mustn't have anything except what comes from me; that would be wrong, and I should have a poor opinion of your feelings if it were otherwise."

It was impossible to be angry with this man for long; there was so much sweetness and tenderness in his voice that one was forced to say, "After all, he acted quite rightly."

This was the beginning of many such interviews. It is hard to understand if mademoiselle was actually in love with Napoleon. She does at least say so, not once only but many times, and after each recital of tender passages her expressions of devotion and attachment become more ardent and even more convincing. Thus she tells us that the First Consul was "really charming, his smile celestial, his manners so gentle." He loads her with tenderness, "but with such delicacy, with such a restrained ardor, always respecting the modest emotions of a young girl whom he did not wish to force, but to lead to him by a sweet and tender sentiment without violence." She tells us that she "loved the great man," and there was perhaps no reason why she should not do so, for nowhere does she record any departure from tenderness and consideration except once or twice where jealousy asserted itself. She tells him over and over again that she loves him with all her soul. "I am afraid of loving you too much. You are not made for me, I know, and I shall suffer." Elsewhere she tells us that her emotions so far overcame her that "two great enormous tears fell on my breast, and the Consul, with a tenderness I am unable to express, kissed them and drank them."

Here is a scene of a lighter kind, and one still more removed from the conventional idea of Napoleon:

I entered. No one was there, and I looked in all the rooms. I called out. Nothing! Nobody! Then I rang.

"Constant, has the Consul gone down again?"

"No, madame, search well."

He winked at me and showed me the door of the boudoir, which I had never thought of entering. The Consul was there, hidden beneath cushions and laughing like a schoolboy. He had asked for my portrait, and I had brought it to him. It was a miniature, which he did not consider very good, and he was right.

"Well, return it to me, and I will have another done."

"No, I will keep it; you can always have another done all the same."

"Yes, but on one condition."

"Ah, there are conditions, Mademoiselle Georgina. Let us hear the conditions."

"Listen, then. It is not very amusing to pose, and especially for me, who have no patience, so I make a great sacrifice for you. Well, I want your portrait in exchange. Do you see, I want it. No, I desire it, that is better."

"If you are nice and good I will give it to you."

But he did not propose giving me a gold coin with his effigy, as has been suggested. I had, and still have, his portrait, an adorable miniature, properly given by him to me.

"As I haven't yet got your portrait, today I even want something else. Don't refuse me, because today I am in a very bad temper, and I shall be cross."

He laughed till he cried.

"I refuse; I want to see you in a great rage. There now, I refuse."

"We shall see. Ring for Constant."

"Ring yourself. I allow you."

"Constant, some scissors."

"Go and bring madame the scissors. Ah! what do you wish to cut off with the scissors? What do you want to cut off? Really, you are frightening me."

How the dear Consul laughed.

"I want to cut off a lock of your beautiful hair, so soft and fine."

"No, no, my dear; I have too little of it."

But I ran after him, holding my scissors.

"I only want four hairs; I promise you not to cut any more. If you have no confidence in me, I shall go away."

"Ah, the obstinate little wretch. Come, then, cut them; but don't let it be seen."

I cut four or five hairs.

"See if I have kept my word. I have really too few."

"Well, rascal, cut again, but only a few."

"Yes, rest assured."

And I cut off a nice little lock.

"Oh, the lying little wretch. It is enormous."

Napoleon could show jealousy and he sternly resented any attention paid by other men to his favorite, even of the kind customary in stage circles. Upon one occasion mademoiselle was presented with a ring by one who had admired her acting, and she confesses the fact to Napoleon. Indeed, nowhere does it appear that she attempted to deceive him or to lie to him. She knew better than that at least:

"Fie!" said the Consul. "What bad taste! You received that ring a little lightly. I expect you not to receive presents again in so-called homage of your talent; that is not proper."

"However, there are actresses who have received presents abroad; one sees it every day. It is not their fault if the French only show their admiration by beautiful phrases; it is much cheaper."

"Georgina, you do not please me this evening. I don't like that talk. I think I shall do well to marry you off."

"I to be married! I! And to whom, then? Heavens!"

"Be calm, I will give you to a general. You will leave the stage, of course, and live honorably."

"Is the proposition you are making serious?"

"Very serious."

I was wounded to the bottom of my heart. Ah! Constant, you were stupid enough to tell me the truth. Ha! Ha! Some great lady has passed this way. My mind was soon made up.

"I beg a thousand pardons for disobeying you, but I won't and can't get married. When you had the caprice to send for me—"

"Caprice!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, my God, caprice. . . . I was an artiste, and will remain an artiste. I to take a conventional husband! Ah! if one can be found complainant enough to play the part, you may be sure I could neither love nor esteem such a man."

"You are right, Georgina; you are a fine girl."

I spoke thus to the Emperor frankly and artlessly many times. As I wished to keep up a worldly talk, which one learns like a part, the Emperor stopped me, laughing and saying:

"Leave these silly phrases and speak to me as you feel; don't try your wit on me. Tell me everything that comes to you naturally."

He never scolded me for my whims and stupidities, you understand. That is why, I believe, in spite of his absences, I always found him, even to the last moment, kind and excellent to me; so it has become a cult, an adoration which nothing has been able to change, and in which I glory. All these recollections have consoled me for many disappointments and miseries, and many betrayals. Poor Emperor, how the illustrious martyr had to suffer. One has no right to complain.

The end, of course, was already in sight, but it must be said in justice to Napoleon that so long as he had the power he helped the woman who had been his mistress, and it was only after his fall that she descended into the depths. Writing in 1847, A. Moreau described how he saw Mlle. George acting in a miserable country theatre. He speaks of her wrinkles, white hair, and monstrous figure, the hoarseness, unsteady gait, and cracked voice of the woman who had been so much more than a star. Victorien Sardou remembers having seen her in 1842. She was then sixty and "ridiculously fat." He speaks of her "childish hands attached to arms as thick as thighs" and her neck with its "cruel rolls of fat." At least she did not die in actual want, a half-concealed charity that prevented the utmost extremities of tragedy.

"A Favorite of Napoleon," by Paul Cheramy. With Portraits. Published by the John McBride Company, New York; \$2.50.

In the reception-room of the President, in the White House, is a handsome, massive desk with a wealth of carving, which has historic interest. Sir John Franklin went to discover the North Pole and never came back. His good ship *Resolute* drifted in the currents of the Arctic Ocean, spared from destruction in some mysterious manner, until she reached the waters off the shores of Alaska, where some American whalers boarded her and claimed her. When she reached San Francisco the United States bought her, repaired and refitted her, manned her with an American crew, and sent her to England with international compliments. The old ship was broken up about thirty years ago, and from the soundest of her timbers a handsome desk was made, by direction of Queen Victoria, to be presented to the then President of the United States. That is the desk that stands in the President's reception-room, and on it the papers of at least eight administrations have been written.

To the various bourses of Paris, the bourse with the capital letter, the Bourse du Commerce, the Bourse du Travail, the Bourse aux Timbres, there must be added (says the London *Globe*) another which a Paris contemporary has discovered near the Faubourg du Temple, viz.: the Bourse aux Chats. This interesting establishment is situated in a big chamber at the rear of a wine shop. Here, we are told, are legions of cats of all sizes and color, which are to be seen jumping and heard "miaulent." Our contemporary makes some very dark suggestions about the clientele of the wine seller. It suggests that the customers are by no means tender-hearted old ladies, but for the most part furriers, curriers, glove-makers, and, what is worse, cooks. A good sleek "matou," we learn, realizes from 50 centimes to 1 franc. The skin has a number of usages, and the flesh finds its way into the stewpans of certain restaurateurs possessing more enterprise than scruple.

When Andrew Carnegie offered to build seventy-eight libraries for New York City on condition that the city would provide the sites and books it was estimated that the municipality would not have to spend more than \$2,000,000 to carry out its part of the contract. Comptroller Metz recently reported that the city has as yet only secured fifty-five sites and in purchasing these has overrun the original estimate. He figures that by the time the city gets the remaining sites the cost will be \$3,387,535.

Zurich, Switzerland, has an astronomical observatory which is not only open to the public, but is intended in part for the instruction of the public. The tower in which the telescope is operated is accessible by electric elevators and the telescope itself is available for visitors both by night and by day when it is fitted for solar observations.

There are five States where capital punishment does not exist—Maine, Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, and Kansas. In the last-named State the death penalty may be inflicted upon a warrant of the governor, but such a warrant never is signed.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Edward Macdowell, by Laurence Gilman. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

Edward Macdowell died a little over a year ago, and that a biographical appreciation so entirely satisfactory should appear so speedily is evidence of the mark that he made upon contemporary music. The author divides his work into two parts. The first and the shorter of the two is devoted to biography, while the second is given up to a critical appreciation in which the various departments of Macdowell's art are duly considered. A valuable concluding chapter contains a list of works speaking eloquently of a musical industry cut short by death at the early age of forty-six.

There will be small disposition to find fault with the author's general summaries. Macdowell was "a radical without extravagance," and again "one is almost tempted to say that he is paramently a poet, to whom the supplementary gift of musical speech has been extravagantly vouchsafed." He was, of course, a romanticist, but the author draws perhaps an unduly sharp line of demarcation between the romanticism of "gloomy forests, enchanted castles, impossible maidens, and the obsolete profession of magic," and that other and more tolerable form used by Macdowell. The two forms, that, for example, of Wagner, which seems to come under the author's reproach of "fatuous," and that of Macdowell have precisely the same ideal, and we are not sure that the "fatuous" form is not the most effective. They both "attest for us the reality of that changeless and timeless loveliness which the visible world of the senses and the invisible world of the imagination are ceaselessly revealing to the simple of heart, the dream-filled and the unwise." The ultimate test of the romantic in music is its power to awaken in its hearers a sense of identification between its subject and the possibilities of their own consciousness. The enchanted castles and the enslaved maidens are parables as potent, as logical, and as effective as any others—perhaps more so. Fairy tales have as much educative power in music as elsewhere, because in the realm of music and of poetry, and to "the simple in heart, the dream-filled and the unwise" they are true, and powerful according to the measure of their truth. In the author's admirable words, they are "the manifest images of an interior passion and delight."

*Looms of Life*, by Herman Scheffauer. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.25.

Mr. Scheffauer's work stands out with some prominence from the ruck of modern verse. The present volume shows a wise discrimination in its contents and a desire to produce a small volume of good poetry rather than a larger volume padded out with mediocrity. There is nothing that second thoughts should have omitted. Mr. Scheffauer's verse is always strong and manly, wholly free from trivialities and directed toward the great things of life rather than the small. Among the distinctly powerful poems is "Man and the Mountains," with its glimpse at the impassive majesty of time:

Their caverned orbs saw cities on the plain—  
A thousand domes and towers  
Basked sunbright—and when sank their eyes again  
Wild grass and windward flowers.

Equally striking is the "Hymn to the Passing Earth," of which four lines may suffice:  
O great, gray question! still the deeps lie shrouded  
With midnight round the world for which we yearn.

What though across the Future's peaks unclouded  
Ne'er sign nor answering symbol soar and burn.

As an example of Mr. Scheffauer's musical power in versification his five-stanza poem, "Souls of Men Asunder," may well be taken:  
Stars have hurst while vast in thirst the reddened  
leagues lay parching;  
Realms have sunk, and torn with tears were  
nations' eyes;  
Armies flamed and perished while their glory kept  
on marching,  
Yet the faith we held it died not,—now it dies.

Another notable poem is "How Could Men Hate Thee, Lucifer?" in which the author shows a correct appreciation of Lucifer's function of light-bringer, a variation of the Prometheus story.

*South America on the Eve of Emancipation*, by Bernard Moses, Ph. D., LL. D. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is practically a supplement to the author's earlier work on "The Establishment of Spanish Rule in America." He now affords us some glimpses at what that rule meant and at the slowly piled-up forces of resentment and exasperation that were to drive the Spaniard from the land and to usher in an era of new opportunity.

Professor Moses makes no attempt to write a consecutive history. The periods of utter moral and material stagnation to which Spanish rule reduced may well be chronicled as such, while special attention is given to those promitory movements that show the germi-

nation of new ideas and indicate the great external changes that are upon the way. The law of cause and effect in government has certainly never been more clearly displayed than in these pages, nor the blight of Spanish rule better exemplified. And yet there seems to be need for a just discrimination between the natural instincts of the Spaniard and the ecclesiastical system whose yoke he allowed himself to wear. The church was the evil genius of Spain both at home and in South America, the unfeeling blight for which no compensation could be found either in valor or in high-minded devotion. Just as the church has reduced Spain herself to the ranks of disappearing nations, so also it was the church that spread gangrene among the limbs of her colonial tree. The author makes this clear enough whether he is dealing directly with the ecclesiastical establishment as in his chapter on "The Church and the Civil Power," or indirectly as in his account of the inquisition in his opening chapter on "The Capital of South America." The church was the origin and foundation of the ruin of Spain in two continents.

Dr. Moses has written a book that can not be overlooked by those who would estimate the present conditions and the future prospects of South America. Early influences have their effect upon nations as upon individuals, and this work throws a strong illumination upon the forces planted during centuries of misgovernment and that are not yet exhausted.

*Harper's Machinery Book for Boys*, by Joseph H. Adams. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The Practical Books for Boys series to which this volume belongs should be numbered among the good things of life from the point of view of the average boy. This is the fifth in the series and fully equal to the others not only in plain and direct instruction, but also in a kind of sympathy with its intended readers that gives it point and interest. Every sort of machine that is likely to be within the reach of the average boy is here dealt with in the most practical way. Various tools are described with advice as to their care and use, while the shop hints, formulas, tables, gauges, and measures are carefully chosen. The illustrations are copious and clear.

*Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker*, by Marguerite Bryant. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is one of the few novels to which it is possible to give unstinted praise for a workmanship that is minutely careful and for a high-minded purpose that is content to find expression in the forms of every-day life. We make the acquaintance of the hero in an English workhouse, knowing no more of his origin than that he had tramped the roads with his mother who was since dead. His memory of the badness of the roads is keen enough to produce a boyish ambition to make better ones, and this purpose is strenuously unfolded as his life advances.

Christopher is adopted by the wealthy Mr. Aston and we see at once that he has his own reasons for the choice and that he knows more of Christopher's parentage than he admits to the lucky boy. Then comes Peter Masters, a relative of the Astons, who has pursued the money ideal in the customary way and by a relentless indifference to the sufferings of others. When we learn that Peter Masters once had a young wife who deserted him with her unborn baby rather than countenance the methods of a cruel commercialism we see at once the secret of Christopher's birth, but if Masters himself knows that Christopher is his son it is by inference only, or by instinct, for the fact of the relationship is jealously guarded by the Astons, who are unwilling that the mother's sacrifice shall be lost or that the son shall come under the influence from which the mother fled.

The story of Christopher's education is told with attractive skill. Under the benign influence of his guardians, we see him grow up into splendid manhood, by no means faultless, but virile, self-reliant, and with altruistic ambition. The stamp of his mother's idealism is finely indicated by a sense of comradeship

with the poor and by a certain pride in the destitution of his early years to which that idealism led, and which in turn is translated into other ideals no less fine if more practical. Christopher is one of the few characters in modern fiction that combine an admirable manhood with an admirable and human morality.

There are other features of the book that help to give it breadth and fullness. We are intensely interested, for example, in Patricia, whose fits of ungovernable temper are described with subtle psychological knowledge. The book has nearly four hundred pages, and while the story could have been compressed to half that compass, it loses nothing from the leisurely way in which it is told.

*The Man Without a Shadow*, by Oliver Cabot. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

It must be an unpleasant experience to find one's self in a lunatic asylum and with all recollection of the past blotted out. Such is the fate of the hero of this novel, who is further harassed by the discovery that he is surrounded with vindictive enemies who are equally ready to keep him in confinement or to murder him should the need arise.

The story of the recovery of the hero's identity is well told, although it seems to us that we could have done it more quickly. With the aid of a friendly physician and a charming girl, the tangle is slowly unraveled, and there is no reason to doubt that "they lived happily ever after."

*Day Dreams of Greece*, by Charles Wharton Stork. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; 75 cents.

This modest little volume with its five poems deserves a welcome from those who can appreciate delicate workmanship, a sincere enthusiasm, and a style that is chaste and accurate. The poem, "To Zeus," is in the nature of a dedication, the remaining four—"Ganymede," "The Sculptor of Melos," "The Wanderings of Psyche," and "Philemon and Baucis"—being of greater length. The author tells us that Greece is, for him, "a vital personality," and he succeeds in translating his realization into verse.

*The Mallet's Masterpiece*, by Edward Peple. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; 75 cents.

This artistic little story is woven around the carving of the Venus de Milo and contains a fanciful explanation of the mutilated state of the famous statue. This is supposed to be due to the jealousy of a rival artist who secures surreptitious admission to the studio and defaces the masterpiece with a mallet. The idea is ingenious, but it is not the chief merit of the story, which is delicately and dramatically told and with appreciation of the life and sentiments of ancient Greece.

*One Fair Daughter*, by Frederic P. Ladd. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.50.

This is the story of a nasty clergyman who seduces the wife of one of his parishioners, tempts her to leave her home, and then finds that she is unwilling to give up her loveless luxury for a life of poverty with her betrayer. The idea is as old as the hills, but a new and unwelcome note is added by the suggestion that the clergyman is in some way a suffering martyr who consoles himself in a mysterious way on the "all is lost but honor" theory.

## The New Medieval Library

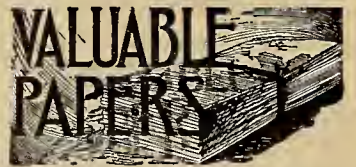
Duffield & Co., New York, are to be congratulated on The New Medieval Library now in course of issue. The subject-matter is well chosen and the volumes are bound in antique form in brown leather with metal clasps and embossed titling. The five volumes now ready are "The Chatelaine of Vergi" and "On the Tumbler of Our Lady," translated from the Middle French; "The Book of the Divine Consolation of Saint Angela da Foligno," translated from the Italian; "The Legend of the Holy Fina," translated from the XIVth Century MS., and "The Babies' Book: Medieval Manners for the Young," from Dr. Furnivall's texts.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Modern Adventure.

*A King in Khaki*, by Henry Kitchell Webster. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Without too much geographical curiosity, it is enough to know that Horse Island is in process of development by a commercial company and is managed in their interest by a young genius named Smith. When Smith reports to the board in glowing but accurate terms he finds that his optimism is frowned upon by the chairman of the company, who for his own reasons wishes to hear the stock and would rather have a bad report than a good one. Smith refuses to participate in a piece of financial rascality that would ruin numbers of poor investors, and so he not only sticks to his guns in the matter of the report, but actually maroons the wicked Wall-Street man when that dignitary visits the island and so tries to prevent his appearance at the critical financial meeting in New York. Incidentally it may be said that the magnate when he visits Horse Island is accompanied by his beautiful daughter, and so we see at once the end of an exciting story of move and counter-move, in which disabled steamers, wireless telegraphy and ocean hurricanes play their part. The discovery of the hidden pirate treasure might have been omitted with advantage as overworked and needing a rest, but the story as a whole is fairly ingenious and well told.

New Publications.

The fairy tale for children in its most commendable form is to be found in "The Moons of Balhania," by M. E. M. Davis, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. The illustrations are good and the price is \$1.

Henry Van Dyke's four-act drama, "The House of Rimmon," with colored frontispiece, has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The scene is laid in Damascus and the Mountains of Samaria and the time is 850 B. C. The price of the book is \$1.

Among books useful to the home-maker is "The Home Garden," by Ehen E. Rexford, and published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The book is described as "intended for the use of those who have a little piece of land upon which they would like to grow vegetables and small fruits," and who want some straightforward guidance how to do it. With eight full-page illustrations. Price, \$1.25.

From the American Unitarian Association, Boston, comes "Some Memories," by the Rev. Robert Collyer, with a fine frontispiece portrait. The book is well written in an easy anecdotal vein that makes it pleasant reading. The style of the veteran preacher may be gauged by the story that he tells of his small son, who presumably had been examining the parental manuscripts. "Papa, do you write your sermons by what you call inspiration?" "I hope so, my son," was the reply. "Then why do you cross so much out?" The price of the book is \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Rudyard Kipling's books are perennially good sellers. "Captains Courageous" went to press this month for its twelfth printing, and "The Second Jungle Book" for its seventeenth edition. "The Jungle Book" itself has been printed twenty-five times.

The novel by William Dean Howells, it is announced by Harper & Brothers, which was to have been published this spring, has been postponed. A little volume, made of two dramatic poems, will take its place.

William Mercer tells a characteristic anecdote of Marion Crawford in the *Athenaeum*. "My acquaintance with him began in 1877 in this wise," writes Mr. Mercer. "We found ourselves seated in the compartment of the celebrated Caffè Greco in Via Condotta, Rome, yclept the 'omnibus'—in that corner where Thackeray, Gibson the sculptor, and hundreds of other noted English and American writers and artists have assembled for full a century past. Presently Crawford elongated his brawny limbs and addressed me thus: 'You are Mercer and I am Crawford; it is not of much use waiting for an introduction; will you play me a game of chess?' I did. Crawford was utterly unknown to fame then and only scribbled a little for the London papers."

"The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows—the sugar all at the bottom," is the sentiment expressed by Julia Ward Howe as she approaches her ninetieth birthday, which occurs this month.

"The Sociology of the Bible," by the Reverend Professor F. S. Schenck, is to be published immediately under the auspices of the Reformed Church in America. It is the first book on the subject ever issued, so far as is known, but it is claimed that the Bible contains more sociology than theology, which seems likely enough.

The more daring of European scientists will hardly be daunted by the proposal of Professor William H. Pickering of Harvard University

that a gigantic mirror be constructed for the purpose of signaling to Mars. Already the versatile Camille Flammarion, whose book, "Mysterious Psychic Forces," is a piece of special pleading for recognition of the existence of vital forces playing all about us, has given his enthusiastic commendation to the American astronomer's scheme. Cesare Lombroso is still to be heard from.

Richard Harding Davis's new novel, "The White Mice," will be published on May 15.

F. Marion Crawford's posthumous novel, "The White Sister," has been published by the Macmillan Company. It has been running as a serial in one of the magazines, and the play made from it has met with some success in Chicago and the Middle West, where Viola Allen has been playing the title rôle.

Mr. Enos A. Mills in his new hook, "Wild Life on the Rockies," says what he thinks about some animals he has known, both wild and tame, and does not hesitate to credit them with a limited amount of reason. For example, he mentions the heaver's skill in building a dam, the intelligence of the "return horses" which find their way home, and the remarkable qualities of his dog "Scotch."

Mr. Frederick Moore, the author of "The Passing of Morocco," is now serving as war correspondent at Constantinople. Last week he was wounded by a stray bullet while taking photographs of the besieging army. The American ambassador had him taken to a hospital and it is believed that he will recover.

The Wet Road.

Leave the stretch of the dusty highway, slip your fetters and make you free! Heedless of lure of lane and byway, forsake your dreaming and come with me The way of the gray and shining surges, the long wet road that is called the sea.

Why do you sigh for the springtime maying, scent of hawthorn and lilac sweet, And the beckoning fields where you two went straying when youth was laughter and life complete?

Do you not know that the primrose path may never be trod by returning feet?

There is a voice that is all-compelling, dominant, not to be denied. Harking you out from your inland dwelling to take your way with the chiding tide Where the sun is a friend and the gulls are brothers and a star is set as the only guide.

And the years hold promise of glad tomorrows and of great joys that are yet to be; And the keenest sorrow of all your sorrows becomes but a shadowy memory As you take the road where the winds are running, the long wet road that is called the sea! —Blanche Allen Bone, in *Success Magazine*.

Walter Prichard Eaton, who made a reputation for himself as dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*, and as the author of "The American Drama of Today," will make a beginning as a novelist toward the end of the month when Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. hope to issue his "The Runaway Place," a May-time idyl of Manhattan, which he has written in conjunction with Miss Elise Morris Underhill.



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## ON A STORMY NIGHT.

Suddenly a strange thing happened. The vague spot formed by my window was lighted by a bluish, phosphorescent light, which grew, and spread rapidly to the walls of my room. And in this blue light which filled the room there appeared, coming I know not from whence, a thick cloud, pale, smoky, strewn with sparks which reminded me of human eyes. They wavered strangely, as if moved by some mysterious influence. This cloud rose, melted, became more transparent, tore itself into pieces, froze me with fear and cold, seemed to me to be infinite, menacing; and from this vapor there came forth a sound like an angry murmuring. Then the ragged fragments fell apart, became distinct. Visible to my eyes in the blue radiance which suffused them, they slowly turned, and took, little by little, forms well known and familiar.

From what place do these shadows come, and who are they? I asked myself, full of wonder and alarm.

"Who are we, and whence come we?" said a grave voice, a voice whose sound was slow and cold. "Betrunk yourself. Do you not recognize us?"

I silently shook my head, denying all possible relation with these shadows. And they reeled, uncured, in the air, as though they were dancing some wild saraband in rhythm with the storm outside. The silhouettes, scarcely perceptible, half transparent, crowded along, noiselessly, before me. Suddenly I distinguished among them an old man, a blind old man, holding by the waist a woman, aged and bent, who looked at me with eyes full of reproach. Their rags were covered with snow-flakes of a dazzling brightness, and they spread a chill about them. I knew who they were; but why were they there?

"Now you recognize us?"

I knew not if it were the voice of the tempest which I had just heard or that of my own conscience; but that voice had an imperious tone which mastered me.

"You have seen who we are," the voice continued, "and the others are also the heroes of your tales; children, women, and men whom you have made suffer for the pleasure of those who read you. Open your eyes, look, they are going to march in front of you, and you can judge how many and how pitiable are these products of your imagination."

Then the shadows passed along. The first were a young boy and a little girl, like two great snow-flowers, spreading round them a lunar light.

"See here, at first," said the voice, "two children whom you made die under the window of a house in which a Christmas tree was shining. You remember; they looked at it, trembling with desire; and they stayed there, frozen and motionless!"

My little heroes passed silently before me, and vanished in the blue radiance. In their place an exhausted woman, with a pale face, showed herself.

"This one is the mother, anxiously expected, who, also upon Christmas eve, was hastening back from the village, a long way off, bringing some poor little gifts for her children, and who fainted upon the road."

I looked at the shadow with fear and pity. And the troop continued to pass. The inexorable voice enumerated the heroes of my sad works. And these hero-phantoms floated before me; their white garments waved; I shivered before the cold which flowed from those mournful, silent shadows. Their slow movements, and the unspeakable anguish of their vague looks, oppressed me. What did they want with me? What was the meaning of this sight?

The last one, the blind old man, with his rags stiff with sleet, came slowly in front of me, and fixed upon me his lustreless, wide-open eyes. His head sparkled with frost, and icicles hung at the corners of his mouth. The old woman had the blissful smile of a child; but that smile was fixed, frozen in the un-moving wrinkles of her cheeks.

At last the spectres faded away in the air, but the whirlwind still sang its melancholy refrain, and aroused in my soul a feeling of rebellion. I had been considering all the strange forms in silence, and as if through the fog of sleep; but now something arose within me, and I wished to speak. Again the spectres came together in a single group, and formed a confused cloud, wherein I saw eyes of all colors, the eyes of my own characters, which looked upon me with anguish. I grew more and more distressed and ashamed under those looks, so dull and lifeless.

The tempest ceased to roar, and all noise died away with it. I no longer heard the monotonous ticking of my watch, nor the rustling of the snow, nor the voice which had spoken to me. There was perfect silence, and the vision hung in the air, and seemed to be awaiting some mysterious signal. And I also waited, passionately, with all the strength which remained in my weakened soul.

This lasted for a long time, and I could not withdraw my gaze from the vision, until I cried out at last:

"My God! Why is this? What does all this mean?"

Then the slow, passionless voice was heard:

"Reply yourself to your own questions."

Why did you write all those things? Without contenting yourself with real troubles, with the tangle and visible misfortunes of life, why have you invented new tortures and told them to people, forcing yourself to depict your woe-fancies as though they had really existed? What do you wish to do? To destroy the scant remnants of courage still left to men, and to deprive them of all hope of better things by showing them only the evil? Are you, perchance, an enemy of brightness and hope, and do you take pleasure in creating the blackest and the saddest things, in order to add, without respite, to the disenchantment of the human race? Or do you, indeed, hate men, and want to destroy in them all desire to live by representing existence as an ordeal without end? What is your purpose? Speak!"

I was dismayed. Strange reproaches, were they not? Everybody uses the same method in writing, especially when Christmas stories are in question. One takes a poor little boy or a poor little girl, and makes them die of cold, no matter where, under the windows of some fine house where the lighted tree is shining. It is a custom; I have followed it—that is all. I felt justified and decided to explain the meaning of my Christmas tales.

"Listen," I began; "I do not know who you are, and I do not wish to know. You have asked me some questions. Very well, I am going to answer them; and afterwards I hope that you will not longer deny me the right to sleep in peace for the remainder of the night. In portraying these miseries and agonies I only think of awakening in others sentiments of compassion and humanity: I try to soften hearts which, alas, are often dry and hard."

A strange alarming movement took place among the shadows. I looked at them, stupefied, without understanding their meaning. They turned about in a silent round, as though a sudden attack of fever had seized upon all of them. They writhed, as if struggling in a whirlpool which threatened to carry them away, to tear them to pieces. Again the tempest howled, whistled, laughed, and moaned. And the spectres trembled; their lifeless eyes were still as cavernous as before, although the faint outlines of their faces were contracted by horrible, phantom-like grimaces. The blue phosphorescent light wavered under this silent, incomprehensible dance of the spectres.

A cold sweat broke out upon my body, and my hair stood on end.

"They are laughing," said the passionless voice.

"At what?" I asked in a voice scarcely audible.

"At you."

"Why?"

"Because of the silliness of your childish talk. By depicting imaginary troubles you wish to awaken good feelings in the hearts of men for whom real troubles are a sight only too common! Reflect! If the miserable reality fails to touch men, and does not wound their souls, will your idle fancies enlighten their consciences? And you think that you can succeed? And you cherish such a hope?"

The grinning spectres continued their merriment. It seemed to me that it would never end, that I should see it, filled with terror, until the day of my death. The tempest, also, laughed cynically, and deafened me, and still the soulless voice talked, and talked.

I strove to escape from the obsession. I wrapped myself in darkness, full of grief and rage.

And, suddenly, rolling from my bed, I was cast head-foremost into a dark abyss, in which I wallowed, suffocated by the swiftness of my fall. The pitiless laughter of the spectres pursued me. Through the shadows they seemed to gaze at me, fixedly.

At dawn I awoke with a violent pain in my head, and a sense of distress. My first action was to seize the pages in which I had described the adventures of the blind old man and his companion. I tore them up without rereading. I threw the fragments out of the window, and they were scattered by the morning breeze. And with them flew away at once all those visions born of the hallucinations of the night, which had brought before my eyes all the sorrows, distresses, oppressions, the inexhaustible story of which I had wished to tell.—Translated for the Argonaut from the Russian of Maxim Gorki by Edward Tuckerman Mason.

Owing to its price and scarcity the shade, once the despised "food for Indians," has become a luxury. In William Penn's day the colonists marveled at the shoals that invaded the Delaware. But then the Chesapeake was paved with oysters, and the slaves of Maryland despised so common a diet as terrapin. The shade is today more numerous on the Pacific Coast, whither they had to be transported, than in the fish's native waters, where the fish commissions of the United States and of Maryland have narrowly averted their extinction.

The Houghton Mifflin Company have just completed the publication of their Warwickshire edition of the complete works of George Eliot in twenty-five volumes, finely illustrated with 169 full-page photogravure pictures from photographs and from drawings by leading English artists.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Renewal.

The sea is a molten pearl,  
And pearl the fleckless sky,  
The firstling leaves unfurl,  
And the air is a fragrant sigh.

A bird's soft madrigal  
In the pear-tree's blossoming;  
High on the church-spire tall  
A white dove preens her wing.

The elemental strife  
Lost in a peace profound,  
In sound of quickening life  
That yet is scarcely sound.

One with the starry chime  
Earth keeps her rhythmic beat—  
Our mother, old as time,  
With heart still young and sweet.  
—Ina Coolbrith, in Century Magazine.

## An Ode to Sky-Climbers.

Climb, sky-men, climb above the lessening world  
With all the city's million roofs below,  
And catch the red-hot rivers, deftly hurled,  
And drive them home with hammers, blow on blow;

And, to the under-whistle's tiny scream,  
Ride, as upon some huge ungainly steed,  
Into the sky the cable-lifted beam  
Which quivers in the wind as doth a reed.

Heroes you are who need no drums to urge,  
Heroes who ask no laurel, should you die  
Balanced aloft where tempests heat and surge,  
Half-vanished in the great blue-doming sky!

For (more heroic than the battle-rage  
Which animates the olden poet's lay)  
There in a task Homeric you engage  
Without the strut and tinsel of a play!  
—Harry H. Kemp, in American Magazine.

## Omnia Somnia.

Dawn drives the dreams away, yet some abide.  
Once in a tide of pale and sunless weather,  
I dreamed I wandered on a hare hillside,  
When suddenly the birds sang all together.

Still it was Winter, even in the dream;  
There was no leaf nor bud nor young grass springing;  
The skies shone cold above the frost-bound stream;  
It was not Spring, and yet the birds were singing.

Blackbird and thrush and plaintive willow-wren,  
Chaffinch and lark and linnet, all were calling;  
A golden web of music held them then,  
Innumerable voices, rising, falling.

O, never do the birds of April sing  
More sweet than in that dream I still remember;  
Perchance the heart may keep its songs of Spring  
Even through the wintry dream of life's December.  
—The Athenaeum.

## Of Buried Cities.

Beneath the time-worn streets of ancient Rome  
Mayhap still older streets in dust lie hid:  
Beneath the sands may stand a pyramid  
Unmentioned in historic book or tome;

The forest may o'ertop some crumbling dome  
Beneath which olden rulers dreamed and did;  
Some palace that once housed the mighty Cid  
May sleep below an humble peasant's home.

What of the buried cities of the mind—  
The stately halls and castles still unwrought  
Because we sit with idly, folded hands?  
Shall some one else far in the future find  
What could be ours, would we but take the thought?  
Shall others build upon our barren lands?  
—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Chicago Evening Post.

The trip can now be made by rail, with the exception of a small gap over the summit of the Andes, from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, Chile, in forty-eight hours, and one can travel in a Pullman car from the borders of Bolivia, on the north, to the borders of Patagonia, on the south.

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## "COUNTESS COQUETTE" AND "THE EASTERNER."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

A number of people who have been carefully avoiding Isen went to see Nazimova in "Countess Coquette," and that number immediately split up into two factions, one declaring that her Countess was the daintiest and most enchanting little Coquette that ever was, and the others shaking their heads dolefully over the purchase of a two-dollar seat for the witnessing of such a light play. The truth is, one must be in the grip of a Nazimova enthusiasm in order to get all that one wants out of "Comtesse Coquette." The play is of the kind that appeals more particularly to the taste of Latins. "Comtesse Coquette," as she is nicknamed, is a married woman who loves her husband. To the ordinary American mind that is a sufficient reason for her remaining quietly and contentedly in the domestic fold, instead of venturing into the lair of a would-be lover. To the average Latin mind—that is, to the Continental Latin mind—there is every reason in the world why a charming young woman who "oheys no wand hut pleasure's" should amuse herself by taking the dare of the would-be lover, and calmly going to his apartments just to prove to him that she is perfectly sure of herself.

Nazimova, as might be expected, reveals herself as the daintiest of comedians, with a light but sure touch, and all the charm of face, figure, pose, and instinctive witchery that is demanded in such a rôle. She has several scenes in which it is required that silent acting shall take the place of conversation. This is just the sort of thing that the average American, good, easy man, doesn't like. He is accustomed to action, and action he must have, or he will go to sleep. So the average American was in a state of honest bewilderment while "Comtesse Coquette," for several silent minutes, threw out her pretty cajoleries, and tried to draw a responsive word or look from her jealous, and therefore pretentiously insensate husband.

Unfortunately, in scenes of this kind, light though they be, there must be a good deal of finish in the acting. They have these things down to a fine point on the Continent, where Comtesse Nina, expert little coquette that she is, would never have had such a clumsy, bungling, fat-witted part to practice on as Messrs. Lyman and Lyndal made Di Lorenzo and Ricardi out to be.

Imagine, for instance, a pretty woman saying with a pout, "And when I pressed your foot under the table you never pressed mine back at all." Forthwith a large masculine hoof is thrust forward with much the same forth-puttingness with which the owner might present it to the inspection of his chiroprapist, and Nina is thus tacitly invited to renew her favors in the foot-pressing line, openly, and in the light of day.

The picture this play affords of marriage, and the rules of the game, as practiced in the upper crust of Continental society is also mildly disconcerting to the average American, who, unlike his Continental friend, has not yet evolved to the condition of raising flirtation to a fine art. Flirtation is supposed to be a distinctly American product, but when it comes to a flirtation between idle men and women in the social circles of Europe, with the married state as a deterrent entirely eliminated, the American is not in it; at least, not yet.

As Countess Nina, Nazimova showed herself in her true proportion, seeking neither to decrease nor increase her stature, as was done in "A Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabler." She looked very foreign, and very pretty, and very well dressed. Her lovely hair was beautifully arranged, and her make-up very good, except for the omitting to whiten sufficiently her rather dark neck and arms. She is thin, is the tiny Russian, but so small-boned that she still has a figure worth looking at, and her poses are always instinct with grace itself.

Talking about native products, La Valera, or, to give her true name—which they do on the Orpheum hill—of Mrs. Horton Forrest Phipps, is as creditable to us as our flowers and fruits. And talking about the Latins, she looks like one, and a very pretty one at that, with her black hair clustering around a vivid red rose, and with her bright eyes and flashing smile.

She made a dashing entrance, costumed like Carmen, swaggering daintily and all glowing

with scarlet and gay effrontery, and captured the male constituency instantaneously.

She gives a general impression of youth, color, vividness, gaiety, and abandon, in the dances, and the joy of living is surely hers. Her dancing is very pleasing to the eye, her posturing effective, and she has the ease of a professional.

The drapery dance—"La Banda," I think they call it—was not so well done as the others, and her exits are as yet a little tame, but there is no doubt whatever that if she wants to flash through the Orpheum circuit as a successful and man-capturing dancer she can have her wish.

George Broadhurst is an expert playwright with a knack for thinking up plots, and a turn for up-to-date natural dialogue with plenty of humor and lots of slang. His plays suit men, because men, and not lay figures, populate them.

And by the same token Nat Goodwin is a favorite with men. It therefore follows that at the Van Ness this week may be heard the cheerful sound of innumerable masculine guffaws following quickly upon Nat Goodwin's rapidly uttered and realistically acted scenes of comedy.

"The Easterner" modestly announces itself simply and solely as "a play," but it is really a good, lively, wide-awake melodrama with tons of action, heaps of humor, and loads of sentiment. Now, a melodrama that is built upon foundations of realism can be highly entertaining when the dialogue is as clever and concise as that turned out by Mr. George Broadhurst, and the characters as natural, with humors as an eliminated quantity.

There is nothing startlingly original about the plot of "The Easterner," and no new situations nor dramatic, nor melodramatic novelties have been evolved. In the hands of an incompetent company, the unalashedness of the melodramatic character of the piece, and the absence of a newness or freshness of motive and situation might awaken the note of criticism, when the reputation of the author and his past works were considered. But with a brand-new and beautiful wife hilled as a co-star, and with a particularly competent company to back his own efforts, Mr. Goodwin's venture with the new play promises to be a profitable one.

"The Easterner" is all about mining people and the like who live in the mountains of California, or travel thereto on business. A happy wedding in the first act is quickly followed by the discovery on the bridegroom's part of a flaw in his newly won happiness, resulting from a past indiscretion on the part of his pretty bride. Murder is the result, and a particularly handsome, and therefore sentimentally interesting youth is falsely accused by the betrayer of the bride.

It is Nat Goodwin's agreeable rôle to be the most popular man around those parts, and to espouse, with manly energy and ability, and magnetic faith and generosity, the cause of the accused youth.

Edna Goodrich as the pretty heroine is manoeuvred into the heart of things by being the sister of this youth, and as such speedily captures the heart of his champion.

Some very characteristic Goodwinian love-making results, during which the audience openly and shamelessly makes personal application to the real affairs of the couple on the stage.

Indeed, the personal note was the cause of a mighty risible explosion during one scene, when Goodwin, in his character of genial bachelor, is asked, "Why didn't you ever get married, Warden?" The audience shrieked with laughter, and Goodwin, perforce, had to drop his rôle for the moment and grin an expansive, apologetic, self-convicted grin.

His pretty bride has improved a little hit in acting, but she is a languid charmer, and will have to rely a good deal on her beauty, compounded of youth, the freshness of a rose, a deliciously cream-white skin—very badly painted—heaps and heaps of richly brown-black hair—very badly arranged—and a figure of agreeable curves and symmetry.

Miss Goodrich's speaking voice has improved, but she is altogether too self-conscious, and artificial, and has too much manner and too little sincerity to impress very agreeably as an actress. But all the same she reminds one somehow of a deep-red, velvety damask rose. At present she will have to subscribe to "My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

Miss Pauline Lord is a young and very pretty girl who acted the brief emotional scenes of the hereafter bride very simply and earnestly. Zeffie Tilbury was horribly miscast as an ingénue. I can not imagine what got into them to assign this useful actress to the rôle of a girl in her teens. She was probably acutely wretched in the part, but did her duty unflinchingly with "her golden curls a-hanging down her back," and an ingenuous blue sword twisted in the aforesaid. Miss Tilbury was further obliged frequently to receive the lover's embrace of a handsome stripling, and to finally appear as his heauteous bride in the last act.

The handsome stripling, by the way, acted his rôle extremely well. His name is Lowell P. Sherman. Neil O'Brien's sheriff has the genuine stamp, and Edward W. Morrison gave

a clever impersonation of a Mexican with an accent. There were one or two other characters well played, notably Carl Anthony's villain, and with such an excellent company Mr. Goodwin had no difficulty in making his great scene in the play in which he tries to save the falsely accused boy one of extreme interest.

It was here he did his best work. Goodwin can always be trusted to come in strong in the matter of sincere, magnetic feeling, when the occasion arises, and, as ever, he interpolates sudden dashes of delightfully spontaneous, and never unctuous humor, in a way that always captures the composite heart of his audience.

## CLYDE FITCH'S LATEST.

How America's Writer of Society Plays Handles the "Frou-Frou" Situation.

In the fifty odd plays that Clyde Fitch has offered to the public he has been serious and antic by turns, sometimes, even, simultaneously; but he has seldom failed of "smartness," and several of his slighter efforts have carried by their cleverness rather than by their constructive strength. His latest play offers some points worthy of consideration from the standpoint of the optimistic moralist, however, as well as from that of the more easily entertained habitual playgoer. Without enforcing any of the lessons for dramatists, native or foreign, that may be contained in the plot of the piece, the review given by the New York Evening Post offers some suggestive impressions. The article is quoted nearly in full:

"The Happy Marriage," the new piece by Mr. Clyde Fitch, which was presented for the first time in this city in the Garrick Theatre last evening, is not quite the hit of pure comedy which the box-office in its preliminary announcements declared it to be, for it has intervals of both farce and melodrama, but it reveals flashes of the true comedy spirit, and, while not free from the habitual defects of the author, reveals some of his best qualities. It is smartly written, for instance, is well put together, contains some ingenious and effective situations, enforces a sound moral—though at the cost of logic—and provides some agreeable light entertainment. On the other hand, it is often much more theatrical than human, neglects consistency for the sake of incident, and ignores sincerity in the determination to provoke laughter.

The story, in spite of its inherent contradictions, is well and plausibly told. Joan Thornton, a young wife and mother, of an amatory and jealous disposition, is, though supposed to be deeply devoted to her husband, greatly piqued by his absorption in his business, and his cool reception of her conjugal endearments. She is especially vexed by his desertion of her every evening on the pretext of important financial engagements. In this mood she is only too ready to listen to the insidious suggestion of Paul Mayne, who has long been in pursuit of her, that Thornton is an unscrupulous deceiver, and that he is not attending to business at all, but paying court to one of his old flames, Mrs. Ryton. He proves his case, apparently, in a telephone scene, which is one of Mr. Fitch's characteristically clever inventions. In her jealous anger, Joan permits Mayne to embrace her and finally consents to elope with him, insisting, however, that everything must be done decently. In the next act she arrives in Mayne's office, with the declaration that she has arranged everything, that she has sent word to her husband (whom she supposes to be in Boston) of her intended flight, that she has sent her nurse and child to the European steamer, and that he must go with her to join them at once. Here the scene frequently degenerates into farce, the author's intent, apparently, being to depict the heroine as a flighty, impulsive creature, blind to the consequences of her actions and practically irresponsible for them. But this, of course, is inconceivable in the case of a married woman with a child five years old, and is, moreover, utterly irreconcilable with the conjugal devotion ascribed to her in the earlier scenes. Her whole behavior is preposterous. But Mr. Fitch gets a good deal of fun out of the predicament in which she has placed her lover and her final discovery—by systematic hayingmaking with his private papers—of his entanglement with another woman.

At this crisis, of course, the husband unexpectedly appears, having been warned by a faithful old nurse of his wife's intended flight, and the piece resumes a more serious dramatic course. Thornton—in the guise of the virtuous strong man—carries his repentant wife off from the now thoroughly discredited seducer, forestalling scandal by pretending to believe that her visit had only an innocent business object. In the third and final act, which is in every way the best, strongest, and sincerest in the play, the complete innocence of the husband—so far as Mrs. Ryton is concerned—is satisfactorily established, and the now humble wife, by voluntary confession of her own weakness and folly and earnest protestations of love, reestablishes herself in her husband's confidence, and the curtain falls upon a scene of mutual reconciliation and confession, and an excellent moral application for the benefit of all inconsiderate husbands and too readily suspicious wives.

It is a pleasant little piece enough, in its way, with much bright dialogue, and abundant touches of the lesser realism, in which Mr. Fitch is an adept, and not a little that is trivial and superfluous. If its inconsistencies and its theatricalities were less marked, it would have greater pretensions to the title of comedy. The representation at the Garrick is capable, but not brilliant. Mr. Edwin Arden lacks the lightness, the variety, and the finesse needed for a proper interpretation of

the husband's indifference in the early scenes—his manner is almost callous enough to justify the worst that his wife could do—but he plays in the concluding episodes with authority and force. Miss Doris Keane supplies an attractive personality as the wife, and acts with intelligence, if with but little art. But some of the weaknesses of the play might have been less obvious in a more adroit and finished interpretation.

## Miss Clement's Farewell Concert.

Miss Ada Clement, the pianist, has been induced by her many friends to give a farewell concert, prior to her departure for Europe, and the event will take place at the residence of Mrs. A. Stuart Baldwin, Presidio Terrace, First Avenue and Washington Street, on Saturday afternoon, May 22, at 2:30. Miss Clement will be assisted by Mrs. Mathilde Wismer, soprano; Mrs. Frank Van Ness Cox, contralto; Miss Dorothy Pasmore, 'cellist; Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist. The programme will be a varied and most attractive one throughout, including, in addition to Miss Clement's piano solos (Schumann and Chopin), several songs, and piano and violin, and piano and 'cello sonatas, by Beethoven and Rubinstein.

In listening to Gounod's "Faust" has it ever occurred to any one that the scene in the church when Mephistopheles appears before Marguerite is far fetched and illogical? asks a correspondent of the *Musical Courier*. To be sure, if we were to look for logic in operas of this kind, practically the whole Italian and French repertory could be thrown overboard; but the church is the last place where one expects to see the devil. As a matter of fact, this melody, which sounds so strange coming from the mouth of his satanic majesty, was originally written for Valentine. Gounod intended to have the shade of Marguerite's brother appear in the church and thus sing his reproaches to his erring sister; but Balanque, the basso, who created the part of Mephistopheles at the première, was displeased because he had no cavatina in the third act, and he requested Gounod to allow him to sing this part in place of Valentine. The composer acquiesced, and the success of Balanque was so great in this scene that it was thereafter retained as a regular part of the rôle of Mephistopheles.

James K. Hackett has gone into vaudeville, playing a sketch made from an incident in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," and entitled "The Bishop's Candlesticks."

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VANITY FAIR.

The restaurant tipping system comes periodically to the front. Sometimes it is the restaurateurs who decide that something must really be done, and sometimes it is the waiters. Of course nothing results, because the matter is in the hands of the diner and of no one else. So long as he wishes to give tips he will do so and he will wish to give tips just so long as he possesses the order of mind that delights in acquiring undue advantages and that revels in the power to purchase servility.

Now and then we get a glimpse of what the tip system means. Here, for example, is a Cleveland waiter who has been pursuing his trade for seventeen years and who now resigns in order to enjoy the \$30,000 that he has saved from tips. That sum represents something like \$20 a week that has been saved, and as this waiter is said to have received no regular wages, we may assume that his total receipts in tips averaged at least \$35 a week, allowing \$15 a week for living expenses. Supposing him to work for seven days a week, which is unlikely, his tips would be \$5 a day. A good waiter is, of course, worth \$5 a day—he is worth \$1000 a day, but the question is who ought to pay it to him—the restaurateur or the diner? And that is a question that may be left unanswered because it is unanswerable. It is the price paid by the diners for undue advantages over other diners.

But it is none the less a hardship upon the low grade waiters. If the fashionable restaurants can get waiters who are willing to work without salaries, the unfashionable restaurants naturally expect to do the same thing, and the waiters who wait upon lesser folk find that the aggregate of their tips is insufficient to support life. Some men wax fat and kick, but the waiters kick because they have no chance to wax fat, which in its way is a good thing, because a fat waiter is probably a perspiring waiter, and we do not like to have our soup further adulterated after it leaves the kitchen.

A Washington correspondent says that Assistant Secretary of State Adeë has certain social functions that are not included in his official duties, but that are rated at a high value by hostesses who wish to avoid the *faux pas* that are reckoned among the unpardonable sins. Mr. Adeë has devoted much time to a study of precedence. Presumably such recondit learning is necessary to him in his duties, and being a good-natured man he places it freely at the service of his friends, who are numerous. The lady who wishes to give a function submits the names of her guests to Mr. Adeë, who obligingly separates the sheep from the goats and places each guest in the exact position to which it has pleased the god of social things to call him. A Washington correspondent says:

Mr. Adeë knows more about rank and precedence than Uncle Joe Cannon does about the rules of the House. And if you are not thoroughly posted in the intricacies of official precedence you would best restrict your guest list to plain individuals who have never risen above the rank of mister. Your dinner will be irretrievably ruined and you will make enemies for life if you happen to seat a senator at your right hand and a justice of the Supreme Court at your left. Or it would be just as bad if you were to give the place of honor to a reverend jurist, with a foreign minister present.

The same correspondent regrets that dinner-giving in Washington is not what it should be. It is "a sad, stilted proceeding. There is but one caterer here, and he has charge of most of these functions. Naturally, they become more or less stereotyped in character. A popular diner-out is confronted evening after evening with the same cut-and-dried fare. It is served by the same hired waiters, with whom before long he acquires, unconsciously, almost a speaking acquaintance."

It may be observed with regret that the suffragette agitation is sometimes attended with personalities. A case in point comes to us from London. The occasion was a procession of women, although why the fact that women can walk in procession should be considered an argument for female suffrage is not clear. Perhaps it is a proof of the power of coordination, but, however that may be, there can be no excuse for the action of a mere man who vociferously advised the malcontents to go back to their washtubs. Upon the principle of the soft answer that turneth away wrath one of the processioning ladies recommended the intruder to go to the washtub himself, her remark being directed not so much to the advantages of useful labor as to a personal appearance that seemed to call for soap and water upon an extensive scale. The lady's repartee was an undoubted hit, but when was the fair sex ever lacking in a power to "answer hack," which can hardly be said to be the art of debating in its highest form, but that may perhaps have its forensic uses.

Personal cleanliness is now an aristocratic virtue, but it was not ever thus. The ancient chroniclers tell us that Edward IV was supplied with a barber as part of the royal outfit, somewhat like Mr. Roosevelt, but the duties of that functionary were not so onerous as those of his crafts-fellow at the White House.

King Edward's barber was required to shave his royal master once a week, but his duties did not end here. He was also expected to supplement these weekly duties by washing the King's head and feet, "if so be necessary." Perhaps once a month or so sufficed for these other ministrations. Where so little attention was given to the body itself, it is hardly surprising that still less was given to the linen. In those days the total laundry bill of a ducal family was about forty shillings a year. Lord Howard possessed but four shirts and when Master Howard went to college he carried with him a conclusive proof of his rank in the form of one shirt. Presumably he had it washed during the annual vacation.

But reverting to the subject of the suffragette movement, an amusing report comes from Bloomington, Illinois. It seems that Mrs. A. O. Murphy went to the polls like a dutiful wife to vote for her husband, who was a candidate for member of the board of education. She prepared her ballot before leaving home and put it in her purse, together with a blank check and perhaps the usual recipe for dried apples, hair restorers, and treasures of a like kind. She may have been flustered at finding herself within the sacred precincts of the civic temple, but however that may have been, she handed to the election officers, not the ballot, but the blank check.

The real fun of the situation comes in the sequel. When the votes were counted it was found that Mr. Murphy was tied with a Mr. Hill for the place and upon drawing lots Mr. Hill was the lucky contestant. Had Mrs. Murphy cast her vote instead of her blank check her husband would have been elected.

The shopkeepers and merchants of Paris wish it distinctly to be understood that they have entered into no arrangement or agreement with the United States customs officials whereby the latter will be informed as to the extent of the purchases made by American visitors to France. The said shopkeepers and merchants are, moreover, deeply grieved that any such imputations should be made against them and wish it to be understood that their relations with their customers are of the most private and confidential nature and that wild horses could not drag from them the financial nature of those relations. So strong is the feeling upon the subject that a circular is being issued to visitors indignantly asking how the American public could be led to believe that any self-respecting French business house could take up on any inducement such a "low-minded" procedure as informing upon its customers. They want no doubt to exist in the minds of traveling Americans that all their relations with their customers are strictly confidential. In short, the document boils over with evident disapproval, to use a mild term, of the United States treasury, between which and the Rue de la Paix there is no truce. The couturiers say they are "all on the side of personal human liberty" and can not understand why the United States government should descend to such pettiness as ill-bred interest in and meddling with the personal wardrobe of citizens of either sex.

"All this agitation has done us irreparable harm," said the head of an illustrious firm of goldsmiths, which is one of the oldest in that trade in Europe, to the correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, "and no matter what reassurances now are made thousands of visitors, who otherwise would have been purchasers, will be frightened, and therefore will spend their money in other ways. It is astonishing how each summer a different but generally spread set of convictions is found among the thousands of Americans who come here. One summer the mysterious conviction prevails that the United States customs authorities are unusually slack and that anything can be got through. Another season it is commonly understood that everybody must be more careful than ever. This year already we see signs of timidity to a degree hitherto unequalled, and so we are sending private letters to every visitor of note to inform him that he has nothing to fear and that so far as we are concerned we know how to hold our tongues."

The gravity of the social situation in France does not prevent an animated discussion as to the age at which a woman is most beautiful. It is strange that the consensus of opinion excludes very young women. "Sweet Seventeen" finds no favor in the eyes of the average Parisian, whose appreciation of female loveliness is not a matter of mere whim, but of elaborate study and appreciation. Thus Marcel Prevost says that the age of absolute beauty in woman passes very quickly, but in Paris many women are most attractive between thirty and forty.

Feminine beauty, according to Abel Bonnard, the poet, is only perfect between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, while "a woman is always beautiful if she has the beauty of her age" is the opinion of Mlle. Breslau, who adds, however, that "the majority of our contemporaries appear to forget it." Her personal opinion is that a woman is at her best between thirty and forty.

Mme. Marni, the novelist, considers that the beautiful woman's triumphal period is be-

tween thirty-five and forty, and Mme. Dieulafoy declares for the years between thirty-three and forty-five. Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, the novelist, says that it is impossible to deal with the question of woman's beauty in figures. Two women born on the same day are not fifty on the same day. "There is no age for beauty," she says. "All roses do not bloom at the same time."

Woman's age for retreat has been put back within recent years, according to the opinion of several distinguished persons. The reason

given is that women today have a more just notion of their value. The progress of feminist ideas has emancipated them from the old slavery to husband and family.

Dentist—Now, what can I do for you? Patient (whose heart has failed at the last moment)—Oh, er—my teeth are perfectly all right, thanks. Er—what I really came for was to ask if you would—er—care to play golf with me—er—some time this summer.—Punch.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A prisoner at the sessions had been duly convicted of theft, when it was seen, on "proving previous convictions," that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed. "Why didn't you say so?" asked the judge of the prisoner angrily. "Your lordship, I was afraid of prejudicing the jury against me."

It was a Scot, of course, whose minister reproached him as an habitual absentee from kirk, and who pleaded his dislike of long sermons. "Deed, man," said the minister, "if ye dinna mend, ye may land yersell where ye'll no be troubl'd wi' mony sermons either lang or short." "Weel," was the answer, "but it mayna be for want o' ministers."

An elderly farmer up in Maine lost his wife, and his nephew was taking the old man back to the empty farmhouse. "Well," said the old man after a long silence, "forty-six years. I suppose she was a good wife to me. She was a good cook and a good house-keeper, and she kept me well redd up, hut, do you know," he added, "I never liked her."

President Hadley is never without a ready and witty remark. Yale's Sunday services are addressed by prominent clergymen of many denominations and from many cities. When these visiting preachers occasionally ask President Hadley how long they shall speak he invariably replies: "There is no limit, sir, upon the time you may preach; hut there is a Yale tradition that no souls are saved after the first twenty minutes."

A charming girl of eighteen, the daughter of a Western publisher and quite a society queen in her own city, had been brought to Washington by her father, and at one of the White House receptions was presented to President Roosevelt. As her small hand disappeared within the hearty grasp of the President the maiden looked up at him and smiling sweetly said: "I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Roosevelt. I've often heard father speak of you."

A young country chap once got a job in a city grocery. He was very cautious in his new berth—they had told him at home that the city people would try to josh him because he was green. He kept a sharp lookout accordingly for joshers. A soher old maid entered the grocery one morning. "I want some bird seed, please," she said. The new clerk sneered and answered scornfully: "No, ye don't, lady. Ye can't josh me. Birds grows from eggs, not seeds."

John Snobbins, the cohhler, recently christened his establishment "The Boot Hospital." A customer of a kindred lightsome spirit brought him a pair of hoots which would have disgraced a gouty tramp. "Shouldn't 'ave these mended if I was you," said Snobbins, severely. "I would present 'em to the deservin' poor." "But I want them mended," was the reply. "This is supposed to be a hospital for hoots, isn't it?" "Yes, it's a 'ospital all right enough; hut it aint a mortuary!"

Three doctors were operating on a man for appendicitis. After the operation was completed one of the doctors missed a small sponge. The patient was reopened, the sponge found within, and the man sewed up again. Immediately the second doctor missed a needle. Again the patient was opened and closed. Then the third doctor missed a pair of scissors. "Gentlemen," said the victim as they were about to open him up again, "for heaven's sake, if you're going to keep this up, put huttons on me."

Booker T. Washington, on a tour of New England, formed a habit of eating Washington pie. Washington pie is a two-layer cake with a custard filling, and covered with white icing. It is served in pie-shaped pieces. Stopping at a country hotel Mr. Washington called for this delicacy. The waiter brought him something that resembled it, hut the icing was chocolate instead of white. Mr. Washington looked it over, then turned to the waiter and said, "You've made a mistake. I wanted George not Booker."

Of Sabbath-breaking north of the Tweed there is the story of the Scot and his wheel-harrow, which has been fathered upon Sir Archibald Geikie. Donald was hammering away at the bottom of his garden when his wife came to the door. "Mon," she said, "ye're making much clatter. What wull the neehours say?" "Dom the neehours," said the husy one. "I maun get ma' barra mendit." "Oh, hut Donal, it's vera wrang to work on Sawhath," expostulated the good wife; "ye ought to use screws."

General Miles tells a story of a corporal in a regiment under his command in the old Indian fighting days, says the *Detroit Free Press*. This corporal was much chaffed by his comrades for his oft repeated expressions of

relief in "fatality" and "destiny." One day it appears that the corporal, while off duty, was preparing to take a little horsehack exercise and recreation. A private observed that the corporal took care to attach a brace of pistols to his saddle. "Hello!" shouted the private to the corporal. "What are you taking the guns for? They won't save you if your time has come." "True for you," grimly responded the corporal, "hut I may happen to meet an Apache whose last day has come."

Ambassador Lloyd Griscom, at a dinner that he gave to a party of Philadelphians visiting Rome, praised the well-known American veneration for antiquity. "It is seldom enough," said Mr. Griscom, "that we find an American phlegmatic before the treasures of Rome's past. I have only found one such person. He is a Southerner, and I gave a day to showing him about. The first church we visited was, I think, the Ara Coeli, on the Capitoline Hill. 'This church, Calhoun,' I said, 'is 800 years old.' 'Humph,' said he, 'it smells a lot older!'"

The president of a Western university relates how, on one occasion, when a certain well-known educator was dean of that institution, grave complaints against the college cook were brought to him by one of the undergraduates. Whereupon the dean summoned the delinquent, duly lectured him upon his shortcomings, and, in short, threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered. "Good gracious, sir!" exclaimed the cook. "You oughtn't to place too much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals. Why, sir, they come to me in just the same way and complain about your lectures!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Pup.

Upon my coat-sleeve is a hair  
Which doth a story tell.  
It proves a head hath rested there  
And proves it pretty well.  
I'll trumpet up no excuses fine  
For I admit, you see,  
I just can't keep that pup of mine  
From climbing up on me.  
—Kansas City Times.

Her Busy Day.

Higglety-pigglety, my black hen;  
She laid three eggs at half-past ten;  
She laid another at half-past eight,  
And then laid off to re-coop-her-eight.  
—Lippincott's Magazine.

As It Happened.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,  
Put up a huff at raking hay.  
But on the high road kept an eye  
In case a judge came riding by.  
And, sure enough, a judge did pass  
At forty miles an hour, alas!  
It gives to romance quite a jar,  
The modern honk-honk touring car.  
—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Spring Poetry That Counts.

The hardy may sing of the flowers of spring  
That garnish the grave of winter,  
But they don't appeal to the inward feel  
Of this particular printer.  
He never longs for the classical songs  
In April cold and sadish,  
But he's carried away with a ragtime lay  
Regarding a red, red radish.  
As a thrilling theme for a poet's dream  
Is the lettuce ever beaten?  
The crocus smiles in the forest aisles,  
But the crocus can't be eaten.  
So run away with your virelay  
Of violet, rose, or pansy;  
Sing me a song of a bean pod long  
Or a rollicking onion stanza.  
—Newark Evening News.

The Old-Fashioned Bonnet.

How dear to my heart is the old-fashioned bonnet.  
The old-fashioned bonnet that Nell used to wear;  
Without any plums and red cherries stuck on it—  
The bonnet that didn't require phony hair.  
The dish-pan effect may be stylish and stunning,  
The waste-paper basket that's lately come in  
May be quite the rage and recherche and cunning,  
But give me the hat she tied under her chin.  
—Detroit Free Press.

Hubby (modestly)—I was taken by surprise when you accepted me. Wife (sarcastically)—Is that so? You were taken by mistake, if anything.—Kansas City Journal.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Summer quiet is fairly well established already, save for the weddings, which would seem to indicate that the old superstition as to the ill luck of the May bride is becoming obsolete. Many small and unimportant events seem to fill the time of those in the social world and many small week end house parties are beginning to take place.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lucie King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. King, to Mr. Lawrence W. Harris. Their wedding will probably be an event of the fall.

The engagement is announced of Miss Christine Roosevelt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Roosevelt of New York, to Lieutenant James E. Shelby, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Azalea Keyes, daughter of the late General Keyes, to Mr. Alfred Heitman of England. The wedding will be celebrated in Paris in July.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Martin, daughter of Mrs. John Dahlgren, to Mr. Marcel Cerf took place on Wednesday of last week at noon, at the Swedenborgian Church, the Reverend Doctor Worcester being the officiating clergyman. Mr. and Mrs. Cerf sailed the same day for the Orient and on their return will make their home in San Francisco.

The officers of the U. S. S. *Tennessee* entertained at a matinee dance on Monday last in honor of Miss Peggy Simpson.

The officers of the *Presidio* entertained at a dance on Wednesday evening of last week.

Paymaster Grey Skipwith, U. S. N., entertained at a dinner on board the *Pennsylvania* on Friday evening of last week.

Mrs. Frank Anderson entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Monday last.

Miss Julia Langhorne was the hostess at a luncheon Tuesday last and also on Friday of last week in honor of her cousins, the Misses Duane of New York.

Miss Maud Bourn was the hostess at an informal luncheon on Monday last.

Miss Maud Wilson entertained at an informal tea on Monday last in honor of Miss Louise McCormick of Chicago.

Baroness von Schroeder was the hostess at a tea on Sunday last at the San Rafael Country Club in honor of Miss Nellie Dent Grant.

Mrs. John T. Meyers gave a bridge tea at the St. Francis last week in honor of Mrs. Thomas Huntington. Among the players were Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Mrs. W. P. Hammon, Mrs. Joseph Masten, Mrs. George Hill Stoddard, Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Noble Eaton, Mrs. Frank Somers, Mrs. Harry Umbsen, Mrs. Prentiss C. Hale, Mrs. Frank Kerrigan, Mrs. George Fish, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Elyse Schultz, and Miss Georgia Hammon.

Mr. Charles S. Fee, general passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad, entertained his assistants and the men connected in a big way with the passenger department at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Wednesday. Among those present were Mr. James Horsburgh, Jr., Mr. Paul Shoup, Mr. F. E. Batturs, Mr. F. S. Judah, Mr. E. E. Wade, Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Jones, Mr. Martin, Mr. Clapp, Mr. Durhrow, Mr. Graham Burkhalter, Mr. Forsyth, and Mr. Schillingsburgh.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. A. N. Drown and Miss Newell Drown were, when last heard from, traveling in Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin have returned from Europe and are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. James Follis, at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett have recently arrived in Paris.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Mrs. William Denman have returned from a fortnight's stay at the Van Ness ranch in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Maillard and their family are at their country place in Belvedere for the summer.

Miss Rhett of New York, who was here as the guest of Mrs. William B. Bourn, has returned to her Eastern home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin have gone to Paso Robles for several weeks' sojourn.

Mrs. Theodore Payne, who is at her Menlo Park home for the summer, has been spending a few days at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin are the guests of

Mrs. E. L. Griffith at the latter's home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl left last week for New York, where she will spend several weeks.

Miss Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard are at present staying in New York.

Miss Edith Chesebrough has returned from a visit to Southern California.

Miss Mary Keeney is spending a fortnight at Menlo Park as the guest of Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have closed their Pacific Avenue home for the summer and are at their country place at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller spent the week end in Ross as the guests of Mr. Henry E. Bothin.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron left last week for a brief trip to New York.

Mrs. William C. Van Fleet and Mr. Allan Van Fleet left last week for Europe, where they will travel until the fall.

Miss Laura Hamilton and Miss Alexandra Hamilton, who have been traveling in Europe for the past year, returned last Saturday.

Miss Clara Allen has returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk will spend the summer months at Santa Barbara and San Mateo.

Miss Margaret Thompson will leave tomorrow for the East and will spend the summer months in Maine as the guest of her cousin, Admiral Henry Lyon, U. S. N., retired.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is domiciled at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Selfridge (Miss Grace Baldwin) have returned from their wedding journey to Del Monte.

Mrs. Julia Bolado Ashe and Miss Elizabeth Bender have returned from a stay of a month in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tallant and Miss Aubrey Tallant are at Blithedale for the summer.

Mr. Cyril Wynne left this week for Seattle, where he will spend the summer months.

General and Mrs. Oscar F. Long have gone to Denver for a visit.

Mrs. M. P. Jones is at the Hotel Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. E. A. Ostermann, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frederick Talcott, and the Misses Talcott, all of the U. S. Marine Service, are staying at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson went to Del Monte last week, accompanied by their Los Angeles friends, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, Mrs. Randolph H. Miner, and Mr. Alfred H. Wilcox.

Colonel Marion P. Maus registered at the Hotel St. Francis last week for a brief stay in town.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watt of Pasadena, with their child and maid, have just registered at the St. Francis.

Dr. Jacques Loeb is again at Pacific Grove, where he will spend a little time in biological work before going abroad.

Miss L. M. Hoskins and Miss Jane Easton came up for a brief stay at the St. Francis a few days ago.

Sir Graham and Lady Graeme, who have made an extended tour of the world since leaving England, are spending a few days at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell have come up to the city from Menlo Park and are at their apartments at the Fairmont.

Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Trille will go to Pacific Grove the middle of May.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier, who have recently moved to San Rafael, have been in the city for a short visit and have occupied their rooms at the Fairmont.

Rear-Admiral Uriel Schree, who will take command of the Pacific fleet on the retirement of Rear-Admiral Swinhurne, is at the Fairmont while his ship is in port. Admiral Schree is accompanied by Mrs. Schree and Mr. J. H. Schree.

Dr. and Mrs. M. O. Terry of New York are visiting the St. Francis.

General Marion P. Maus has returned to the Monterey Presidio.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Fenyes came up from Pasadena last week for a visit at the St. Francis.

Mrs. John M. Galloway of New York is at Del Monte, and with her Miss Alice and Miss Lucy Hanchett of San Francisco.

Mr. Francis McComas spent the week end at Del Monte.

Captain and Mrs. R. H. Fenner were at Del Monte last week with their guests, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Knight, of Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Walsh of Oakland, with Mrs. George M. Westcott, spent a few days at Del Monte.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Richard E. Cummins are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Captain T. C. Ewerts, U. S. N., arrived at the St. Francis last Sunday.

Mrs. William R. Smedberg is visiting her daughter, the wife of Major G. W. McIver, at the Monterey Presidio.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Miss Owen, Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Mrs. Frank L. Owen, Miss Brewer, Mr. Benjamin Romaine, Mr. William Romaine, Mr. E. Friedman, Mr. C. H. Detrick, Mr. L. W. Storror, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stone, Mr. Daniel E. Hayes.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado are Mrs. Stuart Hockstadler, Mr. John E. Hockstadler, Mrs. Henry Lyon, Mr. Charles A. Cooke, Miss L. Yates, Miss M. Winch, Mrs. R. O. Yates, Mrs. K. W. Allen, Mrs. S. M. Coburn, Mr. and Mrs. David Graham, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Stock.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Bellinger, U. S. A., superintendent of the Army Transport Service at San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Manila, not later than August 5, for duty as constructing quartermaster.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Ducat, U. S. A., promoted from major, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., is assigned to the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.

Commander R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., is ordered to command of the *Glacier*.

Captain Arthur H. Bryant, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was promoted from first lieutenant, to date from March 31.

Captain Edward P. Rockhill, Medical Corps, U. S. A., having been examined for promotion by a board of officers and found physically disqualified for the duties of a major in the Medical Corps, by reason of disability incident to the service, his retirement by the President from active service is announced, to date from February 26.

Captain Thomas A. Pearce, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed by order of the President to fill a vacancy in the Pay Department, to take effect July 6, when he will proceed to Atlanta, Georgia, and report in person to the commanding general, Department of the Gulf, for duty.

Lieutenant C. S. Freeman, U. S. N., is detached from the *Connecticut* and ordered to the *California*.

Lieutenant L. B. Porterfield, U. S. N., is detached from the *West Virginia* and ordered to the *Olympia*.

Lieutenant P. P. Blackburn, U. S. N., is detached from the *Tennessee* and ordered to the *Supply*.

Lieutenant Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., is detached from the *California* and ordered to the *Chicago*.

Lieutenant J. P. Lannon, U. S. N., is detached from the *Tennessee* and ordered to the *Tonopah*. Lieutenant-Commander A. H. Scales, U. S. N., is detached from the *Missouri* and ordered home to wait orders.

The largest candle ever manufactured is destined to burn four years and seven months in memory of Joseph Petrosino, the New York detective who was assassinated while on a secret mission to Sicily. It was finished the day Petrosino's body reached America and was sent to the pro-cathedral in Mott Street, where the funeral took place a few days later, and where it was designed that the great candle should burn continuously in memory of the slain officer. But threats to dynamite the church if the candle was kept there were received and it was returned to the firm which made it. It awaits the disposal of the widow, who is arranging to have it sent to her husband's birthplace in Italy and there enshrined. The candle is nine feet high and three feet, six inches in circumference. It weighs 178 pounds and is almost covered with fourteen-carat gold leaf. It cost \$350 and is the present of the manufacturers, in whose home Petrosino lived when a boy.

The ability to read backward what has been impressed on a blotting-pad, and the secrets which the latter will yield when reflected in a mirror, are dangers against which the British Foreign Office has taken its precaution. It was the last place where pepper-casters of sand were used to dry the written word, and for a time black blotting-paper was specially manufactured and used. But it was found not to be absolutely mark-proof, so that absorbent rollers were introduced for blotting diplomatic documents. When such a roller has been run over letters sideways and up and down a few times, to decipher its impressions would defy even Sherlock Holmes.

In one performance of "Aida" in Chicago the trumpets played out of tune and Conductor Toscanini was so affected by the incident that he had a violent attack of nervous indigestion, could eat nothing for several days, and had to give up conducting "Falstaff." That was the only performance that he missed on the tour. So says the New York *Sun* in a half-column of news of the musical world.

The design for an equestrian statue of General Philip Sheridan executed by Charles J. Mulligan, a Chicago sculptor, has been accepted by the Sheridan Monument Association. The statue will be erected on Sheridan Drive and will cost \$75,000, most of which sum already has been raised through subscriptions.

Richard Strauss, the composer of "Electra," says that Verdi's "Falstaff" is the greatest masterpiece of modern Italian music.

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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Sporting Life," the English melodrama, with its fifteen scenes, exciting situations, and added distinction in the person of the redoubtable Battling Nelson, is notably effective with large audiences at the Valencia Theatre this week. Its run ends with the Sunday evening performance.

Next Monday night, "York State Folks," a pastoral comedy, will be presented for the first time in this city. The play was written by Arthur Sidman, and it has been most successful wherever it has been produced. With all its serious and romantic complications, entangling and setting at odds a father and his son, the lover and his intended, village officials, and old-time friends, the element of humor is ever present, and the leading character is particularly pleasing in a genial, homely way. Charles Dow Clark will play this part, Myron Cooper, the tax collector of the town; George Osbourne will be the obstinate father; Paul McAllister, the wayward son, in difficulties; and Florence Oakley will have a pretty rôle as Jennie. All the favorites of the company are in the cast. Several specialties will be introduced, and the scenic equipment will be more than merely adequate.

There should be overflowing audiences at the Princess Theatre this week and next. "Piff, Paff, Pouf" is the silliest thing that has been seen there since "Wiener & Schnitzel"; but, unlike that offering, it has some really funny songs, and many pretty stage pictures. Fred Mace is equal to all the buffoonery required of him, and, in addition, sings with evident appreciation and intelligibly. James F. Stevens is still melodiously winning. Edwin Emery, a new-comer, might be much worse in his Foxy Grandpa rôle. May Boley, with little opportunity, is statuesquely comic, and always pleasing to the eye, the ear, and the intelligence. Zoe Barnett has another shrieking specialty, but atones for it with a lively song. The chorus is Frenchly attractive.

Nat C. Goodwin and Edna Goodrich will revive "The Genius" for the second week of their engagement, beginning next Monday night. They were seen here in this play two years ago, and it is remembered that they made it an enjoyable offering. Mr. Goodwin finds in Jack Spencer a congenial rôle, and easily proves it to be of especial comedy value. Miss Goodrich was a delight to the eye as Nell Graham, during the former visit, and will be no less pleasing after a longer acquaintance with its possibilities. The company supporting the stars are no less acceptably placed in "The Genius," and it will undoubtedly sustain the flood-tide of success reached this week.

At the Orpheum next week there will be a bill of exceptional merit. The Lulu Beeson trio, consisting of Lulu Beeson, Ward, and Weber, will present a singing and dancing act called "A Night in El Paso," in which the two young men attired in Mexican costume make their appearance in a canoe and serenade in front of an adobe hut and are answered by Miss Beeson from the window. Their dancing succeeds. The Countess Rossi and M. Paulo will present a tuneful and interesting act entitled "During the Performance." Flo Adler, whose catchy songs have made her a favorite in the vaudeville theatres, will be included in the attractions. Knight Brothers and Marion Sawtelle, whose character impersonations and eccentric dancing recently scored such a hit, will return for next week only, which will be the last of the Five Juggling Normans, Frederick Allen and Company, Francini-Olloms, and the inimitable Russell Brothers, assisted by Flora Bonfanti Russell, in their farce, "Our Servant Girls."

The final performance of "The Easterner," by Nat C. Goodwin and Edna Goodrich, will be given at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night.

Arthur Cunningham, the popular baritone singer and Irish character actor, has been secured by Manager Walter Hoff Seely for the Valencia Theatre forces and will open an extended engagement in a favorite Irish play Monday evening, May 31. W. T. Sheehan, Joseph Murphy's former stage manager, and who will be remembered for his clever work in "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhuc," will return with Mr. Cunningham.

"Peggy from Paris," for which most elaborate and expensive preparations are being made, will follow "Piff, Paff, Pouf" at the Princess Theatre. This is one of the earliest and yet one of the best of George Ade's musical pieces.

"Jack Straw," the comedy in which John Drew is to make his appearance at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday, May 24, is said to be full of amusing situations and clever, witty lines.

"The Man from Mexico" will be given at the Valencia Theatre the last of this month.

Ethel Barrymore continues eminently successful in her latest play, soon to be seen here.

### The Lambs' All-Star Gambol.

The Lambs' Club of New York includes in its membership most of the theatrical people of prominence who reach the metropolis. In the *Globe* a few days ago an announcement was given of the "gambol" soon to be held by the club, which this year has been planned on a more ambitious design than usual.

When the Lambs' All-Star Gambol takes place at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of May 24, opening the tour which will carry the organization as far west as Chicago, a remarkable display of "talent" will grace the occasion.

Augustus Thomas, the shepherd of the Lambs, will act as interlocutor in the minstrel first part, which will be one of the features of the Gambol, and his company will be made up of the following players:

Comedians—William Collier, De Wolf Hopper, Lew Fields, Joe Weber, Dave Montgomery, Eddie Foy, John Slavin, Andrew Mack, Digby Bell, Maclyn Arbuckle, Henry E. Dixey, Charles Evans, Nat M. Wills, Charles Hopper, Ignacio Martinetti, William Burriss, Clayton White, and Raymond Hitchcock. Fourteen in this list are well-known stars.

The list of singers includes the following: Eugene Cowles, Frank Belcher, Joseph Miron, George Hamlin, Donald Brian, Walter Lawrence, Neil McKay, John McClosky, George Leon Moore, William Stewart, John Park, Melville Stewart, and Scott Welsh.

The list of so-called legitimate actors—so-called merely to differentiate between actors, comedians, and singers—is made up of the following famous names: Wilton Lackaye, Robert Hilliard, Dustin Farnum, William Farnum, Harry Woodruff, Edward Abeles, John Mason, James O'Neill, Joseph Grismer, William Norris, Joseph Herbert, Cyril Scott, William Courtleigh, John Kellard, Arthur Byron, William Muldoon, Hassard Short, Thomas W. Ross, and Charles J. Ross. In this list appear the names of fourteen of the foremost American male stars.

One of the most notable features of this theatrical pilgrimage will be the presence of eleven of the most famous dramatic and musical authors who have been identified with theatricals for the last quarter-century. They are Augustus Thomas, David Belasco, Charles Klein, William Gillette, Edward Milton Royle, Clay M. Greene, Eugene W. Presbrey, Henry Blossom, George Broadhurst, and George V. Hobart.

Victor Herbert will accompany the Lambs with a band of fifty pieces, and will lead the street parades in each city. Before the 24th of May, when this monumental theatrical troupe begins its week's trip, a number of other authors, actors, composers, and singers will undoubtedly be added to this list. As it stands now it is the most formidable array of famous stage names that has ever been placed on one billboard.

Kate—Do you think it's true that people catch anything through kissing? Madge—Oh, I don't think so. See how often you've been kissed, and you've never caught anybody yet.  
—The Club Fellow.

Graduate nurse would take charge of patient or child going East. Address 1365A Valencia.

### The Travelogues at the Garrick Theatre.

A large amount of pleasure and knowledge is to be derived from a Travelogue, when one hears Wright Kramer deliver one in the series which is now being given in the Garrick Theatre. It is easy to stay at home in San Francisco and yet become comparatively familiar with what is fascinating and beautiful in the great cities of far-away lands, some of them practically unknown to most Americans. Such is the city of "Fez," in Morocco, which is the subject of the Travelogues being delivered this Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon. Mr. Holmes shows all that is stranger in the old Moorish metropolis, and also the quaint life in the seaports and on the wild and lawless plains.

Owing to the many requests for more of these Travelogues, Manager Greenbaum has arranged for three additional ones. The first will be "Paris," to be given on Saturday evening, May 15, followed by "London" on Sunday afternoon and "Berlin" on Sunday evening.

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He—How is it you are always out when I call? She—Just luck.—Life.

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.—Life.

"Does your son profit by your example?" "Thunder, no! Why, he wants to get married."—New York Herald.

"My wife can cook," said the benedict, proudly. "Don't worry. Maybe she won't," answered the bachelor.—Life.

Londlady—There's only one way of making coffee to get the good out of it. Boorder—You have certainly discovered it, Mrs. Hashley.—Boston Transcript.

"Say, Daisy, did yer see when I took hold of yer hand the funny look yer ma gave me?" "Go on, Tim, ma didn't give it to yer; you've always had it."—Life.

"How's collections at your church, Brudder Shinn?" "Well, we aint nebber had to stop in de middle ob a collection to go an' empty de box."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Some people can stand on the top of a high building and look down," said Mrs. Lapsling; "but I can't. It always gives me an attack of verdigris."—Chicago Tribune.

Pickpocket (who has just been "nabbed") Strike me, if my luck aint dead out! Ter think that only this mornin' I 'ad a 'aircut—a sheer waste o' thrupence.—The Sketch.

"So Bliggins has written a historical novel?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "Who is the hero of the book?" "The man who has undertaken to publish it."—Washington Star.

Sporting Editor—Just what do you understand by the term "poetic license"? Literary Editor—Broadly speaking, it is that singular provision in the constitution of the universe under which poets are permitted to exist.—Chicago Tribune.

Bridge Teacher—Now, if your partner is dealer and has a dreadful hand, what will she make it? Mrs. Baker—No trumps. Bridge Teacher—Why, you don't know anything about bridge? Mrs. Baker—Possibly not; but I know all about my partner.—Harper's Bazar.

"Yes," said the suburbanite, as he wielded a hoe, "I am fond of poultry dinners." "Then it is a wonder you don't raise chickens instead of flowers?" remarked the mutual friend. "Oh, what's the use? My neighbors raise the chickens."—Cleveland Daily News.

Girl with the Claro Morris Eyes—I always feel like a fool when I try to talk about art. Girl with the Viola Allen Voice—You don't need to feel that way. If you lean your head a little to one side when you look at a painting, and throw in a remark now and

then about "perspective" and "tonal values" you can pass for an art critic with the best of them.—Chicago Tribune.

"No man should write poetry until he is fully matured." "Right. And after that he'll be ashamed to."—Cleveland Leader.

"Was he acting as if he had taken a drop too much?" "Yes, but he wasn't acting as if he thought he had."—The Bellman.

Lady (to applicant for post of caretaker)—And your name? Applicant—Mrs. 'Edge, please, ma'am. Spelt with a haitch, same as the 'edges outside!—Punch.

Hubbubs—Hello! Subbubs. Have you a good cook now? Subbubs—I really don't know. I haven't been home since eight o'clock this morning.—Philadelphia Record.

The Doctor—Young man, it will not do for you to stick in an office. You must get outdoors—must have air. By the way, what is your occupation? Patient—I am an aeronaut.—Life.

"Those apples you sent up," said Bifkins, "were not half bad." "I'm glad you liked them," rejoined the grocer, cheerfully. "Yes," continued Bifkins, "only about a third of them were bad."—Chicago Daily News.

"Did you do much sight-seeing when you went abroad?" "No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls did the sight-seeing. I had to put in my time finding the places where they cash letters of credit."—Washington Herald.

Doctor—Most—er—fortunate you consulted me. I'm just the very man to—er—cure you. Patient—Ah, that's lucky! You are quite familiar with my complaint, then? Doctor—Familiar? My dear sir, I've had it myself—er—this twenty years!—Comic Cuts.

Dugald—Yon was not a verra neighborlike thing to be doin', Angus, when you was tellin' the whole toon that I was drunk aal the week that we was in Glescow. Angus—I never said no sich word out o' my lips, Dugald Mackay. Aal I said was that you was perfect sober on the Sabbath Day!—London Opinion.

"So you enjoyed my Hamlet," said Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Yes," answered the woman who tries to be complimentary. "I am glad of that. So many people nowadays do not enjoy Shakespeare." "I know that. But the way you play it, it doesn't seem the least bit like Shakespeare."—Washington Star.

PLEASE NOTE—This is to remind you that EDGAR C. HUMPHREY is the pioneer specialist in property from San Mateo to Menlo Park and about the Stanford University. Homes for sale and lease. Acres for sale. Offices, Call Building, San Francisco, telephone Kearny 4656; Palo Alto, telephone Palo Alto 229; residence Menlo Park, telephone Palo Alto 217.

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: A Suggestion—Transportation, Business, Tariff—A Petty Instance—An Old Principle Reasserted—Hetch Hetchy Again—Reform in Practice—The English Accession Oath—George Meredith—Hammond Lamont—Editorial Notes	337-340
CURRENT TOPICS	340
OLD FAVORITES: "The Garden of Proserpine," by Swinburne	340
THE LATE HEINRICH CONRIED: Miss Jeannette Gilder Gives Some of the Reasons for the General Dislike of the Metropolitan Manager	341
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World	341
A PRAIRIE CONVERSION. By E. Mirriellies	342
MARION CRAWFORD'S LAST NOVEL: "The White Sister" Is a Story of Modern Italy and of Much Dramatic Power	343
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn	344
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications	345
FOR AMERICANS IN PARIS: "St. Martin" Describes the New Hospital for the Benefit of Transatlantic Visitors	346
JAMES CRICHTON, "THE ADMIRABLE": Dazzling Attainments, Knightly Skill, and Treacherous Death of the Genius	346
DRAMA: "The Genius" and "Sporting Life." By Josephine Hart Phelps	347
VANITY FAIR	348
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	349
THE MERRY MUSE	349
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	350
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT	351
CURRENT VERSE: "Tyre," by Charles Leonard Van Voppen; "The Voices," by Charles Hanson Towne; "The Shadows," by Robert Logan; "The Poet and the Fountain," by Arthur Colton	351
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day	352

### A Suggestion.

Mrs. Collis P. Huntington has given a plot of ground at Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-Sixth Street, New York City, valued at \$250,000 or more, to the American Geographical Society. This reminds us that Mrs. Huntington is the owner of a fine property in San Francisco which it has long been understood she is willing to give to any use that may commend itself to her judgment. The property in question is the full half block between California and Sacramento Streets upon which the Huntington home stood prior to the disaster of 1906. Many uses have been suggested for this lot, but none above serious criticism. The history of women's clubs and associations, with their differences of motive and purpose and with their natural rivalries, does not tend to inspire enthusiasm in the appeal in their behalf. The tract is not rightly placed for a woman's hotel. There is no real necessity for a public library, especially in the situation of this particular property. Suggestions based on these several ideas, therefore, have failed to find favor.

The Argonaut suggests that a most excellent use for

this property would be that of a public park, admission to which should be allowed only to women and children. Other parks in the thickly populated part of town are all but useless as far as women and children are concerned, because throughout the day they are possessed by a horde of more or less disreputable loungers. Union Square, for example, is a harboring ground for multitudes of unclean and questionable persons who in good weather fill every available seat and sprawl about to the disgust and discomfort of those who might make legitimate and proper use of the grounds. It is with difficulty that a space can be kept clear as an out-door lunching ground for groups of young women who visit the park during the noon hour. The Huntington property, while not large, is nevertheless large enough for the use we have suggested for it. It would give to women, and particularly to children, an opportunity to enjoy the air and the sunshine which is now denied them because no means have been found by which our present park blocks can be kept clear of idlers and loafers.

### Transportation—Business—Tariff.

One who reads the newspapers of the country with anything like close attention can not fail to be impressed with the tendency toward renewed general prosperity. Perhaps the most reliable barometer of business conditions is the transportation interest, which suffers if times are bad and which prospers if times are good. It is of interest, therefore, to note the circumstances suggestive of transportation activity, especially in view of the lethargy which prevailed all over the country during the greater part of last year.

It will be recalled that prior to the panicky period there was a dearth of freight cars. It was difficult to move merchandise promptly in any part of the country because all the cars of all the companies were steadily in use. Then after the panic it became a problem for the different railroad companies to properly take care of the vast number of idle cars which they found on their hands. Every one who traveled much during last year, and even early in the present year, will recall the interminable lines of idle freight cars which stood in the yards and on the spur tracks adjacent to every railroad centre. Within less than half a year trains entering Chicago or Pittsburg ran for miles between lines of dead cars. Almost suddenly conditions have changed, for now we read in the Chicago Tribune that the great railroad lines are not only finding use for all the cars available, but are increasing their stock of cars by way of getting ready for the coming productive season. We quote:

The Pennsylvania is in the market for 500 refrigerator cars; the Western Pacific, which is the latest to come into the Gould system of roads, is asking for bids on 1500 freight cars to be used in the West; the New York Central has ordered 3000 gondola cars of large capacity; the Santa Fé has placed an order for 500 automobile and furniture cars; the Great Northern has placed an order for 500 refrigerator cars; the Missouri Pacific is in the market for more than 2000 freight cars of all kinds; the Cotton Belt is going to build 500 freight cars in its own shops; the Louisville and Nashville has ordered material for 300 freight cars, which it purposes building in its own shops; the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton is to order ten switching engines; the Pacific Fruit Express has ordered 1500 steel under-frame refrigerator cars, each of forty tons capacity, and the Rock Island is contemplating an order of 22,000 tons of 85-pound steel rails in addition to the 18,000 tons which have been received this year.

Work was today begun by the Pullman Company on a \$3,000,000 improvement of the shops at Pullman, which will make them the largest car construction plant in one unit in the world. The expenditure was decided upon by the board recently in the belief that by the time the additions to the works are completed, which will be in September, the company will be able to produce an output of between 40,000 and 50,000 freight and passenger cars a year. The capacity of the plant is to be increased two-thirds, the increase being entirely in the line of steel car construction.

There can be no mistaking the significance of these reports. They show that the tide is turning and that

the movement is not only heavy enough to take up all idle stock in the form of freight cars, but to impel the railroad companies to a general refurnishing of their equipment.

The confidence implied in these incidents is in accord with a statement made by Secretary MacVeagh at a Union League Club dinner in New York on the 13th instant. "The business situation throughout the country," said Mr. MacVeagh, "is hopeful." Proceeding, he declared that the administration, which always keeps a careful thumb on the business pulse of the country, is satisfied that the period of depression is practically at its end and that it is to be succeeded by a period of satisfactory activity in all departments of business. In the opinion of Mr. MacVeagh, industrial enterprise is only waiting, and that, too, with some impatience, for Congress to finish its job of tariff making, to the end that production may be reestablished upon the basis of two years ago. He expressed entire confidence in the ability of Congress to come to a satisfactory conclusion of its work.

We think Mr. MacVeagh is right with respect to the general situation, but at the same time we find it difficult to share in his hope of a satisfactory conclusion to the work now in hand at Washington. The difficulties of readjusting the tariff are plainly more serious than they were expected to be. Everybody is willing that the tariff shall be reduced at those points which affect interests other than their own; but nobody is willing that there shall be a cut in connection with his own particular interests. At the last summing up of the pending measure the general percentage marked an increase (1½ per cent) rather than a decline when compared with the schedules of the Dingley bill. This, of course, is not what the country demanded, not what the Republican party promised, not what Mr. Taft stands pledged to promote. The country will not be satisfied with a measure which does not substantially reduce the tariff burden, and it will not consider the matter settled until such reduction shall be made. Senator Cummins of Iowa is something of an extremist, and perhaps something of an alarmist, none the less he is right in the declaration that unless the tariff measure shall achieve what is promised it will tend only to political dissatisfaction, to continue and to emphasize the movement for reduction, and inevitably to general uncertainty with disturbance of business.

We think it extremely doubtful if Congress at this session will be able to enact a measure satisfactorily answering party pledges, and if the measure as it shall finally be framed up is not adequate or satisfactory it will put the President in a very difficult position. The timid ones will urge him to sign it, but men of sounder judgment will counsel him to give approval to no measure which by its inadequacy fails to meet the pledge of the party and to accord with his individual wishes as they have been declared to Congress and the country.

In the judgment of the Argonaut Mr. Taft will not consent to be fooled with in this matter of tariff modification. The position of the party is clear; his own position is clear. We believe he will be satisfied with nothing short of a fair and adequate redemption of plain promises. He is, we believe, sufficiently acquainted with the necessities and disposition of the country to know that an inadequate adjustment would be worse than no adjustment at all.

### A Petty Instance.

One morning within the week a young man connected with the Argonaut found it necessary to have his razor sharpened. Regarded in connection with its intrinsic importance the matter is no great one. But it is not without importance in view of what followed in the attempt to get done in a full working day a bit of work which at most ought to take twenty minutes. Four establishments in the razor-grinding line were duly



visited and in each instance the job was declined unless the owner of the razor would consent to a delay of twenty-four hours. Vainly he pleaded for a delay of only half a day upon the basis of immediate necessity. In not one of the four shops applied to could the thing be done.

Now as to the reason why: The Barbers' Union or some other connected with the razor-grinding function has in its wisdom decreed that no razor left to be ground or honed shall be returned to its owner upon the day of such grinding or honing. Did we in haste use the word reason? Really the term seems misapplied. There may be reason in the superior lexicon of trades unionism in that fine development which we have in San Francisco for taking twenty-four hours for a twenty-minute job, but the *Argonaut* in the poverty of its intellectual resources fails to see it.

The young man who wanted his razor sharpened finally found a non-union mechanic, in a decently ordered shop, a man evidently self-respecting, and, as the outcome proved, entirely competent in his business, who undertook the work on the short-order principle. The job was done while the owner of the razor waited. And for its life the *Argonaut* is not able to see that any one was in the least harmed by the promptness with which a very simple mechanical operation was accomplished.

Men and brethren, how supremely silly and vexatious is this petty scheme of restriction which trades unionism applies alike to the construction of an ocean liner and to the sharpening of a razor! How tawdry and cheap and how demoralizing because tawdry and cheap is this rotten system which won't permit a mechanic to do a petty job of razor sharpening except under rules destructive to individual self-respect because destructive of a simple and manly independence!

How long, men and brethren, is an American community, legitimate inheritor of the ideals embodied in the Declaration of Independence, going to consent to a surveillance of the functions and uses of life so searching in the pettiness of its tyranny as to restrain a mechanic from so simple a task as sharpening a razor until the requirements of a meddling trades unionism shall be answered?

#### An Old Principle Reasserted.

In the conflict which has been raging in San Francisco and elsewhere during the past three years between the integrity of the law on the one hand and the system of terrorism and subornation for which Detective Burns stands on the other hand, the *Argonaut* has never for a moment lost faith in the ultimate triumph of the principle of legal regularity. It has seen this sort of conflict before and it has noted in every instance that the forces of legitimacy and tradition triumph in the end. For while popular sentiment is prone to be misled by pretensions, to accept fads and whimsies and to follow false lights for a time, it invariably comes round to a sound view of things, unfailingly harking back to those principles which have become fixed in universal respect by common acknowledgment and by long usage. If, indeed, it were not so government of the people and by the people would be an impossibility; for if the people did not at bottom respect the integrity of the law and if they did not finally insist upon it, soon there would be no law, no government, no anything but disaster and chaos. At times the American people are vexatiously apathetic; they will endure much and even appear to have lost consciousness of what is essential to the integrity of their system. But there is always an awakening; and it comes in time to save the country from the disaster which would follow a radical and persistent contempt of legality and regularity.

Those who look at the inner meaning of things have been interested recently in a curious concurrence of events widely separated at the point of geography, but tending to one purpose. For example: (1) the breakdown in Oregon of the case urged by Heney and Burns against State Senator Booth; (2) the result in San Francisco of the several trials of Tiley L. Ford; (3) more recently the failure at Washington to convict John Benson, the land grabber; (4) again here at home the failure to convict Luther Brown on the charge of kidnapping the delectable Fremont Older. The last of these instances especially illustrates the point. Upon the basis of Older's testimony a clear case was made against Brown, but the jury did not believe Older. His character for truth and veracity and for general decency was not sufficient even to have value as corroborating testimony. The case was lost, not because the evidence was insufficient, but because the character of the

man who gave it was such as to render it worthless—indeed, it tended to make prejudice the other way. A jury of intelligent men naturally felt suspicion and doubt with respect to testimony coming from one discredited by his own character and associations and the circumstances under which he appeared before the court.

Juries are as ready now as ever they were to convict criminals upon adequate testimony; but juries neither in Oregon, at Washington, nor in San Francisco will convict men upon such testimony as Mr. Burns presents and under such circumstances as his association with a case implies. The character of those who testify against those charged with crime must appear in some decent correspondence to the character of the men criminally charged. Witnesses brought into court by Mr. Burns under terror of punishment, under bribes of immunity, under the scourge of public and private threats—such men have no standing before intelligent juries and should have none. One to have character as a witness must have some character as a man. This is an old principle in the administration of justice in this and in every other civilized country, and the course of recent events is making it very plain that it is a principle deeply fixed in the mind of the American juror.

#### Hetch Hetchy Again.

The *Argonaut* can not spare the time nor give itself the unceasing labor required to keep track of the Hetch Hetchy question in its various and shifting phases. But this the *Argonaut* does know and it will say it again for the hundredth time, lest the line of common sense be forgotten, that San Francisco is not now in a position financial or political to undertake the expenditure of anywhere from fifty to a hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars for the sake of a possible benefit to be achieved anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five years from now. Leaving out all other considerations, the Hetch Hetchy project is an impossibility from the standpoint of time and in relation to the purposes and uses of the generation which now lives in San Francisco. And for this generation to take upon itself the colossal obligations involved in the Hetch Hetchy project is a thing beyond common sense, out of all legitimacy or reason.

We have recently suffered a colossal disaster; community fortunes and private fortunes have suffered. Every facility of organized municipal life has been destroyed. We are engaged in the tremendous task of rebuilding a city not indeed from its foundations, but from the point where its foundations must rest. Streets, sewers, schools, municipal structures, a better system of fire protection—these and a hundred other things are to be provided and on a scale suited to the great future which looms before us. The public resource is even now being strained in the accomplishment of these things. Private resources likewise are being used to their limit in the reconstruction of individual properties. In such a situation, with the fullest possible demand upon every sort of public and private property, it would be ridiculous, asinine, to take upon ourselves the stupendous and unnecessary work of creating a water system for future generations. The situation is one in which we may with propriety and good conscience leave future generations to provide for themselves.

San Francisco has in the Spring Valley system, with its undeveloped fields, a sufficient water resource for a city of double our immediate population. In quality it has been good enough for the past fifty years, distinctly better than the water supply of any American city equal to our own in size. It is conveniently near, it is capable of immediate and continuous development as our needs increase. Now the line of common sense is to make such an adjustment as will give to the Spring Valley Water Company a reasonable and legitimate income, allowing the burden of investment to rest where it now rests—in private hands. Under such an arrangement no public or private interest would suffer. The city would have an ample supply of good water not only for domestic use, but for protection against fire. Justice to those citizens who have invested their funds in water securities would be achieved. No new burden of financial obligation would be put upon the municipality. Here, we say, is the line of plain common sense. It is what any business man would do in relation to his private affairs under similar conditions.

This whole agitation about water has as its fundamental motive the inordinate political ambition of Mr. James D. Phelan, who now for some ten years or more

has been trying to use the water issue as a compelling force in relation to his privately organized political machine. He has had the sinister cunning to see that an agency to which every household must pay some tribute is a good thing from the standpoint of cheap politics to fight and keep a-fighting. As to the real interest of the citizen and of the community he cares nothing more than any other man, indeed very much less than most of us, for he is willing to keep the city in a constant state of irritation, suspicion, and alarm based on a faked-up issue to the end of mere selfish political advantage.

We are told that public opinion is strongly in favor of a system of public ownership. This may be so; but public opinion does not alter the facts of any situation nor change plain and fixed principles. If public opinion is now favorable to a system of public ownership with its large financial responsibility and with its dangers through waste and corruption in administration, then public opinion is wrong, as, indeed, it very commonly is. But if public opinion, right or wrong, must still have its way, then let it take a course which most nearly comports with the dictates of common sense, which is another name for business prudence. If we must have a public water system, if we must take on a vast debt and then have our waterworks operated by the Caseys, the McCarthys, the Tveitmoes, then let us proceed by direct methods and take over the Spring Valley system, which stands ready at hand and which must, even in case the Hetch Hetchy scheme should be adopted, ultimately be acquired. But because the public insists upon having a publicly owned water system there is no shadow of reason for going the whole hog of extravagance and folly to develop the Hetch Hetchy plan, which looks not to the present but to a future so distant as to lie beyond the range not only of the necessities but of the reasonable responsibilities of the immediate generation.

#### Reform in Practice.

We have an interesting sidelight upon one phase of the ultra reforming mind in connection with current events at Portland, where a municipal election is to be held early next month. Certain men not unknown even though rarely successful in Oregon politics have talked much if not eloquently about the "will of the people," not only since the primary law was enacted, but long before. Now there has been an election under the direct primary scheme for the choosing of candidates for the mayoralty, and as the result of this election, ex-Senator Simon received 5608 votes as against 5513 for all other candidates, these latter representing the sacred cause of reform under the rule of the "will of the people." It would be reasonable to suppose—indeed, it would seem almost an affront to suppose otherwise—that the reformers would bow gracefully to the "will of the people" as defined under their own test, and retire from the field. But not so. The opponents of Mr. Simon, who so clearly represents the "will of the people," have gotten together, condoned and forgotten their private differences, and have selected a man to pose as an independent candidate and contest the final election with Mr. Simon, one whose name did not appear in the primary election. They are not satisfied with the "will of the people"; they reject its plain determinations as expressed by their own favorite method, and will undertake to defeat it by an adroit combination, close kin at the points of principle and method to the old political game which they have been instrumental in discarding in favor of the "reform" system.

It is this sort of thing, observed in various manifestations through a long course of years, that has given the *Argonaut* so poor an opinion of reform and reformers. Almost invariably when you scratch a loud-braying political reformer you find a tartar of political disappointment or business self-interest. As a rule your reformer is a man whose ennobled animosity is less intense against the evils of which he declaims than with respect to certain rivals and enemies who have played the game more successfully than himself.

It is only a few months ago here in California that a certain silver-tongued gentleman, whom the *Argonaut* has always liked despite certain sinister connections and in the face of what we have deemed a mere attorneyship in politics, was ranging over the State exploiting the cause of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League upon the basis of misdoings on the part of the established party organization. Craft in legislation to the end of special and private advantage was one of his severest charges. Now—within the week—we hear of this same gentleman



as the active promoter of a successful effort before the State Legislature, not very long ago, of a measure introduced in the selfish interest of a particular client and so adroitly worked as to have precisely achieved its aim. It would appear that there is something like poetic retribution in the fact that this gentleman now finds himself embarrassed in the supreme opportunity of his professional life by the very law which through his own ingenuity and address was engrafted upon the statute books.

In estimating the character of a reform movement in politics or in anything else, it is not only legitimate—it is not only right, but discreet—to look into the character and purposes of the men who propose it and of the methods by which they urge it. A movement truly moral in its inspirations and aims may be depended upon to attach to itself men of moral purpose and to proceed by moral means. A movement supported by men of questionable character, proceeding by questionable and wrongful means, may well be distrusted. Plainly, those at Portland, who have brought about the rule of the direct primary, who have loudly proclaimed themselves champions of purity in politics, and who have as loudly exploited the "will of the people" under the direct primary system as something scarcely less sacred than the voice of God—these noisy reformers are not willing to take their own medicine, since at the very first disappointment they basely reject the "will of the people" and fall back like a gang of vulgar conspirators upon the old game of combination, manipulation, and miscellaneous skulduggery.

#### The English Accession Oath.

The House of Commons performed a substantial act of justice a few days ago when it voted for an alteration in the oath of accession now taken by the British sovereign and for the removal from that oath of certain injurious references to the Roman Catholic religion. Pressure of business will probably prevent the bill from becoming a law during the present session, but a decided affirmation of the principle involved is all that its friends expected. A complete enactment will follow as a matter of course.

This action of the House of Commons marks almost the final disappearance of the Catholic disability legislation that was born in more troublous days and that has now outlived its usefulness. But the need for such legislation was real enough at the time. It was intended as a bar to Catholic encroachment that had made itself felt all over the world, that was not satisfied with spiritual conquests, but that would have shackled all the countries of the world in the yoke of Catholic dominion. The wars that were waged by Spain in the Netherlands, in England, in South America, and elsewhere were not so much in furtherance of her own territorial ambitions as in pursuance of her mission as the champion of the Catholic Church, which was determined that there should be no government anywhere except as that church might direct. Under Queen Mary, a Catholic, England had become a mere vassal of the church. It was the church that she had to combat in the guise of the Armada. Under the Stuart kings, with their constant tendencies toward Rome, she had seen her religious liberties again endangered and her position abroad reduced to its lowest point of power and influence. Small wonder that she should identify the Church of Rome with everything that was perilous in her life and with all the forces dangerous to independence and liberty. To be a Catholic in those days meant the repudiation of all obligations, material or moral, that might conflict with the claims of a foreign papacy. It meant the renunciation of patriotism.

That these conditions have passed away is due to the fact that the Catholic Church has shown a disposition to learn its lesson—indeed, it may be said to have learned it so far as the English-speaking peoples are concerned. It still maintains its claim to the temporal power in Italy—a claim that the Italians seem competent to deal with—while in France it has lately retired from the conflict? It is still supreme in Spain and Austria and it has by no means given up hopes in Germany. But it has returned to sanity in America and in England, but the return has naturally taken a long time to make itself felt. Confidence so ruthlessly abused has been slow in restoration. But it has been restored, as is evidenced by the slow repeal of anti-Catholic laws in England. The larger policy has been justified by its results and now comes this final change in the accession oath. There is no longer reason to believe that a Protestant is likely to make a

better king than a Catholic or that the empire will now be endangered by the religious convictions of its figure-head. Catholics have been admitted to the universities, to the judicial bench, to the official world from its lowest positions almost to its highest. No one now suggests the smallest dereliction of duty because of religious opinion, or the slightest deviation from justice. The Viceroy of India may be, and has been, a Catholic. What then could be more illogical than still to insist that the higher figure whom he represents must be a Protestant and that he must use a form of accession oath so framed as to insult a vast and highly respectable section of the people? The survival of the oath in its present form has become an anachronism and one that is due to innate conservatism rather than to a continuing policy.

In America we have passed through a somewhat similar experience. It is true that a dread of Catholicism has not been concentered into laws, but public opinion is the most effective law of all, and public opinion, in the earlier days, was an absolute bar to the official ambitions of Catholics. For this they had to thank their own record rather than the bigotry of their opponents. The history of their church was an open book and it was filled with warnings from cover to cover. The church had to make a new record, and it has fortunately done so. The aspirant for political favors need now make no confession of faith, and a record of dangerous religious ambition has been displaced by a modern experience that good citizenship is compatible with any and every shade of theological opinion. No one now suggests that we are the losers by a universal toleration that cares nothing at all for a man's private convictions so long as his actions are of good repute. The church might have learned her lesson long before and so have avoided the active disabilities that existed in the old world and the passive ones that were naturally inherited here. By learning them at the eleventh hour she has opened to herself every door of official advancement that is hinged upon public confidence, and when the present bill has passed into operation in England the statute books of the English-speaking world will be swept clean of legislation intended for other days and whose need has now happily passed away forever.

#### George Meredith.

The death of George Meredith, full of years and honors, would be accompanied with a profounder sense of literary loss but for the obvious and satisfying completeness of his life's work, the perfect and harmonious finish of his achievements. He was eighty-one years of age, but his mental brilliance was undimmed and even his physical vigor was preserved marvelously to the end. There was no fitful flickering of the light before its extinction. It burned clearly and steadily and then disappeared and the darkness is felt only by ourselves.

Meredith was one of the few writers of the front rank who was equally great as a poet and as a novelist. Indeed, his prose was poetry, his lyricism breaking out in his novels as though it were his easiest mode of expression. Perhaps his poetry is obscure, but it is not the obscurity of vague thought, but rather of a magical condensation of thought, of a prodigality of fancy and of a swift perception of truths that leaves us breathless and bewildered.

But Meredith the poet will appeal to the comparatively few, while Meredith the novelist will appeal to the many. The shuttles of criticism will continue to flash over his verse, but there will be hardly a discordant note in the chorus of praise that his novels will evoke for many years to come. He looked straight into the world of men and for him the dominant and the enduring fact was the greatness and the beauty of life. He saw it all so clearly that sometimes his vigor of description was distressing to sensitive minds, but no one will ever say that he was unfaithful to his vision or swerved from the pictures unveiled by his own genius. This fidelity to an ideal is perhaps more evident in his poetry than in his novels, but it guided all he wrote and he obeyed it inflexibly.

Meredith's impersonality was a part of his nature. However great an interest was evoked by his work, he could never understand why the public should have any curiosity about the workman. He hated to be interviewed, to be asked for his portrait, or to read biographical notices of himself. It was once said of the great classic writers that they hated to exhibit themselves apart from their work, and Meredith had all of this dislike to unrobe himself for vulgar curiosity. The world had no further concern with him than to

read his writings. In them he was to be found as the physical vision could never disclose him.

He unbent a little upon his birthday a year ago, receiving visitors and their congratulations with the easy good nature of a man whose work is done and who can afford to relax the rules. Perhaps, too, he felt that the overwhelming tribute was in the nature of a farewell to which he should graciously respond. And a farewell it proved to be.

#### Hammond Lamont.

American journalism in its higher character suffers a distinct loss in the death of Hammond Lamont, editor of the *New York Nation*. Mr. Lamont belonged to that too limited group to whom journalism is a profession, an opportunity, an obligation, rather than a mere sordid trade. He came to his work through propensity and conscience and he sustained it by the corresponding qualities of moral insight and resolution. Those who mourn the decadence of journalism, those who question the possibility of an independent and manly career in journalism, would do well to heed the lesson of Mr. Lamont's experience. At the start he had no advantage over many another conscientious and worthily ambitious youth; he had neither inherited wealth nor powerful connections. His capital, in addition to health and a sound education, was that of high character, fixed purpose, and the port of a gentleman. That these qualities carried him even in relatively early life to a place so high and to a career so distinguished is a fact worth heeding, not only as illustrating the value of character combined with working force, but as an inspiration to young men in journalism the country over. The man who really succeeds in journalism, as in other spheres of life, is always the man whose aims are high and whose resolution is firm. The young man in journalism who puts aside his ideals, who abandons his principles, who sacrifices his convictions, who serves any and every purpose of whomever may chance to employ his talents—such a man may find a livelihood in journalism, but never by any chance does he rise in it to a true and worthy public service. The journalist worthy of the name—the only journalist worthy of the name—is the man who regards his work in the light of conviction and conscience as his individual contribution to the activities of the world, who carries himself with an integrity which knows no such principle as concession, who makes no moral compromises. Among journalists of this type and class Mr. Lamont has been conspicuous ever since as a youth he entered the journalistic profession as a reporter on the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. The character, the spirit, and the resolution which marked his career as a reporter became the foundation of the larger career which has been ended by his untimely death.

#### Editorial Notes.

In view of the fact that the Navy Department has now for some years past been making strenuous efforts to establish the social position of the enlisted men of the navy, and of the further fact that the President of the United States and ex-officio head of the navy took it upon himself only a year or so ago to roundly lecture his fellow-citizens in this connection, there is a basis for smiles in an experience reported within the week from Donaldsville, a small town on the Mississippi River and in the State of Mississippi. The appearance of a gunboat at Donaldsville stirred the hospitable Southern spirit and its manifestation took the form of a general dance, to which officers and men alike were bidden by personal invitation. The jackies came first and the dance was well a-going when the officers arrived. Those who know something of naval caste will understand the embarrassment and consternation which the situation developed. The officers declined to take part in the dance so long as the enlisted men remained, and thus under pressure the latter were bidden to leave the hall. They went, so the story goes, to another hall down the street, being followed by most of the damsels of the place, who had lost their hearts to the enlisted men before the officers arrived. The incident is petty enough, but the Navy Department would do well to revise its own social regulations upon patriotic principles before again lecturing the country on its patriotic obligations.

It is not necessary that one should be a lawyer or any other kind of a specialist or even a very close observer to see that the pending procedure in Judge Lawlor's court is wandering far afield. The issue no longer appears to be that of the guilt or innocence of



the man at bar. It relates less to the nominal purpose of the trial than to the determination of other and indirectly related matters. One might think that not Mr. Calhoun, but Mr. Spreckels, Mr. Phelan, Mr. Wheeler, and others were on trial. Judge Lawlor, while more or less discredited by the events of the past two years, is none the less a man who knows some law. He knows what the obligations and duties of one who presides in a court are. He ought to check the tendency of the procedure to wander away from the real issue. This ought to be done because it is right under the law, right of itself. There is another reason related to the enormous cost of this procedure. Some part of this cost, to be sure, is traceable in current bills of expense. But there are other and larger elements of cost of which no special and definite reckoning is made. The public is being taxed and taxed heavily for the maintenance of the court and for the carrying forward of this procedure; and every day spent in futile questionings and discussions relative to the private motives of Mr. Phelan, Mr. Spreckels, and others involves waste not only of time, with delay and denial of justice, but waste of money, which must be made up by larger exactions upon the taxpayers of San Francisco city and county. True, the cost of court proceedings is only an incidental matter; the main thing is the enforcement of justice. But this is a case where legitimacy of procedure and the interests of reasonable economy are coincidental.

The new Kansas liquor law in the thoroughness and severity of its provisions surpasses all previous efforts in the line of prohibition. It not only prohibits the manufacture and sale of liquors in any form, but it undertakes to prohibit the consumption of liquors under any circumstances. Under this law a man may not take a drink from his own private bottle without incurring the penalty of the law. It remains for practice to develop the working efficiency of this law; nevertheless the *Argonaut* thinks it knows what the outcome will be. A law so searching and severe is bound to be a dead letter, for it must fail of public respect. A few enthusiasts may, indeed, give it support, but the great mass of the people will recognize its extravagances and therefore wink at its evasion. In practice this law will meet the fate of every other which goes beyond the bounds provided by the common judgment and the common sense of the public. There is only one way to make men temperate in any positive and effective sense, and that is to impress upon them the advantages of temperance. The scheme of prohibition even in its least radical phases tends not at all to persuade men of the evils of intemperance or to control their appetites. And because it fails to do these essential things it has small value as a practical working principle.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

The peculations of the Sugar Trust are not upon a larger scale than many others that have been disclosed in recent years, but the direct, it may almost be said the vulgar, way in which they have been engineered has appealed strongly to the popular imagination. Robbery is one thing, but the three-card trick is quite another, and while the moralist may see no difference between the two forms of theft there is actually all the difference that conventionality can give. We do not mind being robbed, but human nature springs up in revolt if the robbery is performed by other than the recognized methods.

The Sugar Trust has robbed the United States government of \$1,250,000 and the said government has agreed to accept \$2,000,000 in settlement of fines amounting to \$9,000,000. Why a felony should be compounded in such a way as to leave its perpetrators with \$7,000,000 to the good is a little hard to explain, but perhaps the government did well to follow the lines of least resistance and to agree to wipe the financial slate clean upon the aforesaid payment which has now been made in cash. The Sugar Trust has paid its fine and it has been accepted without detriment to such criminal prosecutions as may be instituted.

The fraud was an ingenious one. At the Brooklyn docks there are seventeen weigh houses where the imported sugar is assessed for duty. In each of these weigh houses there is a desk for the customs officer and another one for the representative of the Sugar Trust. The sugar is placed upon the plate outside and an indicator legible to those within the house shows the weight of the load. The method of fraud was simplicity personified. A small spring was cunningly inserted so that it should hear upon the lever of the scales and so falsify the weight. This spring was adjusted by the representatives of the trust, of whom there was one for each house during the weighing operations.

The remarkable feature of the case is that this procedure has been going on undetected for six years. During these six years the American Sugar Refining Company of New York—one of the companies forming the trust—has landed on the Brooklyn wharves no less than seventy-five million pounds of sugar upon which no duty has been paid. That is to say, it has stolen from the government one and a quarter million dollars and so has incurred a possible fine of \$9,000,000. It is at least

satisfactory to note that the offenders have been mulcted in an amount of three-quarters of a million dollars over and above their fraudulent savings, and the promptness with which the fine has been paid shows that they think themselves well out of the mess. The official responsibility for the acts of the weighers seems to be proved by the fact that these men are said to have received a special salary in the way of a bonus. For the moment the general interest in these disclosures and in their result has almost eclipsed the tariff.

But the tariff refuses to occupy the background for more than a moment. The hue and cry from the press may sink for a moment, but only to be taken up again with redoubled energy. Some of the trade newspapers are now hot upon the trail of the tariff mongers, who exercise a despotic power to tax their fellow-men that few European monarchs have dreamed of for the last two hundred years. The King of Spain, we are told, or the German emperor would lose throne and perhaps life if they dared to impose taxes with the irresponsible autocracy placidly avowed by Senator Aldrich. Thus the *Shoe and Leather Reporter* holds up its hands in pious horror at the self-revelations of the senator, who justifies his present policy in the matter of hides by a reference to his record when the Dingley bill was on the carpet. Mr. Aldrich says:

After we had got through the consideration of the bill, the late senator from Iowa, Mr. Allison, said to me: "Really, you ought to vote with me for a duty on hides, and I will consider it a great personal favor if you will put it in the bill and report it in that way." I could not resist the argument which he made to me as a protectionist, and it was my vote that put the duty on hides in the existing law, and the bill was so reported to the Senate, and was concurred in by the House of Representatives. So I think my record is pretty clear upon the question of a duty on hides.

The *Reporter* expresses its fear that some other senator may follow Mr. Allison's example and whisper some more confidences in Mr. Aldrich's ear. It is of course pleasant to know that every man, woman, and child in the United States has to pay a trifle extra for boots and shoes so that Mr. Aldrich might confer a "great personal favor" upon his friend Mr. Allison, but the *Reporter* thinks that this sort of thing may go too far, which only proves what a querulous and captious individual the said *Reporter* must be. "Should auld acquaintance he forgot?"—Never.

The *Springfield Republican*, having declared itself upon the general question of downward revision, is now beginning to look narrowly at some of the schedules and to ask irritating questions. Take, for instance, the case of gas retorts. Why should the old duty upon gas retorts be multiplied by three? Echo answers, Why? while Senator Aldrich replies, "Because." It seems that during 1907 the total number of gas retorts imported was fifty-five, from which it is evident that the Dingley duty was already prohibitive, but now we have it increased threefold. Mr. Nelson of Minnesota, a good Republican, without fear or favor summarized the situation as follows:

I want to call the attention of the senator from Texas to what appears in this book, "Notes on Tariff Revision," prepared by the House, which shows that of gas retorts during the year 1907 there were only fifty-five imported, at a total value of \$1619; that the duty was \$163; and the ad valorem rate was 10.20. That duty seems to be absolutely prohibitive, because there were practically no imports. I can not see any reason why we should increase that duty 200 per cent from 10.20 to 30 per cent, when the duty, as is manifest from the records and books of the Treasury Department, is shown in its practical operation to be absolutely prohibitive. Why should we increase it threefold in this bill? Is that a proper revision of the tariff? Is that the kind of a bill that the American people have a right to expect?

Then at last, and after some further hadgering, the cat was let out of the bag. It seems that Mr. Penrose of Pennsylvania was responsible for the increase. He had suggested it to Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Aldrich, with that devotion to private friendships that has always distinguished him, had howed his kingly head in gracious acquiescence. But Mr. Aldrich was not yet out of the wood. There were other Republican senators who "wanted to know, don't you know," and so Mr. Aldrich finally condescended to explain that various retort manufacturers had informed him in this, that, or the other way with the result that the duty on gas retorts, already prohibitive, has been trebled. Then says the *Springfield Republican*:

We have here a good illustration of how a tariff is made "by its friends." The interested parties come forward and the Aldriches write down the rates named by them as needed. So the McKinley bill was constructed; so also the Dingley bill. And the same hocus-pocus obviously underlies this "scientific" Aldrich revision. Perhaps we should credit the Aldrich revisers with superior virtue in not making the gas retort duty 50 per cent, as shown to be needed by the "precise facts," but in advancing the present highly protective duty of 10 per cent to three times that rate shall we concede to them the exercise of an astonishing moderation?

The *New York Evening Post* sees no reason to doubt that the President will be equal to the occasion and that he will double his strength by using it at the right time and not before. But his position is a difficult one:

The present prospect in Congress has little of cheer in it. The President is silent, but there is a feeling that he is determined. He will be a bold man if he vetoes the bill, and he will approach the holdness of a veto course if he allows the measure to become a law without his signature, and declares in a message to the country that the Republican majority in Congress has not met its pledges to the people, and that he has allowed the legislation to go into effect only because he wishes to quiet the unrest in business.

If Mr. Taft reads Congress a lesson and tells it that it has not kept the faith, he will put in jeopardy the seats of all those Republican members who have upheld Mr. Payne in his work and whose districts are not so overwhelmingly Republican as to make certain their return to office even though they have failed to do their duty either by their party or by their country. Disapproval of the tariff bill would set the majority in Congress against the President. He has tried the methods of peace and harmony where Mr. Roosevelt would have tried the methods of war. If the new method proves a failure, Mr. Taft's close friends say that he knows how to adapt himself to the conditions of conflict.

President Taft, we are told, will not follow his predecessor's

example by inviting senators to the White House and instructing them how to vote. He has made up his mind to let Congress alone until he can deal with the finished product. If senators can get an inkling of the presidential attitude by stray words that are dropped, well and good, "but there will be no orders or intimations of orders if it can be avoided."

From the same columns we get a survey of the division in the Republican ranks that has been caused by the tariff:

Some Republican wisecracks who are figuring on political results do not believe there would be any great loss of Republican seats in the West as a result of a failure to revise the tariff downward, but they do look for squally times ahead for the leaders, particularly in the House. They regard the Wisconsin delegation as safe, principally because of the fact that Senator La Follette has all along been opposed to Senator Aldrich and the Senate organization, while his followers in the House have been among the most implacable opponents of Speaker Cannon and the House "organization." Likewise in Iowa, practically the whole Iowa delegation are followers of Senator Cummins, who is fighting the Senate "organization" on the tariff. As a general rule, all Iowans are insurgents. Kansas and Nebraska are split in both bodies, Senators Curtis of Kansas and Brown of Nebraska leaning toward the Senate "organization," while Senators Bristow of Kansas and Burkett of Nebraska are out and out insurgents, while in the House the same split has occurred. In the event of a failure to revise downward the prophets expect the "organization" men to have the hardest time to get back to Congress.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### The Garden of Proserpine.

Here, where the world is quiet;  
Here, where all trouble seems  
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot  
In doubtful dreams of dreams;  
I watch the green field growing  
For reaping folk and sowing,  
For harvest-time and mowing,  
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,  
And men that laugh and weep  
Of what may come hereafter  
For men that sow to reap:  
I am weary of days and hours,  
Blown huds of harren flowers,  
Desires and dreams and powers  
And everything hut sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,  
And far from eye or ear  
Wan waves and wet winds labor,  
Weak ships and spirits steer:  
They drive adrift, and whither  
They wot not who make thither;  
But no such winds blow hither,  
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,  
No heather-flower or vine,  
But hloomless buds of poppies,  
Green grapes of Proserpine;  
Pale beds of blowing rushes,  
Where no leaf blooms or blushes,  
Save this whereout she crushes  
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number  
In fruitless fields of corn,  
They how themselves and slumber  
All night till light is horn;  
And like a soul helated,  
In bell and heaven unmated,  
By cloud and mist ahaed  
Comes out of darkness morn.

Tho one were strong as seven,  
He too with death shall dwell,  
Nor wake with wings in heaven,  
Nor weep for pains in hell;  
Tho one were fair as roses,  
His heauty clouds and closes:  
And well tho love reposes,  
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,  
Crowned withb calm leaves, she stands  
Who gathers all things mortal  
With cold immortal hands:  
Her languid lips are sweeter  
Than love's who fears to greet her,  
To men that mix and meet her  
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,  
She waits for all men horn;  
Forgets the earth her mother,  
The life of fruits and corn;  
And spring and seed and swallow  
Take wing for her, and follow  
Where summer song rings hollow  
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,  
The old loves with wearier wings;  
And all dead years draw thither,  
And all disastrous things:  
Dead dreams of days forsaken,  
Blind huds that snows have shaken,  
Wild leaves that winds have taken,  
Red strays of ruined sprines.

We are not sure of sorrow,  
And joy was never sure:  
Today will die tomorrow:  
Time stoops to no man's lure;  
And love, grown faint and fretful,  
With lips hut half regretful  
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be:  
That no life lives forever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,  
Nor any change of light;  
Nor sound of waters shaken,  
Nor any sound or sight;  
Nor winter leaves nor vernal,  
Nor days nor things diurnal;  
Only the sleep eternal  
In an eternal night.

—Swinburne.



## THE LATE HEINRICH CONRIED.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Gives Some of the Reasons for the General Dislike of the Metropolitan Manager.

Usually when a man dies people stultify themselves to say nice things about him, but such has not been the case in regard to the late Heinrich Conried. I have heard scarcely a good word spoken in his behalf. All the anecdotes that are related of him are to show some disagreeable trait of his character. No one says "he was a good fellow" or speaks any word of genuine regret at his untimely taking off. I have not heard any very serious charges brought against him, but the general feeling is that he was an arrogant, overbearing man who had no sympathy with his fellow-men and who apparently believed that the world began and ended under his hat. He was what is called a "know-it-all," and no one could tell him anything. There were a number of people who at one time or another shared this feeling with him; he dominated and convinced them; but when they got away from his influence they changed their minds.

I had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Conried, but I frequently saw him about the Irving Place Theatre and at the Metropolitan Opera House, and I confess that he did not look very approachable. He had a striking face with strong features, and his longish hair gave him the look of an old-time actor. His eyes were cold, there was no twinkle anywhere about them, and his lips were thin and closed firmly over his mouth. I can not imagine him ever in a genial mood.

It is not, however, necessary for a man to have a twinkle in his eye or to be genial in his relations with men to win success in business. I dare say that Mr. Conried had his cronies, but I do not believe that he spent much time with them. Sociability did not go very far in his calculations. His mind was filled with his work, and he did some of it excellently well. As the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House I do not think that he made a very high mark, but as the manager of the Irving Place Theatre he distinguished himself. That was a model theatre, and I am willing to wager that Mr. Conried was a happier man when presiding over its destinies than when he presided over those of the Metropolitan Opera House. He had only to please himself in the theatre, but he had to please a board of directors at the opera house. I do not think that they personally bothered him much, but oh, the singers and their whims! And then one ought to know something about music to manage an opera company, and gossip says that Mr. Conried could not tell a soprano from a mezzo and that although he sat at rehearsals with the score of the opera in his lap he did not know whether they were singing the first act or the second. There was no harm in this; few of the Metropolitan Opera managers have known anything about music, but Conried pretended to know and would not let any one tell him, and no one dared.

These stories are harmless and only show the manager's egotism, but there are other stories that show his unfairness to his singers—the smaller fry, I mean. It is told that he made one man, who only received \$35 a week, pay every penny of that sum for a coat that he was obliged to wear at Conried's benefit—a performance, by the way, that netted the manager \$20,000. He took it from the man's salary at one fell swoop, too, though the man told him that it was all he had to live on.

When the newspapers criticized some of his faults as an operatic manager he blamed his press agent and discharged him. No, Conried was not popular and Hammerstein's popularity was a thorn in his flesh. The rival manager's success, too, made him very unhappy. It wounded his pride; he could not and would not understand it. And yet it was a very simple matter; every one else understood it.

That he did not have the management of the New Theatre was another blow to Conried's pride. He was so sure that he was going to have it offered to him that he actually said that he had it and got out letter paper with his name as manager of the New Theatre printed in big letters at the top. There was talk of offering him the directorship, but it was only talk. It did not take the directors long to see that he was not the man for the position. The fact that he had made a success of the Irving Place Theatre did not prove that he would make a success of the New Theatre. As director of the former he had only to sit back and pick out the plays that had already made successes in Germany; at the latter he would have to choose his repertory from among untried plays. In the first place he had not shown that he could do this, and in the second how could a man who was not proficient in English judge the literary merit of a play written in that language?

Mr. Conried had great worries at the opera house and he was broken in health by them. For this we are all truly sorry. It may not have been his fault that he was chosen director of the Metropolitan Opera House, but it was his fault that he accepted the position. He was in his niche at the Irving Place Theatre, and what he did there will be his monument, but the opera was too big a proposition for him to swing. He did not realize it, hence his undoing. Mr. Granville Barker was wiser in his generation. He was offered the directorship of the New Theatre at a salary of \$50,000 a year, probably more money than he had ever seen in his life, but when he came over here and saw the size of the theatre and learned just what he would have to do he said, "Thank you, kindly, gentlemen, but I will

stick to my last," and he sailed away, back to England. I am inclined to believe that it was one of the happiest days in his life when he saw the Statue of Liberty receding from his sight. Mr. Barker knew his limitations and he acted accordingly. Mr. Conried did not know his, or if he did he did not act upon the knowledge.

In the foregoing I am not giving my own impressions of Mr. Conried, for my knowledge of him is only second hand. I am merely telling you what I have picked up and what seems to be the general impression of the man.

When Mr. Seidl died there was genuine mourning over the land. As a man and a musician his loss was deeply felt. He had an engaging nature and he did not overestimate his own abilities, which were great. Maurice Grau broke down under the strain of operatic management, and when he died every one who had been associated with him grieved. I do not say that Mr. Conried had no friends and admirers, for he had many of both. He was a man of ability and strong personality, but it was not an engaging personality. He was more to himself than he was to others and he lived within his shell. His funeral, which has not taken place at this writing, will be a fitting testimonial to his accomplishment as a manager, but I will venture to say that there will be more dry eyes on this occasion than there were when the dirges were sung over Seidl's bier.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.  
NEW YORK, May 12, 1909.

General Carlos Garcia Velez, Cuban minister to the United States, has written a letter to Representative Harvey Helm of Kentucky indicating why, in his opinion, Cuba should not be annexed to the United States. The letter is in reply to a resolution introduced in the House recently by Mr. Helm relative to the annexation of Cuba, if the Cubans desire it. In his letter General Garcia said: "The Cuban people do not wish for the annexation of the island to the United States or to any other country. We feel that a half-century of almost constant struggle for independence and sovereignty entitles us to enjoy the blessings of our government or even the mistakes that inexperience may bring during the infant period of our nationality. We are desirous of developing closer commercial relations with the American people; we hope that these relations will never interfere with the political status of both countries, and we will look forward, in all times, to a better understanding of the character, conditions, and aims of both peoples."

Titles of nobility were never so numerous in France as they are at the present time, and, although this is the day of the Third Republic, when titles should be at a discount, a majority of the people who are "in society" have a title before their names and a crest upon their stationery, whether they are entitled to them or not. In diplomatic circles, where the use of an assumed name on a state document might result in complications, the abuse has been halted by M. Gavarry, who has ordered all titled persons in the service to furnish not later than June 1 proof that they may with right bear the title by which they are known. Many of the alleged noblemen have kept silent and many have written that they "care so little about the titles that they will not even furnish the desired proof." Thus many orders, titles, and crests will vanish into thin air.

A mania for speculative insurances on the lives of public personages prevailed in England during the eighteenth century. Warren Hastings, the Pretender, the rebel lords, or the unfortunate Admiral Byng answered equally the purpose of speculation, and there were also regular quotations on the lives of notorious highwaymen. Sir Robert Walpole at one period of his career, when his life was endangered by popular tumults, was insured for many thousands, and when George II fought at Dettingen 25 per cent was paid against his return. Such speculative insurances were, however, largely checked by the Gambling Act of 1774, which made insurable interest a necessary condition for a valid policy.

Greenland is governed by the Greenland Commission at Copenhagen, Denmark. It was first settled by a band of Norsemen under Erik the Red, who gave it its name, in 985. A bishopric was founded there in the twelfth century by the King of Norway, and about 1260 it was constituted a State of Norway. There then followed a blank of 200 years in Greenland's history, due to climatic disasters, but beginning with the Danish settlement of 1721 the country has belonged to Denmark.

San Francisco is unique in this respect, that it has a larger percentage of people employed than any of the fourteen other largest cities in the United States—56.7 per cent, the nearest to which is Boston with 55.3 per cent. The wage-earners in San Francisco and Los Angeles also earn a larger annual wage than in any other cities in the United States—\$651 and \$680, respectively—excepting Denver, with \$694.

In one of the towers of Notre Dame, Paris, a museum is to be established, devoted entirely to the history of the famous cathedral. Unfortunately, there are no identifiable relics of Esmeralda and her goat, Quasimodo and Claude Frollo, the liveliest personages that ever haunted the ancient purlieus and followed the gargoyles.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Edith Morley has just obtained her third contract for card indexing from the State of Massachusetts. It concerns the birth, marriage, and death departments of the State statistics, and she will have from eight to ten women assistants.

Maurice Lavallard, a boy of twelve, is the sensation of the day among French artists. One of his paintings, an interior of wonderful drawing and skillful light effects, has been accepted and hung in the Paris Salon by a unanimous vote of the hanging committee.

Professor David Todd of Amherst College has a project to make a balloon ascension to a record altitude in order to intercept possible messages from Mars by using wireless receiving instruments. The idea is, of course, commended by the French astronomer M. Camille Flammarion.

Frank B. Kellogg, the special assistant attorney-general in charge of trust prosecutions, has informed President Taft and Attorney-General Wickersham that he would close his relations with the government when he had completed the work he now had in hand. Mr. Kellogg said he was eager to return to Minnesota to devote himself to his personal law practice.

General the Marquis de Gallifet was a famous general under Napoleon III in the days of the Second Empire, and at eighty years of age is still interested in current events. At Sedan, when he had lost half his men, General Ducrot asked him if he could charge again. "As often as you please, general," replied Gallifet, and he collected those who remained of his men and charged once more. His gallantry was witnessed by the King of Prussia, who spoke his admiration of the force.

Lord Kitchener will hand over his command in India to General Sir O'Moore Creagh early in August and at once proceed to Japan. He proposes to make a long stay in that country and will closely examine the military system and army organization in time of peace. From Japan he proposes to go to China, and he will traverse many of the battlefields in Manchuria, with the advantage of going over much of the ground with officers who took part in the Russo-Japanese War and who have been placed at his disposal by the Mikado and the Japanese government.

Thomas Warren, the oldest whaleman in the world, recently celebrated the ninety-fourth anniversary of his birthday at his home, in Southampton, Long Island. He went to sea as a boy before the mast in the *Hudson*, a whaling ship, with Captain Henry Green of Southampton, in 1833, at the age of eighteen. He became mate of a whaleship, but never occupied a master's berth. The last whale ship sailed out of Sag Harbor in 1871, but in Captain L. J. Corwin, who turned his ninety-second birthday in January, and Mr. Warren many memories of the past linger.

Miss Lida Shaw King, dean of the women's college at Brown University, has announced her intention to remain at Brown, though she has been reported as considering a call to Radcliffe College as dean, and has had offers from three other prominent educational institutions. Miss King is about thirty-five and probably the youngest and most popular principal of a woman's college in the United States. After receiving her degree of A. M. at Brown she taught at Vassar, in Brooklyn, and at the American Archaeological School, in Greece. She is a graduate of Vassar, where she was given the degree of A. B., and also took a course in Harvard.

Major Fred R. Burnham, an American who commanded the scouts in the British army during the Boer War, in company with Professor Charles F. Holder of Pasadena, has been searching for ancient relics in the State of Sonora, Mexico, and has already made many interesting and valuable discoveries. He was born in Minnesota, and while a youth fought the Indians in Arizona and New Mexico. Afterward he went to South Africa and was with Jameson in the raid in Matabeleland in 1894, and he and his brother-in-law, and mining partner, Peter Ingraham, were the sole survivors of the Major Allen Wilson massacre. Later he headed an expedition into Central Africa for the London Geographical Society. In the course of the Boer War, Major Burnham was appointed to the staff of Lord Roberts.

The leader of the great Revolutionary movement which has given such significant signs of its activity during the last few months in Paris—notably, the great postal strike—is Emile Pataud, "Le Roi Pataud" as he is called (says the London *Illustrated News*). Pataud is a Parisian workman; nothing more than that; but shrewd, intelligent, and with that peculiar *esprit blagueur*, which is the mental product of life in big cities. He has what an Englishman would call a "Cockney" sense of humor. In conversation he is very plausible—*très sympathique*; of medium height, square-shouldered, with handsome brown eyes looking out of a humorous, almost Irish face, crowned with dark locks in which is no trace of gray, a voluminous moustache, falling over a well-formed mouth, a nose somewhat flat, as if its owner had been in the wars, a pleasant voice punctuated with much laughter and roguish twinkling of the brown eyes—this is Pataud, the man who holds the destiny of France in the hollow of his hand—at least, according to his followers.



## A PRAIRIE CONVERSION.

By E. Mirrielees.

The bishop broached the subject.

"He's rather a protege of mine," he acknowledged, his eyes on the whirling prairie landscape. "His father and I were classmates—the whitest soul I ever knew, Hartley—and while the boy was preparing for ordination I kept an eye on him. He broke down this spring—lung trouble. The doctors tell me there is no permanent recovery, but I thought perhaps on one of your ranches—"

"Why certainly, bishop," Hartley responded in his even, business-like voice, "I'll see to it." A sudden vision of the consumptive's arrival drove him on to add, "But you know it's lonely on those places. He won't find any particular congeniality or—well, sympathy with his ideas."

"He'll have fresh air and time to read and rest," the bishop argued, and Hartley nodded, unconvinced.

He crossed to his own section later and wrote the necessary letters, one to the boy and one to the foreman of his largest ranch.

"I'll be there myself in the fall," he assured his companion as he left the first letter in his care; "I make a point of getting around once a year, and I'll let you know how he is. They don't usually improve, though; I'm not sure it's best for him." Then, his conscience satisfied by the protest, he mailed his second missive from the car window and promptly put the matter out of mind.

It was so thoroughly out of mind that a week later a letter of ardent thanks above the signature "John Raymond Carter" required a minute of puzzled thought for its identification. When he remembered, Hartley folded the epistle and took it over to the bishop at their common club. Then both men—Hartley was punctilious in matters of philanthropy—sent telegrams of encouragement to greet the arriving traveler, and the grave of absence closed decently above him.

The bishop returned to his diocese the next day. Hartley betook himself reluctantly to the examination of a Mexican silver mine. He worked north as the summer progressed, exchanging humid heat for dry, and covering in his zigzag journey a wide range of interests—mines, stores, and ranches, which bore his name or flourished because of his capital. He caught cold in Texas, and as he lay gasping asthmatically through the hot night, he recollected Carter, coughing his life out among the Montana foothills, and dispatched next day a letter to him written quite in his best phraseology. Once or twice later he thought to include messages to the lad in his directions to Royce, the ranch foreman, but it was not until late September that the stranger's presence and his own responsibility came home to him.

He had reached Wyoming by this time and was deep in the intricate problem of range and water rights, riding forth armed by day and puzzling at night over a mass of topographical drawings. Royce's quarterly report reached him, forwarded from his last stop. Its closing paragraph drew his attention from the columns of profit and loss.

"That young Carter has gone to bed for good. He has got us all in the fold now and has lost his grip. If you could get here—" The unfinished sentence was crossed out by a single thin pen stroke.

Hartley laid down the letter, distressed and annoyed. There was important work for him in Wyoming; the boy was no friend, merely the object of an ill-directed charity. He might telegraph the bishop. But the bishop would take a week for decision, a month for the execution of his plan. And meanwhile the boy was dying.

A man does not have so many varied interests as Hartley without learning the obligation of the act begun. He dragged himself reluctantly from his bed next morning and set his face northward, riding one horse and leading another for the sake of quicker travel. He was but five days on the way, doing his sixty miles daily, yet when, late in the afternoon of the fifth day, he mounted the rim of hills which overlooked his own property, he was guiltily conscious of a hope that, for all his speed, he might have come too late. His mental picture of the boy's illness, of his probable protest and despair, filled him with a sort of nausea.

"My own fault," he rebuked the feeling. "I won't do it again. It's no kindness. It's cruelty."

He dropped the bridle on his horse's neck to pull out again the foreman's letter. It was dated the seventh; it had been twelve days in reaching him, and Carter had "gone to bed for good" before its starting. Then—if he still lived—he was lying somewhere in the huddle of low log houses which marked the ranch, gasping and panting for life in the light, thin, wine-like air; eating his heart out, too, for want of a woman or a friend, or for the very sound of church bells or sight of shadowed lawns and trees.

"I'd no business to do it. I had no business not to think," cried Hartley aloud, and gathering in his reins he rode slowly down to face the results of his pliability.

The ranch dogs greeted him at the gate, and he dismounted among them and walked toward the buildings. In spite of the noise of the dogs no one came from the cook shack to greet him, there was no one at the stable where he left his horse. He had rounded its end on his journey of investigation before there reached him the first proof of human occupation. From the open door and windows of the bunk-house rose suddenly

a raucous burst of sound, formless at first, then dissolving into words:

"———-in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

The succeeding phrase was lost in discords from which the closing line emerged, hoarsely triumphant:

"And rides upon the storm."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Hartley. His lips parted in silent laughter. He turned toward the sound and slid unobtrusively through the open door into the room.

There were eight men in the place, all evidently ranch hands. Royce, the foreman, greeted Hartley's advent with a significant raising of his eyebrows. The others, except the Chinese cook in the farther corner, were strangers to him and paid him only the impersonal curiosity due a stranger. Carter lay stretched on a camp cot, half sitting, propped in place by a pile of folded quilts and dirty pillows. His eyes were closed and his lips moved; it took Hartley a moment to realize that the sound, half whisper and half moan, which issued from them, was meant for words of prayer. Even when he did realize it, the suppliant himself and his surroundings drew his attention effectively from the petition. Only when the sick man's arms thrust weakly before him, and his voice, strengthening to the familiar words, began, "The peace of God which passes all understanding—" did the newcomer's eyes droop into reverence.

He came forward after the benediction, shook hands with Royce, and bent above the cot. Carter's glance dwelt upon him as he came with a feverish eagerness out of all proportion to the weakness of his body.

"You are a stranger at our meetings?" he whispered.

"I've just come. I'm Hartley," the ranch-owner responded pitifully. He held out his hand, but Carter's two hands had come together, hard clasped, and his eyes shone.

"O Lord, I thank Thee! I thank Thee for this, Thy final mercy!" he prayed aloud.

Hartley's hand dropped at his side. His eyes sought Royce's in utter embarrassment, but Royce was staring firmly at the opposite wall. He strode out after a moment, leaving the newcomer standing alone. Hartley brought a chair and placed it by the cot side.

"You're not so well today? I'm sorry," he said, striving hard for naturalness. The sufferer looked up at him.

"I shall not be better. I am dying," he answered squarely, and again the listener had the shocked sense of emotion, stripped naked and indecent, which he had had when Carter prayed.

Before he could think of a rejoinder, the boy spoke. "You came in time—you saw our service?"

"I enjoyed it," the older man admitted perfunctorily. "But—did you understand? Do you see—what it means? Those men—every one of those men—" He broke off, choking.

Hartley gave him water from a tin cup beside the bed, propped another pillow behind him and waited. Twice before he had helped men to die, and the sickening memory of it was on him now. They were quiet for minutes, the boy lying spent with closed eyes, the watcher planning bleakly in his own mind the necessary succeeding details—the summoning of the mother, the possible chance of removal. It was too late, he decided reluctantly, to attempt a journey. Here where his careless kindness had caged the lad, he must stay caged to the end. And just when he had cursed afresh his unintentional cruelty, Carter, opening his eyes, smiled peacefully up at him.

"Can I do anything for you?" Hartley questioned.

The other nodded. His hand groped across the cot till it met Hartley's and rested in it. "You can let me talk to you," he said with diminished effort. "I prayed you'd get here. I wanted to tell you about the men's needs. And I wanted you to tell the bishop and my mother—if you don't mind my going slowly—"

"But you are tired. Tomorrow—" Hartley suggested.

The sufferer's eyes lighted in answer to a contented merriment. "If there shouldn't be any tomorrow? It won't tire me. You heard the service. Mr. Hartley, every one of those men and others who have been here, twenty-one of them, have given their souls into the keeping of the church. They have come to God. Think of it! 'The stone which the builders rejected.' When I came I asked to be spared to do good to just one human soul, and now instead of one—" He broke off fighting for breath, and again the listener, dazed, held the cup to his lips.

"I am rejoiced. I am amazed," he heard himself murmuring when the coughing fit was done. The boy's high look rebuked his platitude.

"It was God's way to show that the field is ready. I wouldn't die till you came and understood, so that the work should go on. Put a man here—an ordained clergyman, not a beginner—and you shall have such a harvest— You are a rich man, Mr. Hartley, you can do it—"

"And will do it," Hartley interrupted, "I promise you." The thrill which accompanied the words he had felt sometimes as the concomitant of music or of strong color. He could feel himself straining consciously toward the other's plane of high faith. "But tell me how," he added. "How shall a man begin?"

Carter shook his head. "God does it. The field is ready. When I had been here a little while I began holding my service. Nobody came, though I asked them. They didn't persecute me, they just stayed away. I talked to them but it did no good. I—his eyes

clouded—"I had not faith enough for the trial. I was in despair. But God makes our weakness our strength. I fainted one day while I was reading the lesson. Your foreman found me and afterward we talked together. The very next day he came to the service and brought some of the men with him, and since that time not one man—not one man has come to the ranch but has given himself to God. And now if the work can go on—"

"It shall," Hartley pledged himself. He would have amplified the promise, but Carter's eyes had dropped shut and he seemed to fall asleep. The elder man hesitated above him, anxious lest the sudden sleep should prove not sleep alone, but the sick man's breath came regularly if weakly, and, satisfied, he tiptoed his way to the door.

The men were coming from supper in the opposite house. He made his way directly toward them. For the moment the spirit of Carter's avowal was upon him, and he felt no shame in direct speech. Indeed, his eyes measured them, as he came, as men beyond him, possessors of a spiritual experience in which he had no share.

"I've been talking with him," he began without preface. "He told me what has happened here, what he has done for you, and I want you men to know that the work is not going to end with his death. We'll found a church on this ranch in memory of him; and if there is any minister for whom you have a preference—"

He stopped, aware of some blunder. The faces around the circle were intent upon him, half humorous, half sullen. It was Royce who spoke.

"Well, I expect I got to resign," he admitted, with amused exasperation.

Hartley looked at him, puzzled. "But it is impossible for Mr. Carter to keep up the services. He can not, probably, even live—"

"But Lord! If we start in on a healthy one!" the foreman protested. "Why, he'd live forever." He bent forward, lowering his voice, though the open window was yards away. "You don't get this proposition, Mr. Hartley. When he begun to get worse after he come, I see he couldn't last, and I said to the boys, 'It's bad enough for him anyhow, strung up here to die by himself, and if he wants conversions he'll get 'em, or I'll find why!' Every man wanted to hold his job on this ranch, he had to get converted. And every time he got one he'd get better again. Looked like we'd cure him up for a while. But now, if you're figuring on a fresh start— Why, we've been to church every living day for three months, twice on Sundays. If we're not Christians enough by now—"

Instinctive Hartley thrust out his hand in protest. After Carter's speech was a profanation. And yet—he had seen other men die; the boy was dying, exalted above loneliness or longing. His eyes turned toward the distant window, traveled from the window back to the faces of the men around him.

"I guess you'll pass for Christians," he conceded. "And I guess you've earned a vacation."

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1909.

The Prince of Wales recently paid a remarkable tribute to the value and the necessity of advertising in presiding over the first meeting of the Royal Commission for the Brussels, Rome, and Turin exhibitions at Marlborough House. "Experience has shown," his royal highness said, "that even in the case of firms having an established reputation and world-wide connections, attempts to discontinue advertising have usually been followed by a diminution in the sales effected. The neglect by Great Britain of one of the most important forms of national advertising would be equally detrimental to her interests as a manufacturing country. The lords commissioners of the treasury have consented to ask Parliament for a grant in aid of the cost of organizing exhibits for these exhibitions, and the principal railway and steamship companies have expressed their willingness to assist in promoting the success of the British sections by according substantial reductions of their usual rates of freight for the return of unsold exhibits."

Philadelphians are to be generously entertained with free out-of-door music this summer. The two branches of the municipal legislature have voted \$15,000 for concerts by the Philadelphia Orchestra in the City Hall Plaza, in addition to music in the parks by the city band. In approving this action the *Press* says: "A great city has a duty to its citizens besides that of protection for life, property, and from fire. An American city in our long, hot summer, where life in the open is easy, should be a joyous place, full of interest and movement through hot evenings, with play for children and music for their elders."

Two methods for taxing billboards and other outdoor advertising are before the Massachusetts legislature. One plan provides for an excise tax of 10 cents a square foot on all outdoor advertisements displayed for more than seven consecutive days, when the advertisements do not pertain to the place or property upon which they are located. The other plan proposes to tax billboards and the like as real estate, basing the tax on the advertising value of the boards.

Amiens, the former home of Jules Verne, made aeronautics conspicuous in the programme that accompanied the recent unveiling of a monument to the novelist.



## MARION CRAWFORD'S LAST NOVEL.

"The White Sister" Is a Story of Modern Italy and of Much Dramatic Power.

A special interest will attach to Marion Crawford's last published novel, "The White Sister." Perhaps the popular verdict will not acclaim it as his best. It lacks the strong note of modernity to be found in the "Diva" books, and the fact that nearly all the characters are Italian gives to it a certain aloofness from the Western mind and a certain detachment from its sympathies. Then, too, some of the situations have a suggestion of strain about them, while one of the characters, the "famous American portrait painter," to whom we are introduced on the first page and who appears subsequently with some emphasis, is suddenly dropped altogether, as though he had been forgotten or found unsuited to the purpose originally intended.

But reflective readers will find much to gratify them immeasurably in "The White Sister." First of all, we have the picture of a young girl, helpless and friendless, fortified by conscience to the resistance of temptations to which affection and self-interest alike bade her succumb. The conscience of Angela Chiaromonte is not of the kind that flourishes where the traditions of religious liberty have relegated episcopal superstitions to their proper place, but the spectacle of the triumphant choice of self-denial is none the less sublime because it is misdirected. Angela Chiaromonte is a part of the Italy of yesterday and of today, a part of the heritage that must descend upon every country nurtured in religious intolerance and clerical domination that has forced its way into the higher airs at the cost of fratricidal strife and the lingering of bitter memories. Mr. Crawford has given us a picture of modern Italy of unimpeachable veracity and from a domestic viewpoint usually denied to the traveler or the casual visitor. He helps us to understand the heart-burnings and the stubborn resistances that have followed the acuter stages of the still-continuing quarrel between church and state.

We are introduced to Angela just before the death of her father, the Prince Chiaromonte. The prince is a firm adherent of the clerical party, resolutely refusing to recognize the civil government that had displaced the Vatican rule. Intending to marry his daughter to the degenerate son of a friend as clerical and intransigent as himself, Angela has taken the matter into her own hands and engaged herself to Giovanni Severi, a young army officer of courage and repute. Then comes the sudden death of the prince and we find Angela's aunt, the Marchesa Chiaromonte explaining to her niece, whom she hates, the lamentable position in which her father's political views have apparently placed her:

"I have no doubt," continued the princess, "that he brought you up to consider yourself the heiress of all his fortune, though not of the title, which naturally goes to the eldest male heir. Am I right?"

"He never told me anything about my inheritance," Angela replied.

"So much the better. It will be easier for me to explain your actual position. In the first place I must make it clear to you that your father and mother declined to go before the mayor at the capital when they were married, in spite of the regulations which had then been in force a number of years. They were devout Catholics and the blessing of the church was enough for them. According to your father, to go through any form of civil ceremony, before or after the wedding, was equivalent to doubting the validity of the sacrament of marriage."

"Naturally," Angela assented, as her aunt paused and looked at her.

"Very naturally." The princess's eyes began to glitter oddly, and the lawyer turned his hat uneasily on his knees. "Very naturally indeed. Unfortunately for you, however, your father was not merely overlooking a municipal regulation, as he supposed; he was deliberately hiding defiance to the laws of Italy."

"What do you mean?" asked Angela rather nervously. "It is very painful to explain," answered the elder woman with gleaming eyes and a disagreeable smile. "The simple truth is that as your father and mother were not civilly married—civilly, you understand—they were not legally married at all, and the law will never admit that they were."

Angela's arm tightened on the arm of the old sofa.

"Not married?" she cried. "My father and mother not married?"

"It is impossible, it is monstrous—" "Not 'legally' married, I said," replied the princess. "To be legally married, it is absolutely necessary to go before the mayor at the capital and have the civil ceremony properly performed. Am I right?" she asked, suddenly turning to the lawyer. "It is absolutely necessary, is it not?"

"Absolutely, excellently," the legal adviser answered. "Otherwise the children of the marriage are not legitimate."

"That is your position, signorina," he said calmly. You have, unhappily, no legal status, no legal name, and no claim whatever on the estate of his excellency, Prince Chiaromonte, who was not married to your mother in the eyes of the law, and refused even to acknowledge you as his child by registering your birth at the mayor's office. Every inquiry has been made on your behalf, and I have here the certified copy of the register as it stands, declaring you to be a foundling. It was still in your father's power to make a will in your favor, signorina, and as the laws of entail no longer exist, his excellency may have left you his whole estate, real and personal, though his titles and dignities will in any case pass to his brother. I must warn you, however, that such a will might not prove valid in law, since his excellency did not even legally acknowledge you as his child. So far, no trace of a will has been found with his excellency's notary, nor with his lawyer, nor deposited with his securities at his banker's. It is barely possible that some paper may exist in the rooms which were still closed, but I think it my duty to tell you that I do not expect to find anything of the kind when we break the seals tomorrow, in the presence of the heirs and witnesses."

We almost fear for the moment that this sudden change in Angela's fortunes will cool the enthusiasm of Severi, but the young officer is made of sterner stuff than that. He proposes to devote himself to some civil occupation in order that he may the sooner make a home for Angela, but this she refuses to countenance. Severi joins his regiment upon active service, there

is an encounter with hostile natives, and the expedition is massacred to a man. "The names of the dead were given and Giovanni's was the second on the list."

Angela, penniless and now almost friendless, has no resource but to take the veil. In the description of the agony of her double bereavement the author gives play to that mystic tendency that has characterized some of his earlier writings:

To help herself, she began to say one of those prayers of which she knew so many by heart. To her surprise, it disturbed her instead of strengthening her determination, and while her lips were moving she felt an almost overwhelming impulse to do what she was determined not to do at any cost. The sensation startled her, and in a moment she felt that tide of darkness rising to drown her which had almost overwhelmed her while she was kneeling beside her dead father. Her hand pressed the stone window-sill in terror of the awful presence.

It is familiar to those few who have knowingly or unwittingly tried to penetrate the darkness to the light beyond. It has been called the Guardian, the Dweller on the Threshold, the Wall, the Destroyer, the Giant Despair. Many have turned back from it as from death itself, some have gone raving mad in fighting their way through it, some have actually died of it, of failure of the heart from fright. Some come upon it unawares in their reasoning, some in the hour of profound meditation; some know by long experience where it is and keep away from it; some are able to pass through it with unshaken mind and unbroken nerves. Scarcely one in a million even guesses that it exists; of those who do, ninety-nine in a hundred turn from it in horror; of the remaining score of those who face it in a whole generation of men, more than half perish in mind and body; the last ten, perhaps, win through, and these are they that have understood the writing over the temple door, the great "Know thyself," the precept of the Delphic Oracle and of all mystics before Trophonios and since.

Then comes the news that Severi was not actually killed, but has escaped and is on his way back to Italy. And Angela has taken the last irrevocable step of her dedication and is separated from her lover by a gulf as deep as death itself. She could, it is true, apply for a dispensation and for a release from her vows, and under such circumstances it would, in all probability, have been granted. But this her conscience will not allow her to do. She has pledged herself to the celibate life of the nun and she regards her oath as taken to God himself and not to be put aside by her own request or by the authority of the church. Severi's pleas and the encouragement of high ecclesiastics are wholly in vain to alter the obduracy of her purpose, and so the well-nigh frantic Severi resorts to violence in his efforts to shake her determination. By means of a trick he secures her presence in his rooms and assures her that she shall stay there to the ruin of her reputation until she consents to apply for the needful dispensation:

"It is time for me to go," she said gravely. "Open the door at once, please."

She could not believe that he would refuse to obey her, but he did not move; he did not even look up, as he answered:

"If I keep you a prisoner, there will be a search for you. You may stay here a day, a week, or a month, but in the end you will be found here, in my rooms."

"And set free," the nun answered, from the door, with some contempt.

"Not as you think. You will be expelled from your order for scandalous behavior in having spent a night, or a week, or a month in an officer's lodging. What will you do then?"

"If such a thing were possible, I would tell the truth, and I should be believed." But her anger was already awake.

"The thing is very possible," Giovanni answered, "and no one will believe you. It will be out of the question for you to go back to your convent, even for an hour. Even if the mother superior were willing, it could not be done. In the Middle Ages, you would be sent to a prison for penitents for the rest of your life. Nowadays you will simply be turned out of your order with public disgrace, the papers will be full of your story, your aunt will make Rome ring with it—"

"What do you mean by all this?" cried the sister, breaking out at last. "Are you trying to frighten me?"

"No. I wish you to know that I will let nothing stand between you and me—nothing, absolutely nothing." He repeated the word with cold energy. When it is known that you have been here for twenty-four hours, you will be forced to marry me. Nothing else can save you from infamy. Even Mme. Bernard will not dare to give you shelter, for she will lose every pupil she has if it is found out that she is harbouring a nun who has broken her vows, a vulgar had character who has been caught in an officer's lodgings. That is what they will call you."

The interview is a long and stormy one, but Angela prevails. Severi's passion is of no effect against a purity that relies for its protection upon divine power, and the White Sister leaves her lover in an agony of self-reproach and penitence for his unworthy attempt.

The deadlock seems to be complete, but fate interposes, as she so often does, in her own way. There is an explosion at the arsenal, and in a heroic effort to save his comrades Severi is overwhelmed by falling debris and when he is rescued his arm has been so fearfully crushed that only immediate amputation can save his life. Severi refuses to submit to the operation, and by the law of Italy it can not be performed without his consent. Why, he asks, should he wish to live, seeing that his military career is closed while a civil life has no domestic rewards to offer him? The pleadings of the doctors and of Angela herself are of no avail. Only as the prospective husband of Angela will he consent to live:

"My life is in your hands, with my hand, Angela," he said. "Do what you will with it."

He felt that she shook from head to foot, like a young tree that is rudely struck. He went on, as if he had prepared his words, though he had not even thought of them.

"With your love and your companionship, I shall not miss a limb, I shall not regret my profession, I shall be perfectly happy. Alone, I will not be forced artificially to live out my life a wretched cripple."

It was brutal, and perhaps he knew it; but he was desperate and fate had given him a weapon to move any woman. In plain truth, it was as cruel as if he had put a pistol to his head and threatened to pull the trigger if she would not marry him. He had not done that yet, even when she had been in his room at Monteverde and the loaded revolver had been between them.

Sister Giovanna had kept his hand bravely in hers and sat

still, though it was hard. The question which must be answered, and which she alone could answer, had been asked with frightful directness, and though she had known only too well that it was coming, its tremendous import paralyzed her and she could not speak.

It was plainly this: Should she kill him, of her own free will, for the sake of the solemn vow she had taken? Or should she save his life by breaking, even under permission, what she looked on as an absolutely inviolable promise?

What made her permission most terrible was the absolute certainty of the final result, and its close imminence. In his condition, to put off the operation for another day, in order to consider her answer, would be to condemn him to death according to all probability of human science, since a few hours longer than that would not probability out of the question and make it a positive certainty. She could not speak; her tongue would not move when she tried to find words and her breath made no sound in her throat.

For some time Giovanni said nothing more, and lay quite still. When, he spoke again his voice was gentle.

"Dear, since it must be, I should like it to come like this, if you will—with my hand between yours."

It was too much, and she cried aloud and howled herself. But the mortal pain freed her tongue, and a moment later she broke out in a fervent appeal.

"Live, Giovanni, live—for Christ's good sake who died for you—for my sake, too—for your own. Live the life that is still before you, and you can make it great. If you love me, make it a noble life for that, if for nothing else."

Severi smiled faintly and shook his head without lifting it from the pillow.

"Will nothing move you?" cried the unhappy woman, in utter despair. "Nothing that I can say? Not the thought of what life will mean to me when you are gone? Not my solemn assurance that I can do nothing—nothing—"

"You can," Giovanni cried, with sudden and angry energy. "You are willing to let me die rather than risk the salvation of your own soul. That is the naked truth of all this."

Perhaps Giovanna would not even then have yielded before a truth as substantial as it was bitter, for there is a point in woman's constancy to an ideal when an obstinate resistance to reason becomes in itself a virtue and a self-immolation is sought for its own sake. But Father Saracinesca takes the matter into his own hands and overrides Giovanna's scruples by the simple process of ignoring them:

"You know, I dare say, that I am secretary to the Cardinal Vicar, and that such cases as yours are to a great extent within my province?"

Giovanni did not know this, but nodded; the nun, who knew it, bent her head, wondering more and more what was coming, and not daring to guess. Neither spoke.

"I am going to lay the whole matter before the Cardinal Vicar at once," Monsignor Saracinesca continued calmly. "I can be with him in twenty minutes, and I am going to tell him the plain truth. I do not think that any nun was ever more true to her vows than Sister Giovanna has been since your return. But there is a limit beyond which fidelity to an obligation may bring ruin and even death to some one whom the promise did not at first concern. When the limit is reached, it is the plain duty of those who have received that promise to relieve the maker of it from its observance, even though not asked to do so. That is what I am going to say to the Cardinal Vicar in half an hour. Are you satisfied?"

It is a clever situation and cleverly reached, and one that is illuminated by an exalted pathos. No one can say that the White Sister had not endured to the end, and if her scruples were not of the kind that commend themselves to modern thought the spectacle of triumphant conscience can never fail to be sublime. We take leave of Sister Giovanna with the comfortable knowledge that "in her heart rang such a chorus of glory and rejoicing as not even the angels have heard since the Morning Stars sang together."

"The White Sister," by F. Marion Crawford. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Sir Robert W. Perks, Baronet, who built the Manchester ship canal with the late T. A. Walker, and whose firm constructed the port works at Buenos Ayres, is now doing similar work in the harbor of Río de Janeiro and is digging a tunnel through the Andes between Argentina and Chili. He arrived in New York a few days ago. Despite the fact that an army of 36,000 men are working on the various enterprises, Sir Robert is here to begin work on the Montreal, Ottawa, and Georgian Bay Canal, another big undertaking that will require ten years' work and an expenditure of \$110,000,000. He said the new waterway would allow steamships drawing not more than twenty-two feet of water to pass from the Atlantic into the Great Lakes and would make Chicago's dream of an ocean steamship service a reality.

The business of one well-known firm of opticians in England consists largely in the manufacture of horse spectacles. The object of the spectacles is to promote high stepping. They are made of stiff leather, entirely inclosing the eyes of the horse, and the glasses used are deep concave and large in size. The ground seems to the horse to be raised, and he steps high, thinking he is going up hill or has to step over some obstacle. This system of spectacles is generally adopted while the horse is young, and its effect on his step and action is said to be remarkable. It has been discovered that the cause of a horse's shying is, as a rule, short sight, and it is now suggested that the sight of all horses should be tested, like that of children.

In choosing his title the new Sultan has nine recognized spellings of the name of "the prophet" from which to select. Mohammed, Mahomet, Mahomed, Muhammad, Mahmoud, Mehemet, Mehemed, Mehmed, and Mehmed all refer to one and the same historic character. Turkey has had four Sultans bearing the name Mohammed, one of them the conqueror of Constantinople, and one Mahmoud. The new Sultan's suffix, V, indicates that if he bows to simplified spelling he still adheres to the traditions of the great name of Mohammed.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*A Prince of Dreamers*, by Flora Annie Steel. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

It is probable that the author knows more of India than any other popular writer except Kipling, and perhaps, in some respects, more than Kipling. Her novels are balanced, wide-angled, and sympathetic without lacking any of the dramatic elements that India supplies in such quantities.

But "A Prince of Dreamers" makes us wish that Mrs. Steel had confined herself to modern times or that she had kept her history and her fiction in water-tight compartments. She has written splendid stories and she has lately written a fine history, but the two currents of her capacity do not run harmoniously in a single channel. Filled with enthusiasm for the character and achievements of Akbar, India's greatest emperor, his stately figure is dwarfed by the puppets with which he is surrounded, by the gossip and the intrigues that break in upon his dreams of empire. The fiction detracts from the realities and the realities are distorted by the fiction. We are not captivated by the hum of the bazaars, the endless petty plots and counterplots, and it must be confessed that the hurried reader—and all readers nowadays are hurried—will have difficulty in identifying the various characters, with their Oriental names and titles, who make such sudden entries and departures with mysterious motives and errands. But this is far from saying that Mrs. Steel has failed. Probably no one now living could have succeeded much better. She shows us a memorable picture of the emperor. Her descriptions are frequently gorgeous and her antiquarianism is probably irreproachable. But there is too much antiquarianism and the colloquies, always a supreme difficulty in historical fiction, are too much modernized. For example, the use of the word "Messieurs" produces a shiver, and a Rajput prince should not have the word "wames" thrust upon him. We must therefore be content to recognize "A Prince of Dreamers" as a history unfortunately compelled to masquerade as a novel. Looked upon as a history, we have to thank it for an acquaintance with the Emperor Akbar and his times that could hardly be obtained in any other way.

*The Planter*, by Herman Whitaker. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This is one of those long, leisurely, useful stories that admirably depict some unfamiliar phases of life and that are yet romantic and dramatic enough to satisfy the modern taste for action and reasonable thrills. The hero is David Mann of Maine, who decides to see life by accepting the managership of a fraudulent rubber company in Mexico. He meets his fate on the train in the shape of an exquisite Spanish girl whose manners are in pleasing contrast with those of the simpering and giggling type of his native village. Indeed, the sentimental charm of the book is to be found in David's gradual acclimation to an unfamiliar feminine atmosphere from that of the Spanish lady of blood to the Indian girl whose charms are almost of the "free, gratis, for nothing" order.

But the real value of the book is in its exposure of the *enganchadores* system by which contract laborers are hired by the government to the planters for a term of years. They are ten times worse off than slaves, since their captivity is for a fixed period and the planter naturally, or unnaturally, sees to it that the whole of their remaining vitality shall be expended in his service. Those whose emotions can be stirred by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" should reserve some of their tears for the victims—Mexican peons and Yaquis—of a still continuing system which seems to place all other modern barbarities in the shade and to be peculiarly shameful, seeing that the planters are usually white concession holders. Such a story as "The Planter" ought not to be without its fruits. There is no obtrusive pointing of the moral nor search for "exposures." They are hardly necessary in a story told with relentless skill and with every appearance of photographic and impartial accuracy.

*Some One Pays*, by Noel Barwell. Published by John Lane, New York.

The novel that consists entirely of letters is not the most popular form just now. Correspondence between a number of people in real life never tells the whole story, and when this mode is used in fiction the tool marks and the cement are apt to be unduly visible. But in "Some One Pays" these disadvantages are reduced to a minimum. The narrative is well set forth and the reader's interest is aroused from the start. The hero is an aristocratic young man named Jack Orr, whose career at the university has been so unfruitful that he is sent to spend the long vacation with a country coach, the Rev. A. H. Kershaw, who is a fair example of the clerical scoundrel. There he becomes mildly entangled with the housemaid, and when that attractive young woman gets into serious trouble the onus of responsibility rests uncertainly over

Jack, a college friend of his, and one of the damsel's village admirers, the clergyman playing one against the other in a clever effort at blackmail. Meanwhile Jack, who seems to be only a fool, has become engaged to a very charming girl in his own station, and while it is evident that some one ought to pay a rather heavy bill we are left unaccountably in the dark as to the identity of the debtor and the nature of the ultimate settlement. Many of the letters, especially those from Sir Bernard and Lady Orr to their son, are fine examples of types, and while for the moment we shrink from a novel composed exclusively of letters, we are well under way at the end of the fifth page and ready to vote the story a thoroughly interesting one.

*A History of German Literature*, by Calvin Thomas, LL. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

In his preface the author points out the obvious difficulty of compressing a thousand years of history into the compass of about four hundred pages. We may wish that he had been at liberty to overflow into a second volume rather than to take a rigidly restricted view of history and to omit both philosophy and science, as well as the works that are vaguely known as scholarly. Germany has been the breeding place of philosophy and science, and if they belong to a still more lofty plane than that occupied by general literature we may none the less regret a stern necessity that compels their exclusion.

The author has apportioned his space—still too limited—with a careful justice. A brief notice of the legacy of Paganism and of the earliest religious poetry leads us to the age of monasticism and chivalry, the romances of knighthood and the Minnesingers. With the Lutheran revolt and the volcanic upheaval of the mental soil of Germany came new literary inspirations and motives. Then we have the paralysis accompanying and following the great wars when "Germany was a land of quarreling priests and prosing pedants." German literature awoke to its literary possibilities only when the national ambition at the other end of the scale had fashioned an army and raised the kingdom to the position of a world power. There was an affinity between literary and military genius strikingly evident in Germany, but not for the first nor last time in world history. Klopstock and Wieland led the way, to be followed by Lessing and Herder, fit precursors of "the coming of the king" in the form of Goethe.

Here the author allows himself an honorable enthusiasm. These were, indeed, the "Great Days of Weimar," and they were due, perhaps, less to the perceptions of a ruler who delighted to surround himself with the great than to a natural correlation of literary forces that had been stored in arid soil and that sprang to quick life at the call of great national ambitions. Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Richter, Lessing, Schlegel, Novalis, Tieck, Werner, each represented a phase of an exuberant national genius that had awakened to its possibilities and which must lead inevitably to national unity and German supremacy. The book closes with glances at the era of romanticism, the middle of the nineteenth century, and the developments that form part of current history. It leaves us with a sense of work well done and distinguished by scholarship, a balanced judgment, and a wide, intelligent comprehension of a vast literary movement.

*The Literary Man's Bible*, by W. L. Courtney, M. A., LL. D. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.25.

This book seems to be popular, seeing that it has reached a new edition. Disavowing any theological or doctrinal intention, the author handles the Bible as a literary collection of varying merits presenting us with such a selection from its pages as appears to him to be best representative of Hebrew literature. However much we may prefer to take the Bible as a unit, it must be admitted that Dr. Courtney's selection is a good one and that he overlooks very little that deserves a place in the front ranks of English literature. With an aim thus purely literary he is justified in adhering to the old version in preference to the revised translations.

The introductory essays and annotations are particularly good and well abreast of contemporary scholarship. There are few other sources from which the recently ascertained historical facts as to the Old Testament can be obtained in such brief and succinct form. The author seems to lay an undue stress upon the monotheistic character of the Hebrew legends. But it is hard to see how the Elohist portion of the Old Testament can be considered as monotheistic, seeing that the word Elohim—the first mention of God in the Bible—is in the plural and is properly translated as "Gods."

*The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain*, by Leonard Williams. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; three volumes.

In the course of a modest preface the author says there is no reason why the arts and crafts of Spain should be perpetually ignored by tourists and by those who profess an interest in the country of the Cid. He might have complained with equal reason that Spain

as a whole has been unaccountably neglected in favor of other parts of Europe that have not a tithe of her value or interest.

But so far as the arts and crafts are concerned, this important work should be welcomed at a time when renewed interest is being aroused in workmanship that is beautiful and conscientious. Certainly the author understands his subject, not only in its general principles, but in their historical application. He covers the whole ground by an exhaustive examination that is never discursive and should be of practical value both to the modern student and to the craftsman. Volume I is devoted to Gold, Silver, and Jewel Work, Iron Work, Bronzes, and Arms. In Volume II we have Furniture, Ivories, Pottery, and Glass, while Volume III is devoted to the Textile Fabrics, Silk, Cloths, and Woolens, Embroidery, Tapestry, and Lace. Copious appendices, a bibliography, and a satisfactory index complete the work. A special word of praise is due to the illustrations. There are about one hundred and fifty of these, well selected and printed with a clearness that gives a definite idea of the workmanship. The author has taken an important step in the introduction of ancient artistic Spain to the modern world, an introduction that should give a new and intelligent interest to the country that is perhaps the most romantic and the most fascinating in Europe.

*Some Reminiscences*, by William L. Royall.

Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.50.

The author began his public career as a Confederate soldier and he seems to have been fighting ever since. He was a second in the McCarty-Mordecai duel and was concerned in many other affairs of a like nature, of which the description gives animation to his reminiscences. He detested dueling, but was willing to follow the conventions of the day.

Mr. Royall was an active participant in the public movements that culminated in the formation of the Readjuster party, and his sketch of the period is a valuable addition to Virginia history. Holding strong views on the great political questions of the day, he expresses them vigorously. He says, for instance, that but for the negro vote he believes that the Republican party would be in control of every Southern State, but "the white people of a Southern State simply can not submit to a government founded on the negro vote."

*Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast*, written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.

The author is well known as a writer of pleasant travel books designed for those who know the delights of a leisured holiday on foot. In this way he has already told us of England, Ireland, Scotland, and France, and now the Pacific Coast falls to the same admirable treatment. Beginning on the Mexican border he finds his way slowly northward to the Canadian frontier, wisely avoiding the large cities, but with a discriminating eye for the picturesque, the historical, and the human. His book ought to be of value not only to the visitor, but to the resident. Familiarity sometimes acts as a veil, and dwellers on the Pacific Coast may find that unsuspected beauties have been revealed by so careful an observer as the author.

*Stickeen*, by John Muir. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; 60 cents.

Stickeen is a dog who, to his owner, was "immortal." He accompanied Mr. Muir upon a long exploration tour in Alaska and developed capacities and affections that endeared him to his master. No one knows better than Mr. Muir how to describe the exquisite ties that sometimes unite man and dog, the bridging by sympathy and devotion of the chasm left by nature between the two kingdoms.

The value of the little book is increased by the reprinting as foreword of J. G. Holland's poem, "To My Dog Blanco":

I look into your great brown eyes,  
Where love and loyal homage shine,  
And wonder where the difference lies  
Between your soul and mine.

*The Quest for the Rose of Sharon*, by Burton E. Stevenson. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

Among lighter stories suited equally to young people and to their elders this book deserves an honorable place. An old lady at the point of death conceals her money, leaving directions by her will that it shall pass to her niece and her niece's two children if within one month they can interpret a doggerel rhyme that is supposed to indicate the whereabouts of the treasure. Failing to do so, the money passes to a charlatan in the vicinity who has acquired an influence over the testator by means of spiritualistic practices. The story of the search is energetically told and a pleasant little romance comes at the end.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published "The Toy Shop, a Romantic Story of Lincoln the Man," by Margarita Spalding Gerry.



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LITERARY NOTES.

A Motor Tour.

*Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties*, by Mrs. Rodolph Stowell. Published by the L. C. Page Company, Boston.

It should be a rule of publishing houses that books of motor travel must always be written by women, because only women can keep the greasy details of car mechanism in the hack-ground or recognize that the object of such tours is not the car itself, but the places to which the car can go. Mrs. Stowell has written a volume of motor tours that is all that it should be, and yet we do not know—nor want to know—what kind of car she rode in, what accidents it encountered, or how many cylinders it had. She used the car to reach delightful places, the places where history was made and where romance was born, and she tells us about them in such a way as to make us long to go and do likewise.

Her tour began in Shropshire and was continued through North Wales, the heart of Wales, South Wales, and finished in the Wye Valley. She tells us where the scenery is to be found, while those who have an eye for the antiquarian will find that she has left nothing unnoticed and that she has a happy facility for historical condensation. Over sixty full-page photographic illustrations help us materially to appreciate the charms of a well-planned journey.

New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published illustrated "School Readers" for the third and fourth grades, by Fanny E. Coe, teacher of English in the Boston Normal School.

General Charles King has told a good story of the army in his "Lanier of the Cavalry," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. A better picture of life at a military post has seldom been drawn, while a pretty love incident to it gives a vein of romance.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have published a second volume of the Irma series. It is called "Irma in Italy," and describes a European journey of the young heroine by the Southern route. Irma is a real child and the book contains an interest apart from its travel experiences. The price is \$1.25.

The Arcadia Press, New York, has published a translation by William N. Loew of Imre Madách's "The Tragedy of Man." We may doubt if there will be a Western welcome for a drama that covers symbolically the whole history of the human race and finds nothing therein but a tragical extinction.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, have published a collection of poems by Edward William Thomson, entitled "When Lincoln Died, and Other Poems." Mr. Thomson's magazine contributions are well known and the present collection, marked as it is by sincerity and an energetic style, should find a welcome. The price is \$1.25.

"Some Assurances of Immortality," by John B. N. Berry, is an argument for the immortality of the soul that is obviously sincere and sometimes thoughtful. But the author would have been well advised to omit the mediumistic experiences altogether or to subject them to a critical examination in which mere credulity would play no part. The book is published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

Doughleday, Page & Co., New York, have published "Random Reminiscences of Men and Events," by John D. Rockefeller. The seven chapters into which the book is divided are devoted to "A Glance Backward," "Some Old Friends," "The Difficult Art of Getting," "The Difficult Art of Giving," "The Benevolent Trust," "The Standard Oil Company," and "Business Experience and Principles." The author's explanatory style is well known and it receives adequate expression in this volume. The price is \$1.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of the "Rebecca" and "Penelope" books, was recently present at the twenty-fifth anniversary banquet of the Society of Authors at London. In the absence of Mr. George Meredith, the president, Mr. Edmund Gosse, presided. The toast, "The Guests," proposed by Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, was responded to by Mrs. Wiggin in a delightfully witty poem, which was received with much enthusiasm. Many of the leading British literary men and women were present.

*Short Stories* is shortly to begin some new features. One of these will be a serial supplement. Sixteen pages are to be added permanently to the magazine to make room for this. Monthly prizes in cash will be awarded for the cleverest, most original description or analysis of the next installment of the serial. A few months ago this magazine began the use of big clear type.

Almost the last work done by the late Professor C. R. Carpenter was the completion of his life of Whitman in the English Men of Letters series. Professor Carpenter dis-

claimed all intention of writing literary criticism; instead he set himself, with sympathy and impartiality, to state the main facts in Walt Whitman's life and to show what manner of man the poet was.

There has been quite a revival of Victor Hugo in England recently, and several new editions of "Les Misérables" have appeared. This book still holds a record for a sensational first edition. It appeared simultaneously in Paris, Brussels, Leipzig, London, Milan, Madrid, Warsaw, Rotterdam, Pesth, and Rio Janeiro. The first 7000 were sold out in Paris in two days, and for a month the firm were printing new copies every day. The week after the issue of the book, the author received letters from nine women, saying they had christened their babies either Maurice or Cosette; and within the year hosts of women had written making him proposals of marriage. It is perhaps fortunate for modern authors that success does not take this particular form.

David Graham Phillips writes in a standing position. Of this mode of literary work he says: "I write standing because it is the most healthful way to work, and I feel better afterward. No, I don't mind the weariness incident to standing so long, for I have become accustomed to the position, and rather like it. I write 7000 to 8000 words a day, or about three and one-half newspaper columns."

The latest news from abroad of current books has it that the two books which are together making the spring's literary sensation in England are H. B. Wells's "Tono Bungay" and J. C. Snaith's "Araminta."

"Lady Mechante, being Certain Precious Phases in the Careers of a Naughty Non-parilla: a Farce in Filigree" is the fantastic title of a novel by Gelett Burgess, which will be published next season. The author declares it to be his "most Burgesque" attempt at fiction, having been written for his own private amusement and without thought of publication. The book is largely satirical, dealing with life in London, San Francisco, Boston, and New York.

Lottie Blair Parker, author of the plays, "Way Down East" and "Under Southern Skies," has turned her hand to fiction. Henry Holt & Co. will issue her novel entitled "Homespun" before the end of the month.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton comes out vigorously in *Life* for "catering to the higher wants of man." She is in Germany at present and much reminded of the absence in the New World of "the color, the richness, the traditions, and the romance of the old." America's indifference to music and in particular to opera forms the basis of Mrs. Atherton's assault. There is no reason—that is to say, no external reason—why every American city of a hundred thousand persons or more should not have opera practically all the year round. As a matter of fact, it is

only two or three of the largest cities which have any opera at all. "There is nothing more remarkable in modern civilization," says Mrs. Atherton, "than that a nation numbering upward of 80,000,000 and of a wealth so vast that it is the billionaire among the nations of the earth (alas! in many eyes the vulgar parvenu) caters less to the higher wants of man than any one of the many subdivisions of the comparatively small state of Germany."

The friends of John Davidson are now certain that he must be dead, and correspondence found in his desk favors that assumption. If he has found life too hard, then there is much of pathos in these lines by him which are published in the latest issue of *The Englishwoman*. They are entitled "From Grub Street":

My love, my wife, three months ago,  
I joined the fight in London town.  
I haven't conquered yet, you know,  
And friends are few, and hope is low;  
Far off I see the shining crown.

I'm daunted, dear; but blow on blow  
With ebbing force I strike, and so  
I am not felled and trodden down,  
My love, my wife!

I wonder when the tide will flow,  
Sir Oracle cease saying "No,"  
And Fortune smile away her frown;  
Well, while I swim I can not drown;  
And while we sleep the harvests grow,  
My love, my wife!



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Sunset Magazine for May

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

Views in color of its completed buildings, and information as to what this great show will offer the people on June 1st.

Alaska

A symposium of articles on the wonderful North, dealing (fully illustrated) with its interest, from its treasures to its dog racing, from its perils to its fine roads.

A Lincoln Treasure

The manuscript of a lecture by the great President just come to light and published here for the first time, with facsimiles and personal photographs.

AMUSING SHORT STORIES:

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## JAMES "ADMIRABLE" CRICHTON.

Dazzling Attainments. Knightly Skill, and Treacherous Death of the Genius.

References to the Admirable Crichton are still frequent in current literature, but exact knowledge of the life and achievements of this famous Scot is by no means pervasive. A well-informed and critical biographic sketch of the scholar, poet, disputant, and chevalier, appears in the May number of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, from the pen of Charles Whibley, and it proves that in spite of the glamor that surrounds his name, and the obvious weaknesses of a self-centred genius, the youth had a well-founded claim to the proud distinction that has clung to his name. His career was as romantic in truth as that of any figure in fiction:

James Crichton, the son of Robert Crichton of Elick, Lord Advocate, and of Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of Sir James Stewart of Beath, was born in 1560, on an island, says rumor, already busy about him, in the Lake of Cluny. On either side he claimed royal descent, and his pretensions had a surer basis in fact than those of many, his compatriots, who vaunted a lofty lineage. The precocity which has made him immortal was sedulously tended. Buchanan, Hepburn, Robertson, and Rutherford share the glory of his education, and he was but thirteen when he took his first degree at St. Andrews, a boy bachelor in very truth. Two years later he became Master of Arts, and at seventeen, when he went first upon his travels, the days of his pupilage were done. By habits of invincible industry he had improved a natural aptitude until he might claim, without boasting, to be the most learned youth of his years that ever held his own in the schools of Europe. He carried in his brain all the erudition of the time. If we may believe an early document, doubtless inspired by himself, he was already the master of ten languages. Philosophy and theology held no secrets from him. He knew the works of Plato and Aristotle as the merchant knows his account books, and he had studied profoundly all the controversies which those masters of science had inspired.

In describing Crichton's "surpassing beauty," Mr. Whibley refers to the "mark of a red rose which nature had put about his right eye," and which seemed to mark him as something rare among men. His eloquence, quick and persuasive, sprang perhaps from his peculiarly distinguished gift:

But the most remarkable talent that the lavish gods had bestowed upon him was the talent of memory, a talent far more highly esteemed then than now. "He knew not what it was to forget," says his inspired rhapsodist. Whatever he had once seen or heard was his own intimate possession until the end of life. Had he listened perchance to a long oration, he could give it back word for word as it was delivered. He possessed, moreover, a rapid trick of improvisation. He could compose Latin verses on any given subject, in any given metre. He resembled those artists of the music hall who once upon a time could sing a song on the first man chosen from a delighted audience. And he achieved something more which was beyond their reach. Having improvised a poem, he could repeat it backwards, beginning at the last word—a feat which was hailed as none the less wonderful on account of its uselessness.

The manifold gifts of his mind did not impede the prowess of his body. He was as apt for arms as for arts. His learning was nothing else than a flower to be worn at the point of his lance or on the crest of his helmet. He excelled in all the martial exercises of his time. A formidable antagonist with sword and dagger, he was invincible in the joust. Neither his hand nor his tongue ever trembled in the presence of an adversary. As a horseman he found few rivals among the cavaliers of his time.

Such was James Crichton as he appeared to the eulogists, inspired, as I have said, by himself. Such he seemed to the schools and courts of Paris, when they witnessed his feats of daring and erudition. He was no more than seventeen when first he sought fame and fortune abroad, and surely his gifts could have found no more fitting theatre than Paris for their display. For the Paris to which he came was the Paris of Henri III and Brantôme, the Paris whose gaiety Rabelais had enhanced, whose pedantry his ridicule had not abolished. If in joyousness of heart the Parisians still took for their motto, "Do what you will," they still loved the combats of spear and brain which had made them famous. Learning and bravery were alike the servants of competition. Tournaments were held in the Louvre, the voice of discussion was heard at the Sorbonne. An equal chance of distinction was given to the knights-errant of pen and sword, and in Paris Crichton found himself most intimately at home. Nothing had yet availed to check the practice of disputation, of disputation on all subjects, in all forms and languages, in accordance with all rules. It was well-nigh a century since Pico della Mirandola had offered to defend nine hundred paradoxes against all comers, and the test of learning was still the same. To us the test seems pedantic and irrelevant, but it was the test of the time, and by it Crichton, like many another of sounder learning than he, was tried and found excellent.

From Paris, where his vogue lasted for a long time, Crichton went to Genoa, and there encountered poverty. He won honors there, even, but nothing more, and went on, to Venice:

He was not yet twenty-one when he came there, a boy still in all save experience and wedge of the world. He was determined,

at all hazards, to conquer fame and wealth, and he set about the conquest by the only method yet discovered by ambitious men—the method of bold and fearless advertisement. A handbill was issued, obviously with his connivance, in which were celebrated his handsome person, his vast learning, his invincible skill in arms and horsemanship. It is an ingenious production, brief and adulatory, a masterpiece of blatant and unashamed panegyric. Yet it is of surpassing interest, for not only is it an early specimen of the preliminary puff—it is the one solid piece of evidence upon which our knowledge of Crichton rests. Had he lived today he would have confided to the reporters what a very fine fellow he was. There being no reporters at his hand, he inspired a hack to compose a handbill, which declared his perfections in the simplest language. And simple as it was, it has been eagerly seized upon by his biographers, who have echoed its crude flattery to such purpose that the earliest half-dozen authorities for the life of Crichton are not six but one. Such was the first part of Crichton's scheme for making himself known to the scholars of Venice.

From Venice to Padua, where he was victor in every field, and then to the Court of Mantua, where came the end of his career. His first exploit was a combat, in which he met an Italian master of the sword who had challenged all, and he not only won, but killed his antagonist. The duke applauded his courage and skill and made him tutor of his son. Followed a golden period, and then the treacherous ending of a brilliant career:

It was at the time of carnival, when Crichton, accompanied by the princess whom he loved, encountered Vincenzo Gonzago and the rabble rout of his cup-shotten companions. Some say that a street in Mantua was the place of meeting, others declare that Crichton was holding the courtyard of the princess's palace against the roysterers. All are agreed as to the manner of the conflict. Crichton, not knowing who were his adversaries, ran one of them through with his sword, and was on the point of despatching the second, when a voice cried, "Hold, hold! kill not the prince!" In an instant Crichton recoiled, the prince pulled off his vizard, and Crichton, sensible of his mistake, dropped on his knee, like a true knight, and gave the prince the hilt of his conquering sword. The prince, mad with wine and rage, grasped the proffered hilt and ran the blade through the heart of the Scot. Never was a more dastardly crime committed, and as the gallant Crichton fell, the princess, "rending her garments and tearing her hair, like one of the Graces possessed with a fury," spoke thus: "O villains, what have you done? You vipers of men, that have thus basely slain the valiant Crichton, the sword of his own sex and the buckler of ours, the glory of this age, and the restorer of the lost honor of the Court of Mantua: O Crichton, Crichton!"

The story told by Urquhart, with an embroidery marvelous even for him, is abundantly strengthened by earlier authorities.

Mr. Whibley decides that Crichton's writings, prose and verse, would long since have fallen into oblivion but for the glamor of his name. He was not a true poet. But he was fortunate in strength, in skill, and in eloquence, perhaps most fortunate of all in his early death:

He filled a greater space than the most of men. He had a talent for attracting the eyes of others to him, and thus he achieved a result which, but for him, might have seemed impossible: he made pedantry romantic. Out of the dry bones of dry philosophy he produced a wonderful effect. We can well believe that neither his mind nor his tongue weighed heavily on abstruse subjects. They touched them, and were off. I have likened him to a butterfly, brilliant in color and light on wing, but he was a butterfly who fed on cabbages. And like a butterfly he was vain of the splendid effects he knew how to produce. He wished to excel at all costs. He breathed most easily in an atmosphere of combat. His highest happiness was to pit himself against this or that adversary, to make his superiority visible, and he cared not whether his hand held a sword or a book. The cause of learning was little to him; it was the cause of Crichton that he had at heart. He died young, and deserves an amiable judgment. Yet if we accept the praises of his friends, and look kindly upon his written words, we can not believe that had he lived he could have added a single stone to the monument of human knowledge. His genius was like a block of ice, clear and frozen, which the changing season melts to water.

In the courts of Venice, when a prisoner is about to be condemned to death, a tall and ghostly looking individual, dressed in a long black gown, walks majestically to the centre of the courtroom, bows solemnly to the judge, and in cavernous voice pronounces the words, "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and stalks away, says the *Detroit Free Press*. Three hundred years ago a baker was executed in Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was established the judges who condemned him gave a sum of money to the city, the interest on which was to be devoted to the setting up and perpetual burning of a lamp, known as the "lamp of expiation," in the palace of the doges.

Owing to the increase in travel, the opening up of the new branch into the Muir woods, and the new National Park, presented to the government by William Kent, the Mount Tamalpais Railway managers have found it necessary to put on extra train service.

## Unobtrusive Finance.

American diplomats and diplomatic agents abroad secure their cash through Seligman & Co., London. The tales they tell are amusing. A typical young American recently was designated the secretary of an American delegation to a foreign diplomatic conference. He financed the party, and among his duties was that of cashier at different times of credits upon Seligman & Co., amounting in one instance, to the lump sum of \$50,000. His experience was such that he supposed that marble pillars, elaborate frescoes, a vast counting-room, and a great office building must surely house an institution capable of paying over so large a sum. He had much difficulty to locate the London banking-house. He had to climb a musty stairs and search in the rear of a wandering, almost ramshackle building. He finally found a small room where a couple of clerks were railed in behind a desk in keeping with the surroundings. But his credit was promptly cashed without the slightest sign of surprise at the amount.

A number of American capitalists have joined in the purchase of the delightful country seat of the Duke of Fife, in Scotland. It is now being converted into something that in America would be called a hotel. As a matter of fact, it is not a hotel at all. It is a place where American millionaires who do not happen to have daughters married to English noblemen, and who do wish to know the very swell end of English country life, are invited to come as paying guests. This historical mansion is situated in Banffshire. It looks over the sea in front of Murray Firth and stands in a magnificent wooded park of 140 acres. The shooting which goes with it covers something like 50,000 acres.

It is declared that the deposed Abdul Hamid's treasure, found at Yildiz Kiosk, of which no one yet knows the value, is composed exclusively of money. The late Sultan received large sums in new bank notes. According to curious statistics which have just been compiled at the ministry of finance, these bank notes, of which the numbers always were registered, did not again appear in circulation. The same holds good of newly struck coins, gold and silver, which, once having entered Yildiz Kiosk, never came out again.

Captain V. Edwards, who is making an overland cross-country trip from San Diego, California, to New York in a wagon drawn by four Angora goats, has reached the Mississippi River on his Eastern way. The object of the trip is to demonstrate the usefulness and endurance of Angora goats. The captain will write a book giving the details of his trip and the history of the Angora goat.

Plans for the monster music festival to be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, next month have been completed. Thirteen thousand singers are expected to assemble, and seven concerts will be given, on June 19, 20, 21, and 22. Invitations have been accepted by President Taft, Governor Hughes, and Mayor McClellan.

## Miss Clement's Farewell Concert.

Miss Ada Clement's farewell concert at the residence of Mrs. A. Stuart Baldwin, Presidio Terrace, First Avenue and Washington Street, this Saturday afternoon, promises to be one of the notable musical events of the season. Besides Miss Clement's piano solos, there will be songs by Mrs. Mathilde Wismer and Mrs. Frank Van Ness Cox, cello solos by Miss Dorothy Pasmore, and violin solos by Mr. Hother Wismer. The programme is an inviting one.

Emperor William is still outspoken in his admiration for American proclivities. Mme. Schumann-Heink recently returned to this country from Germany, and, of course, mentions easily her appearance before royalty. She says: "I sang for the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, and the Queen of England at a private concert in the Kaiser's winter palace, near Berlin. Nearly every song I sang was an American song—national airs, war songs like 'Dixie' and 'Marching Through Georgia,' and songs like 'Home, Sweet Home.' I sang them because I am an American now, and I wished to honor my country before royalty. My imperial audience was delighted, especially the Kaiser. He applauded each song eagerly, and when I finished he told me he had fallen in love with American songs. He said he admired the American people and bade me bring his best greetings to them."

Dr. Hermann Hilger, editor of *Die Gegenwart*, advocates an exposition in Berlin in 1913. The advantage of this date, he argues, lies in the fact that it would celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Kaiser's accession to the throne.

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# "THE GENIUS" AND "SPORTING LIFE."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Well, of all attenuations of farcical emaciation commend me to "The Genius." And yet, no. After all, "The Genius" is a farce. We are getting unused, these days, to farces, and to their extreme slightness of scaffolding. The day of the farce, thank heaven, has passed away, and its voice is rarely heard in the land. This means that when it occasionally pops up its head it is endurable, even mildly enjoyable, because it has now become a novelty.

And Nat Goodwin is funny in "The Genius." And why is he funny? Because "The Genius" is funny? No, simply and solely because he is himself in his antic mood. It is a strange commentary on the theatre-going public of the day that Nat Goodwin has built up a comfortable fortune by ajuring acting and being himself. "Seem not, only be," says the wise saw. So the genial Nathaniel doesn't "seem" at all, in spite of past experiuents with Shylock, but, renouncing all those illusions that continually harass the light comedian, he has now settled contentedly down to uxoriousness and the practice of his specialty.

In "The Genius" he assumes the rôle of Jack Spencer, a moneyed young man in love with a girl who is in love with Art. So Jack hires a sort of "La Bohème" outfit of starving geniuses to allow him, for a handsome compensation, to have the credit of having perpetrated their masterpieces in, respectively, music, painting, and sculpture. Behold Nat Goodwin, then, in his full glory of ridiculousness, with a painting apron weirdly abbreviated in the rear, an artist's velvet coat, and a headpiece—presumably a painting cap—that looks as if it came from a Turkish bazaar.

Jack Spencer cuts up all kinds of capers, while a sort of Gilbert and Sullivan collection of art admirers and aesthetes yearn, and prostrate, and kowtow to the rising genius of versatility.

The play rapidly becomes broad hurlesque, with an occasional scene of sentiment thrown in, in which the well-known rapid transition from sentimentality to absurdity takes place, with the audience, as ever, a hilariously approving witness.

Edna Goodrich acts as a model—who, by the way, doesn't know how to pose—and wins the affections of the conveniently rich Spencer with such rapidity that he speedily finds himself saddled with two best girls.

But why go on? The play, as may be seen, is merely cheerful idiosyncy. In it, fortunately for her, Edna Goodrich has not a living thing to do but look pretty. This she does with laborious self-consciousness. It is quite safe to say that she will never, never learn to act. So, under the circumstances, since beauty is only skin deep, and beauties must make hay while the sun shines, it is pardonable for the lovely one to wear gorgeous pearl embroidered specimens of the dressmaker's art that, while setting off her prettiness most triumphantly—prettiness, by the way, is the right word, for Mrs. Nat is not really beautiful—would infallibly blast her reputation even in the crazy Bohemia of "The Genius."

The supporting company does not appear to such advantage as in "The Easterner." The three artists have a weird collection of accents. Mr. Morrison did very well as the Mexican in the other play, but in this his Gallic accent is away off. As for the German accent and the Irish brogue, they appear and disappear with confusing suddenness, but most of the time are an indeterminate quantity.

The little touch of hurlesque in the character of the rich and idiotic art fancier was not badly done, and Zeffie Tilbury's Josephine was also well in line with the pronounced hurlesque of the piece.

The Valencia Theatre management is taking advantage of the fact that in Mr. George Foster Platt they have a crackerjack of a stage director, who must earn his high salary by undertaking big productions. He began with "Peter Pan," and had an affair of considerable magnitude in directing the staging of "If I Were King," as well as in "Sporting Life," which was on last week.

There will be a slight lull this week in "York State Folks," which is a popular specimen of the rural drama, in which humor and

sentiment are more important than realism and costliness of setting.

"Sporting Life" is a good instance of the older style of melodrama which runs to action, action, always action, well set forth in a plurality of varied scenes. In its five acts there are a cool—or a hot—fifteen scenes. The characters, of whom there are thirty odd, are sharply defined—that is, the leading ones—being classified either as sheep or goats, with the traits of few of them shading into those uncertainties which in life so often make it difficult for us to label people we know as potentially good, bad, or indifferent.

The two authors—Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks—of "Sporting Life" have had no time for character building, which is, in these later days, beginning to be quite the thing in melodrama, although as yet psychology has in it but a slight and shy footing. But the authors of "Sporting Life," knowing the prevalence of "sports" in this pleasure-loving sphere, and being well aware that the non-sports feel, although in a lessened degree, something of the same interest in "sports" that they have in Bohemians, have started in to gratify this curiosity in a thorough, workmanlike manner.

They give us all they can possibly squeeze in for our money. The atmosphere and slang of the stables are to be enjoyed, together with horses, jockeys, bookmakers, touts, and trainers, with tips flying around, and well-dressed lords and honorables and their women-kind trying to catch them on the fly, and besides these accessories we have a murder, a race, an exposition, and a prize-fight.

Foreseeing the necessity of touching our hearts, the foxy authors have bestowed upon Cavanagh the trainer a large family of good-looking girls, and one son, nearly all of whom wade in trouble. One of the girls is seduced, another becomes engaged to a young man—an earl, by the way, for we stop at nothing, not even social distinctions, in the "Sporting Life" brand of melodrama—whose past indiscretions cause present anguish.

The son, poor young man, wades in woe and crime. Really, Cavanagh Senior was very scurvily treated by his creators, but he takes it out of them by becoming enormously loquacious in moments of deep emotion.

There is a villainess of the deepest dye in "Sporting Life," who, when reproached by young Cavanagh for luring him to financial ruin attended by crime, remarks truthfully, "If it weren't for fools like you what would women like me do with our spare time?"

A thrill of horror ought to have penetrated our hard hearts at hearing this axiom, but the audience laughed long, loud, and unsympathetically.

The authors hit on one queer conceit which worked out well. They had the omnipresent money-lender whose agency is necessary to keep sporting activities, in England at least, on the go, pictured as a sort of benevolently inclined Providence, who, while looking out carefully for his profits, endeavored to hock the game of the wicked, aid the plans of the good, and supply a few moral props for the swaying shapes of those whose possibilities lay in either direction.

There is something in the climate of a purely objective play like "Sporting Life" that nips histrionism in the bud. For instance, there is a scene in which the cruel misunderstanding between the earl and his prospective earless is cleared away, and in a moment they are locked in each other's arms. And did the earl devour with loving gaze the dear features, lately so cold, now once more transformed by love and tenderness? Not he. Claspng her automatically and abstractedly with a well-trained arm, he fixed his gaze on the top gallery, and spouted. And that's the melodrama of it. Nobody missed the lover's gaze in the slightest degree.

Oh, I forgot! There was a bona fide "pug," as Cashed Byron pleasantly calls it, Battling Nelson, the champion lightweight pugilist of the universe, who fought several rounds with the earl, and allowed himself to be well hatted in the face—perhaps I ought to say mug—for, presumably, a handsome salary, since he carefully avoided planting some muscular reprisals upon the countenance of his opponent. I suppose because leading men can not run the risk of having their professional beauty disfigured, even though it be honorably accomplished by the champion lightweight pugilist of the universe.

As a contrast, this week we are having simplicity and pathos, with a good piece of acting by Charles Dow Clark to relieve the paucity that prevailed last week in this department of theatrics in "Sporting Life."

Sir Robert Hart, speaking of marriage and death customs in the Far East, tells a story of a great Chinese scholar and high official who said that our foreign way of letting the young people fall in love and choose and the Chinese way of first marrying and then making acquaintance reminded him of two kettles of water; the first—the foreign—was taken at the boiling point from the fire by marriage and then grew cooler and cooler, whereas the second—the Chinese—was a kettle of cold water put on the fire by wedlock and ever afterward growing warmer and warmer, "so that," said his friend, "after fifty or sixty years we are madly in love with each other!"

## FOR AMERICANS IN PARIS.

"St. Martin" Describes the New Hospital for the Benefit of Transatlantic Visitors.

The news that an American hospital has been opened in Paris needs some amplification and comment before its import can be appreciated by those who have never lived in the French capital. The prospect of illness while on a pleasure tour is not one that we contemplate with equanimity. Indeed, we do not contemplate it at all if we can help it, being naturally more prone to believe that nature, so far as our internal economy is concerned, will graciously cooperate with our vacation instincts and so refrain from dropping gall into the cup of happiness. But of all places upon the Continent of Europe which the enlightened traveler would select for an illness Paris is the very last. True, it is the centre of European civilization, but then centres of civilization have a way of being hard-hearted, and especially when they are also centres of the amusement-seeking world. The hotel-keeper who is entertaining a succession of roysterers feels a certain resentment against one of their number who falls by the wayside and needs a doctor and a nurse—and conceivably a hearse—instead of midnight suppers and a guide to the Black Rat. He can hardly be blamed. No one wishes to be reminded that flesh is mortal just when he is trying to persuade himself that it ought to be, and shall be, immortal. Nowadays if there is a skeleton at the feast we do not parade it. We hustle it out of sight as fast as possible, and that is precisely what the Paris hotel-keeper does with his sick guest. He hustles him out of sight, out of the premises, down the backstairs, and into the street. He neither knows nor cares what becomes of him. That is an affair for *le bon Dieu* whose peculiar mission it is to care for such things. "*C'est son métier*," as Heine cheerfully remarked upon his deathbed when implored to seek the divine forgiveness.

Of course, there are hospitals in Paris—so called by courtesy. Why most of the Paris hospitals should be mere ghettos where germs of all kinds hold a perpetual carnival in dirt and misery is one of those things not easily to be understood. The Paris physician stands at the head of his profession, and no one knows better than he of the horrors that he has to fight in the hospitals where he works. But he can do nothing unless he puts his hand pretty deeply into his own pocket, and this some of them have done to their credit. Perhaps the student of French sociology can enlighten us as to the Paris hospitals. There they are.

The sick American is therefore between the devil and the deep sea. The Paris hotel will have none of him, while the Paris hospital will have all of him. If he is not very ill he can perhaps conceal himself in his bedroom, provided he has friends who will look after him. The doctor can come and go unnoticed, but if he should he so evilly disposed as to have typhoid he must have a nurse and special appliances and all sorts of conspicuous things and then out he goes. There was a case where the nurse was smuggled in as a friend of the family and in plain clothes, but it didn't work for long. He was a wealthy man, too, but his money did not save him, while for the man who is comparatively poor or without friends, it were better for him that he had never been born. The Englishman can get home in a few hours and he does, with an admirable celerity, but the American is a stranger in a far land and his lot is a pitiable one.

The new American hospital is therefore a citadel of hope for the tourist who feels premonitory symptoms of his old complaint. It will be opened in about a month and is to be found at Neuilly, the most beautiful of all Paris suburbs. Passing up the Avenue de la Grande Armée and through the Porte Maillot and the obsolete fortifications, we are in Neuilly. Away to the left the great Bois de Boulogne stretches its green shades for miles and close to the Bois is the new hospital constructed upon simple lines and forming quite a feature of the vicinity. It has two free wards, one for men and one for women, for it is to be remembered that American residents in Paris are by no means noted for their wealth. There is a large colony of students, many of whom support themselves precariously, and this class has been kept carefully in mind. There will be no difference between the paying and the free wards except in the one matter of privacy. Food and medical attendance will be equally good, but those who wish to suffer in solitude can do so by paying for the privilege. But the prices will in no case be high. The hospital will not be a money-making affair, and if extraordinary gratitude for benefits received should suggest a donation to the funds it will be received without apology.

The hospital has so far cost about two hundred thousand dollars, although subscriptions are still coming to Morgan, Harjes & Co., the American Express Company, and Munroe & Co. The president is John H. Harjes and J. Pierpont Morgan is on the board of governors. The secretary is Henry Cachard of Coudert Brothers and the vice-president is John J. Hoff of the Standard Oil Company. The board of governors is fairly representa-

tive of the American colony, containing such well-known names as W. S. Dallia, Colonel Dodge, Ralph W. Hickox, J. W. Sharon, and A. Van Bergen. There are also three American physicians upon the board—Dr. Edmond L. Gros, Dr. A. J. Magnin, and Dr. Crosby Whitman. It need hardly be said that under such guidance nothing that science or skill can suggest has been left undone. The electrical appliances are models of their kind. The heating apparatus represents the last word of sanitary advance, while the appliances have been purchased with a single view to comfort and efficiency. The resident physician is still to be appointed and he will be engaged in America for the purpose, but the American doctors now in Paris will be upon the visiting and consultant staff. Paris will certainly take on a new attractiveness for those who know what it has meant to be ill there.

ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, May 7, 1909.

George W. Harvey, one of the best-known restaurant men in the world, died in Washington a few days ago. He was sixty-nine years old. Almost every one who had visited Washington since the Civil War knew "Harvey's," the famous oyster house at Eleventh Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., where were invented steamed oysters. George Harvey and his brothers in 1856 established the first oyster house in Washington, and it became a gold mine for them during the war, when officers and soldiers crowded it, clamoring for all sorts of cooked oysters. All the cooks that the Harveys could employ were unable to supply the orders until a scheme of throwing unshucked oysters into boiling water by the palful was adopted. Steam was later substituted for boiling water, and the result was steamed oysters, which when served with the kind of dressing obtainable only at Harvey's made a delectable dish. Mrs. Seward, the wife of the Secretary of State, put the stamp of official approval on this dish by having Mr. Harvey serve an oyster supper for President and Mrs. Lincoln. Since that time the restaurant has been a favorite haunt of public men, and many a political deal has been arranged in the private dining-room on the second floor. Canvassack duck, which Mr. Harvey would carve and mix the sauce for himself, was another dish for which the place was famous.

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VANITY FAIR.

A New Jersey court has decided that a woman is not necessarily insane because she believes in the efficacy of prayer in daily life and calls her pet cats by the names of the apostles. The question arose over the will of a Miss Burnet, who left an estate valued at \$300,000. It would be interesting to know if the plaintiffs laid the chief stress upon the praying habits of the dear departed or upon her cat proclivities. It seems that Miss Burnet was in the habit of approaching the throne of grace for guidance in her business operations, and as she left a very respectable sum it would appear that her supplications were not without avail. They must have been "good for business" in her case, but it has not always been so. Did not Mr. Jerry Cruncher in "A Tale of Two Cities" complain that his wife's habit of "flopping" was distinctly "had for business"? It is true that his occupation was that of a hody scratcher, and this may have made a difference.

It is the experience of the French government that as soon as a man is appointed to a consular or diplomatic position he immediately craves for a title and assumes one consonant with his new dignities. He thinks probably that the fraud will not be detected in a foreign country and that he may as well have such prestige as may accrue to him from a titular decoration. But the French government thinks otherwise, perhaps moved by the incongruity of a titled officialism that professes to serve a republic. It has therefore made some inquiry into the matter and it finds that out of forty-eight diplomatic and consular representatives who are using titles only seven have any legitimate family claim to do so. It would therefore be well to scrutinize the prefixing "de" somewhat closely and at least to avoid matrimonial alliances upon the strength of it until it has justified its existence.

Every one has heard of the New York head line, but the existence of a hat line is not usually known. But there is such a line, and it accounts for the fact that however otherwise disreputable the New York loafer may be, his hat is usually a decent one.

The average man when he buys a new hat leaves his old one at the store with some vague idea that it will be used for something, perhaps repurposed and made over into inferior goods. As a matter of fact an old hat has no value except to the man who is willing to wear it, and so the large hat stores have a regular morning each week when they display the relics that have been left with them and dispose of them without money and without price. A New York hatter tells a *Sun* correspondent:

Spring and fall are the times when the hat line is the biggest, because then most men buy new hats. We give away hundreds of hats at this season, and the supply is so large that the applicants can really be quite finicky.

Not all of the men in our hat line are bums by any means. There are thousands of men in this city who never buy a hat, men who are just able to keep the family fed and a roof over their heads. Where do they get the hats they wear? Take a look at our hat line some morning and you'll see; and they're not ashamed of it either.

We see the same faces many times about this time of year, because men get in the habit of going to the same place for their old hat just as you do for your new hat, and we keep them supplied.

Now who ever heard of a hat line for women? Who ever knew a woman to leave her old hat behind in the store upon the purchase of a new one? Of course, women could not do such a thing. Small allowances and parsimonious husbands necessitate the retrimming of the old hat until none of the original fabric is left. It can always be made to do for "second best."

The Queen of Spain is said to have determined that hull fighting shall cease. The reports say that she has been successful in a crusade against dueling and that, emulated by an apparent triumph, she has declared war upon the national amusement of her adopted country.

Now, dueling and hull-fighting stand upon very different ground. Dueling is not a national amusement in Spain. At most it is the dying survival of aristocratic chivalry that received its mortal blow from Don Quixote, and its legal prohibition will have about as much effect in Spain as the corresponding prohibition in France, where duels of an innocuous kind are still fairly common. It is safe to say that Spanish grandees will continue to fight duels, and with the added delights of forbidden fruit.

But when it comes to hull-fights the queen had better be careful. She would do well to remember that she is English and not Spanish and that she is already distrusted by the people. If common report speak truly, Queen Victoria is not so beautiful as she used to be, and has no longer the personal power that comes from physical perfections. She is said also to have become a little peevish and this may account for her raids upon Spanish customs. It would be well for her to understand that an universal and traditional custom, such as hull-fighting, can not be

abolished by order, and that when she talks about cruelty to hulls and horses she is simply using language that the Spanish people can not understand and that they suspect to be some strange foreign innovation that should be resisted. We are never so likely to deceive ourselves as when we denounce the customs of other people, and especially of other nations. Half the reformatory efforts in the world are nothing more than self-conceit, a resentment at practices that are not ours and at ways different to our own. We never heard, for instance, that Queen Victoria protested against the chasing of tame stags in England, a practice quite as cruel as hull-fighting, but the stag chasing is a familiar occurrence and done by "mine own people" and therefore right and proper, while the hull-fighting is unfamiliar and is done by strangers and therefore reprehensible and to be condemned. When we think that we are resenting wrong-doing we are often really in arms against a difference from ourselves and we are demanding not so much virtue as uniformity with our own customs. If Queen Victoria does not wish to endanger her husband's throne she had better let content with the smallest of small beginnings in the matter of hull-fights and try what can be done by the gentlest moral suasion.

Talking of hull-fights, it really has little to do with the question above touched upon, but it is a quaint rendering of an old Provençal legend that Millicent Wedmore contributes to the *May Cornhill Magazine* and is so far relevant in that it shows how love of a national pastime may even follow its devotees into the shadow world. Let it be understood that "ei biou" means "the hulls":

The old Arlesian was dead;  
He was too good for Hell;  
Purgatory, Saint Michael said,  
Would suit him passing well.

"Give me one peep in Paradise  
To cheer me while I wait";  
And Jarjaille gazed with widening eyes—  
Then slipped within the gate.

"Come out, come out," Saint Peter cried;  
But Jarjaille shook his head.  
"I can not leave him there inside,"  
Distracted Peter said.

"It is no easy task, I deem,  
To rid me of this carl,  
Hail I will summon Saint Trophime,  
Who knows the ways of Arles."

Saint Trophime spake: two cherubs flew  
To his behest outside.  
"Ei biou! Ei biou!"  
These little angels cried.

At that beloved, familiar sound,  
Old Jarjaille gave a start.  
He saw the hulls, arena-bound;  
The crowd with mule and cart;

The gay procession onward wind,—  
He fled to join the Fête,  
Without a look or thought behind—  
And Peter closed the gate.

An American woman has chosen the columns of the London *Daily Mail* wherein to describe the differences between shopping in her own country and in England. Shopping in England, it seems, means something definite. When the English woman says that she is going shopping she means that there are some definite things that she needs and that she is about to go out and buy them. She goes into the draper's shop with the same deadly earnestness as the greengrocer's or the druggist's.

But the American woman has no such object. With her, shopping is a way of spending the time. She wants to see pretty things and if she is rich she may buy some of them, while if she is poor she may try to copy them. New York shopkeepers know that this is done again and again, and they do not attempt to protect themselves from it. They have a way of appearing not to mind whether one buys anything or not. They say, "Come in and look around, rest yourself, write your letters on our stationery, rock in our rocking-chairs, make yourself perfectly at home. We do not ask you to buy!"

I never sit down in a rest-room shop rocking-chair without being fully aware that the chair is placed just in that comfortable angle to tempt me to make myself at home. I know full well the seduction that lies in the cup of free afternoon tea offered me by the American shopkeeper. I chuckle over his devices, and sometimes I vow I will never, no never, buy one solitary bit of his goods, but only rest in the rocker all the livelong afternoon, but I never do stop in the chair long. I am bound to get up and wander about, and sometimes I stumble over something spread out on a table that I never dreamed of wanting or needing that I can not spare the money to buy, that may force me to simply devastating economies in other directions if I do buy it; but such considerations make me all the more determined to buy it. Here is a new-shaped collar. Now, I never knew that shape was the fashion until this very minute. I have an abundance of collars of various designs at home. I do not need another collar. It costs a wickedly high price—three and a half dollars. The wonders one may do with fourteen shillings in London! No, I will not buy that collar!

Stay, I am feeling so refreshed, so beautifully rested, having rocked in the rocking-chair for half an hour, that I just try the collar on, without the slightest intention of really buying it. The saleswoman says it is no trouble to try it on. She says, "You needn't buy it, you know, but only try

it on for the fun of the thing!" I try it on. Now, who would suppose that that particular shape in collars would make me lose eight years in two minutes and give an absolutely fascinating and fetching twist to my chin? "Send it to number nine thousand and sixty-nine, West One Thousand and One Street," I say, emptying my purse of all but a five-cent piece which will carry me home on the "trolley."

Shopping in New York is an entertainment, while in London it is a duty. That is the whole situation in a nutshell. But in one respect at least the correspondent gives her vote solidly for London—she likes the manners of the salespeople in the English metropolis:

Certainly no one can come to London after a time spent in New York without enjoying the delightful manners of the London salesmen and saleswomen. At first in New York the foreign visitor is shocked by the absence of respect of the saleswoman for the shopper. Only occasionally does one hear a "madam" or a "sir." A few months ago I was buying some cheese in a New York department store. I carried a library book under my arm.

"What's that book you've got there?" asked the young woman who was slicing the cheese. I gave her the title. "Is it worth reading?" asked she. I assured her that I found it exceedingly interesting. "I'll get it if you advise me to read it," she said, and now she was wrapping the cheese and tying the string. I told her I did advise her to read it.

"I always ask intelligent-looking ladies who come in to shop what the books are they have with them," she said. "I'm trying to improve. I don't intend to sell cheese all my life."

And now, coming to London, I find I love the manner of the English saleswoman. I like the deference, the quiet voice, the attentive manner with which she looks after my wants. "It is very becoming, is it not, madam?" asks the solicitous saleswoman in Regent Street as I try on a hat or gown. "It's a perfectly grand thing, and you look a dandy in it!" somehow does not

seem quite the thing these days; yet this precise expression was used to me in one of the principal New York shops two months ago as I tried on a blouse.

Just at present the Parisienne is giving all her enthusiasm to the turquoise and with an ardor so keen that it can not last. The turquoise, says M. A. P., that has thus seized my lady's whim is not the simple turquoise with its soft greenish blue sheen; it is the turquoise matrix—to give it its proper term—the turquoise dotted with colored spots. It is set in rings, which are worn for choice on the first finger. It is the favorite stone for the little huckles which finish the fine lace jabot. Where the pocket can afford it, turquoise buttons are the thing, while for bracelets the stone is used in every way a jeweler can devise.

The latest craze among the ultra-fashionables of London is to have dirty faces. Some few years ago the same young men developed a fancy for perambulating the streets without hats, but the coming of the automobile has changed the mode of showing that you are not quite as other men. The idea is to carry just enough dirt to look like fast long distance riders who have just arrived and have had no time to remove the traces of locomotion. A slight disarray of the tie and collar is a great aid to the illusion, while the real artists will add a slight suggestion of cramp in the legs. A finishing touch is given by an oily smear on the nose. This may seem like an exaggeration, but it is not more absurd than the fashion of a century ago, when young men aspired to look like coachmen or jockeys. But these very aristocratic young men never try to disguise themselves by a look of intelligence, which would, after all, be more effective than any other.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Harry was sadly given to talking, and by way of reproof Paterfamilias remarked one evening, "My boy, I wish you to bear in mind that speech is silver and that silence is golden." "Then, papa," replied the lad, "if one only talks enough, speech is as good as gold."

A convict in a German prison had been extremely refractory. One morning the warden said to the keeper: "I say, Huber, the scoundrel is acting worse than ever. Put him on bread and water." "But he is already doing two fast days." "Then give him a cook-book to read."

Little Helen, rummaging among the bookshelves, found a volume which charmed her by its title and, scarcely noticed by mamma, spent the whole afternoon apparently absorbed in reading. "Well," she said at last, as she returned the volume to its place, "I have read every line in the book from the first to the last and I haven't found anything in it about 'A Doll's House.'"

As Alexandre Dumas had dined with a state minister, somebody asked him if he had enjoyed himself. He replied: "If it had not been for me, I would have been bored." Dumas was in the habit of giving two francs to a beggar whenever he met him. Once he had only two cents, which he gave. "Oh, M. Dumas!" exclaimed the beggar, reprovingly. "Give them to a beggar," he replied.

President Taft plays golf fairly well, but on his return from Cuba, away back in his career, he did not make a good impression on the links. After some pretty bad work on the first two holes, he said apologetically to his caddy, a stranger from the East: "I'm certainly out of form today. I've been on a sea voyage, you see. It must have upset me." "Played before, have ye?" said the caddy.

The Paris critic, Martin, once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Café Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Régence, and the young woman at the desk, to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All of the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good." "They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied, slowly.

"There will be a meeting of the board," said the preacher, "at the conclusion of this service." So the official brethren of the church gathered around the pastor after the benediction was pronounced. Among them was a stranger, whom it was necessary as delicately as possible to remind that his presence was not needed. "I beg your pardon," said the stranger; "I understood this was to be a meeting of the bored, of which I claim to be one."

In 1868, Judge Little, a testy man, but a good lawyer, was suddenly appointed to fill a vacancy on the superior court bench in North Carolina. He had a habit of swearing which could not be suddenly laid aside. At one of his first courts, a lawyer, nettled at one of his decisions, said, in a rather emphatic way: "We will appeal from that." The old judge forgot the proprieties of his new post, and promptly replied to the startled counsel, in the same tone: "Appeal and be d—d!"

A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr. —?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house. "No, you can't," answered the matron, decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl. The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said, "I'm the party he belongs to!"

Mr. Herbert Spencer one time put very neatly the distinction between sport as an amusement and as an occupation. Dropping in at his club, he met a young friend, who invited him to play a game of billiards. The philosopher led off and left the balls in a good position for his opponent, who dexterously ran out, not allowing his companion another shot. Then the young expert naturally looked at the philosopher for the customary compliment, but the loser of the game said, very seriously, after depositing his cue in the rack: "Sir, a certain proficiency in such a sport as this is a sign of a good education of the eye, the nerve, the hand; but the mastership of billiards which you have exhibited could have been acquired only by an ill-spent youth."

"Some men preach," said Sydney Smith, "as if they thought sin is to be taken out of a man as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber." So at any rate thought not South, who, preaching one day at Whitehall, observed King Charles the Second and several of his attendants asleep.

Stooping down, he cried out to one of the delinquents: "My lord, I am sorry to interrupt you, but if you snore so loud you will wake the king." His majesty thereupon awoke, and turning to his neighbor, remarked with his accustomed good nature: "This man must be made a bishop; remind me on the next vacancy." Latimer speaks of a woman who suffered from insomnia, and who, all soporifics having failed, was taken to the Church of St. Thomas of Acres, when she fell at once into a refreshing slumber.

Once during the argument in a lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a good deal of a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said: "My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman, I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about in the Sangamon River. It had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Lessen These, Too.

We've the telegraph wireless,  
The church that is spireless,  
The gas that is fireless,  
Yet these we desire less  
Than roads which are tireless,  
Than bobos who're tireless,  
Campaigns that are liarless,  
And statesman who're liarless.  
—Kansas City Times.

Ready Relief.

Baby whimpered for a drink;  
Willie filled her up with ink.  
Mamma, laughing at the lad,  
Fed the babe with blotting pad.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Melodrama.

A play intense, price ten cents,  
Every seat was filled;  
The villain bold made blood run cold,  
Sixteen men he'd killed.  
A maiden fair with golden hair,  
At his knees now knelt,  
The girl to shoot, this heartless brute  
For his revolver felt.

But he'd forgot it, he'd not brought it,  
So with his pocket knife  
He thrusts the blade into the maid,  
And thus he ends her life.

"At last she's dead," aside, he said,  
"Who'll know what I forgot?"  
But as she dies the maiden cries,  
"Oh, my God! I'm shot!"  
—Town Topics.

An Old Truth.

Skiggs ran away with Skeggs's wife,  
Left no address behind;  
But very soon Skiggs envied Skeggs  
And had a change of mind.  
Skeggs advertised, Skiggs sent her back,  
Herein the moral lies:  
Skiggs now believes—not so with Skeggs—  
It pays to advertise.  
—Boston Herald.

The Girls of Long Ago.

Where are the girls that we used to know;  
The pink-frocked girls of the long ago?  
The little lass with the eyes of blue,  
And wind-tossed hair of a golden hue?  
Have the fates been kind to her, tell me, pray,  
That maid I loved in the bygone day?

Where is the maiden that stammered so,  
The little lady called "pigeon-toe"?  
The plain little miss with the pigtail braid,  
The shy little girl who was half-afraid  
To speak to the boy that she didn't know?  
Where are the sweethearts of long ago?

I can see them all in my dreams today,  
Jennie and Marion, Ruth and May,  
And I wonder often as I look back,  
Has the world been kind to that merry pack?  
Come, tell me, seer, for I want to know,  
Where are the sweethearts of long ago?  
—Detroit Free Press.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The social world has been in a flurry of excitement during the past fortnight over affairs matrimonial, which have been developing at an unprecedented rate. In addition to several weddings of importance there have been engagements announced which have proved of overwhelming interest. Not all of the spring engagements have been told as yet and the next few days promise to see the making public of more all-important secrets.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Baker, daughter of Mrs. Livingston L. Baker, to Mr. Drummond MacGavin. No date has been arranged for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mattie Livermore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore, to Mr. Alfred Hurlten of Dresden, Germany. The marriage will take place in London about July 15. The young couple will reside in Dresden.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Phelps, daughter of Captain Thomas S. Phelps, U. S. N., and Mrs. Phelps, to Ensign William Alexander Glassford, Jr., U. S. N. The wedding will be celebrated on Tuesday afternoon, June 1, at St. Peter's Chapel, Mare Island.

The engagement is announced of Miss Caroline Willis Williams, sister of Lieutenant John S. Williams, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Eugene B. Walker, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A. Their wedding will take place in June.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Newhall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, to Mr. Athole McBean, took place on Wednesday of last week at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at high noon by the Rev. Frederick Clappett. Miss Marian Newhall was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Maud Bourn, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn. Captain Henry S. Kiersted, U. S. A., was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. Walter Hobart, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Laurence Scott, and Mr. Arthur Chesebrough. A wedding reception followed at the home of the bride on Scott and Green streets, at which about two hundred and fifty guests were present. Mr. and Mrs. McBean left the following day for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

The wedding of Miss Edith Berry, daughter of Mr. William Berry and Mrs. J. L. Patton Berry, to Mr. Lloyd Baldwin took place on Wednesday last at the home of the bride on Steiner Street. The ceremony was performed at a quarter to four o'clock by the Rev. Edward Morgan of St. Luke's Church. Miss Dorothy Berry was the maid of honor and Mr. William D. Page was the best man. Only relatives and the more intimate friends were present. After a brief wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin will make their home on Steiner Street, near Sacramento.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Severance Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Russell, to Paymaster Eugene Hale Douglas, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday evening of last week at St. Paul's Church, Oakland. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Alexander Allen. Mrs. Charles Suro was the matron of honor and Miss Helen Sullivan and Miss Mabel Gregory were the bridesmaids. Ensign R. D. Ghormely, U. S. N., was the best man, and the ushers were Paymaster James Beecher, U. S. N., Paymaster Harry Collins, U. S. N., Paymaster James F. Kutz, U. S. N., and Assistant Naval Constructor F. B. Hall, U. S. N. A reception to the bridal party and more intimate friends was given at the bride's home on Ninth Street. After their wedding journey to Southern California Paymaster and Mrs. Douglass will live at Mare Island.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding was the host at a dinner at the Fairmont on Thursday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown entertained at an informal dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at their home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Sidney Cushing was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week at her home in San Rafael.

Miss Genevieve King was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week in honor of Miss Louise McCormick of Chicago.

Miss Alice Oge was the hostess at a luncheon at her home in San Rafael on Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury entertained at a theatre party on Wednesday evening of last week at the Van Ness Theatre.

Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained at a tea on Saturday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel at

which addresses were delivered on "Permanent Philanthropy."

Mr. Joseph Redding was host at a dinner at the Fairmont on Thursday evening. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander King, and Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn.

M. Emile Amblard of New York was the guest at an informal luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Frank P. Anderson was hostess at a luncheon on Monday at the Fairmont Hotel, at which she entertained Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, and Miss Laura McKinty.

Among recent luncheons at the St. Francis was that given by Mrs. R. P. Schwerin. Her guests were Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. S. J. Porter, Mrs. Samuel Knight, and Mrs. K. O. Vossburg.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William S. Tevis arrived on Saturday morning from her Bakersfield country place, where she has been for the past month, and is at her apartment at the Lafayette.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst left recently for a month's stay in New York.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helen Irwin left on Friday morning of last week for Philadelphia and will spend the summer on the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Eleanor Duane, Miss Katherine Duane, and Miss Eleanor Townsend of New York spent the week end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson and Miss Maud Wilson will leave for their country place in Belvedere early in June and will spend the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Miss Cora Otis, and Miss Frederica Otis will leave next week for Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre are at their country place at Fair Oaks for the summer.

Mrs. George Bowman of San Jose has been visiting here as the guest of Miss Minnie Houghton.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins has returned from a brief visit to Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase at the latter's country place in the Napa Valley.

Miss Eleanor Duane and Miss Katherine Duane, who have been the guests of their cousin, Miss Julia Langhorne, for the past month, will leave on Monday next for their home in New York.

Mrs. Henry Sloan Coffin (formerly Miss Dorothy Eells) has arrived from her New York home for a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eells.

Miss Jenioe Crocker spent several days last week in town as a guest at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas have returned from a brief trip to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan were in town several days from their country place at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague have arrived from the East and Europe and are here for the summer.

Miss Edith Pillsbury has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will remain for some time.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper has been visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Welborn Burnett have taken a cottage in Piedmont for the summer and are domiciled here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Fee, Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Elizabeth Fee, and Mr. Jerome Fee are spending a few days at Byron Hot Springs.

Governor J. N. Gillett and Mrs. Gillett are at the Fairmont for a few days.

Mr. Jussaraud, the French ambassador, will make his headquarters at the Fairmont while in the city.

Admiral W. T. Swinburne and Mrs. Swinburne are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Alexander Heynemann has returned from Ross and is at the St. Francis. Mr. Heynemann is in Europe.

Mrs. Frederick H. Johnson will be at the St. Francis for a week or more, and will then leave for the East and Europe.

Miss Anna Miller Wood of Boston writes that she will leave for the Coast late in June, and will spend July and August at Cloyne Court, Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Scharlin of San Francisco are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Owens are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bull of San Mateo and

Miss Phelan of New York were guests at Del Monte last week.

Mrs. G. Arthur Kelley of Oakland and Miss Marion Lally of San Francisco were at Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Herrick spent a week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Keith, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Miss Evelyn McCormick, Miss Emily Travis, and Mr. Will Sparks were at Del Monte last Saturday for the meeting of the jury of the Del Monte Art Gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens and Miss Sallie Havens of Oakland visited Del Monte, having as their guests Mrs. Gertrude Tucker of Chicago, Miss Blanche Penbenbury, and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Eng of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden were at Del Monte for the week end. Next Saturday they will leave the Fairmont, where they have spent the winter, and take up their residence at Del Monte.

Mr. Charles O'Callaghan was a recent guest at Del Monte.

Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Triley arrived in Pacific Grove a few days ago and will spend several months there.

Among the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Dr. B. N. Dow, Miss Anna C. Taonar, Mr. James S. Rodman, Mrs. Joseph J. Lawless, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jacobs, Mr. Herbert N. Caggs, Miss Irene Caggs.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado for the week ending May 15, 1909, were Mr. G. S. Garritt, Mr. E. L. Sherwood, Mr. A. Bennett, Miss Bennett, Mr. R. D. Neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. A. Eisenberg, Mr. A. C. Gones, Mr. C. P. Heaton, Mrs. J. Isaacs, Mr. Henry Ascroft, Mrs. Henry Lyons, Mrs. Stuart Hockstadler, Mr. John E. Hockstadler.

Among those registering last week from Sao Francisco at The Peninsula were Mr. W. H. Knight, Mrs. F. H. Knight, Miss Frances Knight, Miss Harriet Emma Knight, Mr. W. D. Mensen, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Miss Margaret Stoney, Mr. H. W. Bigham, Mr. W. Satter, Miss Satter, Mr. Sidney W. Ford, Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mr. J. H. Moyer, Mr. George P. Fuller, Miss Elise Clark, Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter, Mr. W. J. Woolley, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, Mr. and Mrs. George Geddes Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stearos.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel John P. Wisser, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., upon the completion of the duty in the office of the chief of staff, Washington, D. C., to which he has been assigned, will proceed to Fort Screven, Georgia, and assume command of the Artillery District of Savannah.

Colonel Edward T. Browe, Fifth Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, to take effect upon his arrival in the United States.

Colonel Oweo J. Sweet, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to his own home, where at his own request and for his own convenience, he will await retirement from active service.

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Duno, judge-advocate, U. S. A., who arrived last week from the Philippines, left on Saturday last for Washington, D. C., where he will be on duty in the office of the judge-advocate-general.

Colonel Charles W. Masoo, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, Angel Island, has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Leonard A. Lovering, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort McDowell, Angel Island, and assume command of that post and the recruit depot thereat.

Lieutenant-Colonel Daniel Appel, Medical Corps, U. S. A., in charge of the Medical Supply Depot, San Francisco, has returned from a leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Stephenson, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence with permission to go beyond the sea, to take effect upon his relief from duty in the Philippines.

Major H. C. Hale, adjutant-general, U. S. A., left on Sunday last for a stay at Yosemite.

Captain George P. White, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from further duty on recruiting service at the recruit depot at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, and has arrived here to await the departure of the next transport for Manila, when he will sail to join his regiment.

Captain Harry P. Wilbur, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence.

Captain William Elliott, commissary, U. S. A., arrived last week from Manila on the transport Logan, and has relieved Captain Henry T. Ferguson, commissary, U. S. A., of the duties of chief commissary of the Department of California.

Captain Joseph E. Cusack, commissary, U. S. A., upon the completion of his course of instruction at Fort Riley, Kansas, will proceed to San Francisco and report to the purchasing commissary, for duty as assistant in his office.

Captain Frederick W. Stopford, commissary, U. S. A., accompanied Company E, Signal Corps, U. S. A., on its march en route to Yosemite for ten days' test of an experimental kitchen outfit invented by him.

Captain Samuel V. Ham, Twelfth Infantry, acting quartermaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as quartermaster of the Presidio of San Francisco and has been ordered to proceed to Fort McDowell and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty as quartermaster.

Captain John L. Bond, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., now at Riverside, California, has been granted leave of absence for twenty days.

Commander A. S. Halstead, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to command the *Vicksburg* when commissioned.

Commander V. S. Nelson, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Panther* and ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island, as equipment officer.

Dr. and Mrs. Albion Walter Hewlett are rejoicing in the advent of a little daughter.

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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

John Drew will appear at the Van Ness Theatre next week, beginning Monday evening. That is the big fact, but there are a number of others connected. In the second place is the play, "Jack Straw," the comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, the English playwright who has achieved something more than popularity during the past two years. It is the first specimen of his work to be shown in San Francisco, and it could not come under brighter auspices. Mr. Drew finds it an excellent medium for his quiet, polished methods, and none of its humorous possibilities are minimized by the company that surrounds the star. The fact that Rose Coghlan is prominent in his support is another of the really important details of the Drew engagement. Miss Coghlan has an important rôle, as a modern high society-seeking lady, and will easily resume her place in the esteem of theatre-goers. Helen Freeman, Edwin Nicaner, Frank Goldsmith, Adelaide Prince, Grace Henderson, Marie Majeroni, and E. Soldene Powell, are other members of the cast. The setting of the play, in fashionable circles, gives opportunity for the display of handsome gowns in appropriate surroundings, and the piece will appeal to the eye as well as the ear. The story of the play is amusing, and the lines are witty as well as whimsical.

Next Monday night the Princess Theatre will produce George Ade's "Peggy from Paris," with its introductory Illinois opera strivings, and the piece should go well. Fred Mace and May Boley may be relied upon to make their rôles effective, though they will be in contrast with some that have found favor through their ability and skill. Marie Nelson, a newly arrived singer from the East, will make her first appearance in this production. Zoe Barnett, James F. Stevens, Budd Ross, and Bert Phenix will be in congenial parts. The chorus, which has been particularly piquant and effective in the present bill, will be none the less attractive in the new piece.

"Piff, Paff, Pouf" is now in its last nights, and as was predicted last week, it has drawn well from the beginning. It will be seen for the last time on Sunday evening.

"The Man from Mexico," still a favorite with William Collier, will be the offering next week at the Valencia Theatre. It is one of the funniest of modern farce comedies, and it never fails to score. Paul McAllister will have the original Collier rôle, and he will prove his possession of first-rate comedy ability in the part. George Oshourne and Robert Homans will have excellent opportunities for character work, the latter as the jail warden. Florence Oakley will be the Mrs. Fitzhew, whose husband's difficulties are only a shade more embarrassing than her own. The other favorites of the company are all in the cast. It is hardly necessary to say more of this well-known play, but it may safely be assumed that the headings of the three acts, "Ice Water," "Warm Water," and "Hot Water," will be lived up to.

The Orpheum announces a novel and captivating programme for next week. "The Sunny South," an ensemble of plantation melodies with ten colored comedians and most picturesque and appropriate stage settings, is sure of popular approval. Peter Donald and Meta Carson, Scotch comedians, vocalists, and dancers, will present a comedy sketch entitled "Alex McLean's Dream." Lew Sully, one of the best of minstrel comedians, will indulge in what he calls "Words and Music," which introduces all his latest song hits. The Baader-La Velle Trio, newcomers on the Orpheum Circuit, will give a daring and original bicycle performance, and Myles McCarthy, a popular comedian, will, with the assistance of Pauline Palmer, offer a funny skit named "Imagination." Next week will conclude the engagement of the Countess Rossi and Monsieur Paulo, Flo Adler, and the Lulu Beeson Trio. A new series of Motion Pictures specially imported for the Orpheum Circuit will be a fitting finale.

Nat C. Goodwin and Edna Goodrich will give their final performance of "The Genius" on Sunday night at the Van Ness Theatre.

Arthur Cunningham, in Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn," will follow "The Man from Mexico" at the Valencia Theatre, introducing a number of Irish songs.

Following John Drew at the Van Ness Theatre will be seen Ethel Barrymore in her newest and most successful comedy, "Lady Frederick," which was written by the author of "Jack Straw." Bruce McRae will be Miss Barrymore's leading man.

Billie Burke has made a decided success in London with her production of "Love Watches."

During the John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, and Marie Doro engagements at the Van Ness Theatre, matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

George Foster Platt, whose direction of the stage at the Valencia Theatre is the talk of

people interested in theatrical productions, has just been engaged by Lee Shubert to assume the direction of the famous New Theatre, New York City, which will be opened August 1. This position is, without exception, the finest of the kind in America, and since accepting the offer of Mr. Platt has been in receipt of a score of congratulatory telegrams from prominent theatrical and newspaper men.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Tyre!

Above her coral islets, by the sea  
She brooded, like a red flamingo, bright  
As sudden sunrise, kindling destiny.  
And lo! a flame of color and a flight  
Of rosy doves, like music swimming free,  
All beautiful as rainbows, warm the sight;  
And floating like some purple argosy  
Fare the pale azure of the innhite.

Then came the Spoiler with his whirlwind mood  
And left her breathless, drowning in her tears,  
And all her glory now a solitude.  
Upon the tide she tosses; round her brow  
A coronal of ruins, her dead years;  
And over her the silent ages flow.  
—Charles Leonard Van Voppen, in *Success Magazine*.

#### The Voices.

I heard the voice of the city  
Calling again and again;  
And into her arms there hastened  
Millions and millions of men.

And I heard the voice of old gardens,  
Of quiet woodland ways;  
But few hearts there were who would heed them  
In the rush of the busy days.

The cities grow old and vanish,  
And their people faint and die;  
But the grasses are green forever,  
Forever blue is the sky.  
—Charles Hanson Towne.

#### The Shadows.

The spirit of Life I find  
In the grass and the flowers of the meadows,  
In the trees that sing to the wind,  
But most of all in the shadows.

For the star-flowers fade from the heath  
And the weeds and the grasses wither,  
And their crumbling forms on the heath  
Of the winds float hither and thither.

And the trees that tower in air  
By the bolt and the blast are shattered,  
And their trunks are riven and bare  
And their branches and leaves are scattered.

But the shadows like palmers creep  
O'er the plain to the misty border,  
To the towers of Dream and Sleep  
Where the Twilight stands as warder.

Ah! who shall tell of their flight  
When the dusk descends on the meadow?  
They are one with the soul of Night,  
With the vast, the eternal Shadow!  
—Robert Logan, in *The Forum*.

#### The Poet and the Fountain.

Firdausi by the palace fountain stood  
Hard by the Court of Song in quiet mood.

The Sultan smiled to see him. "Thy heard shows  
Thee nearer to the cypruss than the rose,

"Firdausi. Is thy heart warm and blood cold,  
Who singest of love and beauty, being old?"

Firdausi to the fountain turned his eyes,  
Gray-mossed and lichened by the centuries.

"What maketh this sweet music, sayest thou?  
The water or the stones?" The Sultan's brow

Was overclouded. "Were the water fled,  
There were no music certainly," he said.

"The water singing through the garden runs,  
Nay, there is no music in dead stones."

Firdausi bowed: "Allah his grace unfold  
Upon the Sultan! Is the water old?"  
—Arthur Colton.

#### Memorial Art.

In connection with the mural painting by Bruce Porter to be placed in the First Unitarian Church as a memorial to the Rev. Horatio Church, several portrait busts by Ralph Stackpole and paintings by Julie Heyneman, Clare Atwood, Emily Travis, Will Sparks, and others will be shown at the Studio Building, 147 Presidio Avenue, daily between one and five, from Saturday, May 22, to Sunday, May 30. This exhibition will mark the close of the Studio Building.

A diary found beside the dead body of Louis Fleitas in his cabin, fourteen miles east of Silverton, Colorado, told the pathetic story of his death in a few sentences and revealed that he had lived for at least three weeks buried under a terrific snow-slide, through which he was unable to dig.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hart Polhemus are receiving congratulations on the advent of a little son in their home.

Successful English teacher would act as traveling tutor or companion to young ladies. Free June and July. Address Box E, Argonaut office.

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### A Belated Apology.

An Irish officer, who had served in Malta, was one day at a public dinner. Expatiating on the luxurious living at Malta, he spoke particularly of the excellent quality of the anchovies. He had never seen any like them anywhere else. He told of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the governor's garden upon the esplanade. A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. The wine was flowing, and the lie passed. A challenge was given and accepted. On the following day the parties met, attended by their seconds. At the first fire the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone and causing such a shock that the latter fell upon his back, and in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously. "I faith, major," said our hero's second, "you've hit your man, but I think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he is cutting." "Capers! Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman, with a start; "oh, hy the powers, what have I done? Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake!" And, hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, gushing forth as he did so: "My dear friend, I hope you're not killed; and if I've harmed you seriously, I'll ask your pardon forever; for I made a murderin' mistake! It was capers that I saw growing upon that tree at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"

Tobacco in Holland is looked on with so favorable an eye that even ministers see no irreverence in smoking a pipe or cigar in church. They do not go so far as to smoke during service, but when showing visitors round the interior it is by no means uncommon for a minister to offer them cigars and to light one himself.

Captain (spinning a yarn)—I was for eight days a prisoner among the cannibals. Lady—And how was it they didn't eat you? Captain (calmly)—Well, the truth was the chief's wife had mislaid her cook-book.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Torney (formerly Miss Jeannette Wright) are rejoicing in the advent of a little son.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Fred*—Why is she so popular? *Arthur*—A light hurts her eyes.—*Truth*.

*He*—Not going out to vote! Why not? *She*—I haven't a thing to wear.—*Life*.

*Professor*—What was Nero's great crime? *Bright Pupil*—He played the fiddle.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"He is an expert penman." "He must be. He can write with postoffice pens and ink."—*New York Globe*.

*Frank*—Were you actually surprised, as you said, when I proposed? *May*—Yes, indeed; I really had all but given you up!—*Vogue*.

"That fellow Smithers is a clever chap. He can write with either hand." "Is that so? How on earth does he manage to do it?" "On a typewriter."—*Success*.

"Do you believe in a lucky star?" "Of course I do. I know one policeman whose heat includes eight fruit-stands and seven saloons."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Why do you run your car so slowly these days?" "With everybody carrying home garden tools you can't run over a man without risking a puncture."—*Pittsburg Post*.

*Her Husband*—Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up. *His Wife*—That's just like a contemptible man! You'll sit there and think mean things.—*Chicago News*.

*Miss Uncertainty* (cooly)—Two heads are better than one, you know. *Young Goodcatch* (clutching his hat)—Yes—ah—but don't you know, I don't want to be a freak.—*Vogue*.

*The Client*—How much will your opinion be worth in this case? *The Lawyer*—I'm too modest to say. But I can tell you what I'm going to charge you for it.—*Cleveland Leader*.

*Hobb*—How's your wife? *Nobb*—Got the grip. *Hobb*—That's too bad. Awfully sorry to hear it. Aren't you afraid you'll catch it? *Nobb*—No. Haven't been home since the first day.—*Life*.

*Haversup More*—Weary Walker's too much of a 'ristocrat fer de business. *Maney Steps*—What's he doin' now? *Hacersup More*—Got so he won't sleep anywhere 'cept on a flower-bed.—*Puck*.

"I'll bet you that young girl's parents keep three hired girls and a cook." "What makes you think so?" "She says she just loves housework and could live in the kitchen."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Teacher* (sternly)—Willie Waffles, you were late this morning. *Willie Waffles* (blushing)—Yes'm. I had to get up in the night and go for the doctor. *Teacher*—Well, Willie, I will excuse you this time, but I hope this will never happen again. *Willie*—That's what my father said.—*Truth*.

*Tenderfoot* (watching a funeral procession)—Do you always have four horses to the hearse? *Alkali Ike*—Not always. The passenger in there came out to this country bragging that he was the champion lightweight of

the world, and one night when he got too pert, One-Eyed Bill pumped him so full of lead that it took the extra team of horses to pull the hearse.—*Saturday Sunset*.

*Teacher*—What do you understand by the word "self-denial"? *Pupil*—It is when some one comes to borrow money from father and he says he is not at home.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

*Mrs. Gossip*—They do say that her husband has acquired locomotor ataxia. *Mrs. Porvenue*—I don't think much of those cheap cars; my husband has an imported one.—*Smart Set*.

*Wigwag*—Bjones says that when he is at your house he acts just like one of the family. *Henpeckke*—Yes, he seems to be just as much afraid of my mother-in-law as I am.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"It is said that those immense hanging gardens of Babylon were really a myth." "I can imagine how it started." "How?" "Some visitor from Babylon probably saw a woman with a new spring hat."—*Pittsburg Post*.

*Stoge Manager*—Remember, Bangs, we are depending on your hahy to cry lustily in the third scene. Do you think he'll do his part? *Actor Father*—He ought to, sir. He's been rehearsing night and day.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Critic* (as the composer plays his lost piece)—Very fine indeed. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back? *Composer*—That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"What in the world's the matter with this?" he asked, struggling and wrestling with his shirt. "Oh, I guess the girl hoiled it a little too long, dear; that's all," replied his wife. "Looks to me as if she had fried it!" said the man.—*Tit-Bits*.

"I don't think you appreciate young Noodle." "No?" "No. Why, he has overthrown one of the most famous doctrines of the evolutionists!" "Which one?" "The doctrine of the survival of the fittest. He is in excellent health."—*Puck*.

"Great joke on Jarley." "What was that?" "Went fishing and didn't catch anything. Ordered a half-dozen hass sent to his house, so that his wife would think he caught 'em. When the basket was opened, they turned out to be bottled Bass."—*Bazar*.

*Teacher*—What is your father's occupation? *Little Boy*—I can't tell you. *Teacher*—But you must. *Little Boy*—My father doesn't want me to tell. *Teacher*—I insist on your telling me. I have to know. *Little Boy* (tearfully)—He's—he's the fat lady at the dime museum.—*Youths' Companion*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Sex in the Public Schools—Notes on the Calhoun Trial—Taft's Purposes Clearly Defined—George Rogers Clark—As to State Division—Editorial Notes.	353-356
CURRENT TOPICS	356
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	356
MRS. GLYN AGAIN: Miss Jeannette Gilder Talks about the Bomb That Has Been Fired into New York Society	357
OLD FAVORITES: "The Bivouac of the Dead," by Theodore O'Hara	357
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.	357
THE FAITH OF GUADALOUPE. By Kathryn Jarboe	358
A CHAPTER OF EARLY HISTORY: Agnes C. Laut Tells Us Something about the Great Hudson's Bay Company	359
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn	360
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications	361
WHITE SLAVES IN ENGLAND: "Piccadilly" Talks about the "Living-in" System and Its Demoralizing Conditions	362
DRAMA: John Drew in "Jack Straw." By Josephine Hart Phelps	363
CURRENT VERSE: "In Memory of Swinburne," by Alfred Noyes; "The Joy o' Life," by Theodosia Garrison	363
VANITY FAIR	364
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	365
THE MERRY MUSE	365
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	366
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT	367
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day	368

### Sex in the Public Schools.

The election of Mrs. Eleanor Carlisle to membership in the Berkeley school board is notable as illustrating a spirit entirely liberal if not altogether new in California. There is a woman—Mrs. Hearst—in the membership of the board of regents of the State University, and another—Mrs. Kinkead—in the San Francisco board of education. Likewise, it has been the practice for many years in various counties of this State to choose women as school superintendents. Miss Ames was long at the head of the public school system of Napa County, and Miss Mogeau (now Mrs. Levinson of Portland) was for several years the very efficient superintendent of schools in San Bernardino County. Many similar instances might be cited in the general educational history of the State.

We trust, however, that the practice of placing women in posts of executive authority in educational matters will not tend to further the feminization of our educational system. The movement in this direction has already gone far too far. Without seeking to discredit the character of women as teachers, and recognizing the

special fitness of women for certain grades and for certain classes of pupils, we can not but feel that our educational system would be stronger if there could be infused into it a larger element of masculinity. A famous English authority declares that no boy over the age of fourteen should be under the direct control of a woman, presuming, we suppose, that there should be a period—a breathing spell, so to speak—between feminine authority over childhood and that permanent period of feminine dominion under which most of us fall a little later in life. The theory is that the kind of character suitable and admirable in a boy needs for its development the masculine quality in the teacher. Something of this idea is universal among men who have ever thought at all about such matters. Nevertheless, we have so feminized our system that the male teacher has become all but an unknown quantity in the public schools of California and of other American States.

It is not to be presumed that the influence of women in boards of school management will tend necessarily to further feminization of our educational system, for women should be quite as able as men to understand the value of masculine element in school work. Indeed, masculine boards of school directors have almost entirely turned over the public system to women teachers. May we not reasonably hope that women in the school boards may reverse the process and give us a few men in the schoolroom?

### Notes on the Calhoun Trial.

The Argonaut has no intention of imposing upon its readers a record of the week's amazing doings in the Calhoun trial even in outline. It is weary to disgust of the whole wretched business and would be glad if without neglect of its obligations as a public journal it might pass by the subject altogether. But the truth of history requires that we shall take some brief notice of certain leading events of the week, especially observing the light which they cast on principles for which the Argonaut has contended these two years and more.

Let us glance for a moment at the testimony of Mr. Spreckels, passing by its melodramatics and dealing only with its essentials. Mr. Spreckels admits that he, a private citizen and in pursuit of private aims, has paid large sums to public officials by way of supporting operations conducted in the name of the law but in fact under his inspiration and direction. Of course, the statement was not made thus baldly. It was salved over with declarations, both unctuous and heroic, tending to exhibit the whole procedure as one of high moral and even beneficent character. But in their essence the things done by Mr. Spreckels during the past two years and more have been precisely as we have stated them. In principle the part played by Mr. Spreckels during the past two years has been precisely that played by Abraham Ruef during the three or four years preceding. As Ruef by various means, including payments of money, controlled the official conduct of the mayor, the board of supervisors, the prosecuting attorney, and other functionaries, so more recently has Rudolph Spreckels by various means, including payments of money, done the same thing. By way of courtesy—by way of courtesy only—let it be admitted that while Ruef was aiming at private aggrandizement, Spreckels is a high-souled patriot with an eye solely to public benefit. Still the principle is the same, the method is the same. In one case as in the other there is subordination of official authority to a private influence, abandonment of public powers to private direction, with the price of official subserviency measured by money in one case the same as in the other.

Ever since the early days of the so-called graft movement the Argonaut has seen nothing better than a private and vulgar quarrel between selfish interests in the matters under contention. It has not been deeply concerned for one interest or the other, though it has had

some natural sympathy for persons whom it has believed to be badly used by remorseless enemies operating with a stolen authority and from behind a mask of moral purpose. But its main anxiety has been for the preservation of the law in its authority and integrity. It has resented and protested those procedures in violation of law and in contempt of principles upon which the law rests as upon its foundations. And now, upon the basis of his own disclosures, we reassert that Mr. Spreckels himself has been guilty of conduct not only technically criminal but positively subversive of legal and moral principle in his usurpation of public authority during the past two years, supported, as he himself admits, by a constant outlay of money in subornation of public officials. We put to one side the consideration of purposes and aims; we regard the case only in relation to the integrity of the law and of its agents. And in this view Mr. Spreckels appears plainly as one who by use of money, by a course of open subornation, has brought the authority and powers of the prosecuting office, of courts, and of at least one board of supervisors to the service of its aims and plans. We submit it to legal judgment, to the spirit of common sense, to the public conscience, if the Argonaut has not been right in its protests against a procedure so monstrous in its violation of legal principle, so demoralizing in its possibilities and, indeed, in its effects!

From the beginning the Argonaut has protested against the part played in the graft movement by gangs of underground workers, privately and publicly paid, styled detectives for the want of a term more descriptive of their nefarious operations. It has questioned if the purposes of justice could be promoted legitimately by creatures whose standards and methods, whose ways of doing things, are essentially illegitimate and disreputable. Noting particularly the devious part played by W. J. Burns and others on both sides of the contention, it has protested against the employment of such creatures as a course in violation of the simplest principles of morality and decency. Again and again within the past two years the Argonaut has protested the legitimacy of the so-called detective phase of the graft movement, denounced the policy of the so-called detective operations as shameless and monstrous, declared the moral incompetence of creatures of the Burns type for any share in a work claiming moral sanction. And when these so-called detectives have appeared in court as witnesses, or as the sponsors of witnesses, the Argonaut has denounced the procedure as discreditable and disreputable. It has pointed out that men of the Burns type and trade are not worthy of credit because for the most part they are nothing better than professional scoundrels whose service for any work, legitimate or other, is available to either side at any time, or to both sides at the same time, for a dirty price.

The testimony within the week of one Helms, a so-called detective, who has testified to his employment by both sides in the pending controversy at different times and even by both sides at the same time, exhibits the character of the man, his pals, and associates, in the light precisely as the Argonaut has presented them. The work of this man and his sort has had no small part in the degeneracy of this whole procedure, in dragging it down to the level of a vulgar criminal intrigue supported by methods as shameful as could possibly be conceived. What, let us ask, is the value of the testimony of creatures of this sort? And let us further ask if the Argonaut has not been right in denouncing the employment of these vile agents by the one party as by the other as a thing not merely questionable, but positively immoral and criminal?

Mr. Spreckels's financial showing is interesting from many points of view. Despite its pretense and appearance of candor, there is in it nevertheless many suggestions of things omitted. But taking it upon its face



as a complete exposition of Mr. Spreckels's disbursements there is much that is suggestive. Since the beginning of the graft operations Mr. Heney, for example, has been paid under various heads the very considerable sum of \$23,828.22. At the same time his partner, C. W. Cobb, has been paid \$10,000, while still holding against Mr. Spreckels an acknowledged obligation of \$15,000. Thus, in a little more than two years, the Heney firm has been paid and promised a total of \$48,828.22—this by Mr. Spreckels.

Now let us recall some further published accounts of Mr. Heney's professional income. According to an official statement made by the Department of Justice, Mr. Heney was paid on the score of land fraud operations in Oregon the following sums: August 24, 1906, \$7000; August 9, 1907, \$5000; December 26, 1907, \$5000; March 2, 1908, \$8000; July 6, 1908, \$10,000; January 21, 1909, \$5000. These payments foot up the neat sum of \$40,000. Added to the sum paid by Spreckels to Mr. Heney or to his partner, they make the very considerable aggregate of \$88,828.22. But suppose—to some violence of our imagination let it be confessed—that Mr. Heney has had no share in the amounts paid and promised by Mr. Spreckels to Mr. Cobb; let us eliminate Mr. Cobb's \$25,000 from the account. This still leaves to Mr. Heney for a period of two years and a half the very respectable income of \$63,828.22, out of which he has had to pay only a partner's share in the general expense of his office, for surely if Mr. Cobb has been duly paid after so handsome a manner he must have been able to sustain his own share in the general office operations. Thus it appears that Mr. Heney has received in two years and a half the gross sum of \$63,828.22—this without reckoning the \$42,000 for which his receipts are held by the Contra Costa Water Company as the public has already been informed.

How does all this accord with Mr. Heney's pretensions of voluntary and uncompensated service in the sacred cause of public morals? How does it accord with a much exploited simplicity of life—this in spite of the fact that the public has seen him in full enjoyment of many luxuries? In what light does Mr. Heney appear when it is recalled that his associates in the prosecution and the newspapers engaged in bangle blowing for the prosecution, have publicly passed the hat in his behalf on the score of his private and domestic needs? What must have been the inside reflections of Mr. Heney, if he be a man of any sensibility whatever, when unctuous appeals were being made on his behalf at a time when his income was many times greater than that of the average citizen to whom these appeals were addressed? And in respect of these revelations what must be the feelings of the self-denying victim of misplaced confidence—there must have been many such—who out of moderate resources contributed to the popular fund in relief of the self-sacrificing and necessitous Mr. Heney?

The week in Judge Lawlor's court has witnessed an almost unparalleled abasement of the machinery of justice. The real cause of action has practically been abandoned and the procedure, under the direction of the assistant prosecuting attorney, has wandered about from one object to another in an effort to meet the varying phases of public criticism against the graft movement—to rehabilitate it at the point of public respect. How far in the judgment of the *Argonaut* this effort has succeeded may be judged by what is written above. The procedure itself has been amazing alike in the license permitted by the court and in the license accepted and practiced by attorneys at bar. There has been no halt at anything short of physical conflict. The charges and counter-charges, the whispered or boldly-spoken threats, the epithets hurled from one to another, the insults to witnesses—these incidents all under the eye of the court and practically unrebuked would discredit a convention of Barbary Coast longshoremen. They have shamed San Francisco; they have shamed the name and the cause of public justice.

To a degree the fault is with the lawyers, but to a far greater degree the fault is with the court itself. Judge Lawlor has sat supinely, protesting only just enough to exhibit a helpless sense of the impropriety of the whole wretched business, while the inquiry has wandered far into the realm of irrelevancy, and while it has so degenerated in its method and manners as to shame the very name of a judicial tribunal.

What is the cure for this outrageous practice? This question has been asked many times within the week. As the *Argonaut* believes, no sure cure for it short of a radical recast of our system of choosing and paying

judges. So long as judges must be elected at quickly recurring intervals, so long as the pay of the judge is merely a clerk's pay, we shall have just such supine and necessitous creatures on the bench as we now have in the lower courts in all but exceptional instances. Under our system the judge, unless by some happy chance we stumble upon a man of character and force, must be a politician; and very commonly he is a man of no fitness either at the points of character, knowledge, or resolution for the duties of the judicial office. Our laws are sufficient; they are almost identical with those of other countries, notably of England. But the difference in administration is radical. Whereas in English criminal courts the procedure is formal, respectable, confined to relevant issues, with dignity and decency in every detail, with us it may be turned into farce as we see it day by day in the case of Judge Lawlor's court. The reform needed may be summed up in a demand for knowledge, courage, resolution, and self-respect on the part of the courts. We shall not have this under a system which exalts the cheap and self-seeking politician without respect to personal or professional standing, while it rejects or neglects the man of real capacity and of true judicial instinct and character.

Other countries find no serious difficulty in getting competent and worthy men for judicial service. In our own higher State courts we manage likewise to get men of capacity and character. The United States courts, too, almost without exception are under the administration of men above question or reproach. But in all these instances the tenure of office if not positively permanent is relatively so, while the pay is sufficient to justify acceptance of service on the bench by men of approved character and capability. In our local courts we might today easily replace incompetence and insufficiency with men duly qualified for the judicial function, if we could recast our system upon lines which have proved successful here and elsewhere.

#### Taft's Purposes Clearly Defined.

In the course of a brief talk at Charlottesville, North Carolina, last week, President Taft made two very notable declarations. First he disclaimed any purpose or hope of overturning the political sentiment or party relationships in the South. "I do not believe," he said, "that we are on the point of a political revolution in the South. I never have had such a dream. What I do desire and believe is that we are on the eve of a complete tolerance of opinion and that there shall grow into respect and power an intelligent fighting opposition party in each State." In other words, without hoping or wishing to disturb the political affiliations of any Southern State, Mr. Taft does hope to promote such new development of political sentiment as will establish everywhere an opposition party, tending by its activities to maintain the political life of the country upon a vital and wholesome basis. The President sees, as others have seen, that the politics of the South is mainly concerned with dead issues even where it is not founded wholly upon prejudice and misinformation. His wish and hope is not to wean the South from Democracy, but to give the Democracy of the South a vital interest in the current life of the country, to wean it away from the body of death to which it has clung overlong. In Mr. Taft's view the country is a tremendous loser not because the South is Democratic, but because its politics stands with its face toward the past, resting wholly upon things which mean nothing in the vital life of the country, neglecting entirely those things connected with development and progress. He would have the South, while adhering to its traditional party affiliations, become an active factor in the political life, not of yesterday, but of today.

Equally notable was another remark by the President defining his policy in the matter of Southern appointments. "I intend," he said, "to pursue the policy of appointing to office only men who, Republican or Democrat, can command the highest confidence and commend themselves to the community in which they live." It is strange that a principle so simple and so just, so in accord with every dictate of common sense, should involve a radical departure from the practice of the government almost from the time of the Civil War. In a political sense the Washington government has treated the South as a conquered territory. Appointments in the Federal official service have been made notoriously without reference to the local standing of the appointees. Representatives of Federal authority throughout the South ever since the war

—excepting only the periods covered by Mr. Cleveland's two terms in the presidency—have been men notoriously at odds with the general political and social sentiment of the communities in which they live. In every Southern State there has been a little ring, a close corporation, made up of creatures whose only claim to favor has been a rather more than less sinister pretense of Republicanism. Appointments have been made either from the membership of these rings or at their dictation. It has followed as a matter of course, that the authority of the government in the South has everywhere been in discredited if not unworthy hands, that the South has been made to feel itself in a political sense under an authority caring nothing for its sensibilities and wishes. No one fact, perhaps, has contributed more to the solidarity of Southern political sentiment, to its failure to address itself to new and vital interests, than the thing here set forth. It has been idle to talk to the South about new purposes and new issues in politics, about affection and respect for the government, while conditions so vexatious and demoralizing have existed. Mr. Taft hopes to give the government new respect in the South by presenting it as a friend rather than as an enemy, by exhibiting it as a respecter of the feelings and the wishes of the Southern people.

Mr. Taft's policy is founded in common sense, the spirit of public morality and of broad statecraft. There ought to be none so narrow or partisan as to resent a change suggested by the spirit of equity and plainly essential to the revival of wholesome political sentiment and of normal political life in the Southern States.

#### George Rogers Clark.

The State of Illinois within the week has dedicated at Quincy a monument to General George Rogers Clark the adventurer and soldier, who during the crisis of the Revolutionary War and by an enterprise of unparalleled hardihood and courage, won the vast region of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Michigan for the Stars and Stripes. There is a monument, (dating from 1895) to Clark at Indianapolis, and in a group of distinguished Virginians on the pedestal of a statue of Washington at Richmond Clark's figure appears. These are the only memorials thus far erected in honor of a man whose achievements for his country were scarcely less important than those of Washington himself. For, without the country which Clark won for the Continental government England would have been left so vast a holding, so effectively placed, as to have cut off the original American States from that westward development which has been the supreme fact in our national history. Deprived of the opportunity for westward expansion, cut off from the Lower Mississippi Valley, hemmed in by British territory on two sides, there would have been small chance for the United States to work out any important or worthy development, or any development, in truth, capable of sustaining an enlarged national character.

Of all the stories of American hardihood and prowess none is more truly in harmony with our national genius, none more heroically inspiring than the adventure by which George Rogers Clark won the region north of the Ohio. Curiously enough, it is a story not familiar even to many fairly informed persons. It is easily available in many forms. Roosevelt recites it in a galloping fashion in his "Winning of the West," a book, by the way, well worth universal reading, although a trifle rapid for serious history. Winsor tells it more elaborately, more accurately, but on the whole less effectively. Perhaps the most graphic and easily available of all popular accounts of this amazing incident is that of Winston Churchill in his novel of three or four years ago, "The Crossing." It is a story of successful adventure in a great enterprise and to prodigious purposes beyond comparison with any other relating to this continent, barring alone Columbus's discovery and the voyage of Magellan.

The achievement of George Rogers Clark, as we have already remarked, was not less important in its relations to continental development than that of George Washington, nevertheless it is interesting to speculate upon the nobility and worthiness of the motives which prompted it. Clark was a man of extraordinary natural force; he had in him certain elements of patriotic spirit; he was a born adventurer. These qualities worked together in the Illinois and Indiana enterprise and wrought out a great result. Clark as a historical character may well claim canonization as a national hero. And yet this man whose achievement great sank into a hopeless sot. He lived not



only to shame his brilliant record by the degeneracy of his character, but to become a conspirator against the country which he had been instrumental in founding. No loss of character in later life can dim the brilliancy of Clark's great achievement. But the later history of the man does go far to mark and emphasize the inconsistency of what we call human nature.

In a recent notable book dealing with the earlier period of the American government, Oliver, an English writer, points out that what is best in the American system, as we have it in the Constitution and in the fundamental practices of government, was developed not through high political thinking or through any kind of nobility of motive, but rather through the necessities of business. If it had been left for the Washingtons, the Hamiltons, the Jays, the Madisons, and the Jeffersons to bring the separated and jealous colonies into political coordination upon philosophical and other fine theories, the thing would never have been done. It was the necessities of business, the demands of practical men for commercial and other strictly business advantages, that emphasized the necessity for coöperation and which enforced the system of which the national Constitution is the basis. Likewise we have it, as a not unreasonable theory, that the winning of the country north of the Ohio River as a field for American ideas and for the development of American interests, was in truth due less to patriotic purpose, to nobility of aim, and to patriotic resolution, than to the instinctive impulse of a strong personality toward high and difficult adventure.

#### As to State Division.

The Sacramento *Bee*, assuming—upon what authority we know not—to define the *Argonaut's* position with respect to State division, remarks that "the *Argonaut's* chief argument for division is that it would give California and the Pacific Coast two more United States senators."

In the first place the *Argonaut* is not in favor of State division; it has no chief argument or any other for it. If it were to discuss the subject seriously it would regard the matter of senatorial representation as the point least and last to be considered. The *Argonaut* has, indeed, treated the proposal respectfully, but never with approval, because it has never been able to see in it any motive large enough to justify the dismemberment of a great and homogeneous State.

We have never heard but one argument of real weight in support of the proposal to divide the State and that was based upon a questionable presumption of the wish of the people of Southern California. Under a system like our own it is not expedient to hold any considerable group of people permanently under conditions distasteful to them, provided an honorable and decent way of relief can be found. Now, if there exists in the southern counties a universally fixed and carefully considered wish to break away from the connection with the State of California, to set up on an independent basis, then we think the matter ought to be viewed considerately. For one, the *Argonaut* would not hold in a distasteful and onerous relationship a section of the country which wants—really and truly wants—an independent State organization. We see nothing to be gained by separation, but if the people of the southern counties want it, then we should consent, regretfully and not without a sense that a foolish thing was being done, to allow the southern district to go its way.

However, we have never seen anything suggestive of a general wish on the part of the southern counties for separate Statehood. True, that well-intentioned but born oppositionist, ex-Senator Bulla, now and again breaks out with a public argument for separation. Likewise, now and again our amiable and gracious but too often misguided friend, Mr. Clover of the *Graphic*, when shy of an editorial theme, takes the same line. But from no other source worthy of consideration have we recently heard Statehood seriously discussed. One who went all over Southern California not long ago, speaking freely with leading men everywhere, making a point of sounding public opinion in its various phases, did not hear the question of independent Statehood once mentioned excepting when he himself brought it up for the purpose of developing the opinion of those with whom he talked. In those public prints which may be taken to speak the voice of Southern California there is no reflection of active interest in this subject and one rarely hears of it in conventions of citizens from all the State over, either political or social.

In a minor sense, there would perhaps be some advantage in the matter of national representation in the creation of a new State. In ordinary times two senators perhaps are as good as four. But there might arise conditions in which it would be a tremendous advantage to the Pacific Coast, either in sustaining conditions which we regard as important, or in promoting new legislation, when two senatorial votes would be a vast significance. The like has happened before and it may happen again. Nevertheless, we should consider it as going overfar in the matter of political foresight to establish a new State for the mere purpose of increasing coast representation in the government at Washington.

There is one fixed obstacle to State division—probably an insuperable one. The region of which San Francisco, Sacramento, San Jose, Stockton, Monterey, and Marysville are the representative towns, is *California*. It is the California of tradition, it is the California of history, it is the California of industry and commerce—in brief, it is California. That we would consent to any partition of the name or to any local or sectional addition to it for our part of the State is quite unthinkable. We will not under any circumstances be any particular kind of a California—we will be California as of old and always. On the other hand, it is not easily conceivable that the southern counties would be willing to drop the name California altogether. And yet they will have to do just this if they want to set up in business on separate account. They may stay with us and share in our beautiful and glorious name, but they can not leave us and take it away or any part of it.

The *Argonaut* believes that in any sober and considerate view of the situation on the part of the people of the southern counties, they will come to the conclusion that they are better off as an integral part of California than as an independent community. Of course there will now and again arise ambitious politicians anxious for an independent field of operation, and there will periodically appear some demagogic publicist eager for some "cause" in which to exploit his energies—or his readers. But we believe that the sober common sense of the people will reject the division proposed as a thing promising nothing in the way of substantial advantage.

#### Editorial Notes.

The Taft administration is taking hold of a troublesome situation with a firm hand. In its inner and detailed workings, the government at Washington has been in bad shape for a long time past. There has been little attention to detailed operations on the part of the President or the department heads, almost no restrictions upon extravagance. Each bureau head has been permitted to make his own estimates, likewise to present his own demands, with the assurance that the President would give him support. On top of all, there has been the assumption on the part of the government of new spheres of responsibility, like forest guardianship and irrigation works, etc., all very proper but likewise all very expensive. The result is that the charges of government have grown prodigiously; indeed, they have gone past the resources of the government unless new sources of revenue shall be developed. The Taft administration has before it the unpleasant job of cutting down expenses, and it is going about it in a fashion which promises results of importance. Thirty million dollars is to be cut from the annual cost of the military establishment; likewise thirty-five million dollars is to be eliminated from the naval budget; and so on down the line of national expenditures. Of course we must expect that those particular interests and especially the particular persons who find themselves pinched by this new system of economy will cry out. None the less the country ought to see that Mr. Taft is doing the right thing, and no doubt it will see it and approve it.

Again it seems necessary to remark that those parents, lawyers, newspapers, boards of school directors, and indiscreet friends who are counseling certain school children of California to stand out against the "anti-frat" law passed by the last legislature are doing a very mischievous thing. Putting aside all question as to the utility or viciousness of the frat system, the children attending the public schools ought to be counseled to obey the law without question. The law is king in this country; to question, to deny, to resist it, is disloyalty and treason. Untold mischief must surely result if there shall be instilled into the youthful mind of Cali-

fornia, under the support of parental authority and of what must appear to be legal authority, the idea that it is legitimate and proper to disregard the law. The best thing that any boy or girl gets in school is discipline; the best lesson that can be learned is that of obedience. No blunder can possibly be greater in the rearing of a child than to impress upon it that the law is a thing which may be lightly regarded, and disputed, and evaded with impunity.

It will be interesting to observe the operations of the commission system of municipal government just set up at Berkeley. And yet the conditions are not entirely favorable, since Berkeley is a community of exceptional character, having on the one hand a large element of exceptional intelligence and morality, and on the other being without those elements which complicate the government of commercial and otherwise independent communities. Nevertheless, if the commission system shall be successful in sustaining the Berkeley municipal government upon lines of efficiency and economy, it will not improperly be taken as a triumph for the new plan. For itself the *Argonaut* has not much faith in a governing system in which ultimate authority rests with a committee. We have not observed that the committee system is notably successful in other forms of administration. No army, no school, no newspaper, no department store, no anything of importance, so far as we have observed, carries itself well excepting under the initiative and force of a recognized head. We suspect that in practice it will be found that the commission system will prove a failure because of its deficiency at the point of a definite and personal responsibility.

Let it be noted that those labor leaders who found their advantage under the Ruef-Schmitz régime are still very much awake to the opportunities afforded by our present municipal situation. They are "talking politics" not only in secret, but in public; and a conference of laborites has even gone so far as to name P. H. McCarthy, a notorious Ruefite, as its choice for mayor in the forthcoming election. Now, men and brethren, unless there shall come to us a new birth of common sense, we shall pretty soon have over us again the same tyranny under which we suffered in the day of Ruef and Schmitz. Most unhappily the stupidities of the present city government, operated like the former under a vicious principle and practice, representative indeed of personal honesty but of no instinct or capacity for government, is tending directly to reestablishment of the old system. Already there may be heard the voice of the "practical man" all over the city declaring that the Ruef system, for all its iniquities, was less harmful to the material interests of the city than the honest but inadequate government of today. Have a care, fellow-citizens, or we shall soon be precisely where we were four years ago.

An incident in the career of the late Hammond Lamont, editor of the *New York Nation*, is worth reciting as a stimulant to the right spirit and the careful method in journalism. In 1901 Mr. Lamont, then a young reporter connected with the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, was detailed to report an informal address made by President Eliot of Harvard to a group of college men who called upon him at his hotel to pay their respects. Within a few hours after the publication of the report the editor of the *Post-Intelligencer* received a note from Dr. Eliot asking the name of the reporter, and adding that in his long career nobody had ever before reflected in a newspaper report so completely and admirably the spirit and the manner of an off-hand speech. In reply Mr. Lamont's name was sent to Dr. Eliot; and within three months Mr. Lamont received a telegraphic invitation to join the faculty of Harvard College as an instructor in English. Although the salary was less than that Mr. Lamont was able to earn as a reporter in Seattle, he accepted the offered place, and out of this connection and upon the basis of a simple journalistic "detail" came that large development of professional character which finally made him editor of the *Nation*.

The next general election in England, which is now close, will not turn avowedly on the question of Socialism, but there can be no doubt that the threat of Socialism will cut many old-time Liberals from their moorings and help to produce a Conservative triumph that seems assured. The House of Commons now contains fifty-three members of the Labor party, which is solidly Socialist and which votes nearly always with the Liberals, while the Liberal party itself contains a



great many men who are either avowed Socialists or in pronounced sympathy with its measures. If the Socialist wing of the party should push itself to the front—and there is no diffidence about Socialists—it will mean a formal split in the party ranks. Such men as Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Rosebery will not allow the tail to wag the dog, and sooner than be hitched to the Socialist chariot they will sever their connection with the Liberal party, and perhaps help to form a new centre for liberty and individualism. In the meantime the bye-elections show how badly the electorate has been frightened by the rapidity of the Socialist advance.

The hysterical enthusiasm with which France hailed the Russian alliance a few years ago has given way to a somewhat cynical balancing of profit and loss, if we may judge from current comments in the French press. With so mighty an ally in eastern Europe, France felt herself secure against German aggression, but she finds to her cost that Russia's entanglements in Asia have neutralized her influence nearer home. In 1905 France had the humiliation of accepting German dictation in Morocco, and Russia was too busy in Manchuria to give her either aid or comfort. Now comes Germany's further success in the Balkans, a success grievously wounding to France, and one that could never have been achieved had Russia been strong enough to face an ultimatum, which was, of course, out of the question. Now it seems likely that Russia will intervene in Persia and so once more tie up her hands and render herself still more helpless in European affairs. France is naturally asking herself if the alliance from which she expected so much was with an European or an Asiatic power. If Russia has indeed become a negligible factor in European affairs, then France has no use for a partner who is always busy somewhere else when she is most needed.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

The New York *Evening Post* quotes "an honest revisionist" as to Mr. Taft's attitude toward the tariff. Why a revisionist should need this qualifying adjective is not very clear, but perhaps the *Post* means to imply a revisionist who is not a Democrat, that is to say a revisionist who is one in actuality and not only in theory.

It seems the honest revisionist had experienced certain searchings of heart as to the presidential position. He therefore went to the fountain head and said to Mr. Taft plainly:

Mr. President, practically every member of the House and Senate, organization men and insurgents alike, is saying these days that you will sign any sort of tariff bill that is sent to you, whether it is an honest revision downward or not.

The President's reply was prompt. "Senator Aldrich does not think so," said Mr. Taft, and then relapsed into the scintillating silence from which he had momentarily emerged. The honest revisionist told his colleagues about it later on. "He didn't get angry," he said. "He didn't even look surprised. He just looked straight at me with his big, honest, gray eyes and said, 'Senator Aldrich doesn't think so.' We have interpreted his present silence wrongly."

For this reason—and there are other stories of a like nature—the clouds have shown a tendency to roll by. "The President," says the *Post's* Washington correspondent, will have his day in court when the tariff bill comes to the White House. He knows what sort of a bill he wants, and he will not find any embarrassment in characterizing a measure that is unsatisfactory. The country will not be left in doubt as to Mr. Taft's opinion of the congressional enactment. If it approves itself to his conscience and his views he will sign it. If it does not—Mr. Taft has never said once what he will do. In this reserve lies one of the sources of his strength.

Speaking of honest revisionists, there are two Democratic senators who have actually spoken in favor of the present duties on lumber. They are F. M. Simmons of North Carolina and John Walter Smith of Maryland. And yet the national Democratic platform said: "We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on . . . lumber, timber, and logs and that these articles be placed upon the free list."

The tariff debate in the Senate has been prolific in personal encounters. Senator Aldrich is usually to be found in the thick of the fray, either defending his own scalp from the Apaches of the opposition or adding an enemy's scalp to the stock already suspended from his girdle. But it was left to Senator Bailey to discover that the Rhode Island senator was actually a Populist and a Socialist. The subject of the debate was on the income tax and Senator Bailey remarked:

There was a time when he (Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island) denounced an income tax as a Populistic, Socialistic, Democratic plan of distributing fortunes. He will not repeat that during this debate because the senator from Rhode Island, like all the rest of us, learns something as he grows older.

Mr. Aldrich, after a moment's insensibility, was on his feet with a denial:

Mr. President, I have never at any time or anywhere expressed any such opinion as that which the senator from Texas now attributes to me.

Those who make denials should have long memories. We

may well believe that the astute Bailey had surveyed the ground in advance and anticipated that the foe would fall into his hands. It did not take him more than three minutes to get his ammunition from the library, and he then fired off a quotation from a speech delivered by Mr. Aldrich fifteen years ago in which he said:

Does he not understand that the income tax is supported by the Socialist party, by the Populist party, and by the Democratic party, with a few honorable exceptions, simply as a means for the redistribution of wealth?

Mr. Aldrich was quick to admit the soft impeachment. It was an historical statement and he would say the same thing again if need be:

MR. BAILEY: But the senator from Rhode Island said he did not say it.

MR. ALDRICH: I think the statement made by me at that time was absolutely accurate as a historical statement, and I should make the same statement now as to conditions which then existed.

MR. BAILEY: But the senator said a moment ago that he had never, at any time or in any place, characterized an income tax as a Populistic, Socialistic, Democratic plan to redistribute fortunes.

Another stirring scene was the rebuke administered to Senator Root. Indeed, there were a great many rebukes on that same day and a generally electric atmosphere pervaded the Senate chamber. First of all, Senator Nelson remarked amicably upon a supposed league between Senators Bailey and Aldrich for railroading the tariff bill through the Senate without reference to the prejudices of the "ultimate consumer." Both the senators involved are said to have gone pale with indignation at the ignominy of the coupling process. Then Senator Bailey charged Senator Nelson with something dreadful and Senator Root helahored Senator La Follette for insisting that the Finance Committee should give information about the schedules under consideration. Senator Root said that the progressive Republicans, in fighting for a downward revision, had no better motives than to ingratiate themselves in their home States. Then the storm of the evening broke. Senator Money of Mississippi, who himself carries metal of the heaviest calibre, intellectual as well as moral, rose to his feet and moved upon Senator Root, horse, foot, and artillery. Mr. Money said:

Senators want no lecture here. It does not become any man, however important he may be considered, to say that we shall do business in this or that way. We come here to do as we please, and every man is responsible to his constituency and to no one else. When anybody comes here to please somebody he should be kicked out and some one worthy of the name of senator he sent in his place. When the senator from New York gets warmer in his seat he will know better.

Mr. Money said further that when the tariff bill reached conference and stayed there for about six months, then the people might talk about the talking done on it. He referred to the measure as being in conference "until next August or September, or next year." He said that when it was finally enacted it would have the name of Aldrich written all over it. He said that if any one supposed that this bill could come from the press and be pushed through the Senate "with business methods he might as well come back here after a Rip Van Winkle sleep and see what is going on."

"If he objects to so much speaking," said Mr. Money, with pointed reference to Mr. Root, "he can do less of it himself."

That was very severe. Mr. Root is said to have listened to the tirade with his head buried in his hands.

It seems to be generally believed that Mr. Root is not popular among some of the older senators, and the Springfield *Republican* suggests a reason in the comment that follows:

Elihu Root's forwardness in debate in the Senate is no greater for a new senator than that of some other recent arrivals there, and this evidently does not explain the resentful temper shown by older senators in Friday's proceedings toward the New York member. There must have been something about his hearing which brought forth such scorching words as Senator Money of Mississippi spoke. Possibly Mr. Root is presuming too much on the great official and professional prestige with which he enters the Senate, and has adopted a patronizing attitude toward older members. And possibly the latter are enviously irritable over the presence of what Mr. Roosevelt and some others have spoken of as the greatest intellect the world ever saw, or words to that effect. Anyhow there is being exhibited among some of the senators on either side of the chamber a disposition to keep the talents of the New York junior senator hid under a bushel for a while.

Politicians at Washington are debating the question of whether Senator Beveridge is one of the leaders of the Republican party or whether he is among the led. The senator is said to be somewhat in the position of the Irish soldier who could neither bring his prisoner into camp nor come away without him. Curiously enough, the politicians usually laugh when discussing Mr. Beveridge's position. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* tells the following story as illustrating the situation: "One delicious event," he says, "was when an aged senator after hearing Senator La Follette's speech went to Senator Beveridge and asked, 'How can you follow such a man?' Senator Beveridge in great agitation explained, 'I am not following him: I am leading him.'"

Mr. Thomas Hisgen, late of the Independence League now gathered to its fathers, has announced his candidacy for the United States Senate, and as the thrilling news comes from the Massachusetts Democratic headquarters we may assume that Mr. Hisgen is a Democrat. He will oppose Senator Lodge and his platform will be one of absolute tariff revision downwards, anti-discrimination, lower and equal freight rates, direct nominations, anti-merger, reciprocity, publicity of campaign expenses, the referendum, parcel post, and postal savings banks. This is an imposing programme and one that will make Senator Lodge quake in his seat. But the election is still two years off, and in the meantime Mr. Hearst may have other orders for his henchman.

The Chicago *Record-Herald* deprecates income-tax talk just

at the present time, not because it disapproves of the income-tax principle, but because it is unwilling to see a diversion of interest from the tariff:

The revival of the question suggests the reflection that the very vital and practical process of tariff revision is not likely to be accelerated or improved by the attempt to complicate it further and precipitate interminable and acrimonious debates over the constitutionality, the wisdom, the fairness, the timeliness of a tax on individual and corporate incomes. One may be—as the *Record-Herald* distinctly is—in entire sympathy with the principle of income taxation for national purposes. One may recognize fully that the trend throughout the civilized world is toward adoption of the "ability to pay" doctrine and its translation into terms of progressive taxation of incomes and inheritances, and at the same time earnestly deprecate the effort to push a bill for the taxation of incomes through Congress at this time. It would spell delay, talk, confusion, and, in addition, it might seriously hamper the genuine revisionists. It is appalling to think how much futile oratory and "politics" it would tend to provoke.

It is to be borne in mind that the object of lower duties is to encourage importations and increase the revenue from customs. An income tax might be seized upon by some stand-patters as an excuse for maintaining duties that are needlessly high.

At any rate, the part of wisdom and policy, clearly, is to dispose of the tariff bill on its own merits and avoid entangling and irrelevant propositions. The view of President Taft is sound and should be followed in the interest of intelligent tariff-making as well as of judicious discussion of income taxation. Pass the tariff, let it take effect and disclose its virtues or defects as a revenue producer, and let the event demonstrate the necessity or superfluity of an income tax.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Late Henry H. Rogers.

BELMONT, CAL., May 23, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Thomas F. Lawson, on the occasion of the burial of Henry H. Rogers, appears once more in print with a variegated tribute to the personality of the man whom he so viciously denounced two years ago. The Standard Oil magnate was one of the great Americans of the past generation. He was a strong man, a man who achieved, and as such gloried in the commercial strife. Even when his antagonist is still in death, Lawson has the poor taste to prate anent "grizzled brutality" and "fostered wrong." On the other hand, Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb, and blind young woman, who was a recipient of Rogers's generosity, writes of him in most touching strain. Men of Rogers's calibre expect men to do men's work. They have neither the time nor the inclination to devote to the wheedling entreaties of able-bodied losers. They are quick to respond to the call of weakness or affliction, as in the case of Miss Keller, but in the battle of life they neither give nor seek quarter from any adversary.

It would be futile to contrast the achievements of the man with those of his critics. Though he has passed away, he has left behind monuments which will last for centuries. His last and greatest, the construction of a railroad from the Virginia coal fields to tidewater at a cost of \$40,000,000, is enough to perpetuate his name.

What has Thomas F. Lawson done? What have any of the aggregated muckrakers of the country done? The transient notoriety of a few pages in some sensational magazine is the sum total of their accomplishments. The assumed privilege of attacking men of whom they know little or nothing; the violation, by so doing, of all the rules of decency for acquisition of the "dirty dollar" they profess to despise so much, forms the record to date. It is men like Rogers, who are being denounced in San Francisco today, without whose enterprise and financial liberality this city could not have been rebuilt. Would that we had more of them.

JOHN A. HENSHALL.

### Crown of the Capitol Dome.

Armed Liberty, the magnificent statue that crowns the dome of the capitol, is by far the most symbolic of all the statues in Washington. Beautiful and reposeful, yet with an air of vigilance, it is perhaps the least appreciated of the city's statues, possibly because of its being placed at such an altitude that it can not easily be studied. The original plans of the capitol called for a statue to surmount the dome, but no title was then given it, and although more than half a century has elapsed since its erection, comparatively few people know its real name.

The statue was modeled by Thomas Crawford, father of the novelist, the late F. Marion Crawford. It was cast at a Maryland foundry. Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War when the model was first presented at the War Department. The statue then wore a liberty cap and carried a bundle of rods. Davis objected to the liberty cap as being emblematic of emancipated slaves, while Americans were free born. He also thought the bundle of rods, suggesting the functions of the Roman lictor, had lost its symbolic character. Because of these criticisms of Secretary Davis, the model was changed, and "Armed Liberty" was evolved.

The statue is nine feet, six inches tall, and weighs 14,985 pounds. It was put in place December 2, 1863. The head is thrown back and adorned with eagle's beak and plumes. The right hand rests on a sword, and the left holds an olive branch and a shield. The mantle is gracefully draped and is held by a brooch, bearing "U. S." on its face. The helmet is encircled with stars. The supporting globe bears the legend, "E Pluribus Unum."

A widow or heirs of a man killed in a duel or a fight he has sought, according to a recent decision by the United States Court of Appeals, can not collect insurance on a policy held by the man killed. The case in which the decision was rendered came up from the northern district of Texas, and was styled Mrs. Lee Maner versus the Pennsylvania Mutual Life Insurance Company. The amount of insurance involved was \$100,000. The decision of the lower court was sustained.

Senator Aldrich recently admitted with notable frankness that "the appropriations made last year could have been reduced at least \$50,000,000 without impairing the efficiency of the public service."



## MRS. GLYN AGAIN.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Talks About the Bomb That Has Been Fired into New York Society.

Mrs. Glyn has fired the long expected bomb into our camp. It has burst, but I don't think it is going to do a great deal of damage, not to us at least; what it will do to Mrs. Glyn is another story.

The name of this bomb is "Elizabeth Visits America." We are introduced to Elizabeth of the Letters, who from being an alleged unsophisticated girl is now a decidedly sophisticated married woman, being no less a personage than the Marchioness of Valmond. What she said as the unsophisticated Elizabeth is not as piquant from the lips of the sophisticated marchioness. She is a little too plain spoken for one who knows so well what she is saying.

After the publication of "Three Weeks," Mrs. Glyn came to this country and exploited herself in fashionable society, as every one knows. The result of this exploitation, and the character, or want of character, of her book, netted her some \$80,000, I am told. As she was avowedly taking notes for the present book, the people who entertained her must have been thoroughly aware that she regarded them simply as so much "copy." She may visit us again, and she may take more notes, but I don't think it would be among the same people. To my way of thinking, it serves them "jolly right well," as we say in England, for having made so much of the author of such a book as "Three Weeks." It is nevertheless interesting to find out what a person, with Mrs. Glyn's peculiar point of view, thinks of us. There seems to be no valid reason for the sex question entering so largely into a book of impressions, even though they be social impressions, of a country, but the sex question seems to be the one uppermost in Mrs. Glyn's mind, and so she regards our men and women not as men and women, but as the sexes. Our women she finds bright, but shallow, also lazy. They apparently have nothing to do, and time hangs heavy on their hands, "because they never have nice young men to play with, every one being busy down town in the day time," which, as she gives us to understand, the women of the British aristocracy are fond of doing. It surprises her beyond measure that our women array themselves in purple and fine linen when they are going to women's lunch parties, where there are no men present. Why in the name of goodness should a woman dress herself in her good clothes for other women? Mrs. Glyn can not understand it! Our women, however, come off comparatively easy at Mrs. Glyn's hands. She finds some of them a pretty good sort, others rather vulgar and given too much to show.

As for our men, the trouble with them is that they behave like gentlemen, and not like satyrs, in drawing-rooms. They don't whisper suggestive things to women; there are no double meanings attached to what they say. To quote Elizabeth's words exactly: "American men, as far as I have yet seen, are quite another sex to English or French men—I mean you feel more as if you were out with kind old aunts, or grandmothers, or benevolent uncles, than just men. They don't try to make the least love to you, or say things with two meanings, and they are perfectly brotherly and serious, unless they are telling anecdotes with American humor, and that is not subtle." Not only are the morals of our men unattractive to Elizabeth, but she doesn't find them good-looking. She says that their shoulders are padded, and she objects to their beardless faces, and more than all she objects to their "tummies." She likes a man with "long, lean limbs." Many of our men, she admits, are "splendid of their kind," but, "it is perfectly absurd to pretend they look thoroughbred." But the worst count against them is, that they did not give Elizabeth "sensations." She likes men who, the moment they come into a room, you recognize their sex without seeing them. This, she admits, is not "an intellectual or soul feeling, but it is rather lovely all the same." The English guardsman is to her the most admirable type of man. He knows how to make love to the married and unmarried alike, and he is not shy about it; in fact, he is very bold, what we in America would call something more than rude. In the matter of morals, Frenchmen are more to her taste than Americans.

Our system of easy divorces seems rather good to Elizabeth; it gives women an opportunity. In England when a married woman is having an affair with a young guardsman, she has to resort to subterfuges, which may end in scandals, but over here she would only have to divorce her husband, or get him to divorce her, and marry her guardsman on her way home from the law courts.

Elizabeth pays her compliments to San Francisco, where she finds the men rather good looking, one reason because they have mustaches, and "even look like sportsmen and as if they led an idle life and enjoyed it; and a few of the women are lovely, pure pink and white and golden-haired and that air of breezy go-aheadness which is always so attractive, and all of them seem well dressed, though, naturally, one or two freaks are about, as in every country."

I neglected to say that a young French nobleman follows Elizabeth about in this country, and apparently gives her those "thrills" that she finds lacking in American men. In the sleeping car her Gaston has the berth next to hers, and amuses himself by rapping on the partition that separates them during the night. There is also a young American, with the French

sounding name of Renour, who has made his pile in mining and whom she likes because he apparently fell in love with her at first sight, and because he has not the objectionable "tummy."

This is the refrain of Mrs. Glyn's book, and while not a love story, as "Three Weeks" was supposed to be, has enough of the "suggestion," to put it mildly, of that book for the most unobserving to recognize that it is by the same author.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Marriage à la Mode," deals with our divorce laws, but this Englishwoman does not like them, though she does not object to mercenary marriages. Mrs. Glyn finds them delightful. Mrs. Ward thinks them odious.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1909.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Bivouac of the Dead.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on Life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn nor screaming file  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;  
Their plumed heads are howed;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud.  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are past;  
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that nevermore may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane  
That sweeps his great plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
Came down the serried foe.  
Who heard the thunder of the fray  
Break o'er the field beneath,  
Knew well the watchword of that day  
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged  
O'er all that stricken plain,  
For never fiercer fight had waged  
The vengeful blood of Spain;  
And still the storm of battle blew,  
Still swelled the gory tide;  
Not long our stout old chieftain knew,  
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command  
Called to a martyr's grave  
The flower of his beloved land,  
The nation's flag to save.  
By rivers of their fathers' gore  
His first-born laurels grew,  
And well he deemed the sons would pour  
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a northern's breath has swept,  
O'er Angostura's plain—  
And long the pitying sky has wept  
Above its mouldered slain.  
The raven's scream or eagle's flight  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
Alone awakes each sullen height  
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air.  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave;  
She claims from war his richest spoil—  
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
On many a bloody shield;  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiled sadly on them here,  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
Dear as the blood ye gave,  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The heritage of your grave;  
Nor shall your story be forgot,  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
In deathless song shall tell  
When many a vanished age hath flown,  
The story how ye fell:  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Shall dim one ray of glory's light  
That gilds your deathless tombs.

—Theodore O'Hara.

Lieutenant-General Anatole M. Stoessel and Rear-Admiral Nebogatoff have been released from confinement in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul by order of Emperor Nicholas. The health of both men has been gravely affected by their confinement.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prime Minister Clemenceau, by his course in the labor troubles that have distracted France, has added to his reputation as the shrewdest and strongest statesman the Third Republic has produced.

Nicholas II, who ascended the throne as Czar of Russia fifteen years ago and married a granddaughter of Queen Victoria a month later, is forty-one years old. In compliment to him the peace conference which he called at The Hague opened on his birthday anniversary ten years ago.

Morris Bessunger, the oldest antiquarian in this country, celebrated his ninety-first birthday anniversary a few days ago in New York. Mr. Bessunger, who has supplied antiques for some of the finest collections in the country, particularly to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has crossed the ocean fifty times on quests for rare objects.

Miss Stella Josephine Feiler, of Harris County, Texas, has recently received a large fee for the use of what is accepted as a remarkable power by which she locates oil and minerals. The \$150,000 was paid by ten land owners upon whose property two productive wells were struck after Miss Feiler had located oil not far from the Humble field. Miss Feiler, it is said, has accumulated a fund of over \$500,000 and is erecting an orphan asylum in Beaumont with the money she received from locating oil and sulphur lands.

Regis H. Post, Governor of Porto Rico, is not secure in his office, largely as a result of his failure to control the activities of political leaders in the island, who because their private schemes were blocked, have brought about a situation which leaves the island government without appropriations for running its affairs. Governor Post is an old neighbor of Theodore Roosevelt. He was sent to Porto Rico by President Roosevelt first as an auditor in 1903, later was made secretary of the government there, and finally governor.

Andrew Carnegie recently declared in an address before the St. Andrew's Society in New York that Scotland first established "the religion which gives the humblest direct access to the Supreme—one man's privilege every man's right. Second, she first established the right of the people to rule, that good democratic doctrine of Buchanan. Third, she first established universal elementary education of the people as a duty of the state. These are the three great pillars of civilization. Upon these Scotland stands, and of two she is the parent."

The Wright brothers, who have transported aviation with heavier-than-air apparatus from the realms of fancy to the domain of reality, have returned home loaded with honors and as famous as kings or the heroes of wars. It is true that the United States government has thus far refused to get enthusiastically excited over airships and aviation, and the material gains accruing to the Wrights, as well as most of the laurels, have come from abroad, the cable reports having told of large amounts paid for the right to control the patents and manufacture the aeroplanes in different countries on the continent.

Alphonse Mucha, who is delivering a course of lectures at the Art Institute of Chicago, is an Austrian artist who has gained fame in Paris by his posters. He first attracted notice by a poster representing Sarah Bernhardt as Gismonda, which carried him from poverty to fame. This was quickly followed by others that have become familiar to collectors. Mr. Mucha was born in Moravia in 1860 and began the study of designing and painting as a boy, in Munich. Employed by a wealthy count to decorate some rooms, he showed such talent that his employer sent him to Paris, where he studied under Lefebvre, Laurens, and Boulanger.

Colonel M. M. de Hora, president of a mining company in Montana, recently arrived in New York from a tour of Europe, and he brought with him many valuable gifts. There were two boxes of the decorations, which numbered about seventy and included several conferred by South American republics and gifts of sovereigns and potentates all over the world. Colonel de Hora has been a soldier of fortune, and has seen adventure in many regions. He was born in what is now Arizona, fought Indians in the West, was educated as a mining engineer, and in the course of his career drifted to South Africa, taking part in the Matabele rebellion. During the Boer War he was made chief of police in Johannesburg. He won the title of colonel there.

Mohammed V has been girded with the sword of Osman, which corresponds with being crowned in other countries. The ceremony took place in the Eyoub Mosque in Constantinople, on May 10, at noon, and was performed by the Tchlebi, or "Holy One," of Konia, who is the head of the Dancing Dervishes. The Sultan wore a uniform of dark blue and gold and was escorted by several regiments of cavalry, by hundreds of carriages filled with officers and by mollahs gorgeously robed in green and gold. The royal state carriage was drawn by four magnificent bays. But the whole ceremony lacked the pomp and the display of wealth that characterized former occasions of the kind, and at many places along the route there were no decorations and no other preparations had been made. The huge crowds displayed more enthusiasm for their hero, Niaz Bey, the Young Turk leader, than for the Sultan.



## THE FAITH OF GUADALOUPE.

By Kathryn Jarboe.

I am going to ask you to believe in a miracle; not the outward and visible phenomenon upon which Guadalupe Valencia bases her faith, though if your hair and eyes are rightly colored, if your heart and brain are rightly shaped, you may agree with her and see even that with her eyes. I, being neither Latin nor Celt, must needs find in it a human agent. But the miracle for which I ask your credence is infinitely greater, infinitely more mystifying. It is the faith of Guadalupe, her wholly humble belief in the blessed Mother to whom she prays, her wholly satisfying reliance on the succor of that Mother. I have just come from her, I have seen it, and I believe.

I was but a bird of passage in the land of Southern sun and stars and I had been told that Guadalupe was one of the curios of the town, one of its most romantic figures. I stopped to see her on my way down from a little cottage that, recently, had been bequeathed to me by a distant relative and I found her sitting all alone in the old adobe hacienda, waiting for the men who, by order of a government ignorant and idle, were coming to dispossess her of the home that had sheltered her for more than half a century. And assuredly it seemed to me that, in its youthful days, her face might have been the cause of countless romances, for although the Donna Valencia—Guadalupe—has taken from Time some fifteen years more than those allotted to her, her eyes still shine with a soft lustre, her red lips are still bowed in mimicry of laughing youth.

Yet there has been but one romance in all this long life and that ended three score years and more ago when Guadalupe closed the eyes of her dead lover. There were reasons, so she expressed it, why she could make no appeal to the family she had deserted for that lover, and in the four years of life together that had been granted to them there had been no one beside the lover, the lover and the little daughter who had been born to them. Black and empty and desolate the world seemed to the woman who had not even the claims of a widow upon its sufferance nor could she explain to any smallest part of that world that, almost until the end, she had thought herself a wife, almost until the end her lover had thought himself to be her lawful lord; that it was to right the wrong he had done her that they were traveling when the illness came that took him from her. Alone in her misery she sat until the small store of coins he had left was almost gone. Then, slowly there crept into her mind the memory of a letter he had received from a friend in the new land far to the north, the land of gold. She remembered the name of the friend, the name of the street on which he lived and the cordial words that had said: "Come and together we will make fortunes for our loved ones."

With all her little substance she procured a passage on the first steamer that might be going north and, with only her little daughter in her arms, she set forth on her pilgrimage to this unknown friend of her lover's, trusting only in the cordial words that she repeated endlessly to the monotonous waves of that western sea. Not until she saw the Golden Gate opening wide its portals in the hill lined coast did any doubt assail her. Not until then did she realize that she, alone and friendless, was about to land on an alien shore, that she had no place nor part thereon, that even its language was foreign to her tongue. Half kneeling, half crouching on the deck, she looked out over the blue bay that laughed back at her in careless merriment toward the low brown hills that stretched in easy indolence under the summer sun. Prayers rose to her lips, prayers that pattered breathlessly across them when she saw the thronging crowd upon the wharf, each atom of it shouting to some one on the ship and yet not one word of any kind for her. A hostile crowd it seemed to her when she stepped down into its midst, for she was roughly jostled to and fro by eager hands that stretched to other hands from which they had long been parted; a terrifying crowd, too, for more than one pair of eyes tried to meet the dusky eyes under the shrouding hood, more than one hand was laid on her arm while curious, unintelligible words were poured into her ears.

It seemed to her that her only safety lay in flight, and straightway she fled into the street, the life of which was surging always toward the wharf. On and on she went until she found a semblance of seclusion in a narrow way that led by steps and slanting walks to the crest of a hill. Here she stopped, halted by the voice of her little girl, who was whimpering, childlike, for the one essential of child life, food. Then Guadalupe remembered that she had broken neither her own fast nor that of the tiny Bonita. She remembered, too, that she had spent the last coin in her purse the day before for the purchase of some fruit for the child. But she remembered—no, merciful Mother of God, it had gone from her! The name of Manuel's friend, the street whereon he lived—all, all had gone from her memory! Setting the child down upon the ground—for until now she had held the little one's feet from the alien, hostile soil—she bade her not to cry and promised that she should soon have food and succor even while she looked in vain on every side for any sign of succor. Falling upon her knees, she prayed, not in the word of her church, but straight from her heart: "Oh, Holy Mother of all, be merciful to me, a mother. Count not my sin as sin, knowing how it was all in innocent that I sinned. And, as a mother, be merciful to me, a mother!"

And then it was that there was performed the miracle

in which Guadalupe to this day believes. Even before she had dried the tears that her own prayer had loosed, the child gave a little joyous cry and darted some ten paces up the street. There, lying on the sidewalk, was something round and bright, something that shone like gold in the yellow sunlight. Picking it up, Bonita carried it to her mother. Guadalupe needed not to know the currency of the land in which she found herself to know that this was a gold piece worth many of the reales of her native land. Hurrying toward the spot where the child had found it, she stood for a moment looking down at it, not dreaming, then, that this might be an answer to her prayer, but wondering if, in her extremity, it would be counted as sin for her to keep it and use it to buy food for the little one and herself. And even as she questioned this, Bonita's baby voice rose in another cry of ecstasy over another shining toy of the same sort, another ten paces up the hill. The child pointed to it and begged the mother to pick it up, but Guadalupe, trembling now with a vague sense of terror, daring naught with her own fingers, praying that the wholly innocent fingers of her baby might touch nothing harmful, whispered to Bonita to lay the second gold piece in the hand that held the first. There was no one in sight, no one in any of the houses that stood at intervals along the thoroughfare. Guadalupe shivered again and looked up and down the street, and even as she looked there came into view, another ten paces up the hill, another piece of gold. Now it was, for the first time, that Guadalupe wondered if, indeed, her prayer had been heard and answered, if these gold pieces that would buy food and shelter were not also Heaven-sent guides to lead her footsteps whither they should go. So it seemed, for always they appeared a little in advance, leading the way up the hill, turning now to the right and then back again toward the summit of the hill. Just before the summit was reached, when the gold that she carried in her pouched skirt was becoming almost a burden to carry, Guadalupe saw, standing in the doorway of a little house that she had not noticed until the moment, a man, very tall and very dark, so like her Manuel that she darted toward him with a cry of joy. But even while she drew back, remembering that her Manuel was gone forever from her world, he spoke to her in her own tongue and asked if she and the little one were not hungry. Thankful only that she had at last found one of her own countrymen and mindful of the fact that she had money to pay for all that she might want, she entered in and found spread before her the foods of her native land, *frijoles, tortillas, and chile con carne*. When she and Bonita had eaten their fill, she offered her host one of the gold coins in payment, but he shook his head and said that he was the giver of all things—that he could take naught. With that, he filled a great basket with fruit, figs and oranges, pomegranates and dates, and gave this to Bonita. In a voice, so Guadalupe says, that trembled so that it was almost inaudible, she asked him if he could guide her to the house of Manuel's friend. The man, leading her to the door, pointed out the way, a few blocks straight ahead, a turn to the right and, in a moment, another to the left and she would be before the house of Emilio de la Cuesta! He spoke the name of the man, the name that had gone from her memory!

Following his instructions, Guadalupe found the place and presented herself not as a suppliant but, divinely blessed, as the conveyor of blessings. And yet, not even then, did she wholly understand all that had been done for her. For, when she told her story to Emilio and his wife, they answered that there was no Mexican restaurant in that part of the town. And, when she led them back over the way that she had come to show them the house itself and the man who dwelt therein, the place was empty, the house was gone, and Guadalupe knew that she and her child had been fed by the hands that feed the hungry, that cherish the homeless, that hold, safe and secure, the entire universe in their palms.

While Guadalupe talked to me, telling her story, I sat and remembered the tales I had read of the sojourners in that new city on the western sea. It was easy to imagine them hurrying down to meet the news from the old world, easy to see how they might have dropped from careless pockets the gold that never had been counted, the gold the loss of which would never be reckoned. I pictured the curious old streets where even those versed in their intricacies might have tried in vain to find a place seen but once. But Guadalupe was still speaking, using now the language of her native land, liquid as golden honey, soft as the humming of bees over clover.

"And so you see, it was a miracle that the blessed Mother vouchsafed to me and I knew that I must believe. I have lived ever since—more than twice as long as you have been in the world, child—knowing that I was in Her care, knowing that Her ears could hear me, that Her eyes could see me, that Her hand was outstretched to mine; knowing that no harm could come to me; knowing that whatever troubles might seem to threaten, nothing could hurt me while I was in Her care. It is a great belief, no? See, I am not afraid, even now, bereft of everything, the very roof itself to be taken from my head!"

"It is an outrage," I cried, and then I added: "But you must go directly to my place. It is close at hand. I can not use it and I shall be so very glad to know that it is sheltering—"

The look that flashed from her eyes was not gratitude, and it told me more plainly than any words could have done that I, all unworthy as I knew myself to be,

had been made an implement in the hands of divine beneficence.

I have just come from her. I can not force myself, try as I will, to believe in the miracle of the gold coins and the Mexican restaurant in that embryonic city of the western sea. But I do know that for more than three score years Guadalupe has lived, and never once, in face of peril, illness or disaster, has her faith faltered, has her belief wavered. And this inspiration, this infusion of a faith so deep and lasting, is to me a miracle, the greatest of all, the most mysterious of all. But I have seen it, and as Guadalupe says, I know that I must believe.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1909.

## On the River Seine.

We have heard almost too much of the streets of Paris, and not enough of that street most distinctive of all—the River Seine (declares Warren Barton Blake, in *Scribner's Magazine*). Flowing through the city for six miles, it is a highway, with its bateaux mouches, its bridges and quays. Of a dark night, the Seine may seem to lugubrious fancy the symbol of death in the city's life abounding; murky death and inky crime, oozy and silent wickedness. Yet normally, even perhaps to suicides, the Seine is but a mirror of a city's mood. There are lights everywhere—lights lengthened in the water; the Louvre and the Conciergerie, shown in the stream, are things fairer than their originals. It is better to look upon the eddying reflections of the bridges here than to stand in the Place de la Concorde, bright with its orange lamps in honor of an auto show; the lights on the Seine and its images are more alluring, more innately of Fairyland and Paris, than the gilded boulevards. Nor is it only in the moonlight that the Seine has charms. The holiday sculler finds it a paradise for miles above the city: and there are ever such fishermen as Maupassant's Renard. Line-fishing is more than a mild sport at Paris; even to watch its devotees seems to amuse your true Parisian. A legend tells us that in the Commune days, when the Hotel de Ville was fired on and a dark page written in the city's history, the Seine fishermen pursued their pastime imperturbable. And the tale seems likely enough as the saunterer watches the fisher-folk, whose leisure may be envied more than their occupation; and who are found not on the city quays alone, but in the banlieue, where the Seine's green bank is dabbled with villages in brown and red and gray and where one stops to watch the peasants bathe their horses in the stream itself, rubbing them down soon afterward by the river's brink. Within the city, there are the men who clip poodles on the quays, and, higher, book and picture stalls with their merchants and shifting groups of bargain hunters—the Odeon arcade for new books, the riverside for old.

A Marseilles wine merchant pestered three prominent men in his district, including a retired judge, with letters offering his vintages and inclosing stamps for reply. None of the three answered, and all kept the stamps. Whereupon the wine merchant lodged a complaint against them for a swindling abuse of confidence and appropriation of sums intrusted to them. The judicial authorities received the complaint, acted upon it, and opened criminal proceedings against all three persons on the charge of appropriating a two-cent postage stamp each. It seems that no other legal course was open to the authorities than to proceed in the matter. The sequel is worse. It is reported that the police, armed with search warrants, have effected domiciliary visits in the residences of the three accused persons to discover the *corpus delicti* in each case—that is to say, the wine merchant's letter containing the stamp for a reply. If the stamp be found unused the three accused persons will be ordered to disgorge the property wrongfully detained by them. If it be not found the presumption, apparently, will be that they used the property, and, logically, a conviction for swindling should follow.

Early in December it was announced that E. H. Litchfield of Brooklyn and two companions had sailed for East Africa to shoot big game. He was a representative of the American Museum of Natural History, and some of his prizes, were any secured, were to be bestowed upon that institution. Statements contained in a letter indicate that a record has been established which may put other great hunters to their trumps. The hunt had been in progress for four weeks when the letter was written, during which the "kill" consisted of a hundred and ten head of game, forty-five of which were victims of Mr. Litchfield's rifle, and included a lioness, a rhinoceros, a giraffe, and a large variety of other wild beasts. To hunt the giraffe, a special license of twenty-five dollars had to be paid, and for the general right to shoot permission of the governor of East Africa was obtained. The party hunted in the open jungle with only a single guide and without the benefit of the battue to round up the game.

Nearly every nation under the sun is today paying golden tribute to France. She has an army of creditors, but no debtors. About two score governments have to remit interest money to her. The interest and dividends on the capital for her small investors represent earnings in all parts of the world. The road to Paris becomes, therefore, the route of least resistance for the floating gold supplies. Paris is absorbing into her hanks from 35 to 40 per cent of the metal freshly taken from the mines.



Agnes C. Laut Tells Us Something About the Great Hudson's Bay Company.

If Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and Switzerland were united under one flag, if that flag had the motto *Pro Pelle Cutem*—"Skin for Skin"—and the mystic letters H. B. C.—Hudson's Bay Company—it would give some idea of the size of the fur traders' kingdom ruled by McLoughlin. At a bend in the Columbia on the north side, far enough from the coast to be away from rivalry of Pacific schooners, near enough to be in touch with tide-water, stood the capital of the kingdom, Fort Vancouver. Spruce slabs half a foot thick, twenty feet high, sharp at both ends, composed the walls. Great gates with brass hinges extending half way across the bottom and top beams, opened leaf-wise toward the river. On the north-west corner stood a bastion whose lower stories served as powder magazine and upper windows as look-out. Cannon bristled through the double palisades of the fort, and to one side of the main gate was the customary wicket through which goods could be exchanged for furs from the Indians. The big, two-story, timbered house in the centre of the court was the residence of the chief factor. On both sides were stores

They knew now why the leader had so unexpectedly appeared. Tod motioned one of his party . . . a George Simpson . . . to come.

"George. Fall back with the horses. If things go wrong, make your way to the fort. Go!"

The brave leader hesitated to leave his leader alone.

"Damn you! Go!" shouted Tod.

The enemy stand watching intently the fur trader's every move. . . . Turning full front on the glowering savages, Tod puts spurs to his horse. . . . As he rushes, they raise their guns . . . the horseman does not flinch, but quickly drawing sword and pistol, he holds them aloft in one hand . . . then hurls them all ahead on the plain . . . and he charges into the very midst of the savages.

Why did they not kill him? . . . Curiosity.

They wished to see what he would do next. . . . There sat the smiling Scotchman amid the thick of them.

"What is all this?" demanded the chief trader.

"We want to see Lolo. Why came you here?"

Dr. Gerardus Hillis Wynkoop, one of the first American surgeons to remove the vermiform appendix, died a few days ago from the effects of an operation for appendicitis at his home in New York City. Dr. Wynkoop was one of the pioneers in the operations in the abdominal cavity. One of his best-known achievements was an operation on a Japanese prince, a nephew of the Mikado, who was a cadet at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. The prince was stricken while on a cruise in the training ship near New London. The nature of his malady was a puzzle to the physicians who attended him. Dr. Wynkoop operated for appendicitis with success and the prince was restored to health. The operation is commonly spoken of among surgeons as the first of its kind performed in the United States. Dr. Wynkoop was for many years the physician to the Roosevelt family. The noted surgeon developed alarming symptoms on Thursday morning, and on Friday night he was subjected to an operation for appendicitis. The peritonitis which later developed was the direct cause of his death.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

In a *Mysterious Way*, by Anne Warner. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

In some respects this story is well in line with the author's previous works. We have the familiar background of village life with its rich humor, its conceits, its pathos, its tragedies, and its nobility. There is the inimitable postmistress, who is also storekeeper, dressmaker, tailor, sexton, and scrubwoman, with many other subsidiary occupations for the chinks and crevices of time. All the village cronies are in full force with their gossip, their scandals, and their domesticities. Nothing is lacking in the community photograph, and the reader regrets that he, too, may not join the nightly circle at the post-office when the mail is distributed and a dozen pair of clairvoyant eyes and a dozen speculative tongues are concentrated on the missives whose owners are not present.

But in the heroine we have a distinctly new departure. Nothing quite like Alva has been attempted before. She is a girl of education and with a sort of ecstatic religion that has nothing in common with the conventional faith of the day. She has bought a house in the village and is furnishing it for her marriage, but our sympathy with so wholesome an occupation is chilled by the confidence that she makes to her friend Lassie. Her intended husband is a hopeless cripple and so terribly injured by an accident that even his life is a matter of weeks or months. But Alva's radiant and mystic happiness is undiminished. The world itself is "only an instant in eternity." Moreover, "I will tell you in confidence that I fully believe that I have been married to the same man hundreds of times before, and shall be married to him countless times again." It does not seem that there was any particular courtship before the accident, or any old-standing affection that is proof even against mutilation. It is simply a case of eternal mystic affinity, of a recognized link that remains unbroken through the ages.

The man dies in the course of a few days. The whole story, indeed, covers only a week or so. We are allowed to see at once that his death was inevitable and the description of Alva's emotions that correspond almost terribly with the death scene far away is an effective piece of writing.

We are inclined to think that the story would have been stronger but for the final episode. Alva has written a casual letter to a dissolute young millionaire whom she has never seen, but whom she believes to be persecuting a girl in whom she is interested. She meets this man accidentally after the death of her lover, to whom he bears a strong physical likeness. She is first overwhelmed by the resemblance and then in the course of four pages of tense dialogue between the two we are allowed to infer that the spirit of the dead man has overshadowed the living one, producing an instantaneous moral reformation and transferring the old affiliative tie to the new personality. Of course no actual engagement takes place, but their mutual intention is clear enough. "What is there to be said further? Nothing unless perhaps the single line that can so fitly begin and end all: 'He moves in a mysterious way.'"

We feel no disposition to urge a charge of character impossibility about this story. Alva is not an impossible girl. In fact, we feel that she is almost typical of a small class of educated, emotional, visionary, and mystically inclined young women who combine high intelligence with an erratic and untrained spirituality and who allow etherial imaginings to control their conduct. Her ecstatic mentality seems sometimes a little overdrawn and over-emphasized, but the author has performed the by no means easy task of holding her heroine well upon the right side of the insanity line. We feel that the picture of Alva has been painted from nature and we are well disposed to applaud the courage, and the success, of an effort that will add to the author's well earned laurels.

*The Spell of Italy*, by Caroline Atwater Mason. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The author makes us understand the spell of Italy, and many other writers have written with the same object and without such success. She must be a companionable lady, for everywhere she made friends who placed their special knowledge at her disposal. Sometimes of the language, sometimes of Italian history, and politics, the royal family, art, customs, and religion. And with it all is the grace of humor and a light heart.

For example, we have a Roman senator who talks for an hour on Italian politics. We do not get the whole of the conversation, but we have a delightful epitome of the differences between whites and blacks and of the opinions held by the clericals of the government and by the government of the clericals. The senator tells of the Jesuit Curci who denounced the papal infallibility and was ordered to recant, but "I forget whether Curci retracted or was poisoned. Probably the last. They usually were." Then there is another instructor who talks about that "ancient, compact despotism—the Papal State"—and the struggles for Italian freedom. Still another acquaintance affords

a glance at the domestic life of the recent kings of Italy and their wives and some interesting reflections result. Perhaps it is because the author and her daughter always show such intelligent enthusiasm that they find such ready guides and friends. It must be a relief to the intelligent Italian to meet visitors who look upon the country neither as a heap of antiquities nor as a place for idling and frivolous in the sunshine, but rather as a modern land with the greatest history upon earth and inherited vital problems that have taxed the blood of her people and still tax their intelligence and their courage. It is with this realization that the author seems to have visited Italy, and her impressions make a fascinating and instructive book of unusual value. There are fifty excellent illustrations.

*Ethics*, by John Dewey and James H. Tufts. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

This book belongs to the American Science series, to which we already owe so many weighty volumes on astronomy, chemistry, botany, and geology. It need hardly be said that this latest addition is in every way worthy of its company.

The authors are pragmatists and they handle their subject from the standpoint of the new school and consequently include within its sphere much that is usually supposed to lie outside of it. Indeed, the book will strike the average student who has been trained in the Greek school with a certain perplexing sense of a reversal of standards. Ethics is usually supposed to lie beyond the domain of facts as a something fixed and immutable to which facts must be referred for judgment. Here we seem to have an enthronement of the facts and a displacement of the unchanging ideas that have been the quest of the ancient philosophers and of those who have followed in their steps.

If we once determine to take the sum total of daily life conduct as the proper subject for a consideration of ethics—that is to say, if we are pragmatists—we understand at once the wide and practical field covered by the authors. The historical matter which occupies so large a part of the book falls at once into the scheme of things as does much else that a philosophic conservatism would relegate to the domain of sociology, politics, or eugenics. Our toleration of this will depend upon our acceptance or rejection of pragmatism, but at least it must be conceded that the system exalts the importance of human conduct by ignoring all theories that fail to find "fruits meet for repentance" in daily life. The authors avow the intention of awakening "a vital conviction of the genuine reality of moral problems and the value of reflective thought in dealing with them." If pragmatism can do this it has justified its existence and has succeeded where older systems have failed. The book will at least be acceptable to many who have put away the more orthodox philosophies as unprofitable. Its clear and concise style must win for it a popular hearing and an easy comprehension.

*A Royal Ward*, by Percy Brebner. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

This is an historical romance of the English regency and of the two-handed duel fought by England with the American colonies and with Napoleon. The heroine is Lady Betty Walmisley, a ward of the king, and we make her acquaintance as she is giving refuge to Victor Dubuisson, a young Frenchman who has just landed at Brixham and who is hotly pursued by the coast guard as a probable French spy. Dubuisson, through Lady Betty's aid, escapes to London and there we find both him and his preserver weaving the web of which the last knot is clearly in sight from the opening chapter.

As an historical picture of the day the book has great value, but as a romance it seems not quite so good, because some of the motives are weak. Dubuisson is not a French spy. He is simply a young man of good birth whose father once took an oath for himself and for his son that they would never

draw the sword against England. Dubuisson does not know to whom the oath was given and his object in coming to England is to find his father's benefactor and secure a release from an obligation to which he was not a party and that he might have disregarded honestly. He gets mixed up in a riotous movement in England, is suspected of an attempt upon the regent's life, is protected by an American spy named Baxter—a remarkable character whom we are glad to know—finds that he has rivals for Lady Betty's affections, and in short leads a strenuous life of adventure and peril.

It is all delightfully told. The spirit of the day is well reflected, the story seems to be historically accurate, and the dialogue is vigorous. But it would have been strengthened by a more adequate motive on Dubuisson's part.

*Hearts Are Trumps*, by Alexander Otis. Published by the John McBride Company, New York.

The device of accidentally exchanged sleeping-car berths is once more played up to good advantage in this novel. As a result, and with some wrench to the probabilities, a New York dramatic critic is compelled to impersonate a clergyman at a country house, to preach a sermon in the village church, and to involve himself in the love affairs of a young lady who is about to become an unwilling bride. There are plenty of tense and amusing situations, and the large type is an encouragement to persevere to the end.

*John Watts de Peyster*, by Frank Allaben. Published by Frank Allaben Genealogical Company, New York, in two volumes: \$1.25 per volume.

Apart from the ten chapters that have only a genealogical interest, these volumes present an interesting picture of aristocratic life in New York early in the last century. General de Peyster played a conspicuous and invaluable part in building up the military system of the country. He was the first American military theorist, and his writings on history and technic with his comments on the battles of the Civil War are of exceptional interest.

*Through Welsh Doorways*, by Jeannette Marks. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.10.

The author has done to Wales something of the same service that J. M. Barrie rendered to Scotland. In the course of eleven short stories she manages to give us some intimate pictures of Welsh life that combine humor, pathos, and sympathetic accuracy. "The Merry, Merry Cuckoo" is perhaps the best, but "Respite Finem" runs it a close second.

*The Cords of Vanity*, by James Branch Cabell. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The book is well named. It is the story of a commonplace and conceited young man who for some inscrutable reason feels impelled to take the world into his confidence on the subject of his many love affairs. He has a certain pleasing narrative style, but there is really nothing to justify a lack of reticence on affairs of the heart that contain no elements much above the average.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Book About Japan.

*The Empire of the East*, by H. B. Montgomery. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The demand for authentic information of Japan and the Far East generally shows no sign of being assuaged, although the many viewpoints from which the subject is presented and the frequently divergent views of those whose information should be competent may produce a certain feeling of perplexity in the mind of the inquirer. Nowhere does the personal equation enter more largely than into discussions of the characteristics of other peoples.

There is at least nothing conventional in Mr. Montgomery's hook. He does not seem to have placed himself in the hands of a few guides, philosophers, and friends or to have made himself the mouthpiece of interested views or prejudiced opinions. He does not condemn what is unfamiliar or adopt the attitude of hopeful condescension so much in vogue among Oriental travelers. All that he writes bears the mark of independent inquiry and opinions formed without reference to precedent or conventionality.

Take, for example, his estimate of Christian progress in Japan. He tells us that missionaries "have made comparatively little headway among, and have exercised extremely little influence on the mass of the Japanese people." The incessant conflicts between the Christian sects have led the Japanese to conclude that while they can not all be right they may all be wrong. He concludes that he need not investigate Christianity until it has determined the precise creed that non-Christian countries are to be asked to accept. This summing-up may be right or it may be wrong. It is at least expressed temperately, it is unconventional, and it squares with the probabilities.

Similarly in the case of Japanese morality there is no attempt to gloss over abominations, but the honesty of the attempt to state facts is evident. The Yoshiwara girl, we are told, is not legally a slave. If she escapes, the law will protect her even though her debt he not paid. There is, of course, plenty of vice in Japan, "but the ordinary Japanese man is not, in my opinion, nearly so immoral as the average European. The chastity of the Japanese woman I place still higher."

The author covers nearly the whole field. The sections devoted to art and architecture are particularly good. He writes well on literature, the drama, newspapers, communications, and education. We have a clear statement of the Japanese constitution, but the general area of politics is left untouched. The book opens with an historical chapter and closes, in a sense, prophetically. It contains, undoubtedly, many views that will be combatted in many quarters, but it would be hard to impugn the good faith in which it is written or the earnest care of its preparation. About twenty illustrations constitute a valuable feature of the hook.

*An English Honey-moon*, by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

We do not know if these are really honey-moon letters nor does it greatly matter, but if the title is anything more than a literary mask we have to congratulate some fortunate man on the possession of a singularly intelligent wife. The letters are written with all the appreciation that comes with a first long journey. Number one is dated from Canterbury, and then comes the story of Winchester, Haworth, Salisbury, Warwick, Stratford, Oxford, Bowness, Ambleside, York, Chester, London, and the west country. The author is not too much engrossed with the change in her life to look with wide open eyes upon new scenes or to show her enthusiasm for the eloquent witnesses of great historic events. To sentiment and romance she naturally gives a large place, and with such ability and natural charm as are seldom found in the letter-writers of today. A number of admirable photographs give an added interest to the book.

*Much Ado about Peter*, by Jean Webster. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The ten chapters of this book might almost be read separately as short stories, although a thread of connection is to be found in Peter's matrimonial intentions toward Annie, the maid. Peter is the groom when we first know him, but he rises to be coachman, and his story is naturally interwoven with that of the family whom he serves. The low-comedy work of the book is very good and perhaps Miss Webster would have been well advised to confine herself to the stable and the kitchen rather than to attempt a combination of interests that is not always pleasant.

## New Publications.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "All's Well That Ends Well" have been added to the First Folio Shakespeare edition now appearing from the house of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. This edition gives the text in its original spelling and punctuation and freed

from the editorial changes of three centuries. These are, however, indicated by abundant notes.

"Camping and Camp Cooking," by Frank A. Bates, is "designed to teach the amateur what he needs to take with him, what to do with it when he gets to camp, and how to do it." It is published by the Ball Publishing Company, Boston. With illustrations. Price, 75 cents.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, New York, and Chicago, have published "English for Foreigners," by Sara R. O'Brien. The lessons are graduated and are so designed as to impart not only a knowledge of language, but of the social and patriotic virtues. Price, 50 cents.

"Little Busybodies," by Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody, is a series of entertaining chats with children about insect life. It is well adapted to sustain the interest, while the line illustrations are numerous and good. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, 75 cents.

"The Sure and Living Faith," by Dr. George A. Gordon, is the latest addition to the What Is Worth While series, published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. It is of a devotional nature, written with sincerity and with a reasonable suppression of objectionable dogma. Price, 30 cents.

"A Ball of Twine—Its Unwinding," by Robert Rudd Whiting, with illustrations by Merle Johnson, has been published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. Many of these amusing sketches were first published in the *New York Sun*, and their appearance in volume form should find a welcome.

Lovers of Francis Thompson will welcome that poet's essay on "Shelley," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, with an introduction by the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, who says of it that "it is the most important contribution to pure letters written in English during the last twenty years."

"Day Dreams of Greece," by Charles Wharton Stork, contains five blank verse poems of much merit. They are entitled "To Zeus," "The Sculptor of Melos," "Ganymede," "The Wanderings of Psyche," and "Philomen and Baucis." The little volume is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

"Our Plymouth Forefathers," by Charles Stedman Hanks, begins with the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from England and their settlement in Holland, and traces the religious movements of the times that led to the American expedition. The story of the Plymouth colony is well told. The hook is published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

"Songs from Sky Meadows," by Charles H. Crandall, is a creditable collection of nature verses that were evidently written spontaneously and from a full heart and that are well worthy of preservation. The author is well known as a nature lover and this, his latest volume is in tune with what has preceded it from his pen. It is published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$1.

Two more volumes have appeared in the Lamb Shakespeare for the Young, published by Duffield & Co., New York. The first is "Macheth," illustrated by Helen Stratton, and the second is "Romeo and Juliet," illustrated by L. E. Wright. This series is under the general editorship of Professor I. Gollancz, and for those who like the plan it should prove an important addition to the children's library. The volumes are illustrated.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Houghton Mifflin Company have been obliged to postpone until autumn the publication of their Riverside Press edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler," owing to the delay in receiving the desired paper from abroad.

Elinor Macartney Lane, when asked the question, "What is your ideal woman?" answered: "Nothing of the new woman. A loving, passionate, great-souled, generous creature who loves children and animals, men, women, and plants." She expressed the same idea in another way in one of her hooks when she says: "Give a woman plenty of her husband's kisses and his habies at her breast."

The smallest newspaper circulation in the world probably belongs to a little sheet published by the German emperor himself. It is entitled "A Daily Record of International Opinion." Two copies only are printed, one of them being placed in the hands of the emperor and the other going into the National Library.

"Dragon's Blood," the new novel by Henry M. Rideout, is to be published in Great Britain by Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd. It is somewhat surprising how many reviewers have made favorable comparisons between Mr. Rideout's work and that of Kipling, the young American doing for China what the Englishman did for India.

The six books of fiction which have sold best during the last month are, according to the *Bookman's* list, "34-40 or Fight," by Hough; "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by Fox; Locke's "Septimus," Smith's "Peter,"

"The Man in Lower Ten," by Rinchart, and "Katrine," Elinor Macartney Lane's novel, published just before her death. Among the "non-fiction" books mentioned frequently in these lists gathered up from many sources "Religion and Medicine," by Worcester, seems to be a favorite hook; "Peace and Happiness," by Avebury, also appears. It is most interesting to note that among the favorite "juveniles" in Washington Mrs. Dodge's story of "Hans Brinker" is mentioned.

Two volumes on the recent battle fleet cruise are about to be issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco. They are both by Captain R. J. Miller, the first being "A Pictorial Log of the Battle Fleet Cruise Around the World," while the second is "Around the World with the Battleships." Roman J. Miller is an enlisted man in the United States Navy who, after five years' service, starting as an ordinary seaman, is now a chief turret captain at the age of twenty-five.

George Hazleton, the actor-dramatist and author of the love story of Edgar Allan Poe published under the title of "The Raven," attracted the attention of the late Robert G. Ingersoll by declaiming one of Ingersoll's own famous speeches. Ingersoll assisted in placing him in Lawrence Barrett's theatrical company. It was while with Booth and Barrett that Mr. Hazleton wrote his play "Mistress Neil." Later Mr. Hazleton was for two years in Mme. Modjeska's company. His latest hook, "The Raven," like the early one, was first cast in the form of a drama.

Speaking of his new hook, "Studies in Mystical Religion," the author, Professor Rufus M. Jones, says of the mystics: "Their message strikes a note which appeals profoundly to our generation, and for obvious reasons there has been a revival of interest in them. I hope these studies of mine will contribute to this interest, and will throw positive light on the problems of mystical religion."

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, prominent as a Southern authoress, has just died at her home in Mobile, Alabama, following an attack of heart failure. Mrs. Wilson was born at Columbus, Georgia, and was seventy-four years old. Mrs. Wilson wrote "Inez, a Tale of the Alamo," "Beulah," "Macaria," and "St Elmo," the latter having been written during the close of the Civil War and was probably her greatest work. Among her other notable works were "Vashti," "Infelice," "At the Mercy of Tiberius," and "A Speckled Bird." Her first hook was "Inez," written in 1856, and her last production was "Devota," in 1907.

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## WHITE SLAVES IN ENGLAND.

"Piccadilly" Talks About the Living-In System and Its Demoralizing Conditions.

The lot of the London shop assistant, like that of the policeman, is not a happy one. Its consideration leads to the conclusion that slavery is one of the permanent and much prized institutions of human society in no way to be abolished by legislatures or outlawed by philanthropy. We can render it difficult to keep slaves under lock and key or to confine their limbs in actual manacles, but no sooner have we ceased to congratulate ourselves upon our triumphant humanitarianism than we are once more face to face with the old irrepressible slave-holding instinct which has broken out in a new place, in a new guise, and with conditions different but as ugly as ever.

The London shop assistant, and especially the woman shop assistant, has been talked of a good deal lately. She has become one of the questions of the day and the subject of inquiry by royal commission. The English Royal Commission is one of the ways not to do things. When the gravity of an evil becomes irresistible it is the custom of Parliament to appoint a royal commission to "inquire." Then Parliament thanks God that the question has been disposed of and turns to really important things like *Dreadnoughts*. The royal commission meets in solemn conclave for a year or two, collects several tons of testimony, and makes its report. Parliament files the report without reading it, again thanks God for the wisdom that has been given to it in response to the chaplain's daily prayer, and gets back to the *Dreadnoughts* and the German invasion that isn't so.

But the Rev. R. J. Campbell has set the dry bones a-stirring. Mr. Campbell is an eloquent and fiery enthusiast who mistakes an aggressive benevolence for socialism. And Mr. Campbell has directed his eye upon the lot of the shop assistant and finds that it is not good. It is strange, by the way, how blind he can be to patent, obvious, indisputable facts until one man tells us that they are facts and that they are damnable. When Mr. Campbell tells us about the shop assistants he says not one word that we did not know before. Sermons have been preached about them, novels have been written about them, good ladies innumerable have formed themselves into associations and have "taken up" the matter. When we have been told that a hideous system of slavery exists in our midst we have said that it was doubtless so, and we have done nothing. When it has been pointed out that the pitiful army of the fallen is steadily recruited by a system of serfdom that politely asks its victims to choose between shame or death, we have agreed very heartily, and done nothing. Reform, it would seem, must await not only the man, but also the time. Mr. Campbell could do nothing except at the right psychological moment, and this seems to have come.

Mr. Campbell and his coadjutors point out that there are in England nearly half a million shop assistants who "live in." The expression is a simple one and does not indicate its horrors. But the assistant who "lives in" is owned by her employer, body and soul. He sets her tasks, he provides her with food and lodging, he regulates the number of victims who shall share her dormitory, he tells her what time she shall get up in the morning, the hour of her breakfast, its precise composition, and its definite duration, what time she shall be at her work, and what time she shall leave it and wend her mournful way back to the vast lodging-house that is all she ever knows of home. She may go out in the evening if she wishes, but she must be in at the stroke of the clock, and if she is not in, if she is but one minute late, the heavy doors are closed and barred and she may walk about the streets all night. And we know what that means.

The object of this Satanic system is simple enough. The employer wishes to add the profits of a lodging-house keeper to his more legitimate profits as a storekeeper. By feeding and lodging his employees himself he can reduce their cash wages to the lowest possible minimum, assessing the wretched provender with which he fills his boarding-house troughs at a price that would be sufficient to purchase comfortable food and lodging outside. A woman assistant will begin her servitude at a wage of from \$1 to \$1.50 a week and the employer will tell her that her board and lodging would cost her elsewhere from \$5 to \$6 a week. She may therefore reckon that her wages are from \$6 to \$7.50 a week. Then he will feed her on bread, butter, tea, and meat that is often rancid. He will subject her to a domestic discipline that is galling and intolerable and he will deduct from her cash wages the fines that have been levied during the week. And the fines are imposed for well-nigh everything that a healthy girl will probably wish to do. She will be fined for getting up a minute late, for lingering a minute too long over her meals, for whistling, for coming down stairs two steps at a time. The fines, in fact, are a recognized way of reducing wages.

Of course there are worse things, things that can not be told in plain words. The London shop assistants are as virtuous as any other class of women in the community and

a good deal more virtuous than some others who are supposed to be above them. But there are, of course, some black sheep in the ranks who are by no means averse to being locked out at night. What must be the effect upon the good girls of intimate daily and nightly association with these others who have discovered that the weekly pay sheet need not represent the whole of a girl's income? For it must be remembered that in many of these "living in" houses there is practically no supervision of the inmates. No one cares particularly whether a girl has or has not returned to the fold at closing time. Her dormitory comrades will disarrange her bed for her and attend to outward appearances and she herself will be there for breakfast. Indeed, it has been said that a girl's ability to earn money in unmentionable ways is sometimes taken into consideration in the wage scale.

Of course it is all very well to talk about the freedom of contract and the inalienable right of the free-born Briton to be a slave. It is easy to say that any girl who wishes to do so may leave the living-in house and seek a new situation. She may certainly do so—theoretically, but how about the practical aspect? Here is a girl who has no money, not even for a cab fare, and no chance of getting any beyond a few shillings. There will be plenty of other unfortunates willing and eager to take her vacated place, and she herself may have to wait for many days or weeks before she can find a new situation, for she has practically no chance to look for one while she is still employed. The slave-master can "blacklist" her with a stroke of his pen if she offend him, and yet there are those who defend the infamous system, or protest against interference, on the ground of the sacred rights of contract and the danger of tampering with the freedom of employment.

Something, it seems, will be done, thanks to Mr. Campbell and the psychological moment. And any change must be for the better, because there are no depths of misery still unfathomed.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, May 12, 1909.

The future Empress of Germany is likely to play an important part in the history of European politics (observes a writer in the *Metropolitan Magazine*). Through her mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, cousin of the Czar, and one of the great ladies of Europe, she is half Russian, and is exceedingly popular among her Russian relatives. The other day the two countries were on the verge of war. Germany hemmed in on three sides by a series of alliances and *rapprochements*, suddenly asserted herself in a fashion that was remarkable because of its determined deliberation. Under her guidance Austria has taken a definite step toward Salonika and the Germanification of the western portion of the Turkish Empire. The Berlin Treaty has been torn in shreds and all the protests of France and England and Russia have been in vain. This drastic action was a direct answer to the Anglo-Russian *entente*. Iswolsky, the minister who, with Benckendorff in London, was largely responsible for that *entente*, was told to acquiesce quickly unless he wanted to face a war with Germany. The English Cabinet was at sea throughout the whole crisis, and Baron Aehrenthal, the Austrian minister who braved the wrath of three great powers, stands out as the foremost diplomat of Europe. But the mailed fist of Germany was behind the whole deal. In the struggle for Russian friendship England had scored a point of great importance and Germany had to teach Russia a lesson. For, in the long run, it is essential to the safety of Germany that she should have an influential voice at St. Petersburg—and she relies on the Crown Princess of Germany to supply the influence.

The ikons in the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin at Moscow are immensely valuable. They yielded about five tons of silver and five hundredweight of gold to the French soldiery in 1812, but this treasure was recovered by the Cossacks, who in their gratitude presented to the cathedral a silver chandelier weighing 900 pounds. The jewels with which the ikonostas is adorned are valued at £25,000, a single emerald being worth £10,000. There is a Bible so large that two men are needed to lift it, and it is studded with gold and emeralds and other stones. A sober estimate of the weight of gold used in the ikonostas and vessels of this famous church alone places it at 106 hundredweight.

Paris at last has seen "The Merry Widow," the opera having been withheld from that public for several seasons owing to copyright litigation. For the benefit of the gay capital the scene at Maxim's has been expanded so as to include the comic songs and dancing diversions characteristic of that resort.

The decision on May 11 of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals that the earthquake of April 18, 1906, was not the cause of the fire that occurred after the earthquake, affects several hundred suits still pending against insurance companies for losses suffered in the great fire.

Eugene Korn, the Hatter,  
Miller New York hats. 15 Kearny St.

Mr. Hackett as Jean Valjean.

"The Bishop's Candlesticks," in which James K. Hackett is appearing in vaudeville in New York, shows Mr. Hackett in a line of acting entirely different from that in which he has usually been seen. The play is an adaptation from a scene in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," and Mr. Hackett has taken the rôle of Jean Valjean, the ragged and disheveled escaped convict, as he makes his first appearance before the good bishop, demanding food. It is a part that demands much of the actor, and Mr. Hackett plays it with a realism that must appeal to all those who have read the novel. The action deals entirely with the theft of the bishop's treasured candlesticks by Jean Valjean after he has been treated kindly, his arrest with the hooty, the return to the bishop's house, and the bishop's exoneration of him, which puts in the half-heard the first spark which later develops into the gentle character we know. Mr. Hackett is assisted by E. M. Holland, who plays the bishop with the quiet dignity of the story. In this last sentence, from the New York *Globe's* notice, is undoubtedly the key to Mr. Hackett's success with a drama that may seem not wholly suited to the vaudeville stage.

Dr. H. J. Stewart announces a vocal recital, to be given by his pupils, at the California Club Auditorium, 1750 Clay Street, on Wednesday evening, June 2.

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JOHN DREW IN "JACK STRAW."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

We are informed that W. Somerset Maugham, author of "Jack Straw," enjoys, at present, the distinction of having four of his plays simultaneously running for the entertainment of the London public. And after John Drew and "Jack Straw" have departed we will see Ethel Barrymore in another Maugham play. Truly, the new comedy author is in it.

In the meanwhile Jones, Carton, and Pinero seem to have dropped out of it. They have evidently learned that the fount of inspiration is running dry.

Captain Marshall has come to the fore since their day began its decline, and has written a number of plays that put us in high good humor with the drama of laughter, and Henry Hubert Davies, author of "Cynthia" and "Cousin Kate," and—let me see—didn't he write "Mrs. Lefingwell's Boots"? Well, at any rate, it is to the Marshall-Davies category of dramatists that Mr. Maugham very evidently belongs. Of this latter trio, Marshall, comparing his plays with "Jack Straw," the only specimen of Mr. Maugham's work known to us as yet, is the brightest and most original.

"Jack Straw" is like one of those pretty shoulder wraps in which pretty women look so tremendously effective; it is all sparkle and gauze, although the dainty, scintillating thing has a use, for it can warm beauty's frail shoulders in spite of its lightness and slightness of fabric.

So has "Jack Straw," too. Its more substantial appeal, in the way of a moral, is as usefulness in a dainty garment. The moral is, don't be a snob. And if you are a vulgar parvenu, do not brutally and uselessly snub social nobodies because they are poor and insignificant.

That is what Mrs. Parker Jennings did in "Jack Straw," thereby incurring the disapproval of a resourceful society dame, who had her put in the wrong by what she considered a well-earned reprisal.

She persuaded Jack Straw, who was, or appeared to be, a sort of adventure-loving Bohemian, to be presented to Mrs. Parker Jennings as a man of considerable rank and social importance. Jack, who is amusing himself by temporarily masquerading as a waiter, consents, stipulating only that he shall be introduced as the missing Archduke of Pomerania. We sapient ones in front know intuitively, through some mystic process by which actors and dramatists in cahoots convey information of the kind without making one single assertion, that Jack Straw is, in truth, the missing archduke, and that not for the kingdom of his grandfather would he ever have consented, even for a jest, or to administer a much-needed lesson to the vulgarian concerned, to any kind of imposture.

So, in a jiffy, the bearded waiter doffs his beard, and his braided waiter's uniform, and comes out as a nobleman of distinction, irreproachable in appearance and manner, easy, affable, and princely.

He is introduced by the strategic dame foresaid to the Parker-Jennings, who take him metaphorically to their various hosoms and lick his boots with joyful ecstasy.

All of the Parker-Jennings, that is, except Miss Parker-Jennings, who is a changeling in the family and hates social cruelty, vulgarity, and snobbishness as instinctively as the rest of the family practice them, and who, chilled by the uncongenial atmosphere around her, is described by an admirer as having swallowed a poker in her infancy. She remonstrates with her father, mother, and brother for their social brutalities toward such people as nobodies and waiters, and it is due to the archduke's overhearing her, and being won by her refinement and gentle heart, that he finally consents to what Lady Wanley, in her mischievous mood, regards as a playful bit of imposture that is well justified. She changes her mind after some days have elapsed, alarmed by the discovery that the straw waiter is in love with the lovely poker-swallower, and, backed up by her friend and admirer who joined with her in the playful conspiracy, comes down to the Parker-Jennings country seat, where his archdukehood is an honored and fêted guest, to remonstrate, and insist on his giving up the masquerade and leaving the place.

The archduke, enormously diverted by Lady Wanley's belief in his real insignificance, as compared with Mrs. Parker-Jennings's awed reverence for his rank, firmly refuses to go,

acknowledges that he is in love with Ethel, and insists that he will stay until he wins her, until, finally, Lady Wanley and her friend, goaded on by a pair of exacting consciences, decide to "blow the gaff," as his highness irreverently puts it.

Then behold Mrs. Parker-Jennings arising to towering heights of Wrath with hands on hips and with streams of aitchless hillings-gate flowing from her lips. Behold the archduke a monument of sly, ill-repressed mirth, which hursts forth at intervals with the irresistible force of water gushing through bursting hose.

Imagine the discomfiture of the male Parker-Jennings, feebly aware that they ought to eject the intruder, but restrained by an intangible something in his demeanor that lays upon them an unspoken command.

Imagine the perplexity of a rival admirer, and of Lady Wanley and her friends at observing the sang froid with which the archduke unflinchingly proceeds, in the presence of witnesses who refuse to leave, to pay court to the charming young changeling whom he considers sufficiently lovely, true-hearted, and refined to grace the Pomeranian court as his wife.

All this is told in bright, witty dialogue, the action of the piece moving on briskly and entertainingly, with never a halt or dull place, up to the dénouement, which through the intervention of the Pomeranian ambassador, proves the false archduke to be an archduke indeed, with an offer of love and marriage to the charming, changeling daughter.

The play opens in the lounging-room of a London hotel, resort of the smart set, where our Pomeranian friend is tickling an exotic sense of humor by acting as a waiter. Ladies and their escorts enter and order tea or coffee, and we are, presumably, in the innermost innermost of social exclusiveness.

In New York this act was probably made more thrilling to the feminine constituency by having disposed at the various tea-tables pretty and perfectly gowned women possessing that American adaptability which enabled them to appear as choice ornaments in the world of upper tandom.

Youth, beauty, and good clothes go a long way toward giving a woman the air of belonging to the polite world, if she is at all accustomed to her environment. An actress's accustomedness to the stage helps her immensely in untaxing scenes of this kind, because this ease with its environment of supposititious lords, ladies, and prosperity, seems like social instead of professional ease.

On the other hand, in scenes of this kind, in second-class productions, we are apt to see human dummies, looking like ill-made wax statues, sitting in a bower of their own bones, and, recalling the dazlingly pretty shop-girls we see, or remembering fresh, pretty, charming girls who vainly storm the stage and never get there, we wonder why in the world there are not more pretty actresses.

The truth of the matter is that beauty is never overlooked on the stage, where, indeed, it often draws a salary merely for being beautiful.

In the scene referred to there were neither dazling beauties, nor, except with the principals, overmasteringly stunning creations of the modiste's art. There was, too, a good deal of talk in this act that was a little hard to listen to, until Drew, and, later, the Parker-Jennings, came in. Then everything went on wheels.

Drew's rôle is the kind that suits him perfectly. He represents a man who is an aristocrat to the marrow-bones, but one who never takes himself or anything else seriously. The best lines naturally fall to the star, and, with that ever-abounding appreciation of the niceties of humor that lie in slight inflections, in an infinitesimally roguish glance, or a turn of the head, Drew doubles the wit in the witty dialogue.

Rose Coghlan gives an excellent character sketch of the flamboyant Mrs. Parker-Jennings, who, swollen with money and self-importance, has started out to conquer all the counties of England. Miss Coghlan's long experience in important rôles, and her natural and surpassing talent enable her to give a perfect representation of the parvenu who, although the vulgarities of the character are exaggerated to a point that would make her entrée into the society world absolutely impossible in real life, adds immensely to the humor and entertaining possibilities of the play.

A very pretty girl, and a dainty little actress as well, Helen Freeman by name, played the rôle of the daughter who shrank with instinctive distaste from the vulgar assertiveness and ostentation of the Parker-Jennings family. Miss Freeman did not have many scenes in the play, but in those in which Ethel was wooed by the archduke she showed good taste and correct instinct. By contrast, she recalled, through the charming expressions which followed each other on her refined and pretty face, Edna Goodrich's helplessness in the same kind of scenes. Miss Goodrich has two expressions, a frown and a smile, while Miss Freeman knows how to blend a dozen, each of appropriate character, into a scene of three minutes' duration.

Drew is assisted by a good company in this first representation of a Maugham comedy, of whom Messrs. Powell and Nicander, as the male Parker-Jennings, and Edgar Davenport

and Frank Goldsmith as two sprigs of drawing-room growth, were among the most important.

Adelaide Prince's Lady Wanley, by virtue of a good presence, an air of elegance, and the proper artificiality of manner which characterizes titled dames on the stage, whatever they seem to be in real life, made a good appearance as Lady Wanley.

Marie Majerom! Away back in the dim, dim past I seem to remember a couple of Majeroms playing to a starvation audience a mortuary play in which there was death, mourning, sorrow, black clothes, and a hollow voice. It must have been this Majerom. His foreignness and an excellent stage presence particularly fitted him for the rôle of the Pomeranian ambassador, and the minor rôles were also satisfactorily acted.

An appropriately smart audience enjoyed the play and applauded its good points, extending to both Drew and Rose Coghlan the heartiest of cordial greetings.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## In Memory of Swinburne.

(*Vale, vale, in æternum, vale!*)  
April whispers—"can'st thou, too, die,  
Lover of life and lover of mine?"  
April, queen over earth and sky  
Years, and her trembling lashes shine:  
Master in song, good-bye, good-bye,  
Down to the dim sea-line.

"This is my singing season," he cried,  
"April, what sweet new song do you bring?"  
April came and knelt at his side  
Breathing a song too great to sing—  
Death!—and the dark cage-door swung wide:  
Seaward the soul took wing.

Sleep, on the breast of thine old-world lover,  
Sleep, by thy "fair green-girdled" sea!  
There shall thy soul with the sea-birds hover,  
Free of the deep as their wings are free;  
Free, for the grave-flowers only cover  
This, the dark eage of thee.

Thee, the storm-bird, nightingale-souled,  
Brother of Sappho, the seas reclaim!  
Age upon age have the great waves rolled  
Mad with her music, exultant, aflame;  
Thee, thee too, shall their glory enfold,  
Lit with thy snow-winged fame.

Back, thro' the years, fleets the sea-bird's wing:  
Sappho, of old time, once,—ah, hark!  
So did he love her of old and sing!  
Listen, he flies to her, back thro' the dark!  
Sappho, of old time, once. . . . Yea, Spring  
Calls him home to her, hark!

Sappho, long since, in the years far sped,  
Sappho, I loved thee! Did I not seem  
Fosterling only of earth? I have fled,  
Fled to thee, sister. Time is a dream!  
Shelley is here with us! Death lies dead!  
Ah, how the bright waves gleam.

Wide was the cage-door, idly swinging:  
April touched me and whispered "come."  
Out and away to the great deep winging,  
Sister, I flashed to thee over the foam,  
Out to the sea of Eternity, singing  
"Mother, thy child comes home."

Ah, but how shall we welcome May  
Here where the wing of song droops low,  
Here by the last green swinging spray  
Brushed by the sea-bird's wings of snow,  
We that gazed on his glorious way  
Out where the great winds blow?

April whispers—con'st thou, too, die,  
Lover of life and lover of mine?  
April, conquering earth and sky  
Years, and her trembling lashes shine:  
Master in song, good-bye, good-bye,  
Down to the dim sea-line.  
—Alfred Noyes, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

## The Joy o' Life.

Oh, the Joy o' Life goes singing through the  
highway,  
Oh, the Joy o' Life goes swinging through the  
green,  
And the form of her is slight as a crescent moon  
at night  
And her face is some strange flower none hath  
seen.

She beckoned me and what could I but follow?  
(Oh, I have seen the glamor of her eyes!)  
Through the winding o' the ways, through the hun-  
dred nights and days  
Must I follow where she lures me woman-wise.

My plough—I left it idle in the furrow—  
My harvest lies for other eyes to scan,  
For it's fare ye well to loam, to hearthstone and  
to home  
When the Joy o' Life is calling to a man.

Oh, the Joy o' Life she calls me from the valley,  
Oh, the Joy o' Life she hails me from the  
height,  
And her voice is like the thrill of the thrush when  
noon is still

And her laughter is the lilt of delight.  
I follow through the sunshine and the moonshine—  
(Oh, I have seen the waving of her hand!)  
In the paths that know the fleet, flying touches of  
her feet  
At the music of her mocking of command.

My friend—I left him fasting at my threshold  
My sweetheart is another man's to wife,  
For it's fare ye well my own, and it's laugh and  
turn alone  
When a man has heard the voice of Joy o' Life.  
—Theodosio Garrison, from "The Joy o' Life."

Richard Carle will produce his latest musical comedy effort, "The Hurdy-Gurdy Girl," in Chicago, June 6.

## Benefit for the Restoration of the French Church

A musical novelty of importance is promised for the benefit of the French Church Notre Dame Des Victoires, which was destroyed by the great fire and which has been rebuilt at the old location on Bush Street below Stockton. At the Garrick Theatre next Wednesday night, June 2, a splendid chorus of fifty voices and orchestra of thirty pieces, under the direction of the Rev. H. M. Thiery, will give the symphonic ode "The Desert," by Felicien David. This work in three movements is descriptive of life among the nomadic Arabs and is said to be exceptionally beautiful and effective. The three movements are entitled "The Wilderness," "Night," and "Morning."

In addition to this important work the overture to "William Tell" will be played by the grand orchestra; Charles Bulotti, the tenor, will sing solos; Baby Mildred Koenig will give specialties, and the old farce, "Ici on parle Français," will be given by a capable company of French players.

Seats may be obtained Tuesday and Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Angry Patron—That's the third time you've given me the wrong number. You must have what they call the telephone ear. *Girl in Central Office*—I beg your pardon, sir, but that isn't the trouble. You have what we call the cornmeal mush voice.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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VANITY FAIR.

The clothing exhibition recently opened in London was graced by the presence of the Duke of Argyll. The duke expressed himself as unable to understand why the honor of his attendance should be sought by the promoters, inasmuch as he was used to hearing his friends describe him as among the worst dressed men in London. But perhaps he was invited as an awful example.

To this the *Tailor and Cutter* makes a somewhat acid reply. The Duke of Argyll, we are told, is not the worst dressed man in London. Some of his noble comrades in the House of Peers are able to give him points in shabbiness and beat him easily. Lord Avebury, for example, wears garments that "merely hang on him," while as for Lord James of Hereford his trousers are "invariably much too short." Then, too, there is the Duke of Norfolk, whose raiment is of the most ill-fitting description and suggestive of the ready-made store and of a purchase in a hurry. Altogether the soul of the *Tailor and Cutter* is moved within it. What would become of the noble trade that it represents if slovenliness should prove contagious and the middle classes begin to ape the sartorial manners of their betters?

The wardrobe of the traveling American has been a recent subject for discussion in Paris. It seems that a certain tourist from this side of the broad Atlantic got himself into trouble over the insurance premium for a motor-car. Refusing to pay certain charges a hailiff was sent to the hotel to seize his impedimenta and the list of garments was read in open court. Here they are:

- Fourteen pairs of linen trousers.
- Eight pairs of cream-colored silk trousers.
- Ten pairs of trousers, blue, light and dark gray.
- Fourteen dozen collars.
- Four dozen ties of various kinds.
- Three and a half dozen handkerchiefs, white and colored.
- Twenty-four fancy and other waistcoats.

There were, of course, other garments more or less unmentionable, but these may be described as the *pièces de resistance*. But where are the coats and the overcoats? Two dozen pairs of trousers are, of course, eminently gratifying to their owner, but they seem to need a superstructure of some sort.

Miss Rose Stahl seems to be making something of a sensation in London with "The Chorus Lady." It is not so much her acting, good as it is, that fascinates her London lovers, as the choice slang with which the play is interlarded. The correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* has visited the lady in order to plead for translations, but his success is a little doubtful, for while Miss Stahl is willing enough to oblige with alternative readings, she seems constitutionally unable to escape altogether from the atmosphere of slang necessitated by her part. Here is what the correspondent says:

I asked her what the chorus lady meant when she said, "The financial party that was hacking the 'Moonlight Maids' got the chilhlains."

"Got frosted feet, of course," Miss Stahl replied.

I said, "Oh!"

Then I asked her the meaning of: "When I think of the men I see other women stacked up against, you win easy."

"It means he's no four-flusher," Miss Stahl explained.

"Thank you," I said. "And would you mind telling me what is the explanation of 'Getting along on twenty per'?"

"Twenty hucks a week, twenty simoleons," said Miss Stahl.

"I see," I said. "Then that remark about 'Nix with the wealthy water'?"

"Afraid champagne would put her out of hushiness," Miss Stahl said.

This was more intelligible. I tried another. "Handing out the icy eye to the man behind the bank-roll." That means?

"Giving the rich guy the frozen face," said Miss Stahl.

"Thank you very much," I said. "And then what about 'the show's on the pazz'?"

"The 'Moonlight Maids' were on the blink and got it in the neck," explained the chorus lady.

I gasped, but continued. "What is the meaning of 'The comedians were a couple of morgues'?"

"A couple of dead ones," replied Miss Stahl. "A couple of has-beens."

"Yes," I said, "that makes it quite plain. And 'the big screech in this family'? How would you translate that into English?"

"The whole thing, the big noise," said Miss Stahl.

After all, I fancy that she made everything fairly clear. These American idioms are so expressive that most of them explain themselves. Miss Stahl told me that, despite the advice of some of her friends, she had refused to change a single word of "The Chorus Lady" for English consumption, and she considered that the result so far justified her decision.

President Taft is showing a lamentable disregard for the precedents of his high office. He comes to his office every day in a coat without tails, a plain, simple, unassuming, unblushing jacket. It is not even black, but gray, just such a jacket, in fact, as the everyday young man is accustomed to don for office purposes. Now, this sort of thing will not do at all, and a sort of shudder has run through Washington at so glaring a departure from the settled custom. Mr. McKinley would have done such a thing as this. No of-

ficial eye ever saw Mr. McKinley without the regulation Prince Albert, and so it has been back to the very dawn of time. Even Mr. Roosevelt, while by no means of conservative instincts, never violated precedent in this way. From the sartorial point of view he was always impeccable, whereas Mr. Taft's tailless coat suggests all sorts of horrible possibilities, such as a veto for the tariff bill or an expression of candid opinion about Senator Aldrich.

That peculiar society set in New York that tries to be original has hit upon the expedient of giving dinners without knives and forks. Fingers, of course, had the priority in creation, but it is hard to see the fun of dabbling in greasy dishes, although most of the parvenus who do this kind of thing were doubtless accustomed to a paucity of table utensils in their unornamented youth. These dinners are said to have become quite popular. Soup is served in cups, oysters and clams can be poured into the mouth from the shells, and chops can be grasped by the bone and eaten in that way, although this latter operation seems better suited to the mat outside the door than to a civilized dinner table inside.

It seems that we are not entirely dependent for our pearls upon the industrious oyster, or, indeed, to the animal kingdom at all. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is responsible for the statement that the cocoanut produces pearls, under some extraordinary provocation we may suppose, for the number that has been found is very small indeed. The statement of this occasional eccentricity on the part of the cocoanut was made some two centuries ago, but it was generally discredited, although Rumphius not only described them carefully, but sent a specimen pearl to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had it mounted in a ring. In 1888 Dr. Harley read a paper on the composition of pearls before the Royal Society, and he admitted that they were occasionally found in cocoanuts. "In external appearance," he said, "they resemble the real thing at every point, having a smooth, glistening, dull white surface." Their material is the same, carbonate of lime, organic matter, and water, while the microscope shows no differences. The presence of carbonate of lime is remarkable, inasmuch as there is no such ingredient in the cocoanut. It only remains to say that they have not been found or not reported except in the Far Eastern countries, where it is said one in two thousand cocoanuts may yield a specimen; one would think this estimate too liberal when they are so rarely heard of. Examples as large as a cherry are on record, always perfectly spherical or pear shaped.

The little Dutch princess is not to be called Wilhelmina after her mother, but Juliana. Her full name will be Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina, Princess of Orange-Nassau and Duchess of Mecklenburg. The queen explains that she wishes to call her little daughter after the Countess Juliana of Nassau, born Countess of Stolberg. The second name, Louise, has been chosen in honor of the memory of Louise de Coligny, wife of William the Silent, while the three other names are those of her two grandmothers, the queen-mother, the Duchess of Mecklenburg, and the queen herself. The correspondent of the *London Daily Chronicle* describes a "touching little scene" which took place in the palace when the child was presented to the ministers of state:

On the stroke of eleven the doors opened, and a tall stolidly-built young man in uniform came in with an officer. He was Prince Hendrik and his adjutant.

The prince was excited with joyful emotion, and, grasping the hands of the two ministers, he said several times, "I am more than happy. I am enormously happy." Then he said, "It will be a great honor for me to show you my child."

It had previously been arranged that the act of showing the child to the ministers according to the law should be a mere formality and a nurse with the baby in her arms should pass the open door of the audience chamber and then return. But by Prince Hendrik's wish the nurse brought the child into the room.

The ministers of justice and of foreign affairs are both middle-aged men, with gray hair and keen eyes. But at the first sight of the Princess of Orange, that tiny babe with blue eyes, they trembled with emotion and their own eyes were moist, as they bent over this child of destiny, who will one day wear the crown of the Netherlands.

An amusing scene took place at the Hotel Central in The Hague. A crowd of revelers were making merry in honor of the auspicious occasion when suddenly they recognized Dr. Konwer, the queen's physician, who was sitting quietly at one of the tables. Instantly a great shout went up, and hundreds of men and women pressed round him, drinking to his health. It happened that he had not a glass by his side, but with salt-cellar he clinked the innumerable glasses of his admirers until they joined hands and danced round his table. The poor doctor was nearly killed by the enthusiasm, and his back was slapped by strong hands until he must have been black and blue.

Who would have supposed that the fashion of men's garments has lately undergone a fundamental change. To the ordinary eye the ordinary man seems to be just about as dreary and depressing a spectacle as ever he was.

But those skilled in such matters tell us that a new note has been struck, and it is to be found in the absence of artificiality.

In other words, there is to be no padding. Narrow shoulders must no longer be reinforced by those little cushions cunningly inserted where they will do the most good. The object now is to make a garment that by its limpsness will reveal the actual shape of the wearer, no matter what that shape may be. Some of the newest coats are being made without any kind of lining, so that their fall may be perfectly natural. The clothes must

take their form from that of the man who wears them, and this is described as an approach to Oriental styles, where nothing may be worn that serves to give an artificial appearance to the human form divine. But the trouble is that the human form is no longer so divine as it might be. A recent visitor to Newport described the appearance of the men bathers as suggesting that each and all of them had recently swallowed a watermelon whole, and while these protuberances are hard enough to conceal in any way, they will be still more so under the new fashion.

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.....	9:45a	4:20p	3:50p	*9:50p	1:40p
.....	11:15a	.....	5:20p	.....	3:40p
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Pat and Mike enlisted in the British army. After their first drill the captain, thinking the circumstances opportune for a little lecture on patriotism, demanded, eloquently: "Soldiers, why should a man die for his king and country?" This struck Pat as a proper question. Turning to Mike, he said: "Faith, Moike, the captain is roight! Whoi?"

Senator Hernando De Soto Money, of Mississippi, it is said, has the ability to be more acutely annoying than almost any other senator when he starts. And he starts at slight provocation. One of the stories current in Washington is of a certain aged correspondent, who may be called Dan Smith. "Poor old Dan," said one friend to another. "He's getting horribly absent-minded—can't even recognize faces." "And why?" asked the other friend. "Told me today he had had a pleasant talk with Senator Money."

A High Street small boy, about five years old, was taken to an entertainment by his mother the other evening. It was 10:30 o'clock when they reached home and the little fellow was very tired and sleepy. He undressed quickly and hopped into bed. "George," said his mother sternly, "I'm surprised at you." "Why, mamma?" he asked. "You didn't say your prayers. Get right out of that bed and say them." "Aw mamma," came from the tired youngster, "what's the use of wakin' the Lord up at this time of night to hear me pray?"

A professional man in town who regards his time as valuable has devised an effective plan for handling obstreperous and persistent conversationalists. He has on his desk a small alarm clock. When a visitor of unpleasant propensities is announced this man picks up his clock, sets the alarm for three minutes ahead, and receives his caller. Time goes by, and then the clock does its duty. The busy man starts as he hears the sound, consults his watch, and then rises with a hasty apology. "I'm mighty sorry we won't be able to discuss that longer," he says, "but I've an important engagement at this hour, and simply must keep it."

A couple of city men were playing golf when they saw an old gentleman looking at them wistfully. They asked him to join the game, which he did with alacrity. He was mild in speech and manner and played well. But once when he made a fizzle he ejaculated vehemently the word "Assouan!" A few moments later, when he had made another bad play, he repeated: "Assouan!" The fourth time he said this one of his new-made friends said: "I do not want to be inquisitive, but will you tell me why you say 'Assouan' so often?" "Well," said the old gentleman, "Isn't that the biggest dam in the world?" He was a Presbyterian clergyman.

Mark Twain at a dinner at the Authors' Club the other day said: "Speaking of fresh eggs, I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in Temperance Hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed very poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them. So I turned in at the general store. 'Good afternoon, friend,' I said to the general storekeeper. 'Any entertainment here tonight to help a stranger while away his evening?' The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerel, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron, and said: 'I expect there's goin' to be a lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day.'

Mrs. Newthought, who is of the sect that finds no evil and no ills in life, has a maid who sleeps at her own home. One morning she failed to materialize, and, upon being questioned as to the cause of her absence, gave as an excuse that her father was very sick with rheumatism of the heart. "But, Mary," exclaimed her mistress, "there is no such thing as rheumatism. Your father only thinks he is ill." "Yes, mum," agreed Mary. Several days later Mary again failed to put in an appearance. The following morning she took up her duties as usual, but gave no excuse. As an opening to a reprimand, her mistress said: "I suppose it was your father again, Mary. Does he still think he is ill?" "Oh, no, mum," said Mary, wearily; "he thinks now he's dead—we're goin' to bury him tomorrow."

Among a large shooting party on a northern grouse moor was a certain elderly professor whose skill with his gun was hardly equal to the profundity of his intellect. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain came on, and as there was no shelter on the moor the shooters got thoroughly drenched through. At least, all but one suffered—the professor. He had mysteriously disappeared when the rain came on, and he did not rejoin the party until the sun was shining once more. To the amazement of the others the erudite one was as dry as a bone. The others, drenched and dis-

gusted, inquired of him how it was he had escaped a wetting. "Directly the rain came on," replied the professor, "I went off by myself, stripped off my clothes, and sat on them until the storm was over."

Harriet Lane Johnston was a typical society woman of culture in the past. When Miss Lane lived in London with her uncle, the ambassador, an English nobleman was most attentive to her one night at a dinner. Miss Lane's hands were very beautiful. The nobleman, gently touching one of them as it lay on the cloth, quoted Gray: "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed." Miss Lane's smiling retort was the completion of the couplet: "Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

During Governor Rollins's administration, a representative of the legislature of New Hampshire from one of the rural districts in the northern section of the State was presented to the governor for the first time. Being somewhat unfamiliar with "State House etiquette," he addressed his excellency as "Most High." The governor informed the gentleman from the rural district that there was but one "Most High, He who had made everything from nothing." "Well, governor," replied the country legislator, "I'll give you credit for making a justice of the peace out of a man up in my town that is about as near to nothing as ever walked on two legs."

A young Bostonian went to Texas and turned cowboy. He rapidly caught the spirit of the country and as rapidly shook off the outward semblance of tender-footed Eastern habit. Rough-bearded, leather-clad, sombrero as wide as the widest, forty-two-calibre Colts on his hips, he was as wild as the wildest. Yet within his bosom still burned the flame of Boston culture and refinement. One day, he was riding with a stranger across the prairie. Turning his head suddenly (he was slightly ahead) he saw his companion make a suspicious motion toward his hip-pocket. Without hesitation he drew his revolver and shot him. The stranger dropped like a log. The cowboy dismounted and looked at the body of his victim. "I wonder if he was really going to shoot me?" he soliloquized; "I'll see." Turning the body over, he discovered a flask of whisky protruding from the pocket. "Poor fellow!" said he, in a tone of regret; "I've made a mistake. I've killed an innocent man and a gentleman at that. He wasn't going to shoot me; he was going to invite me to have a drink. Well," he sighed, drawing his sleeve across his mouth, "the last wishes of the deceased shall be respected."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## The Matrimonial Voyage.

Upon life's matrimonial sea  
So many gayly float,  
And all goes on right merrily  
Till some one rocks the boat.  
—Detroit Free Press.

## The Hel-Hel-Hello Girl.

It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life goes on like a song,  
But the man worth while is the man who can smile  
When the telephone rings and he answers it and  
says "Hello!" and the operator says, "What  
number?" and he says, "The bell rang,"  
and she says, "No, it didn't."  
—New York Evening Mail.

## The Question.

Where, oh, where has my waist-line gone;  
Where, oh, where can it be?  
With the waist cut short and the waist cut long—  
And now it's down to my knee!  
—Puck.

## Love and Money.

I never would marry for money,  
I think that such conduct is base.  
If my freedom I sold for the jingle of gold  
To a woman I thought either ugly or old,  
Or even if wanting in grace,  
I should blush to myself, as I ought,  
At the thought  
I was bought.  
I never would marry for money.  
I'll marry for nothing but love.  
If of love I'm possessed I am bound to be blessed,  
But some money's not had, and it must be con-  
fessed  
It's something I am not above.  
It is little I'm able to show  
Of the dough;  
That I know.

I never would marry for money,  
But still if you gave me a chance  
I should not let a pile stand a very great while  
In my way if a maiden with money should smile.  
I should not stick too much for romance.  
People never are ugly or old  
If they've gold,  
So I'm told.  
—Chicago Daily News.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Still the announcements of new engagements come and are the means of keeping the social world in a pleasant state of interest and in a few instances surprise. Prophets are declaring that there are several more which will be told. There has never been a season which resulted in so many matrimonial affairs.

June is to prove a month of brides and a number of important weddings will take place within the next few weeks.

Country places are being opened rapidly and town is beginning to assume a deserted air.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marian Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, to Mr. Henry Avery Campbell. Their wedding will probably be an event of the fall.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Paron Simpson, daughter of Colonel William A. Simpson, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Harold S. Naylor, First Field Artillery, U. S. A. Their wedding will probably take place in the fall in the East.

The engagement is announced of Miss Beatrice Van Fleet, daughter of Mr. W. B. Van Fleet of Lake County, to Mr. Henry Du Bois. No date for the wedding is announced.

The wedding of Miss Frances Reed, daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Campbell, to Mr. Henry Milner Rideout will take place on Tuesday, June 8, at Christ Church, Sausalito.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Margaret Bender, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David A. Bender, to Mr. Philip Young of Boston took place on Saturday afternoon last at the home of the bride on Union Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frederick Clappett of Trinity Church. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Young will make their home in Boston.

Miss Julia Thomas will entertain at a tea this afternoon (Saturday) at her home in Sausalito in honor of Miss Helen Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Ella Bender and her fiancé, Mr. Philip Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week in honor of Miss Lucie King and her fiancé, Mr. Lawrence Harris.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home in San Mateo in honor of Miss Alyce Sullivan.

Miss Amalia Simpson was the hostess at a luncheon on Saturday last at her home in Mill Valley. Mrs. Clinton E. Worden was the hostess at an informal tea at the Fairmont on Saturday afternoon last in honor of Mrs. Frederick Stearns of Detroit.

Mrs. Frances Carolan entertained Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Page-Brown, and Miss Katrina Page-Brown at the Fairmont last week.

On Monday Mrs. Edward Carson and Miss Eugenia Mabury gave a luncheon in honor of Baroness Uru at the Fairmont. Among the guests at the luncheon were Admirals and Baroness Uru, Consul-General and Mrs. Nagai, Colonel George Smith and Mrs. Smith, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. William Thirson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Noble, Miss Etel Moore, and Miss Annie Beaver.

Mrs. M. A. Rapken and Miss S. Rapken entertained a number of Australian friends at the Orpheum Monday afternoon, May 24, the occasion being Empire Day (Queen's Birthday).

Mrs. E. De Witt Taylor entertained at the St. Francis last week. Among her guests were Mrs. Amelia Tozitti, Mrs. A. D. Henderson, Mrs. Joseph Keenan, Mrs. M. H. McCauley, Mrs. Franc Marchante, and Miss Grace Ranborn.

Mme. Nagai, wife of the Japanese consul-general, gave a luncheon to Baroness Uru at the St. Francis last Saturday afternoon at which a number of former Vassar classmates and other American friends of the baroness were present. The baroness is the bearer of a silver bowl, a present from the Empress of Japan to Vassar College, from which Baroness Uru graduated in 1880. The luncheon was attended by Mrs. Eleanor Martin and a number of other ladies.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John Kittle and Mr. Allan Kittle, who have been abroad since the first of the year, are expected to return to San Francisco in a few weeks.

Mrs. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall left

this week for New York, en route to Europe, where they will remain until the late fall. Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maud Bourn have gone to their country place at Grass Valley, where they will spend much of the summer.

Mr. William F. Herrin is in New York, whence he will sail early in June for Europe for a stay of four or five months. Before his departure he will be joined by his two daughters and a young son, now at school in Massachusetts, and later the family group will make an extended automobile tour on the Continent. They will return to San Francisco in late September or October.

Miss Eleanor Townsend, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Claire Nichols, for the past month, and Miss Eleanor and Miss Katherine Duane, who have been the guests of their cousin, Miss Julia Langhorne, left on Monday last for their homes in New York, going via the Grand Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson left last week for Paso Robles for a brief stay.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Miss Helen Sidney Smith, and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith went last week to the Yosemite Valley for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell Jr., expect to leave early in June for an Eastern visit.

Mrs. C. August Sprckels left on Sunday for Paris, where she will join her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Mr. Hall McAllister and Miss Ethel McAllister have been to Yosemite Valley for a brief sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean (formerly Miss Margaret Newhall) sailed on Wednesday of last week for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker, who have spent the winter in town, have returned to their country place at San Mateo.

Miss Hazel King and Mr. Frank King are expected to return from Europe early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin will spend the summer at their country place at Burlingame.

Miss Minnie Houghton left last week for Hartford, Connecticut, to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley and Mrs. Bulkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent went down this week to their country place at San Mateo.

Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and Miss Katherine Donohoe are expected home next week from a stay of several weeks in New York.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger is visiting at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have leased the Osgood Hooker place at Burlingame for the summer.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. C. Templeton Crocker left last week for a brief trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott are spending a few weeks at Paso Robles.

Mrs. John B. Casserly, who has been visiting in Pasadena for some time past, has returned to San Mateo.

Mrs. Edgar Preston will leave shortly for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins and Miss Florence Hopkins motored recently from their home in Menlo to Paso Robles.

Miss Louise McCormick has returned to her home in Chicago, after a visit here of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. John Bidwell has returned to her home in Chico after a stay of a week in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Brownell have taken a cottage at Palo Alto for the summer months.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell has gone to Del Monte for the summer months.

Mr. Fred A. Tillmann sailed from New York on the 18th instant on the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, and will join his sister, Miss Agnes Tillmann, in Paris, where the latter has been staying for about a year. Later on both will tour the Continent, visiting relatives in Germany.

Colonel and Mrs. Baddesley and Lieutenant-Colonel Bremen of the Indian Service of the British army were among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker came up from their home at Burlingame and have been the guests of the Fairmont for a few days.

Mrs. P. N. Remillard, accompanied by Miss Lillian Remillard, have taken apartments at the Fairmont, where they will be for a portion of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Rothschild, who have been spending the winter in New York, have returned to the city and are again at their apartments at the Fairmont.

Mrs. S. B. McNear, Mrs. Sarah Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Pott, Mr. John C. Kittle, and Mr. W. W. Thurston were entertained recently by Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell at Etna Springs.

The following are among the registrations from San Francisco at Etna Springs: Mr. A. J. Gindan, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Kanzee and child, Mr. I. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. De Lappe, Mr.

and Mrs. L. A. Norris, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Kroeber, Mrs. H. Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tibbitts, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Martin, Mrs. Wilson Bishop, Miss Caroline Bishop, Mr. R. J. Hough, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Vance, Mrs. G. Griffiths.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton recently visited Etna Springs, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Dyer of Easton, Pennsylvania, and Mr. J. W. Goodwin of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at the Lafayette are Mr. Jonathan Slater of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goldwater and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wood of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Heinrichs and Miss Josephine Heinrichs of Sacramento.

Among the recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Miss Jennie Anderson, Mr. Burns McDonald, Miss Younger, Miss L. E. Hoag, Mr. William Hebling, Mr. Walter J. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Walter J. Fitzpatrick, Mr. L. R. Cullen, Miss Lillian Harris Coffin, Mr. J. R. Garnett, Mr. Jean M. Baldwin, Mrs. John Biller, Mrs. M. J. Boyle, and Mr. Harold Bingham.

Among arrivals from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado for the week ending May 22 were Mr. T. J. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Luening, Mr. Maurice Casey, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Friedman, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hine, Miss Beatrice Vrell, Mrs. H. D. Broderick, Mrs. Henry Kahn, Miss Sarah Kahn, Mrs. Harry Hoffman.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., will in addition to his other duties, on July 31, temporarily relieve Major Charles McKinstry, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., of the works in his charge.

Colonel George S. Anderson, General Staff, U. S. A., has been relieved from treatment at the Army and Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and will return to his proper station.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank L. Winn, military secretary, U. S. A., is granted leave for four months and five days with permission to go beyond the sea, to take effect when relieved from his present duties.

Major Charles H. McKinstry, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., will proceed on the transport sailing from this port on August 5 to Manila, P. I., and relieve Major George P. Howell, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., of the fortification work in his charge. In addition Major McKinstry will report in person to the commanding officer, Philippine Division, for duty as chief engineer officer of that division.

Major William C. Davis, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for four months and five days with permission to go beyond the sea, the leave to take effect on or about June 9.

Major Walter A. Bethel, judge-advocate, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence from June 15 to August 22, inclusive.

Captain George P. White, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has arrived from the East and has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Captain Louis R. Burgess, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Major Thomas Ridgway, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board at Fort Monroe, Virginia, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Captain Hugh K. Taylor, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the recruiting district Birmingham, Alabama, and will proceed to the recruit depot at Fort Slocum, New York, arriving there not later than June 1.

Captain Willis G. Peace, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank on April 14, and was reassigned to the Ninety-Eighth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Captain John L. Bond, U. S. A., recently assigned to the Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., has arrived here and is awaiting the arrival of his regiment.

Captain Edward M. Shinkle, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Benicia Arsenal, to take effect June 1, and will then proceed to Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and report in person to the commanding officer of the latter arsenal for duty.

Captain Eleutheros H. Cooke, paymaster, U. S. A., has reported at headquarters, Department of California, and has reported to the chief paymaster of the department for duty, with station in this city.

Captain John E. Cusack, commissary, U. S. A., has arrived here and reported to the purchasing commissary for duty as assistant in his office.

The Third Recruit Company, U. S. A., Captain Thomas J. Powers, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John A. Pearson, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., recruit depot, Fort Slocum, N. Y.; the Eighth Recruit Company, U. S. A., Captain Leon L. Roach, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Charles B. Stone, Jr., Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., recruit depot, Columbus Barracks, Ohio; the Seventeenth Recruit Company, U. S. A., Captain Charles J. Symmonds, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John C. Fairfax, Twenty-First Company, U. S. A., recruit depot, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, will be relieved from duty at the present stations and will proceed to the recruit depot, Fort McDowell, Angel Island, in time to arrive as follows: the Third and Seventeenth companies on June 3 and the Eighth Company on June 6.

John F. Forbes, the expert accountant, has been appointed by Governor Gillett a member of the State Board of Accountancy. Mr. Forbes has more than a local reputation, and his selection for the position is noted with pleasure by his professional acquaintances and friends far and near.

Successful English teacher would act as traveling tutor or companion to young ladies. Free June and July. Address Box E, Argonaut office.

For Sale—Stone mortar found in Indian mound. Address E. Le C., care Argonaut.

# STOP GRAY HAIR

Before it places upon you the seal of age and numbers you among the "elderly persons."

Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON'S  
4-DAY HAIR COLOR

restores gray or faded hair or whiskers to natural dark shades. It is the only entirely successful and satisfactory preparation for this purpose. Simple—Safe—Sure. Unlike Hair Dyes it is clean and most convenient to use. Contains no Lead, Sulphur or other harmful ingredient. No matter what disappointment you may have had with "Dyes" or "Restorers," don't fail to get a bottle of 4-Day, which works upon a principle distinctly its own. It never fails. Price \$1.00 at all druggists.

Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON  
San Francisco

## Hotel St. Francis APACE WITH SCIENCE

A chop prepared upon the Electric Grill is an indispensable course in the education of an epicure.

Under the Management of  
James Woods

## Hotel Cloyne Court BERKELEY

Suites of one to four rooms. Private verandas with marine view. For further particulars address

JAMES M. PIERCE - Manager

## Hotel del Monte

Splendid Salmon Fishing  
NOW ON

The game "King" salmon, one of the finest fish known, is being caught in large numbers now

Write for information. Reservations for boats, tackle and attendants can be made at the hotel.

H. R. WARNER, Manager

## Geo. H. Kahn OPTICIAN AND PHOTO SUPPLIES

IS NOW PERMANENTLY  
LOCATED AT

34 KEARNY ST.  
BET. MARKET AND POST

## JUST WAISTS

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE SHOP  
IN THE UNITED STATES

The Paragon  
Geary and Grant Ave. : San Francisco

MOORE'S  
POISON OAK  
REMEDY  
NEVER FAILING  
30 YEARS THE STANDARD  
FOR CHILBLAINS, FLEAS, BURNS, ETC.  
A VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD SALVE.  
ALL DRUGGISTS HAVE IT OR WILL OBTAIN ON REQUEST.  
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.  
Price 25 Cents.  
LANGLEY & MICHAELS CO. SAN FRANCISCO.



# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

*Absolutely Pure*

The finest, most tasteful and wholesome biscuit, cake and pastry are made with Royal Baking Powder, and not otherwise.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from  
Royal Grape Cream of Tartar





# Pears'

Pears' is essentially a toilet soap. A soap good for clothes won't benefit face and hands. Don't use laundry soap for toilet or bath. That is, if you value clear skin.

Pears' is pure soap and matchless for the complexion.

Sold in town and village

## FAIRMONT HOTEL

A comfortable place to live the year around. Away from the noise, the heat, and the dust of the town, yet easily accessible to everything

Palace Hotel Company



## Hotel del Coronado

Motto: "BEST OF EVERYTHING"  
Most Delightful Climate on Earth

### AMERICAN PLAN

Summer rates, \$3.50 per day and upward

"Good Music" and "Fine Automobile Road, Los Angeles-Riverside to Coronado," Golf, Tennis, Polo, and other outdoor sports every day in the year.

New 700-foot ocean pier, for fishing. Boating and Bathing are the very best. Send for booklet to

MORGAN ROSS, Manager,  
Coronado Beach, Cal.

Or see H. F. NORCROSS, Agent,  
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.  
Tel. A 6789; Main 3917.

All roads leading through the beautiful Santa Clara Valley radiate from

## Hotel Vendome

which itself is an ideal "point of control"

H. W. LAKE, Manager

Hotel Vendome, San Jose

## Byron Hot Springs

GO NOW

IT IS SPRING, the most beautiful season—forget your troubles for a time, get a rest and a new lease of life. The waters will cure your ills, and even if you have none will make you feel better. Ideal hotel accommodations.

Two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Descriptive matter on application to S. P. Co., Information Bureau, Peck-Judab Co., or Manager

BYRON HOT SPRINGS  
California

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Although "Peggy from Paris" is merely a farce-comedy with incidental music, it is as characteristically an Ade production as "The Sultan of Sulu," which is a frank imitation of comic opera in conventional form. There is less satire and humor in "Peggy," but it tells a plausible story, and in spite of its hurly-burly accompaniments and spread-eagle sentiment, it grips the audience.

That is, it should, and even with an obvious lack of interest or understanding on the part of some of the principals in the Princess Theatre production this week, it is not dull. Marie Nelson, the new soprano, is a welcome addition to the company. She has a light but sweet voice, of good carrying power, and makes all her music effective. As Lutie Plummer, the village vocalist, she is attractive in every way. Fred Mace is a fit figure as the impresario, and shows no lack of enthusiasm though his opportunities are not numerous. James F. Stevens plays the collegian part with ease, and sings with art and distinction. Jennie Metzler, who has won advancement from the chorus to a speaking part, justifies her promotion. Miss Metzler has many accomplishments, and may aspire with confidence to more exacting rôles.

Zoe Barnett is the Peggy of the comedy, a farmer's daughter who studies in Paris and returns to America under an assumed name as a French comic-opera prima donna. Miss Barnett makes the rôle very quietly American, except for a bad imitation of French accent and broken English, which seems superfluous. May Boley, as Peggy's German maid, can not by any stretch of the imagination be said to suit the rôle. How a Parisienne, real or pretended, could countenance the presence of such a caricature as a personal attendant is beyond speculation. On her first entrance she is supposed to be mistaken for the prima donna. It is hardly probable that such an error could occur under the conditions presented.

Perhaps the hurry of preparation prevented a careful study of these parts. Perhaps the strain of a long and busy season has weakened the enthusiasm of these two capable and sympathetic principals. May their recovery be speedy.

The chorus continues to be a particularly engaging feature at the Princess. It is constantly being enlarged, and its attractiveness is never diluted by the additions. It is well dressed and harmonious in action.

"Peggy from Paris" will run all next week. It is worthy of even a longer season. There will be a special matinee performance next Monday, Decoration Day.

John Drew as "Jack Straw" at the Van Ness is proving the perennial power of his popularity. The play and the company are reviewed at length on another page. "Jack Straw" will be continued all next week with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Mabel Hite, who is a dashing comedienne in high favor in the East, with her husband, Mike Donlin, the famous baseball player of the "Giants," are foremost among the attractions announced for the new hall at the Orpheum, opening Sunday afternoon. They will appear in a sketch written for them, which bears the title "Stealing Home," and is both amusing and appropriate in scene and action. Claude Gillingwater, formerly with Fritz Scheff, will be seen in a sketch of his own preparation, called "A Strenuous Rehearsal." The Avedano Italian Grand Opera Quartet will be heard in selections from famous composers' works. Billy Van, the minstrel comedian, who has long been styled "the assassin of sorrow," will contribute his full share to the festivities. The Vindobonas, "mad musicians," will play good music, if in a fantastic style. Next week will be the last of Peter Donald and Meta Carson, the Baader-La Velle Trio, and the novel singing and dancing production, the Sunny South, with Johnson and Wells and ten colored players. A series of recently imported and most interesting Orpheum Motion Pictures will conclude the programme.

Ethel Barrymore will follow John Drew at the Van Ness Theatre, in "Lady Frederick," her latest success. Bruce McRae is still her leading man, and the remainder of the company is as it was in the original New York production.

Marie Doro will soon appear in San Francisco in "The Morals of Marcus."

Henrietta Crossman has just completed in New York a hundred nights' run of "Sham," the comedy by Geraldine Bonner and Elmer Harris. The play is said to be charmingly interpreted by Miss Crossman, and its satirical treatment of some phases of Manhattan society was happily received.

Every opera house in Italy had a deficit the past season, declares the *Musical Courier*. Following the example of La Scala, they have all published their balance sheets. The Constanzi Theatre of Rome, for instance, lost 150,000 lire, the San Carlo Opera in Naples lost 120,000 lire, and the Teatro Massimo at Palermo lost 100,000 lire. And this in spite of moderate salaries to the singers.

### Looking for a State Song.

We warmly welcome the movement to secure a State song for Missouri if we can have it a spontaneous one (is the admission of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*).

We have tried to get along as well as we could for many years with "Old Joe Bowers," but at best it was only a makeshift, and nothing like the modern, hand-tooled, deekle-edge State songs with all the latest improvements that other States have.

We should like something inspiring with a swing and whoop to it, which is pathetically deficient in "Old Joe Bowers."

We know there are many made-to-order State songs and we should regret to have to choose from among these, for they all run along in a patter that nobody pays any attention to, such as "La-tummy-tom-tiddle-too-tiddle-tee—Missourah, O Missourah!"

Since the State has gone Republican this may be changed to "Missouri" instead of "Missourah." It comes in with the other reforms.

But we are not hopeful of any State song being adopted by prescription. State songs grow into that estate. A premeditated one never holds fast. You can not say, "Go to, now let us build us a State song." It looks artificial from the beginning. Texas has struggled hard to wreathe her sentiment around "My Heart's Tonight in Texas," and still the real Texas song comes nearer to being "Over the Waves Waltz," which was written in Galveston by a Mexican. Texas has only to set appropriate words to the dreamy hars of that appealing tune and she has her "State song" forthwith.

Indiana's State song is "On the Banks of the Wabash," though it may not yet be so recognized.

Until the inspiration comes to some son of Missouri, "Old Joe Bowers" must still repose in our indulgent affections; unless we can rightfully lay claim to "Turkey in the Straw."

N. W. Ayer & Son, the widely known advertising agents of Philadelphia, who recently celebrated their fortieth anniversary, have marked that event by issuing a neat leather-covered book, "Forty Years of Advertising." The book gives a collection of talks on certain phases of advertising, and is dedicated to "American business men who are seriously interested in the most potent and vital element of modern distribution." The talks are interesting and stimulating discussions of the subject of advertising as an aid to modern business.

Statues of the four men whom Gladstone regarded as his chief masters—Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante, and Bishop Butler—are from time to time being placed in niches on the south wall of the house in which he resided. The figure of Aristotle has recently been completed by the sculptor, G. Walker, and put in place in a row with the figures of St. Augustine and Dante, also by this sculptor. The row will be complete when some one contributes a figure of Bishop Butler.

## Liqueur Pères Chartreux



GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW

GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW

The original and genuine Chartreux has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is now-days known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Butlers & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.

## THE PENINSULA

The big, first-class hotel that is only half an hour's ride from San Francisco.

## THE PENINSULA

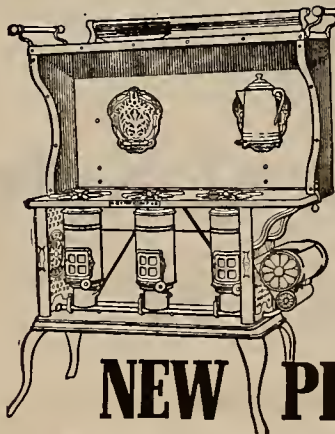
The leading suburban hotel of Central California, with the splendid reputation for service, table and general conditions.

## THE PENINSULA

The hotel with all the comforts that the most fastidious could desire. Special rates in the bachelors' quarters.

Jas. H. Doolittle, Manager  
San Mateo, Cal.

## You Will Need an Oil Stove



When warm days and the kitchen fire make cooking a burden—then is the time to try a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove. Marvelous how this stove does away with kitchen discomforts—how cool it keeps the room in comparison with conditions when the coal fire was burning. The

## NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is the only oil stove built with a CABINET TOP for holding plates and keeping food hot after cooking. Also has useful drop shelves on which to stand the coffee pot or teapot after removing from burner. Fitted with two nicked racks for towels. A marvel of comfort, simplicity and convenience. Made in three sizes—with or without Cabinet Top. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo Lamp** Just such a lamp as every one wants—handsome enough for the parlor; strong enough for the kitchen, camp or cottage; bright enough for every occasion. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

Standard Oil Company  
(Incorporated)



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Does he ever do anything on time?" "Oh, yes. He quits work."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tommy—Pop, what is the office that seeks the man? Tommy's Pop—The tax office, my son.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"You ought to save money for your family." "Yes, but—" "But what?" "My family won't let me."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"Nobody realizes the immensity of space." "Except the man who has to fill a daily half-column with alleged humor."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Oh, John, don't you wish we could sit here and spoon forever?" "Yes, dearest. But let's go now. I think I hear the dinner bell!"—*Boston Post.*

"You shouldn't treat your boy so harshly; you'll break his spirit." "Well, he'll probably get married some time, and he might as well have it broken now!"—*Stray Stories.*

"Yes," said the young wife, proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents." "So I discovered when he gave you away," rejoined the young husband."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Foreign travel is very improving," said the studious girl. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "although you can't always tell where a person has been by the pictures on the post cards he sends home."—*Washington Star.*

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Flatleigh. "You don't mean to tell me you pay a girl \$10 a week for cooking?" "Oh, no," replied Mrs. Urbanville. "We only pay her \$2 a week for cooking. The other \$8 is for staying."—*Chicago Daily News.*

Professor of Sociology—If this alarming increase in the divorce rate continues, twenty years from now the institution of the home will no longer exist in America. Practical Student—How is that, professor? They all marry again, don't they?—*Puck.*

It is said that within four hundred years gold aggregating \$2,000,000,000 has disappeared from circulation, and the government would like to know who has it. We learn that the members of the newspaper fraternity are not suspected.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Harker—I met Smythe a week after he had faced the parson and he declared that he had married his ideal. Parker—Well? Harker—A year later he confessed his mistake—said it was his ordeal instead of his ideal he had married.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"There are many points about our machine, Mr. Fosdick," the agent was saying, "that you don't find in typewriters usually. For example, the whole line, as you write, is visible—by the way, Mr. Fosdick, have you ever had a visible typewriter in your office?" "Visible?" he said. "We have one that's more than visible—she's conspicuous!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"You are charged with having violently assaulted the plaintiff while in a public resort. What have you to say?" "Judge, the orchestra was rendering the 'Sextette' from 'Lucia,' and that fellow sat right behind me and persisted in whistling it through his teeth."

"The prisoner is discharged. The plaintiff is fined eleven dollars for action calculated to provoke an assault."—*The Commoner.*

"You have been married three years now. I believe?" "Three years in June." "Anything running around the house yet?" "Nothing but the fence."—*Stray Stories.*

Biggs, '11—Why are the tugs on the Wisconsin River like the co-eds who walk up and down State Street? Muggs, '12—And the answer is? Biggs, '11—Some toe out, and some toe in.—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

"A high financier should be something of an economist, should he not?" "I don't think so," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "The object of an economist is to see what he can get along with; that of a high financier is to see what he can get away with."—*Washington Star.*

Family Physician—The trouble with your husband, madam, is that he has overdrawn his account at the bank of vitality. Mrs. Gayman—I felt sure he was deceiving me about something! Doctor, I give you my word I never knew he had any account there!—*Chicago Tribune.*

"What do you mean by coming home at this hour, and in such a condition?" "Well, Mary—y'see I stayed a lil' late at the Thompson's, playin' bridge." "That's a nice story! It happens that the Thompsons have been here all the evening." "O pshaw! What's the use of arguing with a woman."—*Life.*

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "didn't you say that horse you bought has a pedigree?" "Yes," was the complacent reply. "Well, knowing how unlucky you are with horses, I consulted a veterinary surgeon. You needn't worry. The doctor says it won't hurt him in the least."—*Washington Star.*

"Young man," said a father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter." "Why—er—really," stammered the young man. "I had hoped to marry her some—" "Well, knowing how unlucky you are with money, I consulted a fortune teller. He says you needn't worry. The doctor says it won't hurt him in the least."—*Washington Star.*

"Oh, Lady Jane, you must take some tickets for a charity dance I'm helping to get up—" "And what's it for?" "Oh! er—the—er—indigent something or other—and the duchess is bringing a party, and we've got the Pink Alsatian Band!" "Delighted, I'm sure. One's always ready to help a really good cause."—*Punch.*

"Be sure and keep inside the libel laws," said the city editor to the cub reporter. The cub's first obituary notice read as follows: "The alleged corpse of Mr. John Smith, asserted by friends to have lived at No. 113 West Jones Street, was said to have been hurried at Greenhill Cemetery yesterday."—*Cleveland Leader.*

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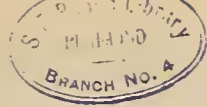
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# The Argonaut.

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: A Prophecy—The Issue in Georgia—The Church Habit and Public Morals—The United States of South Africa—Old Systems and New—The Need of Britain—A Case of Journalistic Inflation—The French Strike—Editorial Notes .....	369-372
CURRENT TOPICS .....	372
NEW YORK SMUGGLERS: "Flaneur" Gives the Views of a New York Customs Inspector on Men and Women Offenders .....	373
OLD FAVORITES: "The Highway Cow," by Eugene J. Hall .....	373
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World .....	373
THE LUCK OF BUCK. By Bourdon Wilson .....	374
A NOVEL OF THE SOUTH: Ellen Glasgow Excels Herself in the Portrayal of Southern Character and Sentiment .....	375
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn .....	376
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	377
WAS IT A SPECTRE?: The Mystery of a Desirable Suburban Residence .....	378
DRAMA: "Peggy from Paris" and "Stealing Home." By Josephine Hart Phelps .....	379
VANITY FAIR .....	380
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	381
THE MERRY MUSE .....	381
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy .....	382
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT .....	383
CURRENT VERSE: "Dead Yet Speakeeth," by Eufina C. Tompkins; "Spring on Long Island," by Lydia Schuyler .....	383
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day .....	384

### A Prophecy.

The direct primary law into the enactment of which the late legislature was driven by one form or another of "popular" pressure became effective on the first of June—last Tuesday. Now in this connection the Argonaut ventures a prophecy:

*The new system, professedly designed to redeem our politics from whatever may be thought amiss in its operations, will magnify and multiply the confusions, uncertainties, and extravagances of political action.*

*Its influence will tend to the elimination of the better orders of men from political life, and to substitute for them mere self-seekers and exploiters of private interest.*

*Under the new system the "will of the people" will not easily or certainly find voice, because it will be thwarted at every turn by trivial and personal considerations.*

*Personalism will become the controlling principle in our politics; political ideas will be swamped and overborne.*

*The corruptions of public life will be augmented as its definite responsibilities shall be diminished.*

*Skulduggery and chicane will rule in the political*

*sphere, and the road to reform will be blocked by a multitude of apparently trivial but very real obstacles.*

*The public, or at least the intelligent part of it, will grow weary and sick to disgust of a scheme founded in selfishness and the spirit of demagoguery, and accepted through the ignorance and weakness of the legislative body.*

Men and brethren, be good enough to take stock of this prophecy and in times to come do not forget that the Argonaut told you so.

### The Issues in Georgia.

Issues of extraordinary importance and interest have been raised in connection with a strike of locomotive firemen, still pending, on the Georgia Central Railroad. The facts appear to be as follows: Railroads in the South employ only white engineers, no colored man being permitted to handle a throttle. It is, however, the general practice to employ black men as firemen. At the same time a certain proportion of white men are employed as firemen by way of training them for service as engineers. This limited number of white firemen work not exactly side by side with negroes, but in the same employment, the difference being that a white fireman is on the way through promotion to a better job as a locomotive engineer, while the black fireman's only outlook for promotion is from the freight service into yard and passenger train service, always in the capacity of fireman.

It is in connection with this narrow opportunity of the black man for promotion, namely, from freight train service to service on yard engines and passenger trains that the trouble has arisen. The white firemen, acting through their union, have demanded as a monopoly not only all promotion to engineer service—that they already have—but as well the smaller promotions from inferior to superior firing service. In the demand they have passed up to the Georgia Central Railroad Company they say nothing about wages or hours, asking only that "the oldest white fireman shall stand first for passenger engines or runs" and that "such service shall not be given to non-promotable men." To put it briefly, the union insists upon limiting the black man to the lowest possible firing positions with no opportunity at all for any advancement.

Upon the basis of this demand, which the Georgia Central Company has flatly rejected, there has developed a serious tie-up of traffic between Atlanta and Augusta. The demand of the white firemen is supported openly by the engineers' union, while organized labor in all its departments stands only a little in the background. It is in fact a movement on the part of organized labor in the South to restrict the field in which the negro may operate. While the immediate demand is only in connection with the railroad service, it is a practical certainty that success in this effort, if it shall be achieved, will be followed by a general broadening of the rule of discrimination under which the black man will be crowded out of every field of industry over which organized labor has established its domination. Concurrently with this incident, movements have been started in Breathitt County, Kentucky, and in two districts in West Virginia for excluding black miners from service in the coal fields. The purpose is to drive the black man away from employments in which he has hitherto had a share, in every instance the aggressive force finding its initiative and its backing in organized labor.

If only economic conditions were to be considered, the enforcement of the principle of discrimination against the colored laborer would be a grievous thing for the South. One Southern paper, the *Chronicle* of Augusta, Georgia, has had the hardihood to discuss this point with freedom and power. We quote:

Inasmuch as the negro constitutes the bulk of the South's laboring population, to take away from him his right to labor—"side by side with white men," when necessary—would place

the heaviest possible handicap upon the South itself; for it would not only have a surplus of idle negroes to contend with, but a scarcity of labor in all industrial pursuits. Any other policy . . . would be nothing short of suicidal.

This is not only a courageous utterance, but a sound one. The South suffers many disadvantages through the presence of the negro in sufficient numbers to dominate the labor situation. There are, however, some compensating advantages, among them the general fact that the South is less subject to the evils of an aggressive unionism than other parts of the country. But the main dependence of the South for labor is upon the negro, and if discrimination against him shall take such forms and become so extended as widely to limit his opportunity to work, it will react in two ways—it will limit the labor supply on the one hand, and on the other emphasize the social evils which must follow enforced idleness on the part of the blacks. The interest of the South therefore lies in giving to the black man the opportunities of service through labor, to the double end of keeping the labor market in a wholesome condition and of maintaining social discipline on the part of the negro race.

But other and even more important considerations are involved in this controversy. The black man is a citizen, and as a citizen he has a right to sell his labor to whoever will buy it upon terms mutually satisfactory. He has a right to work like any other citizen and he is entitled to the support of government, State and national, in this right to work. If his right to work be denied, if any shall seek to drive him from his work, it is due to him that the whole powers of the State and of the nation shall stand at his back and support him in his rights. This principle has been tried out again and again all over the country, among other places here in San Francisco. The only difference between the rights of the locomotive firemen in Georgia and the rights of street-car workers in San Francisco is that of color, and this is a difference which in no degree and in no wise affects the principle involved. The right of the black man in Georgia to labor upon his own contract is as positive and as assured and as fixed in the obligations of government as the right of any other man to work in any other part of the country.

Of course if the authorities of the State of Georgia, through prejudice or for any other reason, shall fail to sustain the right of the black man to work upon his own contract as a locomotive fireman, then the powers of the United States must be invoked in support of this right. Government, we repeat, owes it to every citizen, the humblest as well as the highest, that his right to labor shall not be interfered with, that he shall not be driven from his work by anybody.

There is much speculation as to what President Taft will do if the situation in Georgia shall grow acute to the point of positive and permanent denial of the right of the black man to work. Nobody, we think, need feel any uncertainty with respect to this matter. Mr. Taft is President of the United States, of all the people, black and white alike. He is a lawyer and devotedly attached to the principles of the law. He will do his duty, not perhaps without regret if it shall be necessary to match outrage with force. None the less he will do his duty. He will put the powers of the government behind the right of the black firemen to labor upon their own contract; he will support this right to the extent of employing the armed forces of the United States if there shall be need for it. We do not speak by authority or from knowledge of the particular case; only from the general fact of Mr. Taft's clear understanding of the law and of his own obligations under it. Mr. Taft is a sympathizer with the South in many of its troubles; but his sympathy will not lead him to permit any infraction of a law which as President of the United States he is bound to support and enforce.

As we write in midweek the prospect of open fight in denial of the right of the black firemen to work on the



Georgia Central system seems imminent. Mail cars are, indeed, running without serious trouble, but passenger and freight trains are still tied up because groups of strikers and their associates of organized labor menace them with violence. There is special embarrassment in the fact that Governor Smith of Georgia, the same Hoke Smith who was once a member of Cleveland's Cabinet, is in sympathy with the strikers and therefore recreant to his responsibilities as governor. Smith is a leader in the negro disfranchisement schemes in Georgia, an anti-railroad baiter, and a political sensationalist generally. He was beaten in the last election, but still holds the gubernatorial chair awaiting the induction of his successor into office. His political ambition is precisely what it was before his late defeat, and his dominating policy is that of aggressive discrimination against the negro. When asked by the authorities of the Georgia Central to protect the negro firemen in their right to work, he replied that there was no force under his hand competent to patrol five hundred miles of railroad. This was a quibble. He might have put guards on the trains and he might have protected the railway stations against mob assemblages. He did nothing because his sympathies are with the strikers and because he hopes to gain favor with the negro-hating mob. He may, indeed, be brought to his senses and prompted to his duty; or the policy of the strikers may be modified under wiser counsels. But if the condition shall prove incurable, if the purpose of preventing negro firemen from doing work which they have a right to do, then we think there is no doubt as to what will happen. Mr. Taft will send a sufficient force into Georgia to support the negro firemen in their rights and to enable the trains of the Georgia Central road to move unmolested.

There are those who believe that behind the immediate situation in Georgia there is a deep and widespread aim in many parts of the South to push the negro back from such advancement as he has gained and into a condition of social and economic inferiority close kin to the slavery system. Many incidents support this suggestion. The Rev. Quincy Ewing of Louisiana in a recent notable publication, "The Heart of the Race Question," sets forth this purpose with a positive and even blunt directness. Today in Franklin County, Kentucky, negro workmen in the rock quarries near Benson Station are menaced by a mob; and very recently there was something close kin to a riot in Shelby County, Kentucky, because there was a proposition to locate there a \$400,000 negro school. Already in this writing we have referred to the situation as it stands today in Kentucky and West Virginia.

If this definite hostility to the negro, this fixed purpose to limit his industrial opportunity, is indeed widespread in the South it marks a change in sentiment that is not creditable to the Southern people. Insistent as it has been in its social attitude toward the negro—and in this respect the *Argonaut* has been in full sympathy—the South has none the less given to the black man opportunity to earn his living in a wide range of industrial occupations. It has been one of the boasts of the South that while it has uncompromisingly discredited the negro in his social pretensions, it has been hospitable and even friendly to him at the point of affording him the means of decently earning a livelihood. It would now be a pity indeed if a policy so just and generous should be thrown over for one so narrow and cruel as that proposed by organized labor in Georgia and elsewhere in the South.

Within late years there has developed in the North a sentiment of widespread sympathy with the South in its general attitude toward the negro; and it will be a grievous day for many when they shall find it no longer possible to sustain their Southern fellow-citizens without abandonment of fixed legal principles and without throwing over a profound sense of that humanity which all men are bound to cherish in dealings with all other men without respect of color or race.

#### The Church Habit and Public Morals.

If we may believe the declarations of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Denver, not to mention the less guarded statements of certain weighty persons who bared their hearts to that assembly, the church habit is notably declining in the United States. This view likewise is supported by the returns of a canvass recently made by the New York Federation of Churches among 12,638 families in the Harlem district of New York. Of the 12,638 households interviewed 6092 are returned as having no "church home." Of the Hebrew families 80 percent attend no church or synagogue. Of the

Protestant families 32 per cent have no church affiliations. Of the Catholic families 12 per cent do not go to any church.

Now, in connection with this statement, which seems fairly representative, likewise in connection with the statements made before the Denver Assembly, how does it happen that while church affiliation has notably declined, while church-going, especially on the part of men, is a practice honored more in the breach than in the observance, while family worship has practically ceased, how comes it that the world grows steadily better? How comes it that within the past five years we have witnessed an awakening of the public conscience which has revolutionized the political and industrial world and established new standards to which all must now measure up if they would claim public respect with decent standing in the communities where they live?

Why, when according to the statements of churches and of churchmen church connection and the church-going habit steadily decline—why at such a time is the general moral standard of politics, of business, of general social life, advancing in a marked and notable degree?

#### The United States of South Africa.

When we recall the turmoils and the hatreds that convulsed South Africa a few years ago and that seemed likely to leave generations of racial feuds behind them, it is hard to realize that an act of union is about to bind together the various colonies under a common constitution. But such is indeed the fact. Within a few weeks General Botha, the Transvaal premier, will arrive in England for the purpose of asking the home government to confirm an act of union already agreed upon between Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony. It need hardly be said that both the great political parties in England will welcome such a step in political evolution and will do all in their power to make it a success. It is a consummation that even the most sanguine could hardly have expected and the fullest possible justification for the grant of partial autonomy to the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony of three years ago. Nations, like individuals, usually develop the virtues accredited to them and the "Union of South Africa," beginning as a political measure, must soon be one of sympathies and ambitions.

The new legislature will meet at Cape Town. Fifty-one members of the assembly will come from Cape Colony, thirty-six from the Transvaal, and seventeen each from Natal and the Orange River Colony. The latter, by the way, will be known as the Orange Free State Province in order that Dutch sentiment may be conciliated by the preservation of the words "Free State." The Senate will consist of forty members, thirty-two elected and eight nominated. The negotiations between the various colonies naturally had to concern themselves with some nice points of adjustment. In one part the English vote was liable to be swamped by the Dutch and in another part the Dutch vote was insignificant as compared with the English, while the native vote—and the native ranks politically as a white man in Cape Colony—had to be taken into consideration. But these various difficulties have been settled in a spirit of compromise. The electoral districts are to be practically equal in voting strength, which will give an advantage to the English, while on the other hand the Dutch language will be officially recognized, just as the French language is officially recognized in Canada. The old provincial capitals will be preserved and provincial councils will regulate purely domestic affairs, such as agriculture, the police, and education. But it is hoped that even these boundaries will disappear as racial instincts are lessened and the sentiments of a common patriotism assert themselves. But this will take time.

The importance of this consolidation is indicated, although not in its entirety, by its geographical and population statistics. The four colonies comprising the new union occupy nearly half a million square miles of territory, Cape Colony coming first with 276,995 square miles, including native dependencies, followed by the Transvaal with 111,196 square miles. Then comes the Orange River Colony with 50,392 square miles, and Natal, smallest of all, with 35,371 square miles. The white population of the four colonies is relatively small, being little over a million, but federation is all the more important upon this very account, seeing that the blacks outnumber the white by nearly four to one. The last census returns show a native population of about four million, exclusive of Asiatics, who are very numerous.

Nor do the natives belong to the usually submissive negro type. They are made up of Zulus, Bechuanas, Swazies, Basutos, Kaffirs, and other aggressive and warlike peoples who are kept in order only by a stern front and unwavering policies. The effect of a union of white men must be incalculable in preserving a proper supremacy and in repressing the tribal quarrels that might easily lead to dangerous results.

The main credit for this remarkable piece of statesmanship seems to be due to General Botha, the farmer-soldier whose military genius during the Boer War was so nearly irresistible. General Botha's patriotism was always beyond question, but he seems to have placed the coping-stone upon his fine reputation by this act of consolidation that will be a living fact when his military prowess belongs to a dead and forgotten past.

#### Old Systems and New.

At the Presbyterian General Assembly held last week at Denver there was heard a good deal of antiquated and reverent nonsense. It is not easy for bodies made up of men who live largely apart from the activities of life, who make a fetish of old ideals and sentiments and whose individual interest—especially mark this point—is bound up in resistance to innovation, to accept the newer standards of a fast-marching age. It is natural that the discussions of such a body of men should reflect the austere and stationary or even the reactionary mind, and it is less to be wondered at than smiled at that much of the talk at Denver from the standpoint of the unrestrained and progressive mind was mere antiquated stuff and nonsense.

But there was one man at Denver who had an idea which deserves to be heard around the world—or at least throughout the American world. Dr. Steffen of Dubuque, speaking with respect to the educational responsibilities of the church, urged upon the convention a policy none the worse because it smacks of an old spirit and an old fashion. Dr. Steffen deprecated the policy of inviting millionaires to endow the church schools, urging a policy of independent maintenance and if necessary simpler and reduced standards. He thought neither the church, nor the cause of religion, nor the interests of sound intellectual and moral culture were promoted by the multiplication of colossal endowments at the hands of the modern race of multi-millionaires.

All of which is well worth consideration. Indeed, we have often wondered if the good achieved through the great endowed schools of the United States fairly compensates the unnumbered mischiefs which grow out of these institutions. The modern system of endowment has indeed multiplied and magnified our higher educational institutions. But it is fair to ask if it has turned out a race of better scholars or of more capable and devoted men? It is not only fair but pertinent to inquire if the mental and moral product of the average great university is equal to that of the smaller and humbler and more limited schools of a generation past.

In a day easily remembered the country was dotted over with small colleges mostly maintained through the spirit and sense of religious obligation and aiming primarily at the sustenance of morality through mental culture. It is almost pathetic to recall how limited these schools were in some respects, how few were the teachers, how small their compensation, how simple their ways of life. The number of students, too, was comparatively few. Take, for example, the old Pacific University at Santa Clara of thirty years ago. Compare it in all its conditions with the great establishment at Palo Alto. And now, those who knew the old and who know the new, compare the spirit of the two institutions. Is there today at the great Palo Alto institution any group of youths comparable at the points of scholarly ambition, of conscious moral aim, of studied poise and self-control, with the old group at the Santa Clara institution? Is it possible in the new and greater school as it was in the smaller and older for an ambitious and devoted youth to find similar close association with older and mature minds as represented by the teaching faculty? Is the spirit of Palo Alto today at the point of purpose and atmosphere comparable with that at Santa Clara thirty years ago? We mean no discredit or disrespect to Palo Alto in asking these questions. We wish simply to mark the contrast between two institutions both in the same county, one representing, the educational ambition, purpose, and method of a former generation, and the other representative of the new fashion.

The *Argonaut*, which knows something of the old system and the new as illustrated in the institutions we



have named and in many others all over the country, is convinced that in spite of the multiplicity of our higher schools and of the prodigious development of facilities of all kinds, an ambitious and capable youth had a better chance thirty years ago of gaining the culture essential to a high mental and moral development than a youth similarly situated today. We believe that the old school with all its limitations was essentially a better school than the more richly endowed and more highly developed school of the present time.

### The Need of Britain.

"I believe the time has come for every man in Britain to train himself for defense." This significant remark was made at Portland on Empire Day in the course of an address before a large company of Englishmen by Mr. James Laidlaw, the British consul.

Now if by this remark Mr. Laidlaw meant that the energies of the British people need to be turned into military channels, the *Argonaut* begs leave to take issue with him. In spite of all the uproar about possible Continental invasion, in spite of the excitement which has set the British forges at work on scores of *Dreadnoughts*, we see nothing to indicate a larger military necessity on the part of Britain than at any former time within recent years. Indeed, the general disposition of the world is even more pacific than it has been in former times. The German menace is in reality no menace at all, the bugbear of Russian aggression has been exorcised—or rather it has faded away—and there is no prospect from any other source to seriously disturb the dreams of England.

The rivalries of the world in these later days are rather industrial and commercial than military. What Britain needs especially to fear is deterioration in the vitality and productive power of her people with decline of her prestige in the wide world of commerce. The aim of British statesmanship ought, we think, to look not so much to preparations for war as to promotion of those physical and moral conditions which go to sustain the powers and the competitions of peace.

Not all the *Dreadnoughts* that might be floated in all the ports of the empire, not the development of military spirit and military skill in every Englishman—not these or all of them together—could be so sure a defense against aggression as a systematic policy of equity and justice in international dealings. As a just and courteous man may go his way through a crowd of ruffians in perfect security, so may a nation whose policies are founded in the principles of equity and consideration for the rights of others pursue its way with small fear of aggressive hostility from any source. Let Britain, if she would hold her high rank and place in the world, give less heed to her military conditions and more to the betterment of the physical and moral and therefore to the industrial conditions of her people. Let her look to defense not in colossal armaments, not in the diversion of her energies to military preparation, but rather in the equity and reasonableness of her policies.

### A Case of Journalistic Inflation.

The acquisition of a canal and irrigation system to cover 250,000 acres of fine land on the west side of the Sacramento Valley is of gratifying significance to the whole State of California. But this interesting event has furnished the daily newspapers an opportunity for indulgence in airy and inflated estimates that make them and the State ridiculous. One of the San Francisco papers says:

It is estimated that 250,000 acres will come under the proposed plan of reclamation by the introduction of water, and that these lands will sustain a population of 1,500,000 persons.

Now if the unit of acreage on that tract held by one person be eighty acres, it will be occupied by 3125 families. At the average of five to a family it will support therefore 15,625 people. At forty acres it will support 30,250, and at twenty acres 60,500. If it is to support 1,500,000 people a family of five must live on less than one acre.

Such impingement of sensationalism upon a matter of economic interest grieves the judicious, and makes thoughtful people suspicious of California enterprise. Better results may be expected of the unsensational achievements of the Turlock and Modesto irrigation district in the San Joaquin Valley. That project was effected by the landowners forming an irrigation district under the State law. The water is taken from the Tuolumne River by a diverting dam, and covers 275,000 acres of land. The cost of the system was only \$10 per acre, and bonds to that amount rest upon the land. The settlement on the land is natural and reasonably rapid, and finally it may be expected that

Modesto will rise to a position as important and take on enterprise as gratifying as Fresno, and that Turlock and Ceres will advance to the position held now by towns like Selma and Fowler. But on that irrigation project no one rose in advance to put the impossible before the intending settler, by an iridescent vision of millions, which suggested a unit of land-holding so small that no family could make a living on it, even though the land be of California's best, and that is the best in the world.

The Sacramento Valley project is most worthy. It will work out in an increase in the population and a great impulse to production. But these results will come on a unit of acreage large enough to give proper support to each family and to hold out the promise of an ultimate surplus beyond mere support that will mean a competence.

### The French Strike.

The dangers that threatened the French government by the postal strike have melted into thin air before the resolution and resource displayed by the authorities. A few weeks ago it seemed likely that the whole system of communication throughout the country would be paralyzed. The strikers asserted not only that public opinion was upon their side, but that the General Federation of Labor would espouse their cause and seize the opportunity to declare the general strike that has been so often promised and so long delayed. Nothing of the kind has happened. The public showed no sympathy whatever with a movement that would carry with it the gravest domestic embarrassment, while the General Federation, after waiting discreetly to see which way the wind would blow, threw its weight against the strikers and tacitly advised the resumption of work. Considerable bodies of men did actually quit their posts, but there was never at any time the universal and spontaneous enthusiasm essential to success. A strike of this kind must move forward vigorously or retrograde, and when it was seen that soldiers were ready to cope with any situation that might arise, either to deliver the mails themselves or to suppress violence, there was an almost immediate collapse. In spite of the high-sounding braggadocio of the new postal union the fact remains that not a single letter has been delayed in any part of the country. The net result of the whole affair is that a great many men have been discharged from the service and many others are to be prosecuted, together with those who organized the telegraph strike of a few months ago, while the people at large have gained new confidence in the stability of existing institutions and the good-will of the government to defend them.

But the result would have been very different if the authorities had shown the white feather, as there was some reason to fear that they would do. And yet their duty was plain and quite uncomplicated by considerations of abstract principles. Strange as it may seem to American ears, the fact remains that it is illegal in France to strike unless the general right to do so has been formally conceded by statute law. This right has been withheld from government employees, although they are allowed to organize for self-help and the presentation of grievances. It is clearly understood in France that the service of the nation at large, carrying as it does certain privileges, carries also certain obligations, and that the people as a whole must be safeguarded from the personal ambitions and private ill-temper of labor leaders. There is no need to picture the distress and even the misery that must result from a concerted refusal to deliver the mails, and every carrier and every electrician was aware of the restrictive regulations governing the public services and accepted those regulations by accepting the official pay. The telegraphers' strike, coming when it did at the height of the Balkan troubles, might have plunged France into war. It did plunge her into perplexities and dangers. It was the determination of the government to punish these law-breakers that produced the postal strike, and it would have been a success but for the praiseworthy resolution to continue the prosecutions with vigor and to inaugurate new ones. Courage has had its usual reward in a marked success, as cowardice would have had its reward in a still more marked calamity.

It would, of course, be impossible in this country to restrict the right to strike. It is possible in France only because the principle of restriction has survived from earlier times. None the less we may do well to remember that the protection of the public at large, its safeguarding from intolerable embarrassment and abuse, is not only one of the functions of government, but its

main and paramount duty, and one that can not be neglected if government itself is to continue.

In considering French affairs and the gravity of a general strike we have to remember that the shadow of royalist plotting is always present. Nothing can be more significant than the eternal hopefulness of the dispossessed princes and their ceaseless readiness to take advantage of every shift of wind in public affairs. It was undoubtedly the royalist activities that first aroused the government to the danger of countenancing a defiance of the law or of permitting the spread of a movement that might easily provide the raw material of passion and ignorance for the use of an astute ambition. It is fortunate that the intelligent sections of the community show no disposition toward a change and least of all a change that is heralded by violent and brutal disregard of the public comfort. It is still more fortunate that the government has been equal to the occasion and has justified the confidence of the people by resolute and determined action in defense of the law.

### Editorial Notes.

Since the financial accounts of the so-called graft prosecution are in part before the public, would not it be straightforward as well as interesting to make the exposition complete. It is only a few months ago that the *Bulletin*, the *Call*, Mr. Spreckels, and others were exploiting the necessities of Mr. Heney and inviting subscriptions in his behalf. There must surely have been some response to these appeals. It must be that among so many college professors, preachers, League of Justice members, and other devoted patriots and moralists there were many to match with their offerings of money the support which they have given to the great moral movement in other respects. How about this? Who were the givers and in what sums? What was the aggregate of cash relief passed up to poor Mr. Heney? Of course enough is now already known to relieve any anxiety which any of us may have felt about Mr. Heney's personal situation. What with \$40,000 from the government during the past two and a half years; with \$23,000 and more from Mr. Spreckels; with any decent rakeoff from the \$25,000 paid to his partner Cobb; and with only what was really paid out of the Contra Costa water deal—with all these sources of income Mr. Heney has probably been able to keep the wolf away from the door. But it would be a further comfort if we could know how generous was the response to the appeals for direct and personal contributions. An anxious public would like to have the names, but if it be thought necessary to reserve the names, then let us have the amounts. Please speak up—what was the amount gained for Mr. Heney by these unctuous appeals on the part of the *Call*, the *Bulletin*, and of Mr. Spreckels?

It has been determined judicially that Detective Burns and his gang of assistants and followers are legally entitled to be paid under their engagement with the prosecuting attorney's office. In other words, all this delectable detective work, this flying of automobiles back and forth, this dogging of jurors, this development of testimony by devious methods—all this is being paid for out of the public treasury. It is well that the public should know the exact facts. It will give the taxpayer something pleasant to reflect about while he is saving up for tax day or waiting his turn at the collector's office.

The rumblings of the railroad war in the Northwest have ceased. Mr. Hill and Mr. Harriman have "got together." The two or three millions invested by the latter in beginning a line of railroad between Portland and Puget Sound will be "written off." Harriman's cars will run over Hill's tracks to Seattle and other Puget Sound cities. By what means this adjustment has been brought about the public is not informed, but presumably they relate only to the interests of the two great railway companies represented by the leading figures in the deal. This incident illustrates a type of "combine" for which many commendatory reasons may be found. The tracks of the Hill system between Portland and Seattle are by no means overburdened. If the Harriman system, in order to get to Seattle, had duplicated these tracks, not a single acre of new territory would have been provided with transportation. The new road would merely have duplicated an existing road entirely competent to handle all the traffic which the country will afford for many years to come. In this situation to have dumped \$22,000,000 into the construction of a new and, economically considered, an unnecessary road would have been scarcely less than a crime. Had the projected Harriman road been built



somebody would have had to pay for it, for railroads are not constructed and operated without return. The country immediately contiguous, either now or in the future, or some neighboring region, would have been compelled to provide interest on the investment. Therefore there is advantage to the country in an arrangement which, while detracting nothing from the general efficiencies of transportation, does prevent the putting of \$22,000,000 into new railroad construction.

Miss Luella Carson of the Oregon State University, who has been elected to the presidency of the Mills school at Fruitvale, near Oakland, is a woman of experience and capability. If given a free hand she will do much for Mills, for there is a place for a woman's school in the educational system of the Pacific Coast—one which Mills has never quite filled. One trouble with Mills has been that while assuming to be a woman's college it has been in reality not much more than a "young ladies' seminary." Not the college idea, but the boarding-school idea, has hitherto dominated it. If it is to hold a larger place in the educational life of the country it must rise to higher standards, it must manifest the mind and spirit which belong to higher aims and larger fortunes. Perhaps we should add a very plain word. There has been in connection with Mills a mischievous reverence for traditions and personalities. Now traditions are of the largest value, and noble personalities are things of high inspiration. But it is quite possible, in a school, as in other affairs, to make too much of these things—to permit them to restrain and cripple development. What Mills needs to do is not so devoutly to cherish its reverent traditions, personal and other, but to rise to the new demands of life and culture in California and in the world, to look out and beyond an encircling and somewhat too limited past. Times past have served their day at Mills and with great advantage to the culture and morals of the country; but it is the present and the future to which that institution must now address itself, and it must be foot-loose and heart-free to go its way if it is going to go successfully.

Despite his great abilities and his unique prestige, Senator Root has made a bad start in the Senate. It was not becoming that a man who had never before sat in a legislative body should have presumed to lecture men grown gray in legislative activities upon the proprieties and duties of senatorial service. It is never becoming in any man at the beginning of any career to pose as an expert and lay down the law to others older in service than himself. In overlooking this rule, in presuming to help the Senate to better methods and manners, Mr. Root has suffered a serious humiliation, and in truth something of a setback in his senatorial status. If Mr. Root is the man he is thought to be, he will learn something from this experience and in the end will be no loser by it. But he will have to move cautiously. Anything like an exhibition of resentment, with a further effort to assume the character of guide and philosopher of the senatorial body before his own seat has fairly gotten warm, will destroy his respect in the Senate and nullify the working value of his acknowledged intellectual powers. For Mr. Root, as for all men, great or small, the policy of modesty is always the best policy.

The Alaska-Yukon Exposition, which opened its doors at Seattle on Tuesday of this week, is a notable thing, not so much, perhaps, in its spectacular features, for all expositions are alike and most of them are tiresome, as in the illustration which it affords of the development of a relatively new world in the northern Pacific Ocean. It is only the other day that the present State of Washington, of which Seattle is the representative city, was a wilderness and that Alaska was a mere geographical name signifying solitude and mystery. That Washington has grown to the proportions of a great commonwealth and that there is found in Alaska that which is thought worthy of exposition and exploitation—these indeed are marks of advancement which may well arouse the curiosity and claim the attention of the world.

The largest sawmill in the world is to be built at Portland, Oregon. And this reminds us that while in times past Washington has been the great lumber producing State of the Pacific Coast, Oregon seems likely to hold that status for some years to come. Activity in the lumber production implies something more than enterprise; it likewise means exhaustion. In Washington there has been greater activity with a much

more general harvesting of the great timber resource of the country than in Oregon. The great inlet of Puget Sound, carrying transportation into the heart of the timber belt and almost into its every corner, has facilitated the operations of the forest despoilers, whereas the Oregon timber region is for the most part far inland and therefore unavailable to invasion. Timber marketing in Oregon has to a very considerable extent waited upon railroad construction; and railroad construction, like most things connected with Oregon, has been relatively slow.

There is persistent activity in the Calhoun trial, but we are not able to note anything in the way of substantial progress. The course of procedure as it wanders from one irrelevancy to another, somehow recalls the story of a highway in Arkansas which started as a broad driveway, dwindled down to a country road, then shrank to a by-path, and finally to a squirrel track which ran up a tree and into a hole.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The tariff reformers who are pinning their hopes to presidential action have been somewhat cheered by an item of news that traveled around Washington with unusual speed. The President, it seems, has been getting information, and this, at first glance, does not appear to be such a sinister proceeding after all. But there are orthodox ways of getting knowledge and there are unorthodox, and the President has chosen the latter. Every one knows that the fountain heads of information about the tariff are Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Cannon. These gentlemen are in a position not only to furnish any needed statistics, but to expound and explain them. They alone are authorized to make clear the latest inventions for lowering the tariff upward and for whittling away the consumer until he fits the schedules. But Mr. Taft has deliberately ignored the means of grace provided for him. He has, as it were, climbed over the back gate or, to be precise, he has addressed himself directly to the Treasury Department for certain figures that shall show him at a glance how much the consumer has to pay to the manufacturers for the proud privilege of living.

There is a certain simplicity about these figures that commands the attention. Maximum and minimum schedules, sliding scales, and percentages, all the jargon with which recent debates have made us familiar have a certain impositiveness about them that we are quite prepared to admire without comprehension of their ultimate and practical meaning. Mr. Taft asks the Treasury Department for such figures as shall show him what really happens when the average man buys an average pair of boots. He wants to know just how much of the price of those boots, or of that hat, or of that overcoat represents the duty upon those humble but necessary garments. He asks the Treasury Department to arrange its statistics into four columns. In the first column appears the price that the purchaser has to pay. The second column is to show the duty upon that article under the Dingley law, then under the Payne bill, and finally under the senatorial amendments. Forty articles were enumerated by the President, and here is a list of them with the figures as supplied by the Treasury Department:

Article.	Retail price.	Duties under		
		Dingley law.	Payne bill.	Senate bill.
Men's suits, each.....	\$15.00	\$10.76	\$10.76	\$10.76
Men's overcoats, each.....	15.00	11.86	11.86	11.86
Men's hats, each.....	2.00	.98½	.98½	.75½
Men's shoes, per pair.....	2.50	.625	.375	.375
Woolen underwear, per garment.....	1.00	.82	.82	.82
Woolen hose, per pair.....	.50	.355	.355	.355
Cotton hose, per doz. pair.....	1.50	.825	.825	.825
Women's cloaks, each.....	15.00	9.85	9.88	9.88
Women's cotton dresses, each.....	10.00	5.00	5.00	5.00
Men's skin gloves, per pair.....	1.25	.33½	.33½	.33½
Women's skin gloves, per pair.....	2.00	.25	.33½	.25
Iron cook stoves, each.....	15.00	6.75	6.75	6.75
Heating stoves, each.....	12.00	5.40	5.40	5.40
Beds, complete, with springs.....	4.00	3.60	3.60	3.60
Mattresses, shuck, each.....	4.00	1.80	1.80	1.80
Cotton sheets, each.....	.50	.225	.225	.225
Feather pillows, each.....	1.50	.75	.90	.90
Dressers (bureaus), each.....	10.00	3.50	3.50	3.50
Dining tables, each.....	10.00	3.50	3.50	3.50
Wooden chairs, each.....	1.00	.35	.35	.35
Porcelain dinner sets, each.....	7.00	4.20	4.20	4.20
Tin cups, each.....	.05	.02½	.02½	.02½
Iron knives and forks, per doz.....	1.00	.45	.40	.45
Tin pails, each.....	.30	.135	.135	.135
Tapestry rugs, 9x12, each.....	15.00	9.36	9.36	9.36
Coal, for domestic use, per ton.....	7.00	..	..	..
Kerosene, per gal.....	.11	..	..	..
Hams, per pound (weighing 10 pounds).....	.15	.50	.40	.50
Bacon, per pound.....	.16	.50	.40	.50
Cabbages, each.....	.10	.03	.02	.03
Onions, per bushel.....	1.00	.40	.40	.40
Potatoes, per bushel.....	1.25	.25	.25	.25
Salt, per pound.....	.01	.12	.12	.12
Sugar, granulated, per 100 lbs.....	5.25	1.95	1.90	1.90
Wheat flour, per 100 lbs.....	3.70	.925	.925	.925
Corn meal, per 100 lbs.....	2.50	.41½	.40	.40
Go-carts, each.....	5.00	2.25	2.25	2.25
Watch movements, each.....	8.00	2.35	.70	.65
Watch cases, gold filled, each.....	7.00	2.80	2.80	2.80
Tin roofing, best quality, per 100 square feet.....	...	1.50	1.20	1.20

\*Free.  
†Rate of country of production.  
The New York Evening Post, in reproducing these figures, says that they prove the common charge that the poor pay a larger portion of the tariff than the rich. A fifteen-dollar suit of clothing pays a duty of 71 per cent, while a forty-dollar suit pays at the rate of 64 per cent. The import tax on a fifteen-dollar rug is 62 per cent; on a tapestry rug costing \$50 the rate of duty is only 54 per cent, and the same holds good

of other articles. Commenting further on these figures, the Post says:

President Taft's action in sending to the Treasury Department for his own tariff figures, and not accepting those of Payne and Aldrich, bears its significance on its surface. The action itself tells more than columns of print of Mr. Taft's present attitude of mind toward the tariff. He has promised revision downward to the ultimate consumer. He is now preparing his case for the ultimate consumer. Mr. Taft knows that the demand for the reduction of the duties comes from the consumer and not from the protected manufacturers. In the campaign he declared himself, and was elected as, the consumer's champion.

When it became known about the Capitol that President Taft was seeking his own information about the effect of the proposed new tariff schedules, there was considerable fluttering, and when it was learned that he was asking such pertinent and practical questions as, how much duty does a \$15 suit of clothes pay? and what is the duty on a suit of woollen underwear? and what is the tariff tax on an iron cook-stove? and how much does a woman who buys a \$15 cloak have to pay toward the protection of the American manufacturer? there was an approach to real consternation among the high protectionists.

Is it possible to enact an income-tax law that shall be a real one while avoiding the objections of the Supreme Court? That question is being actively debated just now in view of Senator Aldrich's proposition that the Judiciary Committee be instructed to prepare a bill in such a way as to avoid the fate meted out by the court to the law of 1894. The income-tax men in the Senate are said to have enough votes at their command to pass a tariff bill amendment imposing a tax of 2 per cent on all incomes exceeding \$5000. All the Democrats will vote for it, and enough Republicans are said to favor it to insure its success.

It may be doubted if it is possible to pass a satisfactory income-tax law without a constitutional amendment, unless, of course, the Supreme Court is willing to reverse itself, and as a feat in judicial athletics this should be by no means beyond its power. The basis of the previous judgment was the theory that a tax upon the income from real estate was the same as a tax upon real estate itself, and that as a direct tax upon real estate it must be divided among the States according to their population as provided by the Constitution. A constitutional amendment is necessarily cumbersome, and no great effort of the imagination is needed to suppose that a court that had already reversed itself by a majority of one might now see its way to repeat the performance, in view of a strong expression of public opinion. The Springfield Republican, reviewing the situation, says:

Such a tax is bound to come, following the example of the great governments of Europe, which are thus showing themselves more democratic and considerate of the poor than the American democracy; and we want to know whether it is necessary to amend the Constitution in order to get it. It is certain to come because justice demands that wealth shall bear some of the Federal tax burden and that the consumption of the people shall not bear it all. And it is bound to come, because the country needs such a supplemental source of national revenue which, unlike any present Federal taxes, can be raised or lowered without serious disturbance to business throughout the country.

The citation of the example of European governments in the matter of an income tax gives pertinence to the English receipts from various sources just published in the *Daily Consular and Trade Reports*. There can be no question of the importance to the English revenue of the product from the income tax:

Customs .....	£ 29,200,000
Excise .....	33,650,000
Estate, etc., duties.....	18,370,000
Stamps .....	7,770,000
Land tax .....	730,000
House duty .....	1,900,000
Property and income tax.....	33,930,000
Postoffice .....	17,770,000
Telegraph and telephone.....	4,530,000
Crown lands .....	530,000
Suez Canal, etc.....	1,171,466
Miscellaneous .....	2,026,829
Total.....	£151,578,295

The British income tax has been in force since 1842, and these figures show that it constitutes over one-third of the total tax yield. Being levied upon a graduated scale, the poor are exempt, those of moderate means feel it lightly, while its greatest weight falls upon those who can best bear it.

The Indianapolis News says that a compromise upon the tariff will be reached—"the consumers are to be trimmed to fit the tariff."

Speaking of Democratic presidential timber in 1912, says the New York Sun, members of the Democratic National Committee now assert that Governor Johnson of Minnesota is weak and racial, that Governor Harmon of Ohio will not be reelected, that Senator Shively of Indiana is looming up and that Governor Marshall of that State would loom up also if he would reduce "that head swelling propensity." These selfsame Democratic national committeemen are convinced that Luke E. Wright of Tennessee, Roosevelt's Secretary of War, is to get a place on the Supreme Court bench of the United States, Chief Justice Fuller's if possible, which along with the reported prospective appointment of Mr. Bowers has convinced these Democratic national committeemen that President Taft is to attempt to disintegrate the Democratic party by more effective methods than those essayed by either President McKinley or President Roosevelt.

The Missouri Supreme Court sustains the State law which denies licenses to insurance companies which pay any of their officers salaries in excess of \$50,000. The act was passed two years ago and has been the subject of extended litigation. While upholding the validity of the statute the court declared that it was unwise legislation and recommended its repeal.

Wireless current, transmitted a distance of five miles, is being used to light an electrical exhibition in Omaha.



## NEW YORK SMUGGLERS.

"Flaneur" Gives the Views of a New York Customs Inspector on Men and Women Offenders.

A New York customs inspector, who is by no means anxious to inclose his card even as a guaranty of good faith, says that the women passengers landing in New York give far more trouble than the men. He was persuaded into this general reflection by an invitation to give his views upon some of the more recent smuggling attempts, and notably of the latest effort of all, where a lady of position, after making the usual declarations, was found to have a considerable quantity of dutiable articles stored under a false bottom in her trunk. The lady in question defended herself, quite effectively as she thought, by saying that the dealer had taken upon himself all the trouble of packing and had assured her that there would be no need to say anything about the secret compartment or its guilty contents. The trunk, by the way, had evidently been made for the purpose of smuggling, and this suggests a branch of foreign industry that has been unaccountably omitted from trade reports and the like.

The fate of this particular lady is still in the balance, but it was the exquisitely feminine defense that led my friend the inspector thus to generalize upon the fiscal morality of women. In point of fact he spoke of it as swindling, and had I been of the suffragette persuasion I might have retorted that there was no moral obligation upon the part of women to observe laws that are passed without their concurrence or assent. As well might the old-time Rhine traders be accused of swindling because they selected the darkest and stormiest nights for their perilous passage past the fortresses of the robber barons. But then the real onus of the modern offense lies in the false declaration rather than in the attempt to take full advantage of the low prices ruling in Europe. The Recording Angel, if he is so ungallant as to enter the dereliction at all, will put it under the head of lying rather than of smuggling. Whether the lie necessitated by the evasion of a tyrannical law has exactly the same moral obliquity as other branches of the art of mendacity is a point that may well be left to the theologian.

The point of special concern to the customs inspector was the amazing ability of the average woman to prevaricate without self-betrayal. Now a man, argued the inspector, is differently constituted. With the best of intentions to lie, the art, for him, is one to be acquired and it can rarely be done with verisimilitude when the conditions are unusual. A man needs a certain amount of familiarity with the circumstances and a sufficiency of mental rehearsal. These being lacking, he is usually clumsy, embarrassed, and even stammering. He is nearly sure to give himself away. He can not lie with graceful and convincing abandon, but this is due not to conscience, but to stupidity. Now, it is quite different with the woman smuggler. The one overshadowing fact upon her mental horizon is the fact that her interests are threatened and that a contemplated advantage is in peril. The whole Ten Commandments and all the law and the prophets are obliterated in a moment and the primal instinct of self-protection by cunning holds the field. For her the false declaration ceases even to be an incident. It is a curious point in feminine psychology, says the inspector, and he imputes no blame because he does not think the woman smuggler can help it. A truthful declaration simply does not present itself to her as an alternative.

But this exquisitely smooth exterior is, he explains, a thorn in the flesh to officialdom. It is only by outward signs that he can judge of the purity of heart, and when we understand the situation we can see that this is really so. Take the case of a passenger who is approaching New York. A blank declaration is handed to him and he is required to fill it up with a statement of his acquisitions and their value. He must also say whether he is a resident of America or a non-resident, the latter possessing some privileges in the way of importations denied to the former. Now, there are several ways of smuggling. It is easy, for instance, to take the new dress purchased a month ago at the Magasin du Louvre, rip out the name and declare that it was purchased in America. What can the inspector do in the face of that assertion but accept it unless there shall be something in the owner's manner, some embarrassment or some confusion, of which capital can be made? Or let us suppose that the passenger has a diamond ring or a string of pearls purchased in Europe and which is quietly slipped into the owner's pocket without the formality of a declaration. It is evident that the official is perfectly powerless unless there be some sign of a guilty conscience to justify further inquiry or a search. It is no small thing to search a passenger, and especially a woman, and it is never done without the gravest causes for suspicion, and these causes are rarely supplied except by the passenger himself. The customs officers, thus thrown upon their intuition, become adepts in reading human nature. The way in which their direct questions are answered, the slight embarrassment, or the momentary confusion are eloquent of guilt and but little pressure is needed to produce a confession. But such tell-tale indications are rarely to be found in the woman smuggler. Hardly ever does she give herself away by her own demeanor. Her methods may be bungling, as in the case of the woman with the false bottom to her trunk, but she never loses her self-possession or allows her faultless expression of innocence to be ruffled. If the immunity of the woman smuggler depended wholly upon her facial control she would never be caught. She usually meets

her Waterloo from her conviction that all danger is passed as soon as she finds herself in the street and with her belongings upon a cab.

But it often happens that the authorities are convinced of a woman's guilt, although they have no proof at hand. They may be certain that the dresses found in her trunk are neither her own property nor purchased in America. They may feel sure that she has jewelry in her pockets or lace wrapped around her legs, as was actually done a short time ago. In that case she is watched, and woe betide her if it is found that the dresses are delivered to one of the stores or that visits are being made to the diamond or lace merchants. Most of the recent seizures have taken place in New York itself, and not at the customs sheds.

But smuggling is not common either by men or by women. There are incorrect declarations galore, but fraudulent intention is rarely taken for granted. The authorities would rather allow a few smugglers to go free than cause any general or unnecessary inconvenience, and the fact that so many thousands of passengers land monthly in New York and that they go on their way without reviling the custom-house and without being much the poorer for its ministrations is proof of a moderation and a courtesy not usually placed to its credit.

NEW YORK, May 27, 1909.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Highway Cow.

The hue of her hide was a dusky brown,  
Her body was lean and her neck was slim;  
One horn turned up, and the other down;  
She was keen of vision and long of limb;  
With a Roman nose, and a short stump tail,  
And ribs like the hoops on a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear—  
She had been the target for all things known;  
On many a scar the dusky hair  
Would grow no more where it once had grown;  
Many a passionate parting shot  
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well-aimed stone,  
Many a brickbat of goodly size,  
And many a cudgel, swiftly thrown,  
Had brought the tears to her hoarse eyes,  
Or had hounded off from her hony hack  
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound,  
For helping herself to the neighbors' corn;  
Many a cowardly cur and hound  
Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;  
Many a teapot and old tin-pail  
Had the farmer-boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,  
Though sometimes tempted to be profane  
When many a weary mile he ran,  
To drive her out of his growing grain.  
Sharp were the pranks she used to play  
To get her fill and to get away.

She knew when the deacon went to town;  
She wisely watched him when he went by;  
He never passed her without a frown,  
And an evil gleam in each angry eye;  
He would crack his whip in a surly way,  
And drive along in his "one-horse shay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call,  
Lifting his ears with her crumpled horn;  
Nimble scaling his garden wall,  
Helping herself to his standing corn;  
Eating his cabbages, one by one;  
Hurrying home when her work was done.

Often the deacon homeward came,  
Humming a hymn from the house of prayer,  
His hopeful heart in a tranquil frame,  
His soul as calm as the evening air,  
His forehead smooth as a well-worn plow—  
To find in his garden that highway cow.

His human passions were quick to rise,  
And striding forth with a savage cry,  
With fury blazing from both his eyes,  
As lightnings flash in a summer sky,  
Redder and redder his face would grow,  
And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round,  
Breaking his pear and apple-trees,  
Trampling his melons into the ground,  
Overturning his hives of bees,  
Leaving him angry and badly stung,  
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall;  
The years went by, with their work and play;  
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,  
And the gray-haired farmers passed away  
One by one, as the red leaves fall—  
But the highway cow outlived them all.

All earthly creatures must have their day,  
And some must have their months and years.  
Some in dying will long delay—  
There is a climax to all careers;  
And the highway cow at last was slain  
In running a race with a railway train.

All into pieces at once she went,  
Just like the savings banks when they fail;  
Out of the world she was swiftly sent—  
Little was left but her old stump tail.  
The farmers' corn-fields and gardens now  
Are haunted no more by the highway cow.

—Eugene J. Hall.

Six hundred diamonds have been found in the Arkansas diamond field, the largest being six and one-half carats, the smallest one thirty-second of a carat and the average size about one-half a carat. The field is in the vicinity of Murfreesboro, Pike County, in Southwestern Arkansas, and some of the diamonds were found on the surface where the soil had been washed away. Others have been found by digging, and some in rock and earth readily worked.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Alexandra is said to have a strong dislike for the London suffragettes.

W. P. Frith, R. A., the veteran English artist, was recently congratulated by the king on attaining the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday. Mr. Frith still busies himself with his brush when the light is strong enough to suit.

Sir Augustus Waller, professor of physiology at the University of London, will come to the University of California to deliver the Hitchcock series of lectures next college year. He will arrive here for the course on September 18.

Stonewall Jackson Christian, grandson of General "Stonewall" Jackson, was nominated by President Roosevelt for West Point. There was evidence at his christening that the family had accepted the name conferred at Bull Run on the famous soldier.

On orders from his father, the Maharajah of Baroda, India, the seventeen-year-old son, Jaisnt Gaekwar, who is a student at Harvard, must return home June 26. He had intended to remain in this country for several years. The father is one of the richest rulers in the world, the family jewels alone being valued at \$75,000,000, most of them inherited.

Mrs. Jennie F. Metcalf of Winchester has just won the private secretaryship in one of the largest English tea firms in the world at a salary of \$1500 a year and all expenses. The place was awarded by a competitive examination, in which there were twenty-five competitors, sixteen of whom were men. The appointment is for three years and she is to go first to Hongkong and then to India.

William S. Washburn of New York and Washington has been appointed civil service commissioner by the President to succeed James T. Williams. Mr. Washburn was for seven years director of the civil service in the Philippines, and was successful in his administration of the work. Earlier, he graduated from the medical department of George Washington University, and for a time was instructor at the medical school there.

Prince Ito is said to have resigned his position as Japanese Resident General in Korea. The appointment of Viscount Sone, the president Vice Resident General, to succeed Prince Ito in Korea is said to be certain, and that post, then vacated, will not be filled immediately. It is understood that while some changes in the method of administering Korean affairs have been agreed upon, the general policy will be that followed by Prince Ito for the past two years.

Mr. Rodman Wanamaker of New York at a recent dinner advanced the idea that a massive statue of an Indian placed at the gateway to the New World would be the most fitting memorial to the race which played such a prominent part in our early history. Colonel Cody, General Nelson A. Miles, Major-General Leonard A. Wood, General Horace Porter—each of whom has had more than a pictorial acquaintance with our picturesque predecessors, and each of whom spoke at the dinner—grew enthusiastic on the spot and declared that the idea had their heartiest indorsement.

Lady Colebrooke, who is famous alike for her beauty, accomplishments, and skill as a political hostess, possesses a wonderfully complete carpenter and wood-carving shop at Abington, Lanarkshire, Scotland. Here she has not only turned out some clever pieces of work, but she has taught some of the village girls on her husband's estate how to fashion wood by hammer and chisel. Lady Colebrooke is a clever sculptor, too, and has exhibited at the Paris Salon. She shares with her husband a love of all that is artistic and beautiful, and to add to all these varied accomplishments she can drive a four-in-hand and a Russian droschky-and-three.

Dr. William Gell of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, has recently arrived in London, after an expedition in China, the main feature of which was tracing the great wall for 1800 miles from the coast of Shanhaikwan to Kiyakun, on the northern border of Tibet. He was amazed to find indications that the westernization of China is spreading to the remotest parts of that country, especially in military training. He saw small groups of men drilling in far-away villages. Sometimes there were only a dozen, but all were apparently controlled by some system. The people themselves seemed unaware of what they were doing it for, but Dr. Gell thinks it indicates the carrying out of a general plan to prepare secretly an enormous trained army.

The Prince and Princess of Belgium are among the most versatile of royalties. The princess, who was the Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria, is a fully qualified doctor of medicine and a playwright. She has also the reputation of being the best dressed princess in Europe, and most of her beautiful gowns are designed entirely by herself. Moreover, she has founded a hospital, started a training school for cooks, and, every now and then, offers prizes for the best dishes made. Then she has endeared herself to both rich and poor through her social work in Brussels. The prince is also of a literary bent and has written more than one clever book. He is said to have a democratic outlook on life, and studies earnestly politics and the government of nations. He is also one of the best shots in Europe, has traveled widely, and is intensely interested in aeronautics. At present he is on an extensive tour in the Congo.



## THE LUCK OF BUCK.

By Bourdon Wilson.

Some fellers can draw to a toothpick and ketch a woodpile every time they shove up an ante, I mean if it's just old-fashioned every-day poker you're playin', and nothin' but good hard money in the pot, but those same fellers can't pick up as good as ace high when it's the purty little woman they're dead in love with that's in the middle o' the table. That's the only way I can explain how Buck Robinson came to win out with Juanita, with me and Bud and the rest o' the Triangle-A outfit settin' into the game.

To a dead moral certainty the' wa'n't anything fetchin' about Buck. Of course he could ride a hoss without fallin' off, and rope a steer proper, and handle a gun scientific-like, else he wouldn't a lasted longer'n a whoop in hades, cow-punchin' down in Arizony in them days. What I mean is, the' wa'n't anything to him to make a woman want to look at him more'n once, less'n she was feelin' blue and wanted to laugh. Fact is, his style o' beauty was mighty similar to a mud-turkle's, 'cause he didn't have any worth hollerin' about. His hair and moustache was red as fire, whilst his face was polka-dotted with freckles bigger'n the spots on a pinto pony, and that long, lean, turkey-gobbler neck o' his'n had a go-fetch-it workin' up and down inside you could hung a saddle on; standin' six foot four in his socks, and no wider where his arms hitched on than where he hit the ground, he shore did resemble a telegraph-pole with a somebody's pink pill on the top. That's the chromo a-straddle of a crow-bait of a hoss that blows up to the Triangle-A one day; and the Old Man hires it.

We hasty-like sized him up as a tenderfoot, he was that gentle and meek lookin' in the face, and started in to have some fun with him, settin' up the old bunch o' jokes that cow-punchers spring on greenhorns, but he mighty soon showed us that he was an old-timer with whiskers all over him. That gave him the laugh on us, and we wouldn't have been human if we hadn't laid for him, schemin' and watchin' for a chanst to get back at him, and it come at last, accidental-like.

"Buck," says I, goin' into the bull-pen one evenin', "the's goin' to be a *baile* over at Don Ramon Sanchez's tomorrow night, and Bud's just come from there, bringin' an invite for the whole caboodle of us. You goin'?"

"A *baile*. What's that?" he wants to know.

"Why, a dance," says I. "And it's shore to be a warm event, too—at Don Ramon's. Won't be any American ladies in sigbt, I reckon, 'cause the' aint any this side o' Tucson, but the'll be señoritas a plenty, and they're shore the real thing when it comes to shakin' yore foot. Better put on yore war-paint and go."

"No, reckon you better leave me out," says he, sorter hesitative. "I aint never set into the society game hardly none at all, and I'm feared I'd renig, or somethin'."

"Renig!" I laugh. "Why, you can't; you don't have to follow suit or nothin'; you just light in and cut out any señorita what looks good to you, and when you've swung her till the music stops, set her back on the bench by her ma. That's all the' is to society. You just watch me and Bud and you won't fall down on it."

"But I can't talk to 'em, I aint had my tongue split," he objects.

"Don't have to," says I, "except just a few words. It's like this: You sasshay up to yore señorita and say, '*Wayna tarde, señorita, kyerry ustay haceme el gran favor*'—"

"Say, hold on there," Buck breaks in. "Stop yore cussin' me, less'n you're lookin' for a rookus. Naw, if them señoritas can't *sabe* my good U. S. lingo, then they aint for me."

By that time I'd caught on that he was bashful o' ladies, was why he pulled back. And say, if the's any proposition more comical than a bashful man at a *baile*, with a bunch o' cow-punchers to start the ball and keep it a-rollin', then I aint ever shook hands with it.

"But they can *sabe* yore talk," I answer quick, "at least some of 'em. Besides, the's shore to be a hot game o' draw goin' on, and you can set into that, if the dancin' aint yore style."

Buck was the biggest poker fiend I ever seen, and that fetched him just as I knowed it would. He was in the midst o' the bunch when we hit the trail for Don Ramon's next day. Arrivin' and hitchin' our hosses, we head for where the fiddles was whinnyin' and went in.

"Well, fellers," says Bud, comin' to a stop inside the door, "here's where friendship ceases."

And shore enough, there stood Juanita on the other side o' the room, lookin' mighty interested in what her ma was sayin', but with them big black eyes o' hers just a-dancin', flashin' dares and deviltry at every man in sight. And say, she shore was a lallapaloosa! She had on white from tip to tip, a white *mantilla*, white slippers, and a limpy silky white dress that let a feller see she was all there with the goods. She shore did look like an angel, 'spite of her weighin' a hundred and thirty on the hoof. I seen her eyes sorter brighten up when she ketched sight of us. The' was always somethin' stirrin' w'en the Triangle-A got around her, every galoot in the outfit bein' that soft about her, but the next minute the dimples slip out o' her face, and she goes a-jarin' at Buck same as if he was some new kind o' varmint. And Buck—Well, say, I wanted him to lay down on and laugh, the way he acted

up. I reckon he'd never seen such a good-looker before in all o' his born days. First, his face gets red as fire, and his eyes bulge out till you could a knocked 'em off with a stick, and then, seein' her starin' at him, he just wilts and fades away, sinkin' his head down between his shoulders, bashful as a boy with his first little *dulce*. The fiddles open up just then, and I make a hot-foot for Juanita, arrivin' just a inch ahead o' Bud. As my arm slips around her waist, I go into a trance that holds me a while; and I'm talkin' Spanish and English all mixed up when I come out of it, but Juanita wa'n't correspondin' worth a cent—she was still gazin' at Buck.

"Who's yore new friend?" she asts, as my tongue slows down.

"Meanin' that red-necked giraft?" says I, laughin'. "Oh, we rounded it up over at the Triangle-A last month. It's human, if it does look like a joke what's strayed out of a funny picture book."

"Goin' to interduce him to me?" she wants to know. "Why most shorely," I answer. "We aint so selfish that we're goin' to keep all that fun to ourselves. Le's circle round there, and I'll let him finish this set with you."

"Why do you laugh at him?" she inquires, serious-like. "He has a real kind face. How blue his eyes are. And, oh what beautiful hair."

I bust out laughin'. "You bet he's got a kind face," I agree. "A kind you can't tell from a spotted byena. And if I had that beytiful hair o' his'n, I'd shore go and hire myself out to stand in a seegyar store for a lighter."

That shows how curious wimmen folks are. I thought I'd got off somethin' real comic, but Juanita didn't even crack a smile. The next minute we swung around to where Buck was standin', and come to a stop. We took him all by surprise. His under jaw dropped down, and his go-fetch-it shot up in his throat and stuck there; he was backin' off to make a getaway when I grabbed his arm.

"Hold on there, old feller, don't be so hasty," says I, jerkin' him back; "lemme solemnize yore interduction to this young lady. Miss Sanchez, Mr. Robinson." I went on, sweepin' off my hat and makin' my fanciest bow. "Mr. Robinson, Miss Sanchez. Be acquainted."

"Very happy to meet you," responds Juanita, holdin' out her hand.

If I hadn't had a hold o' Buck, he'd have shut up like a jack-knife, it kerflumixed him so. I shore thought his face was goin' to bust, it swelled up and got so red. "Shake hands, you chump!" I whispered, shovin' out his arm. But he was too far gone to wiggle a finger, and Juanita at last grabbed his hooks and done the shakin' herself. "Now swoller that Adam's apple and make response," I whisper again, givin' his shins a kick to bring him to, but all I got was somethin' that sounds like a chokin' calf. But I nod my head, makin' believe to understand. "Miss Sanchez," says I, turnin' and makin' Juanita another bow, "Mr. Robinson asts as a special favor to let him take my place and finish this set; of course I aint tired of you, but, to oblige a old friend—"

And before either one can object, I fade away in the crowd, leavin' 'em standin' there just lookin' at one another. But Juanita was the nervy one. Spite o' the snickers and haw-haws that went up all about, she put Buck's arm around her waist and drags him out in the floor, then whirls him and starts him to dancin' whether or not. But 'twas mighty like she was waltzin' a cow, Buck's legs was so long and his feet so big, and him such a wilted proposition in general, and they didn't finish half-way 'round the room before everybody else stopped dancin' to watch the performance. Then the fiddlers ketched on, and begin to sling music fast as they can jiggle their bows, settin' the whole room a-goin', whoopin' and hollerin' and stompin' their feet, same as if 'twas a hoe-down. Drops o' sweat big as marbles was rollin' down Buck's face, and his teeth was gritted so tight you couldn't see where his mouth was, but Juanita just kept on a-smilin'. At last some galoot with too much O-be-joyful inside gets hilarious and lets go his shooter six times in the ceilin', fillin' the room with smoke, and Bud sees his chanst to stick out his foot. Instantaneous, Buck goes down on the floor, all spraddled out, draggin' Juanita with him, and a yell you could a heard a mile goes up. Bud *pranta*-like stoops down to pick her up, but she beat his hands off, and hops to her feet like a jack-in-a-box, facin' him, her head throwed back and her eyes flashin' fire. And everything gets so quiet you could a heard a pin drop.

"Oh, you coward!" says she, quiet and low, but bitin' the words out one at a time, pizen as a rattlesnake's bite; and her arm shoots out straight from the shoulder, landin' her hand on his face with a smack like a six-shooter goin' off. "Now, go!" she adds; "I never want to see your ugly face again!"

Pore old Bud! It shore was a bitter finish for him, he was that deep in love with her, and had been so certain of gettin' her. For a minute he stands lookin' his very heart and soul into her eyes, and she lookin' back at him with the devil in hers, then his head drops and he makes a sneak for the door; he knowed he'd hurt that fool blue-blooded Spanish pride o' hers past forgiveness. A letter come from Tucson a month after, tellin' the Old Man to send his time there, but that was all; we never seen him again. And when we come to look for Buck, he was gone, too, out the back way.

The rookus broke up the *baile*, of course. Gettin' back to the Triangle-A, we find that Buck has beat us there, and took his blankets out o' the bull-pen—"fraid we're goin' to kid him off the earth, we think, but that's

where we fell down good and hard. We did turn loose on him when he showed up at breakfast next mornin', but cut it off mighty *pronta* as he whips out a gun in each hand, his eyes gettin' little and wicked, and backs off into a corner.

"Shut up and listen to me," he barks, sharp and business-like. "You fellers made a monkey o' me last night, but I'll stand for that; I aint used to ladies and society doins, and oughter knowed enough to stay away. But I can't stand kiddin', and I aint goin' to try to stand it, and I aint goin' to pull my freight either; if any o' you fellers ever want to start the fireworks to goin', just say *baile* to me. And another thing, if I ever hear o' you passin' any funny jokes about that little girl, I warn you right now, I'll kill you same as a rattlesnake! That goes as it lays, you hear me!"

Whew! Maybe that didn't take the wind out o' us. I felt meek as Mary's little lamb when he got through, and the rest o' the bunch shore did look it. Seein' that none of us had anything appropriate to respond, he put up his guns and sets down, and for the rest o' the meal we used our mouths strictly for business purposes.

That ended all sociable intercourse with him; he'd talk short with us about the weather, or cows, or whatever we was doin', but that was his limit. He shore was the stand-offest proposition I ever seen. He never did come back to the bull-pen to sleep, just herded to himself like, but we purty soon begin to *sabe* why that was. I ketched him myself, hangin' 'round the Sanchez place at night—not inside, but hidin' out in the chaparral where he could see in. Blest if he wa'n't playin' the bear to Juanita, as they say down in Mexico. And what's more, old Don Ramon, and the señora, and Juanita all knowed he was. 'Twas all so funny, the idea of a feller with such a lookin' aspect as his'n bein' in love with Juanita, and not havin' the nerve to go inside and tell her so, that we had somethin' to laugh about in the bull-pen all winter, to say nothin' of kiddin' Juanita whenever we'd go callin' on her. But spring-time shore did bring him his turn to laugh at us.

'Twas in the round-up, and we was workin' the hilly country down along the Huachuca trail at the time it happens. Buck was ridin' to himself as usual, climbin' a little ridge a couple o' hundred yards ahead of us, when we hear a lot o' guns goin' off on the other side somewhere, and he goes gallopin' to the top to see what it was. We see him stop and give a look, and then grab off his hat and wave it quick and fast to us, and the next minute he's gone gallopin' down the other side. Knowin' that the Huachuca trail follered along the valley on that side, Injuns flashed into my head, and hollerin' to the other boys to come on, I dig my spurs into my hoss's sides. I'm so shore of it that I get my rifle out by the time we've topped the ridge, and the next minute I'm pumpin' lead. Injuns it was, a band o' fifteen Apache bucks or more, and the last one o' 'em a-leggin' it hot-foot from the hill on the other side o' the valley straight for where a buckboard with two dead horses stood in the trail. I couldn't tell at first who the woman was that jumped out o' the buckboard and come runnin' to meet us, but I'm bettin' Buck knew; anyhow, his hoss was flyin' like a bird for her, with him settin' straight up in the saddle and puffin' smoke from his six-shooters at every jump. Lucky for him, the Apaches wa'n't takin' time to shoot back; three o' 'em went down one after the other, but the rest kept straight for the woman, runnin' their best and gainin' on her at every jump. They was gettin' mighty close to her when Buck's hoss begun to turn in a circle, and we hear him holler somethin' that makes her stop and throw up her arms, sorter leanin' forward and bracin' herself. Slidin' over on his hoss's side hookin' one o' them long legs o' his'n on the saddle. Buck swung down till he could a touched the ground, then his arms shoot out and his hoss staggers, and the next minute he's got the woman up in the saddle before him, and comes gallopin' back to meet us. A few o' the Apaches took a shot at him, then the whole band turned and lit out across the valley, lookin' back over their shoulders to see if we was goin' to foller. But we didn't need 'em in our business, we just kept the bullets a-goin' their way till we see it's Juanita that Buck's got in his arms, when we let out a yell that took 'em out o' range.

The rest aint as hard for me to tell now as it was twenty years ago, when it happened; Juanita married Buck, as she had a right to. Buck he's sheriff o' his county nowadays, runs the politics o' that end o' the Territory; he's a great big feller two foot and a half across the shoulders, and allowed to be the finest lookin' man west o' the Rio Grande. His ten kids all call me Uncle Bob.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1909.

The Academy of Sciences at Vienna has decided upon the creation of phonographic archives, which will be divided into three parts, and which will probably be the most remarkable library on record. The first section will be devoted to examples of European languages and dialects of the different peoples spoken at the beginning of the twentieth century. The second will contain examples of music and song of the same period, while the third section will be reserved for the records of contemporary orators, so that our successors will not only be able to judge of their oratorical powers, but also their accent.

British warships have talked together by wireless telephone while under full head of steam fifty miles away from each other. Improvements are constantly being achieved in this latest invention.



## A NOVEL OF THE SOUTH.

Ellen Glasgow Excels Herself in the Portrayal of Southern Character and Sentiment.

"The Romance of a Plain Man" seems to possess all those excellences that we demand in high-grade fiction. The story in itself is worth telling because while it belongs to the daily order of things the human nature that it sets forth is of a kind to inspire admiration and emulation. It shows the creative power in a high degree, at least six of the characters being distinctively memorable for the fine engraving tones of their portraits. It reflects an historical period of American history, that of the South after the war, and, finally, it has an effective, artistic workmanship. We feel that the author was inspired by a definite intention, and a worthy one, and when we reach the last page we have nothing but a satisfied commendation for the completeness of its accomplishment.

The hero is Ben Starr, the son of a worthy but weak-minded stone-mason who is kept in the path of virtue only by a Spartan rigidity upon the maternal side. When Mrs. Starr dies her not inconsolable spouse takes to himself another helpmate of the golden-haired variety, and little Ben, flying from an uncongenial domestic atmosphere, launches himself upon the world in search of education and a fortune, the two occupying in his mind the relative positions of cause and effect.

Ben is not without a stimulus to his ambitions. He remembers the night when an aristocratic lady and her little girl sought shelter from the storm in the Starr cottage. When Ben offers to take the wet cap from the little guest the haughty lady refuses to part with it because "he is a common boy." Ben did not know what a common boy was, but he ascertained by diligent inquiry, and then came the resolution to rise above the "common" level. The little girl was Sally and she is to become the magnificent heroine of the story.

First of all, Ben becomes errand-boy to a green-grocer. Then he attracts the attention of General Bolingbroke because when that gallant and paternal Southerner asks him if he would not like to grow up and be President, Ben replies with the true American spirit: "No, sir, I'd rather be God." Neither of those positions being vacant at the moment, Ben accepts a job in the great tobacco warehouse and applies himself to the pursuit of knowledge after the expenditure of 50 cents for assorted literature:

My opportunity came at last when Boh Brackett, the manager of the leaf department, discovered me one afternoon tucked away with the half of Johnson's Dictionary in a corner of the steaming room, where the negroes were singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

"I say, Ben, why ain't you out on the floor?" he asked. I laid the book face downwards on the window-sill, and came out, embarrassed and secretive, to where he stood. "I just dropped down here a minute to rest," I replied. "You weren't resting, you were reading. Show me the book."

Without a word I handed him the great dictionary, and he fingered the dog-eared pages with a critical and reflective air. "Holy Moses! It ain't a blessed thing except words," he exclaimed after a minute. "Do you mean to tell me you can sit down and read a dictionary for the pure pleasure of reading?"

"I wasn't reading, I was learning," I answered. "Learning how?"

"Learning by heart. I've already got as far as the d's." "You mean you can say every last word of them a's, b's, and c's straight off?"

I nodded gravely, my hands behind my back, my eyes on the beams in the ceiling. "As far as the d's."

"And you're doing all this learning just to get an education, ain't you?"

My eyes dropped from the beams and I shook my head. "I don't believe it's there, sir."

"What? Where?"

"I don't believe an education is in them. I did once." For a moment he stood turning over the discolored leaves without replying. "I reckon you can tell me the meaning of 'most any word, eh, Ben?'" he demanded.

"Not unless it begins with a, b, or c, sir."

"Well, any word beginning with an a then, that's something. There's a precious lot of them. How about allelujah, how's that for a mouthful?"

Instinctively my eyes closed, and I began my reply in a tone that seemed to chime in with the negro melody.

"Falsely written for Hallelujah, a word of spiritual exultation, used in hymn; signifies, Praise God. He will set his tongue, to those pious divine strains; which may be a proper prelude to those allelujahs, he hopes eternally to sing."

"Government of the tongue?"

"Horay! That's a whopper!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "What's a prae-lu-dium?"

"I told you I hadn't got to p's yet," I returned, not without resentment.

Little Sally hovers dimly in the background during these early years of struggle. Her parents are dead and she is living with her maiden aunts, Miss Mitty and Miss Matoaca. Once Ben is allowed to play with her in the garden, but the shadow of his commonness is still a blight upon his exuberance. Sally is interested in his boyish accomplishments and attracted by his willingness to espouse such derelict cats and dogs as are rejected by her aunts, but the "pale spectre of the salt" is always present. But Ben advances materially and sentimentally. General Bolingbroke, to whom the dictionary incident has been reported, gives him an education and then such financial tips as help him well upon his way toward wealth. Sally finds that she has been in love with Ben all the time, and although he intended to wait for years before a declaration, he finds that natural impulses are too strong for him, especially when they are reinforced by Sally's beautiful promptings. And so the culprits find themselves in the presence of the aunts:

"I—I don't think we understood quite what you said, Sally dear," said Miss Matoaca, in a hesitating voice; and I felt sorry

for her as she spoke—sorry for them both because the edifice of their beliefs and traditions, reared so patiently through the centuries by dead Fairfaxes and Blands, had crumbled about their ears.

"What she means, Miss Matoaca," I said gently, coming forward into the firelight, "is that I have asked her to marry me."

"To marry you—you—Ben Starr?" exclaimed Miss Mitty abruptly, rising from her chair, and then falling nervelessly back. "There is some mistake—not that I doubt," she added courteously, the generations of breeding overcoming her raw impulse of horror, "not that I doubt for a minute that you are an estimable and deserving character—General Bolingbroke tells me so and I trust his word. But Sally marry you! Why, your father—I beg your pardon for reminding you of it—your father was not even an educated man."

"No," I replied, "my father was not an educated man, but I am."

"That speaks very well for you, sir, I am sure—but how—how could my niece marry a man who—I apologize again for alluding to your origin—whose father was a stone-cutter—I have heard?"

"Yes, he was a stone-cutter, and I am sorry to say wasn't even a good one."

"I don't know that good or bad makes a difference, except, of course, as it affected his earning a livelihood. But the fact remains that he was a common workman and that no member of our family on either side has ever been even remotely connected with trade. Surely, you yourself, Mr. Starr, must be aware that my niece and you are not in the same walk in life. Do you not realize the impossibility of—of the connection you speak of?"

"I realized it so much," I answered, "that until I met her this afternoon I had determined to wait five—perhaps ten years before asking her to become my wife."

"Ten years? But what can ten years have to do with it? Families are not made in ten years, Mr. Starr, and how could that length of time alter the fact that your father was a person of no education and that you yourself are a self-made man?"

"I am not ashamed to offer her the man after he is made," I replied. "What I did not think worthy of her was the man in the making."

"But it is the man in the making that I want," said Sally, rising to her feet, and taking my hand in hers. "O Aunt Matoaca, I love him."

How beautiful are these pictures of the maiden aunts with their exquisite courtesy, their tender affection, their devotion to a sense of duty, their contempt for money, their breeding and pride of birth that draws such gentle but inflexible barriers between their own caste and all others. Matoaca has, it is true, deviated somewhat from the traditional lines of propriety. She has been seduced by the suffrage movement, then a dreadful bugbear with the suspiciously Northern suggestion about it. She has even been guilty of claiming to her horrified sister that "there should be no taxation without representation," and so strong is her sense of duty that it even forces the poor, forlorn little lady to walk in a political procession with the flag of her principles displayed aloft:

It was Matoaca, and the breathless horror in the general's voice passed into my own mind as I looked. There she was, in her poke bonnet and her black silk mantle, walking primly at the straggling end of the procession, among a crowd of hooting small boys and gaping negroes. Her eyes, very wide and bright, like the eyes of one who is mentally deranged, were fixed straight ahead, over the lines of men marching in front of her, on the blue sky above the church steeples. Under her poke bonnet I saw her meekly parted hair and her faded cheeks, flushed now with a hectic color. In one neatly gloved hand her silk skirt was held primly; in the other she carried a little white silk flag, on which the staring gold letters were lost in the rippling folds. With her eyes on the sky and her feet in the dust, she marched, a prim, lady-like figure, an inspired spinster, oblivious alike of the hooting small boys and the half-compassionate, half-scoffing gazers upon the pavement.

"She's crazy, Ben," said the general, and his voice broke with a sob.

For a minute, as dazed as he, I stared blankly at the little figure with the white flag. Then he wretchedly gave place before the call to action, and it seemed to me that I saw Sally there as Miss Matoaca, as I had seen her in the rising moon over the clipped yew, and in the whirlpool of the stock market. Leaving my place at the general's side, I descended the steps at a bound, and made my way through the jostling, noisy crowd to the little lady in the midst.

"Miss Matoaca," I said.

For the first time her eyes left the sky, and as she looked down, the consciousness of her situation entered into her strained bright eyes. Her composure was lost in a hitherlike, palpitating movement of terror.

"I—I am going as far as the square, Mr. Starr," she replied, as if she were repeating by rote a phrase in a strange tongue.

At my approach the ridicule, somewhat subdued by the sense of her helplessness, broke suddenly loose. Bending over, I offered her my arm, my head still uncovered. As the hand holding the white flag dropped from exhaustion, I took it, with the hanner, into my own.

"Then I'll go with you, Miss Matoaca," I responded.

Ben and Sally are married—privately because the aunts can not bring themselves to recognize so shocking a departure from immemorial tradition. Ben is a rich man, the president of the bank, and generally recognized by the society of the city. A telling piece of writing describes an unexpected visit from his brother, President, whom he has not seen for twenty years and who has been working as a miner. President owes his curious name to a compromise between his father's veneration for the highest office in the gift of the nation and his disapproval of the occupant of that office. He arrives at Ben's house in the midst of a dinner party and stumbles uncouthly into the presence of the assembly:

"Why, Benjy boy," cried a voice, in a tone of joyous surprise, and while every head turned instantly in the direction of the words, the candles and the roses swam in a blur of color before my eyes. Standing on the threshold, between two flowering azaleas, with a palm branch waving above his head, was President, my brother, who was a miner. Twenty years ago I had last seen him, and though he was rougher and older and grayer now, he had the same honest blue eyes and the same kind, sheepish face. The clothes he wore were evidently those in which he dressed himself for church on Sunday, and they made him ten times more awkward, ten times more ill at ease than he would have looked in his suit of jeans.

"Why, Benjy boy," he burst out again: "and little Jessy." I sprang to my feet, while a hot wave swept over me at the thought that for a single dreadful instant I had been ashamed of my brother. Already I had pushed back my chair, but

before I could move from my place, Sally had walked the length of the table, and stood, tall and queenly, between the flowering azaleas, with her hand outstretched. There was no shame in her face, no embarrassment, no hesitation. Before I could speak she had turned and come back to us, with her arm through President's, and never in my eyes had she appeared so noble, so high-bred, so thoroughly a Bland and a Fairfax as she did at that moment.

"Governor, this is my brother, Mr. Starr," she said in her low, clear voice. "Ben has not seen him for twenty years, so if you will pardon him, he will go upstairs with him to his room."

Then comes the reverse of fortunes. Financial depression brings a run upon the bank and Ben finds himself not only penniless, but with a crushing debt upon his shoulders. Under this affliction we see Sally in the full splendor of her moral colors. She is one of those women who know how to spend money, to use money royally, without allowing the taint of it to soil her soul:

"I'm glad, I'm glad." With the words she was on her knees by my side, and her mouth touched my cheek. "I knew it wasn't the worst, Ben—I knew you'd rather give up the money than give up me. Ah, can't you see—can't you see, that the worst can't come to us while we are still together?"

Leaning over her, I gathered her to me with a hunger for comfort, kissing her eyes, her mouth, her throat, and the loosened hair on her bosom.

"Oh, you witch, you've almost made me happy," I said.

"I am happy, Ben."

"Happy? The horses must go, and the carriage and the furniture even. We'll have to move into some cheap place. I'll get a position of some kind with the railroad, and then we'll have to scrimp and save for an eternity, until we pay off this damned burden of debt."

She laughed softly, her mouth at my ear. "I'm happy, Ben."

"We shan't be able to keep servants. You'll have to wear old clothes, and I'll go so shabby that you'll be ashamed of me. We'll forget what a hottle of wine looks like, and if we were ever to see a decent dinner, we shouldn't recognize it."

Again she laughed, "I'm still happy, Ben."

"We'll live in some God-forsaken, out-of-the-way little hole, and never even dare to ask a person in to a meal for fear there wouldn't be enough potatoes to go around. It will be a daily uphill grind until I've managed to pay off honestly every cent I owe."

Her arms tightened about my neck, "Oh, Ben, I'm so happy."

What follows is even better, but the reader must find it for himself. It is very certain that he will find all that there is to find, for no one could leave this charming book unfinished. It is one of the wholly delightful stories of modern American literature.

"The Romance of a Plain Man," by Ellen Glasgow. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The story of the naming of Ypsilanti, Michigan, dates back to the time of the Greek Revolution. Some feeling arose over a name for the town and a meeting was held at which the admirers of General Demetrius Ypsilanti, the Greek general who was important as a leader for the people, won and the Greek name was given to the city. Some fifteen years ago an attaché of the Greek legation at Washington heard of the city of Ypsilanti. The evident origin of the name interested him and he wrote to the mayor of Ypsilanti, asking how it happened that the city had the name of the Greek general, which he said was also his family name. He asked if there were any Greeks there and wished to know something of the city. The reply told him something of how the city received its name and he responded with an offer of a portrait of his kinsman if the city cared for the gift. Later this was received and cared for.

Morgagni, the founder of modern pathology, was an Italian. Auenbrugger, inventor of physical diagnosis, an Austrian. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, and Lister, father of modern surgery, were Englishmen. Schwann, originator of the cell doctrine, and Koch, who isolated the bacillus of tuberculosis, are credited to Germany; O'Dwyer, inventor of intubation, and Wright, who worked out the theory of opsonin, which teaches how the blood fights disease, to Ireland. Pasteur, father of preventive medicine, who taught the world the causes of sickness and demonstrated that no one need die of parasitic diseases, was born in France.

Men's hats, stiff or soft alike, are made from the fur of the rabbit. A copper cone, whose very top is more or less the shape of the crown of a derby hat, and whose sides are covered with minute holes, is revolved very swiftly over a suction fan. The fur is fed onto the cone and the suction and the swift revolution draws this against the cone in the form of a fur cone very far in shape from the finished hat, but which rapidly becomes a finished hat by sizing, shrinking, shaping, and trimming. Individual skill of a very high order counts for everything. Danbury, Connecticut, makes 90 per cent of the stiff hats made in the United States.

Dr. Charles William Eliot, for forty years president of Harvard University, surrendered his office and stepped into private life on May 19. The reins of government of the university were taken up by Abbott Lawrence Lowell, the new president. The transfer of authority was unmarked by any interruption in the regular college work. During the day a fund of nearly \$150,000, collected by a committee of the alumni, was presented to Dr. Eliot. Although seventy-five years of age, Dr. Eliot will do considerable speaking.

On the largest tobacco farm in the world, a 250,000-acre affair, near Amsterdam, Georgia, is grown about a third of all the Sumatra tobacco used for cigar wrappers in the United States.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Inner Shrine.* Anonymous. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

It may be that a certain profitable curiosity is aroused by anonymity, but it is safe to say that there will be no feverish curiosity to discover the identity of the author of "The Inner Shrine." There are half a dozen women in America who might have written it.

The story begins in Paris and ends in New York. Diane Eveleth is the wife of a wealthy man whom she unwittingly helps to ruin by her extravagances and the part that she plays in the extreme society of the French capital. The Marquis de Bienville, claiming a greater success than is actually his, is challenged by Diane's husband. Bienville fires in the air, while Eveleth sends his bullet into his own brain. Then Diane and her mother-in-law realize for the first time the rate at which they have been living and that they are practically penniless. They decide to return to New York, and so we are introduced to the second part of the story.

Poverty has an ennobling effect upon Diane. Securing a situation in the family of a banker, a widow, there is a second love story, and Diane's troubles seem to be at an end. But during a business journey the banker meets the wicked marquis, who boastfully repeats the lie that cost Eveleth his life, and does it in such a way that the banker easily recognizes Diane as the heroine of the story. As a result the engagement is broken off, and in a manner of such calculated brutality as should place the erstwhile lover beyond the pale. How the tangle is ultimately straightened the reader must discover for himself.

The story is well told—directly, forcefully, and sincerely, as might be expected from any skillful and imaginative writer. It should rank as a distinct success, but this is far from saying that it is a great story or that it marks an era in fiction. It contains no touch of genius, it throws no strong nor new light upon character, it has no deep analysis of motive or of human nature, and none of its actors will join that permanent collection that novel readers carry in their minds. Diane is a striking figure, but neither unique nor lovable. The author presumably did not intend to paint the banker-lover as a bad man, but he is a bad man, and repulsively bad. "The Inner Shrine" is a novel that will be read with interest as a bold and striking piece of fiction and it will rank with—but not above—many other contemporary stories of similar merits. It is very good, but it is not great.

*Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief,* by A. M. Wenley. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

It is a matter for congratulation that a layman, and so intelligent a layman, was selected in 1909 to deliver the Baldwin lectures "for the establishment and defense of Christian truth." After reading these gentle and scholarly orations we may well believe that the "decay of the Faith" would be less apparent if its presentation were entrusted wholly to laymen.

The object of the lecturer is to show the causes of the waning influence of the church, and while he expresses his opinion with a graceful moderation it amounts none the less to an admonition of the pulpit rather than of the pew. Indeed, we would all of us go to church if we could find there so admirable a theology, so frank a facing of the facts, so careful an emphasis upon the practical value of religious ideals in daily life, so constant an insistence upon the efficacy of religion to modify the conditions of the world, so steady an indication of future possibilities. The author's clear insight into facts, his spiritual realization of the meaning of religion convinces us more than ever before that the people have not forsaken the churches, but that the churches have forsaken the people and that the appeal for reunion should be addressed to the preachers and not elsewhere.

*The Christian Doctrine of God,* by William Newton Clarke, D. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

This volume belongs to the International Theological Library, already containing over thirty weighty works by the foremost theological scientists and thinkers of the day. It may be regretted that the editors have not confined themselves to works of direct research and scholarship to the exclusion of purely doctrinal speculations that might have been regarded as authoritative twenty years ago, but that have been relegated by the freedom of modern thought to the domain of personal opinion.

The present volume, for example, is not controversial. Its purpose is "to state the Christian doctrine of God—not to prove it, but to present it." To the layman who knows that there are nearly as many Christian doctrines of God as there are Christians the task seems a large one. Moreover, it carries the inference with it that those who fail to find their own particular doctrines in this book are not Christians. Unless we are much mistaken, there are many earnest Christian think-

ers who sturdily object to the old-fashioned practice of attributing characteristics to Deity and of a mental search for God that consists of little more than the application of a high-power microscope to our own human virtues. It is no longer, or necessarily, a part of Christian doctrine to represent Deity as omnipresent and omnipotent while separating Himself by likes and dislikes from large categories of human thought and action. Many Christians do these things and have a right to do them, but no one now has a right to codify certain beliefs and to say that these, and not others, represent "Christian Doctrine." There are many Christians who exclude adjectives altogether from the vocabulary of their thoughts about God.

But within its limitations the book is admirably written. There is a fine simplicity about its style and a deep and gentle sincerity is stamped upon every page. As a devotional work, as a fine presentation of the theology that used to be called orthodox it must afford measureless satisfaction to large numbers of Christians. But the years of grace are too far advanced for the reintroduction of tests and standards or for a separation of the sheep and the goats of dogmas and creeds.

*The Panama Canal and Its Makers,* by Vaughan Cornish. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

The author of this well written survey of the Panama Canal works is an Englishman and therefore feels that the great matters in dispute as to the nature of the project are largely outside of his province. He states the case for and against the sea-level plan with moderation, and that his engineering instincts are not outraged by the decision in favor of the high level is shown by his opinion that the chief objection to be urged against it is the difficulty of defense.

His picture of the undertaking, although not controversial, is one of special interest. Writing as an engineer he keeps well away from technical descriptions and confines his observations to just those points that appeal to ordinary, untrained intelligence. The practical work, the power employed, the organization of the force, sanitation, amusements, and pay, all arrest his attention and are the causes of exceptionally clear and enthusiastic writing. The author does not understand why so few Americans visit the canal, inasmuch as "to go to Culebra is as if one were privileged to watch the building of the Pyramids." He met hardly a single American who had come voluntarily for pleasure.

There is one other point upon which he expresses his surprise. He quotes Senator Depew to the effect that labor union action has resulted in the fact that the cost in wages and food to run American ships under American conditions across the Pacific is double that of European or Japanese steamers. He thinks, therefore, that there are some grounds for the opinion sometimes expressed in the United States that "the canal is being built with American money for the use of Europe—and, one may add, of Japan."

*The Life of a Fossil Hunter,* by Charles H. Sternberg. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.60.

In his introduction Mr. Henry Fairchild Osborn says that the name of the author is attached to "discoveries in many parts of the West; discoveries which have formed distinct contributions to science, to the advance of paleontology, to our knowledge of the wonderful ancient life of North America. His is a career full of adventure, of self-sacrifice, worthy of lasting recognition by all lovers of nature."

Whereas we might have expected a somewhat dry book upon very dry bones we have instead a story of adventure and of pursuit just as fascinating as if the quarry were alive. Mr. Sternberg's scientific proclivities began at an early age. When he was seventeen he determined that fossil collecting should be the business of his life and his first great opportunity came when Professor Cope of Philadelphia accepted his offer to explore the chalk of western Kansas. The success of his career was at once assured. From that day to this his assiduity has carried him to many parts of the country and he has enriched the museums of America and of Germany at the cost to himself of privation and danger. Rarely do we find so fine a combination of scientist and descriptive writer. There are few hunters of live game who can tell so good a story, who have seen so much adventure, or experienced so many escapes. Such a record would in any case be interesting, but it becomes fascinating from the exuberance of its style and the hearty enthusiasm that animates every page.

*Chip,* by F. E. Mills Young. Published by John Lane, New York.

This story is told with a simplicity that reconciles us with its improbabilities. Bart Mordaunt is a South African rancher who, after being deceived by a woman, drags out a misanthropic and somewhat dissipated existence on the borders of Swaziland. Advertising for an overseer, he engages Chip Farquharson for that position, although with some misgivings on account of his lack of experience and slender build. At an early stage in the story the reader is allowed to see that Chip is a woman who for reasons of her own is earning her living as a man, but Mordaunt does not awake to this fact until the companionable qualities of his overseer have not only won his heart, but induced him to reform. The idea is not, of course, a new one, but it is developed with marked and delicate skill, while the picture of life in South Africa, while drawn with some caution, seems to be accurate.

*The Lady of the White Veil,* by Rose O'Neil. Published by Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

The author overwhelms us with impossible and fantastic adventure. There is a fascinating young man, a lady in a white veil—in fact two of them, an insane artist who is also a criminal, a series of mysterious assignments in empty houses, and an intolerable amount of semi-buffoonery. The underlying idea is a good one in its way when we get to it, but by that time we are tired of mysterious footsteps, whisperings in the dark, and incomprehensible absurdities, sadly out of place in a story of New York and of modern men and women. Even fiction should not be wholly impossible.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York, has published a little volume of verse entitled "Rosemary," by Edith Abercrombie-Miller.

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LITERARY NOTES.

International Politics.

*America and the Far Eastern Question*, by Thomas F. Millard. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$4.

Asiatic events have moved so rapidly within the last few years, and there has been so much perplexity as to their trend and intention that Mr. Millard's book can hardly fail of a welcome. He is an acute observer, he has a marked power to arrange facts in mutual relationships and his survey is always a wide one and its parts well balanced.

Mr. Millard's book is a general consideration of the disturbance caused by Japan's emergence into world affairs. He shows the expansion of her ideals that have resulted from initial successes and he weighs the probabilities of her policies toward America, China, Korea, and Russia with much political astuteness. Concluding with an important section on the Philippines, he finds that here at least everything is good, that integrity and efficiency are the order of the day, and that the government comprises a body of men superior to similar bodies in the United States.

An author who undertakes such a task as this is of course entitled to speak from a text, to avow a motive, and to argue toward a stated proposition. Mr. Millard has a right to state his opinion that Japanese aspirations "tend to cause international dissension and strife by impairing interests of other nations," and inasmuch as he states this opinion in his introduction, it is a fair warning of the plea that is to pervade his book. At the same time it is evident that a special plea may be advanced with such partiality as to invalidate conclusions, and it is unfortunate that a partiality amounting at times almost to a spitefulness causes us to look with some question upon verdicts that would otherwise pass unchallenged. To say, for example, of the Japanese emperor that "many regard him as the usual figurehead, occupying himself, after Oriental fashion, with sensual pleasures, and leaving the cases of government to his ministers," is unworthy of the serious treatment of a great subject. There is no ruler today in the world of whom "many" may not be found to speak in corresponding terms, and Mr. Millard's capacity for acquiring information is so great that he could have satisfied himself easily upon this point without the citation of irresponsible and anonymous rumors. There are other cases of a like nature and they are unfortunate because they open the door to general suspicion.

The book as a whole is so interesting that it is unnecessary to select special parts for commendation. Four chapters are devoted to "The Open Door in Manchuria," and with the proviso already noted we shall nowhere find so succinct an account of *post bellum* events. The public interest in Korea has waned, but the fate of that curious people may well serve to point the moral and adorn the tale. The chapters on "Japan's Foreign Relations," "America and Japan," and "Japan's Military and Naval Programme" are peculiarly important both as a revelation of subtle policy and the true nature of a dispute that seemed to begin with the immigration difficulty but that is only now broadening out into one of those affairs about which men fight. Other valuable sections are devoted to China, and here the author's sympathies are as clearly evident as are his antipathies elsewhere. The volume is completed by thirty-six illustrations and two maps.

*Narah Conough*, by W. G. Henderson. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of two young men and of two girls who are thrown into the close intimacy of Australian ranch life. The story itself is by no means insignificant, but the chief value of the book is in its portrayal of a society of which we know too little. The Australian has some marked and pleasant characteristics, and there should be a welcome for a novel that sets them forth so unassumingly.

New Publications.

"When Skies Are Gray" is a little volume of verse by Clarence Watt Heazlitt. It is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

The Dodge Publishing Company, New York, has issued a tiny volume in the Primers of Peace series, entitled "All Is Well." It is edited by Jeanne Gillespie Pennington and consists of quotations from eminent authors on the philosophy of daily life. An attractive little compilation. Price, 50 cents.

"Cheer Up," by Charles F. Raymond, is a little volume of hopeful counselings on daily life, their nature being well indicated by the title and by the foreword, which reads: "There is a dim past, an uncertain future, but this, my friend, is a very lively present." The book is published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York. Price, 75 cents.

Lovers of Jane Austen will rejoice in the series now appearing from the house of Duffield & Co., New York. The latest to be published is "Emma," in two volumes, printed in large type and tastefully bound. An attractive feature of this edition will be found in the quaint, colored illustrations. These are of unusual merit and faithfully representative of the day. The price is \$1.25 per volume.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have added "The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus" to their Handy Volume Classics that now form a handsome and distinctive library. The translation is by George Long with a useful index of terms and general index. Price, 35 cents.

The Sturgis & Walton Company, New York, have republished "The Lost Tales of Miletus," by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. The preface, dated by the author in 1865, says of these tales that they are "generally considered to be the remote progenitors of the modern novel." These versified tales are eight in number.

From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, come three attractive little booklets by Alice Katharine Fallows. They are entitled "Mental Hygiene in Everyday Living," "A Talk on Relaxation," and "The Point of View." They are wholly free from the eccentricities that are so often to be found in writings of this kind, and no one can read them without a realization of the follies of thought and action that form so large a part of the normal life. The bold, tinted type, the colored decorations and the attractive binding give them a special desirability. The price is 35 cents each.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have published a little collection of verse by Edith Pratt Dickens, entitled "The Port o' Dreams, and Other Poems." The workmanship is technically careful, while a true poetic thought is by no means rare. Many of the selections have a California inspiration and a single stanza from "The Redwood Tree" may be quoted as an illustration of a composition both vigorous and delicate:

When the first life did strive and fight  
Where stands your noisiest mart,  
The lightnings crowned me, fiery bright,  
And I am monarch still, by right  
Of my undaunted heart!

The Macmillan Company, New York, have published an allegorical drama by Georgiana Goddard King, entitled "The Way of Perfect Love." Lionella, the daughter of the ruling duke, forsakes her lot in order that she may wander over the world, first with a strolling player and then with a shepherd, in search of the nature of true love. Finally detached from both, and disillusioned, she seeks divine knowledge in contemplation, and so returns to her duties in the world. Likewise the Shepherd and the Player cultivate the desire of minds emancipate, "unattainable and therefore immortal." The *dramatis personæ* are fourteen in number.

A useful historical work has been done by Gardner W. Allen in his "Our Naval War with France," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. The fact that war was never declared, that the state of hostility was overshadowed by the mighty drama of the French revolution, has caused the importance of the quarrel to be underestimated and its facts to sink into the background. Yet the hostilities between the two countries continued for nearly three years and produced conflicts worthy of the remembrance that this interesting book should insure. There are sixteen good illustrations and the price is \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Coincident with the retirement of Dr. Eliot from the presidency of Harvard University, the Houghton Mifflin Company are publishing a little book by Dr. Eugen Kuehnemann, professor of philosophy in the University of Breslau, on "Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, May 19, 1869—May 19, 1909." His study of Dr. Eliot's life work is marked by the thoroughness of plan and detail that characterize the work of German scholars.

Hitherto published in four volumes, a special edition of John Lothrop Motley's "History of the United Netherlands" has been prepared by the Harpers in a set of two. There is no abridgment of material, the difference in bulk being due to details of manufacture, such as thin paper, etc.

William Dana Orcutt, author of "The Spell," exchanged a few words the other day with the boy who runs the news stand at one of the largest of the New York hotels. Mr. Orcutt, a guest at the hotel while stopping in New York, went to claim two theatre tickets reserved at the stand in his name. "Are you William Dana Orcutt?" demanded the custodian. "So you wrote this here 'The Spell,' did you?" pointing to the book. "I did," admitted Mr. Orcutt. "What's the matter with it? Can't you sell it?" "Oh, sure; it goes all right," said the youthful vender, generously. "But say, you fellows don't none of yer know how to sell a book." "What's wrong with us?" humbly asked the author from Boston. "Why," said the other, "what you want to do is to get a pretty girl and put her on the cover, and after that it don't make no d—bit of difference what's inside the book."

Not much attention is being paid in America or England to the centenary of Edward FitzGerald, and it may be just as well, for

his immortality rests upon "The Rubaiyat," unless one makes a possible exception in the case of his lyric, "Meadows in Spring." It was Dante Rossetti who "discovered" the beauty of "The Rubaiyat" for the world soon after its publication and set the world to reading it. FitzGerald is buried in the Boulge churchyard, and on his grave blossoms a rose bush raised from seed taken by William Simpson from the grave of Omar Khayyam at Naishapur.

Mr. Herman Whitaker's novel, "The Planter," has given rise to an animated discussion as to the accuracy of his picture of the Mexican rubber plantations and the state of slavery that he represents as existing thereon. The general expert opinion seems to be that the picture is by no means overdrawn.

Mr. Andrew Lang, speaking at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, said: "Our richest men and women who deny themselves nothing else, deny themselves books. It has been calculated that only 20 per cent of the common novel at 6 shillings is bought by private purchasers; the circulating libraries take the other 80 per cent. The 7-penny novel is hanging over our heads, and the public is being taught that no book should cost more than 7 pence. I need not point out to the mathematician that the result to the novelist must be ruin. In the meantime, while the public is thrifty in book-buying the profession of authorship ought to be avoided by all who have other means of support."

The Song of the Goose Girl.

King Arthur and his knights go riding by, go riding by,  
Queen Guinevere and Lancelot go riding by, and I,  
Who keep my flock the road beside,  
Have seen them ride  
And heard them sing:  
"It is the Spring,  
And trees once more are blossoming."

I heard Sir Lancelot sing: "O Heart's Desire, my Heart's Desire,  
The spark of life has fanned yet once again to flame of fire."

I heard the Queen's voice caroling:  
"It is the Spring,  
The breath of May  
And cuckoo's lay  
Have called us back to earth this day."

From Avalon they come on each May-day, on each May-day,  
Through Camelot and Lyonesse to Joyous Garde,  
They wend their way.  
I keep my flock the road beside,  
And see them ride  
And hear them sing:  
"It is the Spring,  
And Life once more is blossoming."

O Queen of rainbow mist from shore to shore, and shore to shore,  
As onward through this drowsy land of ours you pass once more,  
There comes the first call of the Spring.  
And as you sing  
With sudden zest  
At your behest  
Men hail once more the Mystic Quest.  
—Alix Egerton, in Westminster Gazette.

When Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown) began writing about Turkey and the Turks, many people expressed their surprise and incredulity at the favorable view of them which she gave. Now comes their bloodless revolution—the first in the history of the world—and although blood had to be shed in the second revolution, this need never have been, had the old régime not executed its counter revolution. Now Mrs. Kenneth Brown's words are being remembered as almost of a prophetic character, and great interest is being taken in her just published book, "Haremlik," which presents a new picture of Turkish life.

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# WAS IT A SPECTRE?

The Mystery of a Desirable Suburban Residence.

He was waiting for her: he had been waiting an hour and a half in a dusty suburban lane, with a row of big trees on one side and some eligible building sites on the other—and far away to the southwest the twinkling yellow lights of the city. It was not quite like a country lane, for it had a pavement and lamp-posts, but it was not a bad place for a meeting all the same; and farther up, toward the cemetery, it was really quite rural, and almost pretty, especially in twilight. But twilight had long deepened into night, and still he waited. He loved her, and he was engaged to be married to her, with the complete disapproval of every reasonable person who had been consulted. And this half-clandestine meeting was tonight to take the place of the grudgingly sanctioned weekly interview—because a certain rich uncle was visiting at her house, and her mother was not the woman to acknowledge to a moneyed uncle, who might "go off" any day, a march so deeply ineligible as hers with him.

So he waited for her, and the chill of an unusually severe evening entered into his bones.

The policeman passed him with but a surly response to his "good-night." The bicyclists went by him like gray ghosts with fog-horns; and it was nearly ten o'clock and she had not come.

He shrugged his shoulders and turned toward his lodgings. His road led him by her house—desirable, commodious, suburban—and he walked slowly as he neared it. She might, even now, be coming out. But she was not. There was no sign of movement about the house, no sign of life, no lights even in the windows. And her people were not early people.

He paused by the gate, wondering.

Then he noticed that the front door was open—wide open—and the street-lamp shone a little way into the dark hall. There was something about all this that did not please him—that scared him a little, indeed. The house had a gloomy and deserted air. It was obviously impossible that it harbored a rich uncle. The old man must have left early. In which case—

He walked up the path and listened. No sign of life. He passed into the hall. There was no light anywhere. Where was everybody, and why was the front door open? There was no one in the drawing-room, the dining-room and the study (nine feet by seven) were equally blank. Every one was out, evidently. But the unpleasant sense that he was, perhaps, not the first casual visitor to walk through that open door impelled him to look through the house before he went away and closed it after him. So he went upstairs, and at the door of the first bedroom he came to be struck a wax-match, as he had done in the sitting-rooms. Even as he did so he felt that he was not alone. And he was prepared to see something; for what he saw he was not prepared. For what he saw lay on the bed, in a white, loose gown—and it was his sweetheart, and its throat was cut from ear to ear. He does not know what happened then, nor how he got down-stairs and into the street; but he got out somehow, and the policeman found him in a fit, under the lamp-post at the corner of the street. He could not speak when they picked him up, and he passed the night in the police cells, because the policeman had seen plenty of drunken men before, but never one in a fit.

The next morning he was better, though still very white and shaky. But the tale he told the magistrate was convincing, and they sent a couple of constables with him to her house.

There was no crowd about it as he had fancied there would be, and the blinds were not down.

As he stood, dazed, in front of the door, it opened and she came out.

He held on to the door-post for support.

"She's all right, you see," said the policeman, who had found him under the lamp; "I told you you was drunk, but you would know best—"

When he was alone with her, he told her—not all—for that would not bear telling—but how he had come into the commodious, suburban house, and how he had found the door open and the lights out, and that he had been into that long back room facing the stairs, and had seen something—in even trying to hint at which he turned sick and broke down and had to have brandy given him.

"But, my dearest," she said, "I dare say the house was dark, for we were all at the theatre with my uncle, and no doubt the door was open, for the servants will run out if they're left. But you could not have been in that room, because I locked it when I came away, and the key was in my pocket. I dressed in a hurry and I left all my odds and ends lying about."

"I know," he said; "I saw a green scarf on a chair, and some long brown gloves, and a lot of hair-pin and ribbons, and a prayer-book, and a lace handkerchief on the dressing-table. Why, I even noticed the calendar on the mantel-piece—October 21st. At least, it was that, because this is May. And your calendar is at October 21st."

"No, of course it isn't," she said, smiling rather anxiously; "but all the other things were just as you say. You must have had a dream, or a vision, or something."

He was a very ordinary, commonplace young man, and he did not believe in visions, but he never rested day or night till he got his sweetheart and her mother away from that commodious house and settled them in a quite distant suburb. In the course of the removal, he incidentally married her, and the mother went on living with them.

His nerves must have been a good bit shaken, because he was very queer for a long time, and was always inquiring if any one had taken the desirable suburban house; and when an old stockbroker with a family took it, he went the length of calling on the old gentleman and imploring him, by all that he held dear, not to live in that fatal house.

"Why?" said the stockbroker, not unnaturally.

And then he got so vague and confused, between trying to tell why and trying not to tell why, that the stockbroker showed him out, and thanked his God that he was not such a fool as to allow a lunatic to stand in the way of his taking that really remarkably cheap and desirable suburban residence.

Now the curious and quite inexplicable part of this story is that when she came down to breakfast on the morning of the twenty-second of October, she found him looking like death, with the morning paper in his hand. He caught hers—he could not speak, and pointed to the paper. And there she read that on the night of the twenty-first, a young lady, the stockbroker's daughter, had been found, with her throat cut from ear to ear, on the bed in the long back bedroom facing the stairs of that desirable suburban house.

## Spreading Good Music.

During the month of April there was held in Spartanburg, South Carolina, which boasts of thirty-seven cotton mills and twenty thousand inhabitants, a four days' musical festival. Mr. Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Willy Olsen's Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Converse College (Spartanburg) Choral Society of two hundred voices, gave the main body of the performances. The soloists were Mme. Olive Fremstad, Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Miss Nevada Van Der Veer, Mr. Reed Miller, and Mr. Gustaf Holmquist. The auditorium in which the concerts were held seats 2500 people, and it was full.

These musical festivals at Spartanburg were begun in 1895 by Dr. R. H. Peters, who was director of music at Converse College. The basis of the festival was the Converse College Choral Society, at that time numbering about one hundred members. In 1898, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer's Boston Festival Orchestra gave the first orchestral concerts in connection with the festival. In 1906, the New York Symphony Orchestra, consisting of fifty men, with Walter Damrosch as conductor, was engaged, and the scope of the festival greatly enlarged. Such artists as Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Gadske, and Mme. Fremstad and the De Rezkes have previously appeared. The work of the chorus has steadily improved, and the list of great choral works which have been sung at these concerts is one to be proud of.

The festival has had the financial backing of the business men of Spartanburg, eight of the leaders in the Spartanburg business world having acted as an executive committee and assumed financial responsibility for the cost of the festival. This has risen from the modest figure of \$275 for the first festival to the respectable sum of \$9000 for the festival of 1909. It is a remarkable evidence of the interest of the people that there never has been a time when these gentlemen have had to make good a deficit, it being part of the record of the festival that it has accumulated a surplus.

Dwight J. Partello, a citizen of the United States residing in Berlin, has by far the greatest and most valuable collection of old violins now in existence. In fact, since the sale of the famous Baron Knoop instruments, it is the only really great violin collection in the world. Unlike most collectors, Mr. Partello plays himself. At his house he has afternoon chamber music performances twice a week during the winter season for his own private amusement. His unmarried daughter, Adeline Partello, alternates with him in playing first and second violin, and his other daughter, now the Baroness von Horst, plays the piano parts.

Theatrical managers now take the child-actors in their companies into partnership, and thus evade the restrictions of the child-labor law. Henry W. Savage in this way outwitted the Chicago guardians of other people's children. The super-serviceable efforts of some of the reformers have seldom found a use less justifiable than this crusade to annoy and harass performers who are almost invariably well treated and well paid.

The lives of the six great Victorian poets extended originally over just a century, from the birth of Tennyson, the eldest of them, in 1809, to the death of Swinburne, the youngest, this year.

## Barrie's Apprenticeship.

Among the confidences that J. M. Barrie has made concerning the early years of his career there is none more intimate or more enlightening than this bit, which adds the pathos of a story strangely in contrast with his own:

The malignancy of publishers could not turn me back. From the day on which I first tasted blood in the garret my mind was made up; there could be no hum-dreadful-drum profession for me; literature was my game. It was not highly thought of by those who wished me well; I remember being asked by two maiden ladies, about the time I left the university, what I was to be, and when I replied brazenly, "An author," they flung up their hands, and one exclaimed reproachfully, "And you an M. A.!" My mother's views at first were not dissimilar; for long she took mine jestingly as something I would grow out of, and afterwards they hurt her so that I tried to give them up. To be a minister—that she thought was among the fairest prospects, but she was a very ambitious woman, and sometimes she would add, half scared at her appetite, that there were ministers who had become professors, "but it was not canny to think of such things."

I had only one person on my side, an old tailor, one of the fullest men I have known, and quite the best talker. He was a bachelor (he told me all that is to be known about woman), a lean man, pallid of face, his legs drawn up when he walked as if he was ever carrying something in his lap; his walks were of the shortest, from the tea-pot on the hob to the board on which he stitched, from the board to the hob, and so to bed. He might have gone out had the idea struck him, but in the years I knew him, the last of his brave life, I think he was only in the open twice, when he "fitted"—changed his room for another hard by. I did not see him make these journeys, but I seem to see him now, and he is somewhat dizzy in the odd atmosphere; in one hand he carries a box-iron, he raises the other, wondering what this is on his head, it is a hat; a faint smell of singed cloth goes by with him. This man had heard of my set of photographs of the poets and asked for a single sight of them, which led to our first meeting. I remember how he spread them out on his board, and after looking long at them, turned his gaze on me and said solemnly,

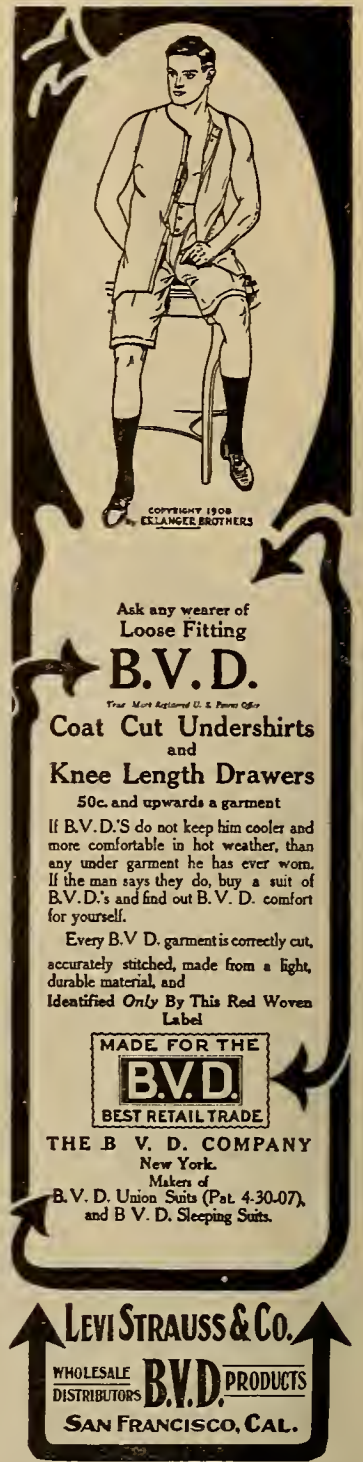
What can I do to be forever known,  
And make the age to come my own?

These lines of Cowley were new to me, but the sentiment was not new, and I marveled how the old tailor could see through me so well. So it was strange to me to discover presently that he had not been thinking of me at all, but of his own young days, when that couplet sang in his head, and he, too, had thirsted to set off for Grub Street, but was afraid, and while he hesitated old age came, and then Death, and found him grasping a box iron.

The first international hunting and field sport exhibition will be held at Vienna from May to October, 1910, under the patronage of Emperor Francis Joseph. A notice from the publicity bureau says: "The exhibition promises to be a first-class attraction, at which nearly every country will be represented. Not the least interesting feature will be an instructive section, giving not only a picture of the various historical and modern methods of hunting, together with the various weapons in use, but also containing a collection of ancient hunting literature."

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## "PEGGY FROM PARIS" AND "STEALING HOME."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

This is certainly a most confusing, a most bewildering town. I crossed Fillmore Street the other evening on my way to the Princess Theatre, and there, on both sides of Wishbone Alley, as it has been irreverently dubbed by pro-Van Ness Avenueites—that was, however, before the return-down-town exodus had begun, when there was some partisanship of feeling—a huge, steady procession of Saturday night saunterers. The street was gay and brilliant, with the illuminations from the over-arching "wishbones" showing that the original wishbone projectors knew what they were about when they had it spanned for so many blocks with the derided but most efficacious wishbone-shaped arches of illumination. For the Saturday night crowd consists of wage-earners who are going to have surcease from toil and a holiday outing on the morrow, and they like the aspect of their little world to be in keeping with their feelings.

This nightly illumination of Fillmore Street has gone a long way toward giving it permanence as an up-town Rialto, and, with the Chutes thrown in as an added element of attraction, this narrow yet popular thoroughfare bids fair to yield, if not permanent support, at least a patronage of sufficient duration to support a few up-town theatres for some time to come.

Peggy, and George Ade, too, it seems, both from Paris, are with us this week, and since George Ade is George Ade, it follows that there are some funny things in "Peggy from Paris," which is continuing at the Princess. Still, no matter how hospitable we may wish to be to the passing guest, truth compels me to state that "Peggy from Paris" is an indication that Jove, even Jove Ade, sometimes nods. It was unquestionably between nods that the comedy was evolved, but the habit of tossing off jokes, and rural types, and irreverent high spirits is so confirmed that these things, although in a less degree of merit than those which George Ade has habituated us to expect from his nimble pen, are scattered with sufficient liberality throughout the play to enable it to yield one a fairly jolly evening's entertainment.

The fun is farcical rather than satirical, although the point of the joke certainly has a satirical gleam to it when somebody, I forget who, but the impresario probably, of the Paragon Theatre, remarked to a warbling aspirant, "We want no music around here. This is a comic-opera house."

Zoe Barnett plays Peggy with her usual dainty charm, and attractive vocalization. Zoe is a dear, because she has sufficient individuality and attractiveness, together with a pretty little finish to her work, to banish yawns and ennui, and keep one pleased and attentive. Her laughing song is quite a feat. How she must have practiced it! That sort of thing is a mental as well as a physical effort, as it necessitates a considerable amount of auto-suggestion.

Either I have not yet seen Fred Mace with a funny part, or else he is struggling with a prolonged fit of the blues. These things will happen sometimes, and more to comedians, they say, than to plain, ornery folks. Think of it, oh think, a comedian with a fit of the blues! The blues are a ghastly crew to consort with, even for settled and serious-minded people, but when they haggardly invade the thoughts and emotions of one who makes his living by jollity—"The pity of it, Iago! Oh, Iago, the pity of it!" But a truce to such talk, or I shall be persuading Mr. Mace and his friends that he has the blues, whether he has or no.

As for the rest of the company, Marie Nelson, the new soprano, although rather colorless an actress, has a pretty and well-carrying voice, and May Boley in the very extreme of meaningless burlesque, seems to please as the German maid.

Budd Ross's contortionistic evolutions were very funny in the middle act, but the youth was obliged to subside in the last.

Reginald Travers seems to have finally struck out his line in rural character parts, the chorus is sprightly, pretty, and prettily voiced, and the lyrics of William Loraine, though rather commonplace, are sufficiently tuneful to please the public's ear, and win plaudits and appreciation from the public's hands.

How twenty-centuryish is this central idea of the Mabel Hite-Mike Donlin playlet.

"What will we have for a play?" says Mabel. "Oh, we'll write up just a little bit of our home life," says Mike, stealing a fond, possessing arm around Mabel's yielding waist. For he is known to you, Mr. Man who wasn't there, that Mabel is Mabel, and Mike is Mike in "Stealing Home," and Mabel, it is quite plain to see, is, in every-day life, just that sort of a tantalizing, teasing, elusive, unexpected, fascinating, prettily vixenish, gay butterfly of a little siren who to him who owns her, and while he owns her, makes life one long holiday, and keeps her possessor healthily on his knees. From the vaudeville point of view, she is quite a dazzling bit of personality, is the merry Mabel, a sort of a pocket edition of a twentieth-century musical Cleopatra, and, like her of ancient Egypt, of infinite variety. Anything she sets out to do she does well, whether it is to sing a song, read a curtain lecture, make love to a rebellious partner, or do an imitation stunt. When she sings, she can infuse into her song a pretty strain of an elusive something that simultaneously wins liking for her and pleases the musical ear. When she talks, you glue your opera-glass to your eye, and listen, knowing well that the laugh around the corner is coming soon.

Mike Donlin doesn't do much except saunter about, and look husbandish, and indulgent to fascinating Mabel, and generally likable. At the close of the act, when the audience intimated in unmistakable accents that it had taken them both to its bosom, Mabel, in a gale of high spirits, went from one bit of cute absurdity to another, and kept us in a corresponding gale until she had finally disappeared. Altogether, I should say that the fond Mike has captured a partner who enjoys life from the crown of her curl-topped head to the toe of her small foot, and that, baseball champion and hero in sporting life though he be, he never forgets to say daily, "Oh, the luck! How did I ever catch her!"

There is another act in this week's bill that, in itself, is going to draw people to the theatre. This is Claude Gillingwater in his own comedy sketch entitled, "A Strenuous Rehearsal."

Mr. Gillingwater has been lucky enough to hit on a very good idea as a vehicle for his excellent acting. Whoever remembers the Rossina Vokes company in "A Fantomine Rehearsal" will have some idea of the shrieks of wild mirth with which Mr. Gillingwater's performance was punctuated. For, like the stage manager in "A Fantomine Rehearsal," Mr. September Knightley in "A Strenuous Rehearsal" makes an enormously amusing exhibition of the state of raw nerve exasperation in which a stage coach passes his tortured existence.

Why are manifestations of tortured nerves so funny? I wonder if it is a primitive sense of humor that makes us find them so. At any rate, when stage-coach Knightley passes from a state of pallid, stillly despair to a sudden access of frenzy in which he kicks, with splendid aim, showers of small objects all over the room, clenches his fists, gradually sheds coat, cravat, and the smoothness of his locks, the while he endeavors to awaken the complacently slumbering imagination of a stage-struck woman, whom he is, through the compulsion of a thousand-dollar check, desperately endeavoring to teach the a, b, c of acting, he succeeded in making his audience rock helplessly, hysterically in their seats, their eyes streaming with tears, while yelps of mingled suffering and delight issued from their widely distended lips.

And so, all hail to thee, Claude Gillingwater. For has not the poet said an honest laugh's the kindest gift of God?

A fastidious person would not fail to take exception to the vulgarities in Billy Van's burnt-cork act. True his voice, which was partly feebly megaphonous and partly faintly foghornious, was funny. So was his delivery. But there is nothing intrinsically humorous in a realistic description of a bad stomach-ache, and, besides, there were other vulgarities in Mr. Van's discourse which made a little of him go a long way.

The Avedano operatic quartet, although the female part was rather shriekish, and the tenor let out notes occasionally that made you almost call the police, was able to give pleasure, more particularly as Avedano himself knows his business, being the possessor of a good, big, majestically flowing voice which acted as the foundation stone of the whole performance.

The Baader-La Velle trio gave a brilliant exhibition of trick bicycle riding, and the Vindobonas mildly tickled the risibles with "their grotesque musical conceits."

"Alex McLean's Dream" does for a fill-up number, and so does "The Sunny South," though not to my taste.

There is, to my mind, something faintly depressing in seeing a white audience pleased by the crude and primitive entertainment offered by the ordinary stage negro or mulatto. In the first place, is there not something pathetic in the physical type of these people? Beauty they have not, nor shapeliness, and that is all that makes many earthy entertainers in the vaudeville realm at all acceptable. Just a little passing grace of beauty, and youth, which, for the time, makes us overlook the underlying foundation of commonness, bideboundness, limitedness, all-permeating fleshliness, and a total lack of the

spirituelle which alone can make the charm that appeals to the senses of any permanence or value.

The mulattoes in "The Sunny South" shrieked without music—where was the boasted melody of the African voice—yelped without humor, and kicked and cavorted without grace, and on the whole, exhausted, without amusing.

A final depressing touch was the subject chosen for the moving pictures, awful French types, giving unpleasant and absolutely unfunny exhibitions of exchanges of foot-pressing and kiss-inviting sensuality between men and women, strangers to each other, who have passing encounters in omnibus, street-car, or shop.

Heaven save us from encountering such people in life, or realizing their perverted views of things. Why, then, in a temple of amusement, have their grossness and bestiality brought to our strongly repelled consciousness? I think that even men, so much grosser than women in their sense of humor, are often averse to having their womanhood made any more conscious than need be of this sort of deliberate and calculated animalism.

### Mrs. Fiske's San Francisco Season.

Mrs. Fiske comes this season with that wonderful play, "Salvation Nell," to the Valencia Theatre for a limited engagement of two weeks, commencing Monday, June 14. Few plays have caused more discussion. It was written by Edward Sheldon, just graduated from Harvard College, and it is said to be filled with the truer psychology of life, and free from the artificial tricks of the older dramatists.

The characterization of Nell Sanders is, of course, in the hands of America's greatest actress, and a capable supporting company interpret the accessory personages. The consensus of opinion seems to be that no story truer to life, no more perfect history of the soul sufferings of two unfortunates, in seemingly unconquerable environments, has ever been seen on the American stage. Nell Sanders and Jim Platt, typical East Side man and woman, beat back the sequence of disasters which are about to overwhelm them, not by the trick of the playwright's skill, but by the will power given them, and rise through the inspiration of their great loves into the light of happiness.

In this production Harrison Grey Fiske is said to have surpassed even himself as a stage manager, and has succeeded in bettering, if possible, his already famous Manhattan company. The entire company of over forty people will be with Mrs. Fiske here. Among the best-known players are Holbrook Blinn, Henry Wenman, W. T. Clarke, Herbert Heywood, Mary Madison, Hope Latham, Grace Shanley, Mary Maddern, Merle Maddern, and Gilda Varesi.

### Grand Opera at the Princess Theatre.

The W. A. Edwards International Grand Opera Company will begin a season of grand opera at the Princess Theatre on Monday evening June 14. This organization has won the approval of New York and other Eastern cities, and its visit may be most pleasantly anticipated. The list of artists is as follows: Sopranos—Bertozzi, Duce-Merola, Norelli, Novelli, Zarad. Contraltos—Strauss and Bossi. Tenors—Bari, Colombini, Samueloff, Amani, Giuliani. Baritone—Arcangeli, Zara, Frasca, Cecci. Basses—Gravina, Bozzano, Oteri. Conductor, Signor G. Merola; technical director, G. Pelluso.

The organization, which includes an entire orchestra, ballet, and chorus, is now on its way here and is expected to arrive Sunday. The sale of seats will begin Monday at the box-office, and the prices will range from \$2 to 50 cents. The repertory for the first week will be: Monday, "Aida"; Tuesday, "Il Trovatore"; Wednesday matinee and Friday night, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci"; Wednesday, "Fedora"; Thursday, "Carmen"; Saturday matinee and Sunday night, "Traviata"; Saturday, "Giacconda."

In "Aida," Signorina Lina Bertozzi, who was such a favorite when she appeared here with the Milan Opera Company, will sing the title-role. Signor Arcangeli, who was also a popular member of the same company, will appear as the Ethiopian King; and Signor Gravina, who distinguished himself during the Tetrastini season at the Tivoli Opera House, will be the High Priest.

With the completion of her present tour in "Lady Frederick," Ethel Barrymore will have played the longest season—in point of time and distance covered—in all her experience as an actress. At the close of her tour, contrary to her original plans—which consisted of a summer vacation in this country—Miss Barrymore will sail for London for personal conferences with Charles Frohman and A. W. Pinero, over the new Pinero manuscript that will be Miss Barrymore's acting medium next season.

Chicago's French colony has unveiled a large bronze tablet in memory of Marquette and Joliet. The memorial is at the base of a cross erected at Robey Street and the south branch of the Chicago River, the historic "high ground," where, in 1674, Father Marquette spent the winter.

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## VANITY FAIR.

There must have been something pathetic in the sight of a long line of carriages wending its way slowly from the imperial harem at Constantinople after the deposition of the Sultan. Each carriage contained two or three women wearing the yashmak, which showed their rank, for all but the imperial women in Turkey have discarded the yashmak and wear the simpler "ferejeh" and veil. No one seems to know what will become of these poor waifs. They have been temporarily housed in one of the palaces, but unless the unexpected happens the rest of their lives will be spent in impoverished seclusion. We may hope that their capacity for suffering is not very deep. Even poverty can not deprive them of the joys of gossip, and perhaps the supply of sweetmeats will not be greatly curtailed. And the pleasures that lie beyond gossip and sweetmeats are not very numerous for the harem woman.

There are not many harems in modern Turkey, notwithstanding the current belief that every well-to-do Turk is the owner of such a luxury. To be too much married is just as onerous to the Turk as to the American or the European. Indeed, it is more so, for the Turkish law protects the harem woman to an extent little suspected, and still less practiced elsewhere. The ordinary Turk may not have more than four wives, and as a matter of fact he seldom has more than one. He knows that polygamy places him at a disadvantage in his social intercourse with other countries, and then again "woman's rights" are so much of a reality in Turkey that marital obligations are undertaken with economy. The wife is financially independent of her husband. She has her separate estate settled upon her at marriage and of this she can not be deprived even by divorce. The marriage settlement defines the wife's rights with precision. The husband must support her and her attendants upon a stipulated scale. Her housekeeping money must be paid to her regularly and no inquiry may be made as to its disposition. She inherits equally with her brothers, and under no conditions can her husband touch her property and she may will it or give it exactly as she pleases. Nothing can be more absurd than to seize upon one or two points of harem life where the wife's liberty is restricted and upon the strength of these to proclaim the Turkish woman as a slave or a toy whose lot is immeasurably below that of her Christian sister. As a matter of fact the lot of the Turkish woman from the legal standpoint is immeasurably better than that of her Christian sister, who has far more reason to demand "emancipation" at the hands of the law.

The suffragette agitation in England is having its effect upon social functions, and especially upon those of a political nature. Hostesses are naturally wary of inviting ladies whose convictions may cause them to forget the most elementary dictates of good behavior and who may at any moment direct a furious assault upon some other guests whose attitude toward the suffrage is not of the most eminently approved type. Political hostesses are requested by their husbands to invite no ladies whose conduct they can not personally guarantee, for it seems that even the most irreproachable habits are not always proof against the temptations of suffragette excitement.

Another social danger born of the current agitation is the intrusion into social parties of ladies who are uninvited, but who grasp at a possible opportunity to meet unsympathetic members of the government and give them "a piece of their minds." There have been many attempts of this kind during the last few months, and the London papers tell us that at Mrs. Ivor Guest's reception a week or so ago, where everything passed off peacefully, the guests were carefully scrutinized by detectives in evening dress, who were called upon more than once to escort sundry militant and uninvited ladies to the front doors. Detectives are always employed for this purpose when Mr. Winston Churchill is expected to be present.

The behavior of women at public meetings has been so execrable that members of the government are unwilling to address assemblies of women, even of their own supporters. Even the most stalwart statesman may be excused for a disinclination to face a tornado of screams, and this is what Mr. Lloyd George had to meet at a recent meeting in the Albert Hall. Why women should suppose that this outrageous behavior is a proof of their ability to govern themselves is one of the perplexities of modern life.

It is strange that the intelligent foreigner who spends some few months in this country should feel compelled to write a book upon our manners and customs when he returns. He sees so little of us that he falls easily into the fallacy of supposing that we are a unit in the matter of behavior and that he is quite safe in referring to some little idiosyncrasy that he may have observed in New York or Chicago as an "American habit."

The latest offender in this respect is M. Saint-André de Lignereux, who came from France to report on the St. Louis Exposition. He extended his visit for some few months. M. Saint-André de Lignereux is one of the best intentioned men in the world. He car-

ries his good-will attitude toward us so far as to suppose that all Americans have inherited the incapacity to lie usually attributed to the Father of his Country. Whereas Mark Twain came nearer to the truth when he said that the Father of His Country was the only American who had ever lived whose reputation for veracity was unspotted. But no matter how obvious the hoax, this interesting Frenchman sets it all down upon his tablets for inclusion in his book. The book has now appeared, and while of course the things don't really matter, it is always a little irritating to be caricatured.

So far as mere mis-spelling is concerned we may ask the French printer to shoulder the blame. But presumably M. de Lignereux corrected his proofs, and since his knowledge of America is like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—extensive and peculiar, he should have known that Wyoming is not spelled "Wayorning," and that the Raines law is badly translated as "la loi Raiwvnes." Then, too, he should have known that the District of Columbia can not be accurately described as "the State of Washington," and that Chicago and Albany are still cities and not yet represented by stars on the flag. Their beauty, dignity, intellectual achievements, and moral grandeur entitle them, of course, to all the magnification that can come to them, but as a mere matter of accuracy it must be admitted that they are not States.

But these are trivial matters. They do not actually make us blush, but we must confess to a feeling of consternation when this gifted author informs his equally gifted compatriots that the American Constitution bars the presidency to any but native-born Protestants and that baseball is a "brutal and dangerous game, played with wooden balls, often mortal."

When the author deals with politics we recognize the fine Italian hand of the hoaxer. We know quite well who he means when he talks about M. Red Smoot, but we never heard of that senator's exploit in taking with him to Washington his seven wives and seventy children or of the efforts made to prevent Red Smoot from promenading the streets with so formidable a proof of domestic bliss. Probably a reptile press was bribed to suppress this little matter as well as Mr. Red's counter threat to employ private detectives to report on the domestic lives of twenty-five senators. It must be conceded regretfully that a slight suggestion of personalities will sometimes creep into our politics, but we did not know that the evil had gone so far as this.

Nothing escapes the eagle eye of our French censor. He is not sure about the merits of co-education, and as we have our own doubts we may let that go. The sleeping cars aroused his grave misgivings, but they were laid to rest when he saw how innocent were the results. He does not like our newspapers, nor our women, nor our children, and he says so with an admirable frankness. Our newspapers he would naturally condemn. In France we go to the newspaper for the purest and best French. In America we go to the newspapers for the most execrable English and for the most fatuous displays of ignorance upon men and things.

The average Frenchman will believe every word of M. de Lignereux's book. Not even the New Yorker is so provincial and so parochial as the Parisian. France, for the Parisian, is an oasis set down in the midst of an unexplored desert, the home of nomad bands of Germans and such like *canaille*. As for America, it is a mere name associated with scalping, and the author will be a great explorer who took his life in his hands to carry to civilization some authentic news of the underworld.

This is the day of tribulation for the wealthy of Europe. The Budget has reduced the rich men of England to the verge of despair, and the dukes who own London are said to be under the necessity of wearing the same collar for two days running. A similar tale of woe comes from Belgium, where King Leopold is bewailing the loss of the Congo revenues and wondering how he shall make both ends meet. His first expedient is to sell his gallery of pictures, and he has already parted with four, a Rubens, a Hobbema, and two Hals, while others are being offered to the big dealers on the Continent and in London. The Socialist leader in Parliament balanced himself on his hind legs in order to offer a protest to this method of disposing of property that from a certain point of view belongs to the State rather than to an individual. If the pictures are to be sold he would ask for a stipulation that they shall at least remain in the country.

It is all very well for the country at large to rage against the modern woman's hat. Chicago at least knows its duty and will not join in an outcry discreditable to the so-called male sex. The aldermen of that enlightened village have just passed an ordinance requiring that all sidewalk awnings and sunshades shall be raised to a height of eight feet, six inches above the sidewalk in order that women shall wear their three-decker hats in comfort if it seems good to them to do so. The order is to apply not only to new buildings, but to the awnings already in position and any contumacious owner failing to obey within the space

of five days shall be liable to a penalty of from \$5 to \$100.

At the same time the aldermen wish it to be understood that no further concession will be made either to high hats or to high heels. The woman who can not keep herself within an outside measurement of eight and a half feet must be content to bow her haughty head under the sidewalk awnings. But why do women complain that they have no share in the government of our cities?

Sir W. S. Gilbert contributes an amusing article on "Actors and Authors" to the programme of the London Drury Lane matinee in aid of the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium at Davos Platz. The following extract will be read with appreciation:

The author's greatest difficulty lies in the necessity of directing an actor's attention to an obvious mispronunciation—a feat that must be achieved without humiliating the actor in the presence of his professional brethren.

Many years ago I was engaged in rehearsing a burlesque, and a very clever young lady had to sing the couplet:

Indubitably if you do  
It will be the worse for you.

The clever young lady, whose pronunciation was not always beyond reproach, delivered the lines thus:

Indubitably if you do  
It will be the worse for you.

This, of course, would not do, so I determined to alter the word to "inevitably." The young lady agreed that the alteration greatly improved the verse, but she was not to be deprived of her "tub," so she sang it:

Inevitably if you do  
It will be the worse for you.

This was just as bad, so I made it "unquestionably," and, of course, it came out:

Unquestionably if you do  
It will be the worse for you.

I could think of no other word that would answer the purpose, so, as a last resource, I said to her:

"Do you think it advisable to give the word its French accent?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, 'unquestionably'—that's the way it is

pronounced in Paris. In addressing an English audience perhaps the simple English version of the word would be better. Try it at all events, 'unquestionably,' 'a' instead of 'u.' 'Unquestionably' would be all very well for the stalls, but the gallery wouldn't understand it."

"Of course," she said, "the English accent would certainly be more appropriate."

And she sang it "unquestionably" like the good girl that she was.

The Springfield Republican is so unkind as to say that while Paris is much excited, the real consternation will be found in New York this week. King Edward, who is at the French capital incognito, has taken to having his trousers creased down the sides instead of in the front and back, and now every man who is supposed to be in the height of fashion will have to do the same thing.

Vicomte d'Avenel tells us that less than 5000 Frenchmen have an income of \$20,000 a year, 1045 have \$40,000, 350 a rent roll of \$100,000, 120, \$200,000, and about fifty possess \$500,000. Although those possessing great riches are few in number in France, yet several of the wealthiest have very large incomes, compared with princes and kings of days past. Francis I and Henry II, the vicomte states, never had revenues of more than 2,500,000 francs or \$500,000.

In a criticism of Mary Mannering's new play, "The Independent Miss Gover," the theatrical reporter of the Chicago Record-Herald says that "White Whittlesey portrayed the misogynist in the manner of a spiteful old woman." The piece is said to be impossible, and Miss Mannering's best efforts are fruitless in the thin leading part.

Mr. Highlive (looking up from the paper)—Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors. Mrs. Highlive (glancing at his nose)—I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned.—New York Weekly.

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Table Damask  
Crash  
Face Cloths  
Towels

Turkish Towels  
Linen  
Fertian Lawns  
Organdies  
Men's Handkerchiefs  
Women's Handkerchiefs  
Piques  
Men's Hosiery  
Men's Underwear  
Women's Hosiery  
Women's Underwear  
Brown Shirtings  
Bleached Shirtings  
Wide Bleached Sheetings  
Wide Brown Sheetings

Ducks  
House Linings  
Colored Denims  
Laces  
Embroideries  
Silk Gloves  
Colored Burlap  
Men's Gloves  
Tickings  
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A chemist had made a mistake in his weights and poisoned a customer. When the fatal tidings were brought to him he exclaimed: "Wretch that I am—and my best customer, too!"

The famous English divorce lawyer, Cresswell, afterward Sir Cresswell Cresswell, was a most pompous man. His manner once so irritated Justice Maule, before whom he was arguing, that the latter at last burst out with: "Mr. Cresswell, I wish you would remember that I am a vertebrate animal. Your manner to me would be insolence from God Almighty to a black beetle."

Simeon Easygo, after living sixty years on a farm, finds his quarters on shipboard somewhat cramped. He obviates the lack of space, however, by stowing his trousers and shoes into a round cupboard in the side of the vessel on going to bed. Seven a. m.—Startling disclosures: "Steward, las' night I put my clothes in that 'ar cubby-hole, an' they haint thar now." "That aint a clothes-press; that's a port-hole, sir."

A slater who was engaged upon a roof of a house in Glasgow fell from the ladder and lay in an unconscious state upon the pavement. One of the pedestrians in the street who rushed to the aid of the poor man chanced to have a flask of spirits in his pocket, and, to revive him, began to pour a little down his throat. "Canny, mon, canny," said a man looking on, "or you'll choke him." The "unconscious" slater opened his eyes and said quietly: "Pour awa', mon, pour awa'; ye're doicin' fine."

In a hospital in one of the large cities of Central France, the physician-in-chief, in the course of his round of inspection, approached a cot and after feeling the patient's pulse, remarked, "Hum—he is doing very nicely; his pulse is much better." "It is as you say, doctor," replied the nurse; "but it is not the same man. Yesterday's patient is dead, and this one has been put in his place." "Ah," said the doctor, "different patient, eh? Well, same treatment." And he walked on.

This refined cruelty is attributed to a French gentleman who had finished his holiday in England, and had just paid a very large hotel bill. He was indignant, but his native courtesy was unimpaired. "Send ze proprietaire to me," he said to the waiter, and presently the host entered. Monsieur was all smiles. "Ah, let me embrace you!" he cried. "But why do you want to embrace me, sir? I don't understand." "Ah, saire, but look at zee beel!" "Your bill! Yes, but what of it?" "Vot of it? Vy, it means zat I s'all nevaire, nevaire see you again, saire."

While ex-President Roosevelt was on his famous Louisiana bear-hunting trip he passed by an old colored man's cabin and saw two fine hounds in the yard. Mr. Roosevelt made several offers for the hounds, each larger than the last; but the old man shook his head. Finally the President said: "If you knew who I am you would sell me those dogs." "Sell you dem houn' dawgs if I know who you is!" exclaimed the man. "Who is you, anyhow?" "I am President Roosevelt," was the reply, uttered in an impressive tone. The old man looked at him a moment, and then said: "See heah, I wouldn't care if you was Bookah T. Washington—you couldn't get dem dawgs!"

The late Peleg W. Chandler, who was hard of hearing, was one of the most effective of war-time speakers. Every occasion illustrated his eloquence and demonstrated the quickness of his repartee. At one meeting, he was frequently interrupted by a blackguard at the rear of the hall, who kept shouting: "Why don't you go yourself?" For a time Mr. Chandler's deafness prevented him from catching the exact nature of the interruption of which he had been for some time conscious. At last, Mr. Chandler caught the words of the disturber. Then, in the mildest accents, which emphasized the force of the words, he said: "Young man, if my ears were as good as yours, and as long as yours, I shouldn't be here tonight!"

A mellow old lawyer, who used to live on the banks of the Androscooggin, was famous for his fine distinctions. But after the shades of night had fallen, the squire might have been seen struggling home so boozed that he apparently could not split a shingle, to say nothing of a hair. One night, when he was drunker than usual, he staggered completely out of his course and could not find it. Realizing that he was lost and drifting into unfamiliar regions, he called at a house to ask for information. "Madam," he gravely said to the lady, who came to the door, candle in hand, "can you tell (hic) me where Squire Blank lives?" "Certainly," she said, and gave him full directions. But as she talked and looked, and as her candle gradually brought out the features of the man before her, a puzzled expression came into her face, and

she finally asked: "But, isn't this Squire Blank?" "Madam," replied the old lawyer, assuming a judicial air, "that is entirely (hic) immaterial."

A new member of Congress from one of the rural districts of Michigan was ambitious to distinguish himself by his oratory, and accordingly watched for a favorable opportunity. At length an occasion presented itself. A motion was made in the House for enforcing the execution of some statute; whereupon the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker: Have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have not laws, and they are not observed, to what end are those laws made?" So saying, he sat down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence. Instantly Cox, the clown of the House, with a twinkle in his eye, rose and delivered his thoughts in these words: "Mr. Speaker: Did the honorable gentleman who spoke last speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?" That particular orator never troubled the House again.

THE MERRY MUSE.

"When I Was Your Age."

When pa was my age there were few Grown men could do what he could do; He didn't waste his time at play, But did a man's work every day; He'd muscles that were hard and strong; He sought the right and shunned the wrong; His parents never had to scold Or fret when pa was twelve years old.

"When I was your age—" Jimmunnee! How often pa says that to me! At every meal I have to hear The same old thing, or pretty near; When he was my age he would eat Just wholesome things and pass the sweet; He wouldn't even taste of cake, And shunned pie for his stummick's sake.

When pa was my age he would save Up every cent he got—and—brave? If he'd of met a lion, it Could not of frightened him a bit! The thing he liked to do the best Was good hard work, with little rest; In school he stood above them all, And he was nearly six feet tall.

"When I was your age—" Every day Pa hands that out the same old way; His head is bald, his stummick's bad; He's lost the muscle that he had; Ma can't afford to keep a maid; Pa's not a great man, I'm afraid— At least no banners seem to fly, And no hands play when he goes by.

Down where he labors, wet and dry, They keep pa in a little cage; I wonder why he wishes I Would be like he was at my age? —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Wall-Paper Man.

Oh, I'd sing you a song of the wall-paper man, Who's with us once again, Who comes with the flies and who everywhere hies With his ladders and buckets ten; I'd sing of the ease with which brico-brac breaks At the soft, gentle touch of his hand, I'd sing of the joy which it seems that he takes In upsetting a jardiniere stand; I'd sing how he figures the cost of a job To a dot (except extras worth ten), Of his tracks in the hall and paste buckets that fall, And the way the new rug appears then; Oh, I'd sing of the wonderful litter he leaves And the household he puts in a fuss— Yes I'd sing of him now if I didn't, somehow, Have to pass up all singing to cuss. —Kansas City Times.

At Our Boarding House.

I think I could stand the store eggs and raw bacon, And I wouldn't object to the soft pewter spoons; I could hope, though the platter so seldom has steak on, And I'd even be cheerful in spite of the prunes, If the fellow who sits at the head of our table And owns a low brow with a southerly slant Did not think himself the most palpably able And suavely delectable joker extant. I think I could stand without ever complaining The frayed and soiled linen, the cracked plates and cups, The moustache the man next to me uses for straining The tentative soup he suspiciously sups, If the bride and the groom could be bravely contented To "baby" each other when they were alone; If they'd cease to perform as if each were demented, The scorn I exhibit should never be shown.

I think I could stand the detestable cooking, And I wouldn't object to the damsel who sings— In spite of her voice she is pretty good looking, Which makes up for many regrettable things— I could worry along, I believe, without carping If the landlady'd give up her kittenish ways And cease now and then to come plaintively harping On the fact that she once had seen better days. —Boston Courier.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Nothing but the weddings of the month and the attendant festivities will serve to lighten the monotony of the social life of the city just now, and all the world is turning to the country. The holiday week end was the excuse for any number of delightful house parties and all the nearby country houses were filled with guests.

The wedding of Miss Bertha Sidney Smith, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, to Captain George Bigelow Pillsbury, U. S. A., will take place on Monday, June 22, at noon at St. Luke's Church.

The wedding of Miss Margery Patterson, daughter of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Patterson, to Mr. Ira Hoover will take place on Wednesday evening, June 16, at the home of the bride's mother in Berkeley.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Phelps, daughter of Captain Thomas Phelps, U. S. N., and Mrs. Phelps, to Ensign William Alexander Glassford, Jr., U. S. N., took place on Tuesday last at St. Peter's Chapel, Mare Island. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Chaplain McAlister, U. S. N. Mrs. Thomas Driscoll and Mrs. John F. Meyers were the matrons of honor and Miss Mattie Milton and Miss Nina Blow the bridesmaids. Ensign Charles Woodruff, U. S. N., was the best man and the ushers were Lieutenant Edward Mayfield, U. S. N., Lieutenant Richard Edwards, U. S. N., Lieutenant Charles Kerrick, U. S. N., and Paymaster Everett Morsell, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Louise Dichman, niece of Mrs. George J. Bucknall, to Lieutenant Thurman Harrison Bane, U. S. A., took place on Saturday last at the home of the bride's aunt. The ceremony was performed at half-past two o'clock by the Rev. A. C. Bane, the father of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Miss Marie Louise Bryant and Miss Bethel Bane, and the flower girl was Miss Desirée Marriott. Lieutenant Harry Pfeil, U. S. A., was the best man. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present.

The Lagunitas Country Club entertained at an informal dance on Saturday evening last.

The Misses Pennell entertained at a dance on Friday evening of last week at their home in Berkeley in honor of Miss Joy Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Mr. Raphael Weill, who leaves in the near future for Paris.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith was the hostess at a luncheon and bridge party on Thursday of last week at her home on Fillmore Street.

Mrs. John A. Darling was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. William T. Lemman was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Alyce Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase entertained at a house party over the holidays at their country place in the Napa Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Draper (formerly Miss Anna Foster) are rejoicing in the advent of a little son on Saturday last.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their four sons, Lloyd, William, Gordon, and Lansing, are spending a fortnight camping in the Yosemite Valley. Mr. Douglas Alexander is their guest.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Marian Newhall, and Miss Elizabeth Newhall will spend the summer at Miramar, Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Walter S. Hobart is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley in San Rafael and will go later to Bolinas for a few weeks.

Mrs. William Bourn, Sr., and Miss Ida Bourn left this week for their country place at St. Helena, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Miss Martha Calhoun, and Miss Margaret Calhoun spent the week end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mr. Wharton Thurston, and Mr. John Kittle spent the week end at Woodside as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding are at their country place at Belvedere, where they will spend the summer. Miss Henriette Blanding is expected to arrive shortly from Vassar College.

Mr. James Potter Langhorne left on Tuesday last for a month's stay in Washington, D. C. Miss Julia Langhorne accompanied him as far as the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where she joined her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond. They will motor a little later in the season to Colorado Springs, where Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have taken a cottage for the summer. Miss Langhorne will return here late in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman and their family will spend the summer months in San Rafael, where they have taken a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren and their family and a party of friends will spend the month of July camping in the high Sierras near Grass Valley.

Mr. Perry Eyre spent the week end at Del Monte.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and Miss Harriett Alexander are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at the latter's country place near San Jose.

Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle, and Miss Hess Pringle, who have been visiting in Charleston, South Carolina, have gone to New York for a brief stay and will then go to Canada for the summer.

Mrs. Worthington Ames and her children will leave shortly for a visit to Southern California. Mrs. Carl Pomeroy and Miss Harriet Pomeroy left on Monday last for the East, where they will spend the summer.

Robert M. Eyre has been in Southern California for a brief stay.

S. G. Wheeler and Miss Helen Wheeler

will leave this month for their country place in Mendocino County for a stay of two or three months.

Mrs. W. Alston Hayne is in Santa Barbara as the guest of Mrs. Margaret Hayne.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn went last week to Grass Valley to visit Miss Maud Bourn.

Miss Maud Wilson has been visiting in San Rafael as the guest of Miss Leslie Page.

Mrs. Augustus F. Rodgers, Mrs. Henry F. Allen, and Miss Annie Rodgers have returned from a month's stay at San Ysidro, Santa Barbara.

The Misses Dorothy, Sara, and Lutie Collier will leave this month for their country place at Clear Lake, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Dolly MacGavin has been the guest of Miss Helen Baker in San Rafael during the past week.

Miss Laura Morgan has been spending the week as the guest of Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh at Woodside.

Miss Alexandra Hamilton has been visiting Miss Louise Boyd in San Rafael.

Miss Dora Winn has been the guest of Miss Lee Girvin at Menlo Park.

Mr. Paige Montague has left for Europe to join his mother, Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague.

Miss Marie Brewer has been the guest recently of Mrs. Andrew Welch in San Mateo.

Mrs. C. August Spreckels, who has spent the last two months at the St. Francis, sailed on Tuesday for Europe. In Paris she will join her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy, and proceed with them to Bucharest. Mr. Eddy has recently been appointed minister to Roumania.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and Master Albert L. Brown of Los Angeles passed through San Francisco on Sunday en route to Europe, via Portland and Seattle.

Mr. George Ade is a guest of the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and family have left their apartments at the Fairmont for a short visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. F. Somers Peterson and Mr. Robert McKisson, who have been spending the last few weeks in Belvedere, expect to leave shortly for the South. While at Santa Barbara they will be the guests of Mrs. Harriett Miller of Montecito and at Los Angeles of Mr. Russell Graham and Mr. Robert Craig.

Mrs. H. E. Bothin, Miss Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier, and Mr. Leigh Cypher are registered at Aetna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. P. Campbell and daughter and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt and son have taken a cottage at Aetna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Morton and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Treat were visitors at Aetna Springs last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Gates, and Mr. O. S. Prager of Oakland are visitors at Aetna Springs.

Among registrations from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. L. D. Torrey, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Harris, Dr. Susan Orpha Harris, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Fish, Mr. J. V. Blackman, Mr. W. T. Heger, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Rolph, Mr. A. Shall.

The following are among the San Francisco guests now at Aetna Springs: Mrs. H. E. Bothin, Miss Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Seeley, Mr. Charles W. Sutro, Miss Martha S. Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. Zelinsky, Misses Esther and Cyrel Zelinsky, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Patrick, Mr. J. C. Patrick, Miss Margaret Patrick, Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Cushing, Mrs. Burke Corbet, Miss Corbet, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hannam, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davis, Miss C. Dufaur, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Stoddard, Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell, Mr. A. C. Stoddard, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Treat, Miss Stone, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. L. Campbell and two daughters, Mrs. Orville C. Pratt.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Surgeon-General George H. Torney, U. S. A., arrived last week from Washington, D. C., on a tour of inspection of hospitals and medical supply depots and is spending ten days here.

Colonel George Ruhlen, assistant quartermaster-general, U. S. A., will visit the posts and army stations in this vicinity to inspect construction work and attend to other matters relating to the Quartermaster's Department.

Major H. R. Hale, adjutant-general, U. S. A., left this week for the East, having been granted leave of absence for one month.

Major William S. Scott, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., recently promoted, has joined his regiment at the Presidio.

Major Eugene A. Fehet, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect on or about July 5.

Major John P. Hains, paymaster, U. S. A., has returned from the East, where he spent six weeks' leave of absence.

Pay Inspector Z. W. Reynolds, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Navy Pay Office, in this city, and will join the flagship *Tennessee* for duty as fleet paymaster of the Pacific fleet.

Pay Director L. C. Kerr, U. S. N., has assumed the duties of officer in charge of the Navy Pay Office in this city.

Captain Carl F. Hartmann, Signal Corps, U. S. A., is detailed to enter the next class at the Army Signal School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and will report in person on August 15 to the commandant of that school for duty accordingly.

Captain Henry B. Clark, quartermaster, U. S. A., when relieved at Fort Ward, Washington, will sail from San Francisco about August 5 for Manila for duty.

Captain Kensey J. Hampton, quartermaster, U. S. A., when relieved from duty at Jeffersonville, Indiana, will proceed to Alcatraz Island, not later than June 20, for duty as quartermaster, Pacific Branch, Military Prison.

Captain Haldimand P. Young, quartermaster, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippines and will sail from Manila about September 15 for San Francisco and report to the adjutant-general of the army for further orders.

Captain Lawrence D. Cabell, quartermaster, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, effective about June 15.

## Concerning Choice Sentiments.

I am not referring to those abstract sentiments of love and loyalty, and honesty and patriotism, which I hope have taken root in the soil of my mind, and which may, it is still more devoutly to be hoped, bring forth fruit in their season; but I am referring now to those sentiments which are printed in red and green and gold, in the most artistic of type, on the choicest of cream-colored paper, or, perchance, are passe-partouted with funeral black edges, and neatly hung by rings from the hack. (So confesses a writer to the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*.)

The sentiments are beautiful, ennobling; but what under the sun shall we do with them all—not the sentiments, but the reiterated expression of them? The things burden me, and, to tell the truth, not only do the oft-repeated phrases themselves become trite, but I grow positively hostile to them, after having them "ruhhed in," as it were, season after season.

The first printed sentiment of the sort to which I refer, which came to me nine or ten years ago, gave me great pleasure. It was that paragraph from William Henry Channing, known, far and wide, as "My Symphony." I hung my dainty card, from its cord of dull blue silk, up in my room, and was greatly elevated by the perusal of it. "To live content with small means"—certainly that was the road to bliss, and I decided that I could be happier listening to "hahes and sages" than using the pink lustre tea-set which I had been coveting each time that I passed the window of a certain antique shop.

But by the time that I had been presented with six of those symphonies—every possible anniversary for the next year bringing one or more—I grew antagonistic, and read, with rebellion in my heart, "To live content with small means" and went out and bought a marabout ho, which I knew I couldn't afford (the pink lustre tea-set had been taken from the antique-shop window before this). Then I packed away every blessed one of those symphonies in a drawer of my desk, and went to a club meeting in that distracting feather ho, with an unholy joy in my soul.

The "Footpath to Peace" was next sent to me. I thought the first one lovely, as indeed it was—so they all are; but by the end of two years I had trod so many footpaths to peace that there wasn't a particle of room left in my soul for flowers or fruit, or even grass to grow; it was positively dusty with footpaths.

The "Goodnight" sentiment—"Sleep sweet within this quiet room" pleased me mightily the first time and the second that I saw it, and even on the fifth I still remained peaceful; but by the tenth, I was in such a state of mind that, when I found it in the guest-chamber where I was visiting, I couldn't get to sleep for at least half an hour—and I am naturally one of those sleepers who simply "shut their eyes and go," conscience or a late supper notwithstanding.

It's an awful state of mind to be in, and I am properly worried about the tendencies of my own soul, but I am also perplexed as to what I shall do with the things themselves!

## The Rules of Rhetoric.

At first sight, the rules of rhetoric seem as adamant as the moral law (observes Dr. Crothers in an essay in the *Atlantic Monthly*). The commandments against barbarisms and improprieties are uttered with a stern menace. Such a natural locution as a split infinitive evokes the thunders of the law. The young writer grows timid, seeing that he is liable to give offense where none was intended. By purifying his style of all its natural qualities, he seeks through self-abnegation to follow the counsels of perfection and attain to "clearness, elegance, and force."

At last he discovers, with a sense of injustice, that the penalties are visited only on those who, in good faith, are trying, though unsuccessfully, to obey the laws. All is forgiven one who transgresses willfully and deliberately.

"I do not care to be clear," cries the new favorite; "you will notice what pains I take to be obscure. As for elegance, I despise it."

"Come to my arms, child of genius," cries the delighted critic. "Who cares for clearness and elegance in one who is strong enough to succeed without them?"

The first act of "Lo," the musical comedy which O. Henry and Franklin P. Adams are writing for the comedian, John E. Young, takes place in Washington, where "Hunky" McGee, a Tammany "live wire," is receiving an appointment as anthropologist with a government expedition of research among the Indians of Mexico. The authors and the composer, A. Baldwin Sloane, have secluded themselves in a remote Adirondack resort, where all day long nothing is heard but the click of the typewriters and the drumming of the piano.

Something unique in the line of a strike or boycott was recently reported from a small town in Burgundy. The physicians of the place raised their rates 30 per cent, and a mass meeting of all the ailing folk was called, at which it was decided to dispense with the medical men's services and trust to luck to get well.

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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Ethel Barrymore, with a strong supporting company, begins an engagement of two weeks at the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night. Oddly enough, Miss Barrymore follows her distinguished uncle, John Drew, who has had the centre of that stage for the fortnight just closing, and she will appear in a comedy, new here, written by W. Somerset Maugham, author of the play in which Mr. Drew has charmed his audiences. Miss Barrymore is quite capable of sustaining the popular interest at the Van Ness Theatre. The new play, "Lady Frederick," gives her some telling situations, though it is a long way removed from melodrama. One scene, which has been made much of by dramatic reporters in the East, shows Lady Frederick at her dressing-table, repairing the ravages of the years she is supposed to have gone through, and exposing all the make-up secrets of her complexion and raven tresses for the purpose of scaring away a youthful suitor. She succeeds, though at her own cost. Miss Barrymore makes the self-reliant, dashing widow an attractive figure, in spite of the handicap of simulated age, as may be expected. Bruce McRae is still her leading man, and among other well-known people in her company are Norman Tharp, Charles Hammond, Arthur Elliott, Orlando Daly, Jessie Millward, and Vera Stow.

Arthur Cunningham is drawing well in his engagement at the Valencia Theatre. "The Donagh" has been the hill this week, with the star in the part of Lanty Killaly, and it will be continued up to and including Sunday night. On Monday evening next Boucicault's famous play, "The Colleen Bawn" will be produced, with Mr. Cunningham as Myles Na Coppaleen, the good genius of the "brides of Garryowen." It is a romantic melodrama, as all old theatre-goers know, with many tense situations, and with good comedy plentifully bestowed along its way. Mr. Cunningham will sing some new and old songs, and there will be music by other members of the cast. Edith Lyle will be the Colleen Bawn, and Grace Travers, Lillian Andrews, Karra Kenwyn, Paul McAllister, George Osbourne, Charles Dow Clark, and Robert Homans, among others of the Valencia company, will have good parts. The scenic investiture of the play includes some handsome sets.

The Princess Theatre Musical Comedy Company ends its season with the coming week, much to the regret of its admirers and friends. "Peggy from Paris," which is doing remarkably well, will continue up to and including Sunday night. On Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights of next week "The Umpire" will be revived, with Fred Mace and May Boley in the principal rôles. On Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday nights, and at the Sunday matinée, "Piff, Paff, Puff" will be presented; and by special request there will be two performances of "Peggy from Paris"—on Wednesday night and at the Saturday matinée.

A real, old-fashioned, one-ring circus, with twenty acrobats and comedians, will be only one of the features of next week's hill at the Orpheum. The Ellis-Nowlan Company introduce this novel act, and show a circus parade, a cage of wild animals, a steam calliope, and a silver cornet band. They have a quick change succession of feats and fun, and make the feature a deserved head-liner. Miss Cheridah Simpson, late star of "The Red Feather," will contribute songs and piano-logues, and as an accomplished vocalist and pianist her appearance is always favored. Rossiter's Novelty Dancing Four, dancers, and Harrison Armstrong's dramatic episode, "A Spotless Reputation," with Alhert L. Pelaton and William Foran, will be the other novel acts. Next week will be the last of Claude Gillingwater, the Vindohonas, Billy Van, and of Mahel Hite and Mike Donlin in their great hit, "Stealing Home."

There will be matinée performances on Saturday only during the Ethel Barrymore engagement at the Van Ness Theatre.

The summer season of grand opera at the Princess Theatre, beginning June 14, is one of the announcements of the week that will arouse more than passing interest. An extended notice of the company and repertory is given elsewhere.

Mrs. Fiske will make her visit to San Francisco this month, coming for an engagement of two weeks, on June 14, to the Valencia Theatre. Her new American play, "Salvation Nell," which will be given throughout her season here, has stirred the critics everywhere, and though they have expressed varied opinions of the production, all agree in praise of Mrs. Fiske's sincerity and moving appeal in her characterization.

John Drew will make his final appearance as Jack Straw at the Van Ness Theatre on Saturday evening.

A new play from the master English playwright, Arthur Wing Pinero, is to be the pleasant portion of Miss Ethel Barrymore next season. The piece is as yet unnamed, and although no hint of the plot has been

given out, it is understood it will mark a happy return to Pinero's earlier, less hitting, and more genial style. Therefore it is expected that something on the order of "Trelawney of the Wells," and wholly different from "Letty," "His House in Order," and "The Thunderbolt" will be the result. In London the principal character will be created by Miss Irene Vanhugh, whose Sophie Fulgarney, in "The Gay Lord Quex," is still a vivid memory, although it is eight years since it was disclosed to American playgoers.

Marie Wainwright is a member of the company supporting Marie Doro in "The Morals of Marcus," soon to be seen here.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Spring on Long Island.

Not on the wind's high wing  
Comes the Spring  
When she comes our way;  
Not on the chariots white  
Of the clouds of day,  
Or the pinions gray  
Of the wavering mist of night;  
And she comes not over the roads of the land,  
By valley and plain where the great hills stand,  
By the forest path or the fallow plain.  
When she knows we are waiting again  
She is borne by the sea from the south;  
There is salt in the breath of her mouth,  
There is hime in the scent of her hair,  
And everywhere  
The cry of the water sings  
With the bird-notes that she brings.

See how the coast-lines slip  
More and more to the west  
From the pine-clad breast  
Of Maine unto Florida's palmy tip.  
See how our isle looks forth  
From its anchoring here at the north  
Toward the islands of Caribbee—  
Nothing between but the sea.  
It is there that the Spring abides  
The end of our wintertides.  
It is thence she comes on the shining flood  
In a splendor of sunshine drest,  
The north in her heart, the south in her blood,  
And her feet on the white wave-crest,  
So eagerly swift that we say, "She is near,"  
And the day beyond, "She is here, is here!"

Then the blue of our sky is the blue of the deep—  
stretched sea,  
The green of our banks is the green where its  
shallows be,  
And its foam-wreaths bloom once more  
In the blossoms that spray us from shore to  
shore,  
Orchard and thicket and forest floor—  
Apple, azalea, dogwood, and all  
The frail things snowy and small  
That cling  
To the garment edge of the Spring.

—Lydia Schuyler, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

### "Dead Yet Speaketh."

Richard Realf—*Soldiers' Plot, Odd Fellows' Cemetery, San Francisco.*

It was Memorial Day,  
Last round of hours for Springtime and the May;  
All morning, whatso else lips would repeat,  
My troubling heart in her own speech would say:  
"Plant daisies at my head and at my feet."  
Again and yet again she prompted me.

From window high, aloof,  
O'erlooking roof and roof,  
Could see the long white street turn pleasantly  
Into a graveled road  
Where lingering footsteps trod  
'Midst purple lupin and wee blossoms bright  
That came to being in a day and night;  
Thence, thro' the gateway broad,  
The many paths set round with fragrant bloom,  
To lead the thought away from grief and gloom.

On, up the long, green hill  
That lifts above the city white and still,  
Against the shelter of the Sutoro wood  
Where wild birds carol and leaf odors hood—  
I went, late, and alone  
To find the ground where every simple stone  
Bears record—name and rank and letters three  
That stand for War's grim tale of tragedy.

I laid my daisies at his head and feet;  
I heard the birds sing in the sheltering wood—  
O world! how sweet when life is fair and good!  
O life! how bitter when cold death is sweet!

He "broke his heart with trying"—who could  
more?  
Weak heart that could not even up the score,  
And so, the world passed by  
The other side, and let him die.

Yet, with his fleeting breath,  
He gave the tenderest passion cry that death  
Wrung ever from man's final agony.

Thus, let him lie,  
God's sunshine on his quiet breast:  
The world is a bleak place at best  
For those who strive and strive in vain—  
Perhaps to die is gain.

Little he careth now  
Whether we heed him not, or how  
With tribute, signing unforget  
The grave within the hallowed lot;  
Tomorrow, ay, it comes and comes again,  
The poet-soldier's piteous refrain.  
Pink as the sunrise, white as mountain snow,  
The little ones that 'midst the grasses grow,  
Shall be his very own  
By his own asking won.  
To teach the heart to be more kind  
To those who fail—according to our metes—  
To bring our daisies ere the eyes are blind,  
And plant them in the paths of living feet.  
—Eufina C. Tompkins, in *San Francisco Star*.

Edwin Stevens is back in vaudeville again. He was doing his "An Evening with Dickens" at Keith's, in Boston, last week.

### Men Who Guard the King.

The British Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, the body-guard of the king, has just celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of its founding. It is now composed of Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Fletcher, clerk of the cheque and adjutant of the body-guard, and Colonels Mitford and Spragge. The corps was formed by Henry VIII immediately after his accession. In the old days one of the duties of its members was to accompany the sovereign on the battlefield, and there to form a ring round him and to guard him with battle-axes. Nowadays, when it is not the custom for the sovereign to go in person to war, the gentlemen-at-arms are called upon to assume less onerous work. For instance, they are required to attend levées at St. James's Palace, and to keep clear the ways to the royal presence. When there is a court at Buckingham Palace they attend there; and they are present at Westminster when the king opens Parliament.

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Ashley—Do you have much variety in your boarding-house? *Seymour*—Well, we have three different names for the meals.—*London World*.

"Were you ever surrounded by wolves?" "No; but I used to open the dining-room doors at a summer hotel."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Tell me frankly, sir, what do you think of my daughter's voice?" "Well, madam, I think she may have a brilliant future in water-color painting."—*Figaro*.

Pall Clerk—Mary Gladys Jarley votes ballot number two hundred and— "M. G. J.—Oh, wait a moment, please! Give me that back! I want to add a postscript.—*Puck*.

Wigwag (trying to think of insomnia)—When you haven't been able to sleep for about a week what do you call it? *Yamgpag*—What is it, a boy or girl?—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mrs. Galightly (to eminent musical critic)—What do you think of the new opera, Mr. Crotchet? *Eminent Musical Critic*—Well, it wouldn't be bad, if somebody would set it to music.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Irate Diner (to waiter who persistently havers about the table)—What on earth are you waiting for, man? I don't want you. Waiter—Excuse me, sir, but I am responsible for the silver.—*Tit-Bits*.

Miss Penelope Peachblow—My complexion is horrible today; I have half a mind not to go. Miss Dally Flicker—Put on a pair of red stockings, and you'll be safe so far as the men are concerned.—*Life*.

Captain (receiving the new middy)—Well, boy, the old story, I suppose—fool of the family sent to sea? "Oh, no, sir," piped the boy; "that's all altered since your day."—*Williams College Purple Cow*.

Mrs. Passé (to her maid)—How is the weather today, Marie? *Maid*—Fresh and windy, madame. Mrs. Passé—Very well; you will please put a healthy flush on my cheeks this morning; I am going out.—*Life*.

"What is your principal object, anyhow," asked the visiting foreigner, "in building that Panama Canal?" "Well," answered the native, "we have an idea it will limit the size of future battleships."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Professor Sallow—I wish to marry your daughter, sir. I have a chair in Johns Hopkins. Parent—And I suppose you will look to me for the rest of the furniture. No, sir, you can't have her until you can furnish a flat.—*Puck*.

Thirsty Passenger—How much longer have I got to wait for that cocktail I ordered? Dining-Car Waiter (looking out of the window)—About a mile and a half longer, sir. This is a dry county, and there's a spotter on board.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I could not think of depriving you of your seat," she sweetly said. "Pray keep it." He sat down again. "Very well, if you insist

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Claim of the Small College—The Medal from France—The Settlement in Georgia—The McCloud Incident—Political Reaction in Oregon—Significance of Count Zeppelin's Achievement—Editorial Notes . . . . .	385-387
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . . .	388
CURRENT TOPICS . . . . .	388
NEW YORK AN "UNFINISHED HELL": Miss Jeannette Gilder Tells Us Why It Is Becoming Impossible to Live in New York . . . . .	389
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World . . . . .	389
THE BLACK BEAUTY SPOT. Translated from the French of Arthur Dourliac by Mary Ives Cowlam . . . . .	390
OLD FAVORITES: "The Disappointed Lover," by A. C. Swinburne . . . . .	390
A ROMANCE OF OREGON: The Pacific Northwest in the Fifties Supplies Material for a Fine Novel . . . . .	391
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn . . . . .	392
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications . . . . .	393
BON VOYAGE TO RAPHAEL WEILL . . . . .	394
CURRENT VERSE: "The Maid," by Theodore Roberts; "Rain in the New Forest," by John Davidson . . . . .	394
DRAMA: Ethel Barrymore in "Lady Frederick." By Josephine Hart Phelps . . . . .	395
VANITY FAIR . . . . .	396
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise . . . . .	397
THE MERRY MUSE . . . . .	397
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy . . . . .	398
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT . . . . .	399
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day . . . . .	400

### The Claim of the Small College.

It is interesting to note that the General Education Board, which makes disbursement of the income of funds arising from the endowment of \$32,000,000 given in 1907 by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, has this year all but passed by the larger and more pretentious schools to bestow its favors upon small colleges in various parts of the country. For specific purposes considerable sums are given to Johns Hopkins and Bryn Mawr, but besides these nothing is given to any of the greater schools. The list of beneficiaries for the year, besides those already named, are Washington University, St. Louis; Worcester University, Ohio; University of Vermont, Burlington; Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio; Randolph-Macon Women's College, Lynchburg, Virginia; Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Virginia; Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Alabama; Calhoun Colored School, Alabama; Hamline University, St. Paul; Hendrix College, Arkansas; College of St. Thomas, Minnesota; Davidson College, North Carolina; the University of Virginia; Agnes Scott College, Georgia; Cowaliga

Institute, Alabama; Spelman's Seminary, Georgia. In addition to these appropriations there were gifts in support of agricultural demonstration work in the Southern States and for professors of secondary education in the State universities of the Southern States. It would appear from this list of beneficiaries that the General Education Board has come to recognize the superior claim of the small colleges as distinct from the greater and more famous institutions. Manifestly it is the judgment of the board that the cause of education is better promoted by gifts which tend to support small and scattered schools than by giving to the greater institutions.

### The Medal from France.

Ambassador Jusserand's visit to San Francisco has been an unqualified success, and there was every reason why it should be. He was commissioned by his government to bring to us a gold medal specially struck for the occasion and commemorating French appreciation of the courage and the energy shown in the work of rebuilding the city. This was not a mere piece of formalism, inasmuch as no other government has done anything similar. Expressions of good-will from other countries have, of course, been many and sincere, but the French nation is the only one to give to her felicitations just that touch of ceremonial that appeals to the popular heart. It was a graceful act, gracefully conceived and gracefully carried out. In other words, it was French.

The duty of presentation fell naturally to M. Jusserand, and he did it with the easy suavity that distinguishes him. He allowed it to be seen that he was gratifying his personal inclinations as well as carrying out his official instructions. His speeches were in the best of good taste, he exhaled an atmosphere of good-fellowship, and he allowed himself all those spontaneous expressions of appreciation and admiration that came naturally to his lips. His visit was so great a success simply because no studied success was in view.

Mme. Jusserand, of course, did her part, and did it with every display of kindly feeling and pleased participation. Although the ambassador's wife is technically an American, she was born in Paris and never even saw her own country until she came here with her husband. This is her first visit to California, but her many acts of gracious cordiality will assure for her an even warmer welcome should the fates allow her to repeat a journey that is now so short and so easy.

M. Jusserand's official duties at Washington have not been onerous, thanks to an international situation that contains no knotty problems, nor points for anxious adjustment. Indeed, as the ambassador pointed out, there are now no open questions between France and America, nothing to disturb a state of perfect amity and mutual understanding between the two great republics. But an ambassador is, in a sense, most occupied when he is least busy. It is his duty to represent his countrymen at their best, to keep himself at the high-water mark of social courtesies and intellectual attainments. M. Jusserand has made his mark as a diplomat at London and Copenhagen, but above all he is a man of the cultured world, a social figure of unfailing address, and a litterateur who combines a power of deep historical research with lighter and more popular studies. He is the author of two or three historical works and is well known as a Shakespearean critic, while his treatise on the physical games of ancient France is a standard authority. M. Jusserand came to Washington in 1902.

It is unfortunate that the pleasant happenings of last week should be marred, however slightly, by the verbal indiscretion of President Jordan at Philadelphia. President Jordan speaks so often and upon such a variety of subjects that an occasional lapse from the proprieties and expediences is inevitable, and perhaps no particular notice would have been taken of his reference to the

French as a decadent nation but for its coincidence at point of time with M. Jusserand's visit to California. It was certainly embarrassing that President Jordan's criticism of the French nation should be widely published in San Francisco at the very moment when that nation's chief representative was paying us a special honor and receiving special honors at our hands. Professor Foulet's rebuke, delivered at the heat of the moment, was forcible and perhaps excessive, and yet it is hard to blame him for a natural indignation at a reflection upon his race and country. Perhaps the case would have been met by a quiet word of dissent, but it must be admitted that any American or Englishman of spirit would have done pretty much the same thing as Professor Foulet, who of course has the French temperament conjoined at the moment with a deep sense of injury. Men in Dr. Jordan's position would do well to avoid broad generalizations or the indictment of a whole nation. They are not only indiscreet, but they are unphilosophic, and perhaps the latter consideration will weigh with Dr. Jordan more than the former. It is easy to deprecate Professor Foulet's rejoinder, but men of patriotic sentiment everywhere will applaud him. Our blood is stirred by a display of spirit in defense of race and country, even though sober second thoughts may counsel moderation.

Dr. Jordan was doing no more than exploit an old theory of his, a theory that he once made the subject of a book. He believes that the decadence of a nation is directly hastened by war and that a nation's losses in battle are peculiarly grievous because of the resulting sacrifice of the finest physical material. His remark about the supposed decadence of France was probably due not so much to a consideration of the facts as to a consideration of his own theory, a failing by no means uncommon with scientists, who not infrequently elaborate theories and then find the facts to fit them.

The whole question turns upon the relative value to a nation of brain and muscle. Dr. Jordan examines national assets very much as a stock-breeder examines cattle—by an estimate of weight and brawn. The soldiers on the field of battle, he contends, are necessarily worth more to the nation than a corresponding number of men at home who were unable to go to war because they were not high enough nor healthy enough, because they had bad teeth, or defective eyesight. The men who are killed, he argues, are taken from those who are "fittest," from those who are most valuable to the well-being of the nation. Inasmuch as enormous numbers of healthy Frenchmen were killed in the Napoleonic wars, it follows that the French nation of today, being the sons and daughters of the "unfit" who were left at home, must necessarily be decadent. It would be true enough if we could measure human values with callipers and weigh them upon the market scales, but it is only a crude materialism that tries to do this.

There is no need to look lengthily at the hereditary facts of the French nation of today, because they are clear enough to all those who have no particular theories to sustain at all costs. The participation of France in the affairs of Europe, the force that makes her the honored ally of England and of Russia, her vigor at home and abroad, all tend to disprove a charge of decadence, while in art, literature, science, finance, and statecraft she is able easily to hold the place that has belonged to her for a century. A nation is not decadent that contains such a literary assemblage as Mendès, Bazin, Rod, Bourget, Prévost, Barrès, France, Loti, Estuamié, with a whole host of other men of like calibre. While at the moment Rodin holds the field almost alone in supreme art, he stood but a few years ago in the midst of a crowd, and with such contemporaries as Millet, Bonheur, and Meissonier, while the Paris Salon still sets a fashion and an ideal. France's contributions to science within the last few years have been of the most glittering kind and of w h e f e c t s t o



humanity. It is only necessary to mention Pasteur and his successor, Metchnikoff, in the department of clinics, and the Curies in chemistry. Decadent nations do not produce men like these. France today is easily supreme in finance, and although her present statesmen do not belong to the ranks of genius, we see in such men as Clemenceau something that is often better than genius, a saving and vigorous common sense and a political sanity that inspires popular confidence and is strong enough to tide the nation over crisis after crisis. France today leads the world in the fine constructive arts, in the manufacture of beautiful and dainty things, and if women are allowed to cast a vote in the matter France will be placed beyond competition in the art of dressmaking and the adornment of the body. In perfumes, in the chemistry of the toilet, France comes easily first. She has, in fact, eminence and preëminence in so many departments of human industry that their enumeration is difficult, but even the most cursory glance puts her above and beyond the category of decadent nations. So far as the great masses of the people are concerned, our knowledge of their stability and worth is not derived wholly from the traveler or the novelist. We have a French community of some size in our midst and we can therefore judge the value of the average French citizenship by the sterling qualities that it contributes to our own. Once more these things are not evidences of decadence, but rather of an abounding and ambitious vitality.

But looking at the question in its broader aspects, we have only to ask ourselves if physical perfection as a national asset can compare in value with character, intellect, the power of leadership, the ability to think and to plan. All these things can flourish without a background of bodily proficiencies. Indeed, we may almost think that they flourish better.

There is no need to recapitulate the great men of our own country. It is enough to say that but few of them would be accepted by the modern recruiting sergeant. All history tells the same tale. William of Orange, for example, was a weakling, while the great French captain with whom he waged campaign after campaign was so feeble that he had to be held on his saddle. Napoleon himself was undersized and died prematurely of cancer. Joan of Arc was a fragile woman. There will be no disposition to undervalue the brave men who died for France, or any brave men who die for their country, but we refuse to consider them as the only, or the greatest, treasure of their nation. Napoleon, and all commanders, have left behind them greater human values than they ever took into the field with them. For one thing they leave the women behind, and it is mainly from the mothers that come the great virtues which are the only permanent values that any nation can possess.

#### The Settlement in Georgia.

There is a curious reticence in relation to the terms of the adjustment of the railway strike in Georgia. It is simply announced that the white firemen are "satisfied," and that the public which has sympathized with their position have ceased aggressive acts. This tends to sinister suggestions. Apparently—probably—the adjustment has been made upon terms tending to elimination of the negro from even the relatively better positions in the railroad service, thereby giving to white men that general priority which they demanded in all but the lower departments of railroad work. This is plainly the intimation of such scraps of information as come to us; and we hear the further suggestion that elimination of the negro from the Georgia road will be followed by a similar policy on the part of other railroads in the South.

Hitherto it has been the boast of the South and its main appeal for justification of its general policy toward the blacks that it has given them a chance to earn their living in a wide range of employments. The carpenter, the blacksmith, the general mechanic, everywhere in the South is a black man. On the other hand, the North, while cherishing a certain sentimental friendship for the negro and while contributing largely to his industrial education at Tuskegee and elsewhere, has not tolerated him in any other than the so-called menial occupations. The opportunity of the negro for employment in other than the lower grades of manual labor has been in the South alone.

If now the South is to deny to the black man the privilege of labor, it will not only mark a decline in the spirit of civilization in the South, but it will make a social problem—or a whole crop of problems. The negroes have been those engaged in industrial occu-

pations. If they are now forced to abandonment of their trades it will inaugurate a new régime of discontent upon the basis of real grievance and with the special demoralizations of enforced idleness. It will, too, rob the South of a large element of its power, since the negro is now the main resource of Southern industry.

Just what can be done about it does not appear. The North certainly will make a poor figure in insisting that the South shall give to the negro opportunities denied to him at the North. It will be time enough for the North to make much of the rights of the negro to a place in the general industrial system when it shall concede the same rights in its own territory.

The situation tends to raise anew and in a specially aggravated form many problems great and small connected with the occupation of a country by races physiologically and traditionally separated. From the earliest times the world has been accustomed to a caste system, much as we have it in our own country in relation with the negro, but with unimportant exceptions, we can recall no instance where there has been enforced a system of discrimination so radical as to eliminate the inferior race in connection with the simpler forms of labor. Spain drove out the Jews, but at the time of their exodus the Jews, while inferior in numbers, were a people of superior accomplishments. In our case the discrimination relates to labor and in the case of a people vastly numerous and incapable for many reasons of passing into other countries. It is indeed a serious situation, for the negro will live one way or another, whether industrial employment be permitted to him or not. If, indeed, the discrimination shall become universal, it will surely result in such conditions in those parts of the country where the black population is large as will, we believe, make it impossible for the white race to sustain itself. In other words, we believe that if the whites of the South shall deny to the blacks the privilege of industry, they will ultimately be themselves driven from the land, for there must arise under such a policy conditions impossible for white men.

#### The McCloud Incident.

From statements printed in the daily papers it would appear that the workmen in the McCloud lumbering mills had a real grievance. A wage of \$1.75 per day, with board supplied by the company at a dollar per day and with payment in "store orders"—this is not reasonable pay in these times. Likewise it is a grievous thing when upstart arrogance is charged with authority even in small matters. Nor does the fact that men may be found to accept work upon hard conditions justify their enforcement. Unquestionably the men were badly used, and unquestionably they had a right to strike, to quit work, either singly or in the mass. This right is inherent in free men; without it any group of men would be slaves. The right to strike must be respected, for it is absolutely a sacred one.

But the right to strike is no more sacred than the right to work. The men who came in to take up the work laid down by the strikers may have been wrong in judgment and contemptible through their lack of sympathy with their fellows, but they were clearly within their rights. Every principle of freedom and justice sustains the right of a man, wise or foolish though he may be, to work upon his own contract.

Again, the strikers had no right to possess themselves of the property of the lumbering company, to threaten its destruction, or to terrorize the community by violent demonstrations. The property of the company is guaranteed to it by government, and any adverse action in relation to it is not only a violation of the moral law, but of the law of the land as well. There is no more justification for the strikers in attacking the property of the milling company than if they had gone to the next town and looted its stores and warehouses. The principle in the one case is precisely the same as in the other. So much for the fundamentals of the situation.

Now let us consider the obligations of government. The first of governmental guaranties in every free country is that of liberty of action to the individual. The second is protection of property. On the one hand government owes it to every citizen, even the humblest, that he shall not be enforced in any respect contrary to his own wishes. He may not be compelled to work; on the other hand, his right to work must positively be sustained. Government has no more positive, no more important function. It has, indeed, no more serious responsibility. This is mainly what government is

for—to protect men in their rights. And so if there had been an attempt on the part of the lumbering company to force the men to work, it would have been the duty of the government of the State of California by armed force if necessary to protect the men against an enforcement inconsistent with individual liberty. Likewise, when there was an attempt on the part of the strikers to interfere with the right of other men to work, even to take up the work which they had laid down, it became the duty of the State government to protect the workers in their rights. Likewise, when there were assaults upon property with threats of destruction, it became the duty of the State government to act in protection of rights fixed and guaranteed by the Constitution and the laws.

All this is very elementary, very simple, very manifest; and yet it seems necessary to say it for the hundredth time, to the end of avoiding confusion of ideas. The rights and the wrongs of the immediate quarrel between mill owners and men entered not at all into the case as it came to Governor Gillett for action last week. The function of government is not to interfere between parties to the end of promoting equity, however grievously the spirit of equity may be violated. The function of government is to stand neutral as between parties, but to maintain the rights of each—maintain them by armed force if necessary.

Now this is precisely what the State troops have done at McCloud by the order of Governor Gillett. The soldiers were sent without consideration of the merits of the contention between mill owners and mill workers. That was a matter for the parties themselves. The presence of troops was for the purpose of protecting individual men in their right to labor, likewise for the purpose of safeguarding property menaced by a mob. The course of Governor Gillett was in strict obedience to the obligations of his office. He could not have done less without violating his oath or without failing to use the powers under his hand in sustaining the laws whose enforcement is his special duty.

Of course there is for the moment a loud howl on the part of the laborite agitators against Governor Gillett as a sympathizer with capital and as an enemy to labor. This is the usual tone of those who find themselves balked in illegitimate and unlawful courses. But it is never effective, because somehow that which is bogus and false never has any power of sustaining itself. The agitators who are decrying Governor Gillett know in their hearts that he did the only thing possible for one in his position to do, that he did only what the law required him to do, likewise that his act was a necessary one in relation to the integrity of law and of government.

The citizenship of the State, including the respectable element of labor unions, will sustain Governor Gillett in his course in the McCloud strike because it will see the justice of what he has done and will commend his courage in doing it. For all their howl and yowl against their "enemies"—by which term the labor leaders characterize everybody who does not concede their wild demands—the laboring men of the country will respect the governor all the more. This is the lesson of history everywhere. Did Judge Taft lose the respect or the votes of organized labor because he declared and enforced the law at Cincinnati in four notable decisions some ten years ago? Did Mr. Bryan get the support of organized labor because he knuckled under to Mr. Gompers at Denver last year? These questions answer themselves. The rank and file of organized labor, like other men, admire and support faithfulness to principle, loyalty to the law, courage in action. The professional labor leaders—the men who exploit labor in their own interest, as for example the Gompers, the McCarthys, the Caseys, and the Tveitmoes—wear weary heaven with their cries and threats, but nothing comes of all their noise and fury. The impulses of human nature, the common sense of intelligent men—these things are not altered because a few professional labor howlers poison the air with their reproaches when a brave man in public office does his duty.

Men of common sense understand that no matter what the primary motives of a strike may be, no matter which party is right and which is wrong, that a new issue is raised by the first act of violence. It is not then a question of the rights or wrongs of the original quarrel, it is a question of abandoning or sustaining the law. And with respect to such an issue the duty of government is plain and mandatory. There is but one thing for government to do and that is to enforce the law without respect to any bias or sympathies which the officers of the law may privately hold.



Governor Gillett is not more to be commended for having met social disorder at McCloud with a firm hand, than for having rebuked the officer in command of State troops for a breach of propriety. General Lauck ought not to have accepted the hospitalities of the lumber company at McCloud. He ought to have established his quarters some place other than in a house owned and maintained by one of the parties to the pending trouble. He ought not to have put himself under obligation to anybody; he should have avoided other than official association with either party in the pending contention. The Italian consul general who was called to McCloud within the week in connection with this difficulty—many of the striking workmen being Italians—set an example which the commander of the State forces might have observed with advantage. He declined all invitations and established his residence while in the disturbed district at a hotel. Governor Gillett did precisely the right thing in expressing his disapproval of the course of General Lauck and his action at this point will go far toward healing the wound which this whole incident has made. It will be a legitimate satisfaction even to those who resent the action of the State government, that the governor has not tolerated anything wearing the look of bias or partisanship on the part of anybody representing the forces of the State.

#### Political Reaction in Oregon.

Mr. Joseph Simon, for many years a leading figure in the Republican organization of Oregon, has within the week been elected Mayor of Portland under circumstances of more than local interest. It will be remembered that some five or six years ago Oregon adopted the Direct Primary system in general municipal elections, and with it that other device known as the Initiative and Referendum, likewise in State and municipal legislation. This system has now been in operation long enough to give the people of Oregon a pretty fair working illustration of its value, and incidentally to give to the country in general suggestions not without value in relation to methods of political action.

Oregon, as all the world knows, is definitely a Republican State. Only once since the war has it given its presidential vote to a Democrat, and in recent national elections the Democratic vote has hardly been worth counting. But in spite of the overwhelming Republican sentiment of the people of Oregon, the direct primary system has put Democrats everywhere into public office. It is necessary only to point to results as they have pertinently worked out in Oregon experience for a series of years in demonstration of the principle. When it came to choosing a governor no strong man appeared before the people as an applicant for the Republican nomination, and in a general field of indifferent candidates the weakest was chosen largely through connivance on the part of large numbers of Democrats who naturally wished to set up a weak opponent to their own candidate. The result justified this course, for in the end a Democrat was elected to the governorship. Similarly in the case of the first vacancy in the United States Senate, the popular vote under the direct primary system placed in the Senate a man who indeed calls himself a Republican, but whose record was that of a silverite populist and who in no sense was a representative man—this on a popular vote of less than 20 per cent of the total vote of the State. Again, when another senator was to be elected, a State, which under the system of voting prescribed by national statute gave Mr. Taft a tremendous majority, under the direct primary system chose a Democrat to the national Senate. Thus Oregon, a State of unquestioned Republican political sentiment, is represented in the Senate by a Populist and by a Democrat.

In its municipal workings the eccentricities of the direct primary system have been equally notable. Portland, for example, has had a Democratic mayor for the past three years, and other of the larger towns have had the same experience. Under the system the candidates of the dominant party serve to kill each other off while the candidate of the minority party marches into office upon the basis of a minority vote.

An incidental effect of this system has been, first, the elimination of the better class of men from political life, and second the complete demoralization of parties, more particularly of the majority party. For all of its pretensions at the points of determining and enforcing the will of the people, there is no way under the system by which a majority sentiment may surely get itself represented in official authority. Political cooperation

is impracticable, and party authority and discipline a thing quite out of the question. Naturally there has ceased in Oregon to be any real party organization because there is no way for organization to be sustained. Mere personalism has supplanted the party system to the end that chaos reigns in the political sphere. It is only in connection with national politics, wherein the national statutes control, that political action upon a representative and responsible basis is possible at all.

Along with the development of these conditions there has come another species of confusion under the initiative and referendum system. Any little group of enthusiasts, recalcitrants, or plain cranks, can hold up any piece of legislation which may by any chance run counter to its views or purposes. Last year, for example, a little coterie of chronic oppositionists stood for several months between the State University and the none-too-generous appropriation made for it by the legislature. Again, at each election so many matters are referred to determination by the individual voter as to make a ticket of such unreasonable length and complication as to confound even the wisest and most conscientious. Under these multiplied confusions, elections in Oregon in recent years have been mere political carnivals with conditions so mixed and jumbled that no citizen in casting his vote could be assured that he was acting in accord with his judgment and his conscience.

Under these conditions government, State and local, has run to many forms of excess. The city of Portland in particular has been in a shameful state of political confusion, and quite naturally its municipal debt has been piling up by leaps and bounds. Where the privilege of borrowing money away from home, to be distributed at home, is put into the hands of those who have no responsibility in connection with repayment, the result is always a certainty. This principle has run its usual course, to a degree tending to alarm responsible and conservative men.

In the campaign which preceded the election of last Monday these considerations were discussed without reserve. The *Oregonian*, a journal of great courage and of unique authority, took a straightforward stand against anarchistic and destructive policies, and in support of the principle of property control of municipal affairs. Making no pretensions to personal admiration for Mr. Simon, the *Oregonian* nevertheless favored his election. Recognizing him as a political organizer and something of a "boss," the *Oregonian* nevertheless urged his election. "The people of Portland," it said, "want judicious, quiet, and efficient municipal government. There has been bluntness enough—and too much." With these aims and purposes in mind, and by a concerted effort, the conservative element of Portland has succeeded in putting Mr. Simon into office—to restore that system of "judicious, quiet, and efficient municipal government," of which he as a political manager of expert qualifications affords assurance. In other words, the people of Portland, under the leading of the most conservative forces and influences, have in so far as they could and with perfect consciousness of what they were doing, restored that system which the direct primary was organized to overthrow.

Quite incidentally in the same election the people of Portland voted against a proposition to establish the commission system of municipal government, in imitation of the scheme in force at Des Moines, Iowa, and Galveston, Texas. Having now for several years played with political innovations and novelties, the Oregonians are tired and more than willing to return to the rational, long-tried, and long-approved representative system.

#### Significance of Count Zeppelin's Achievement.

Regarded as a scientist, Professor Davidson is undoubtedly a man of large achievements, but his judgment about general things is not thereby made infallible or especially valuable. When Professor Davidson asserts that Count Zeppelin's flight of eight hundred and fifty miles without landing is a thing of indifferent consequence, implying little of value, he says that which common sense must refute. It is probably true that the Zeppelin type of airship will not prove a thing of commercial utility. The same is true of the cannon and the warship, none the less both have cut something of a figure in the world. Commercial purposes are by no means the only purposes directly connected with the uses of mankind. It is plain from the performance of last week that an airship of the Zeppelin type could sail from the European continent over London and back again sufficiently near

the surface of the earth to make accurate observation for military purposes. Or such a ship might drop into the heart of London or any other city explosives of sufficient power to destroy it, or at least to make consternation universal. It is easily conceivable that the Zeppelin ship might hover over an army spreading destruction, death, and terror among its units. All this is quite practicable without further development than that already attained.

Now, to pooh-pooh such a demonstration as that made by Zeppelin as of little or no consequence is to shut one's eyes to things very plainly in sight. Those who have quite as good right as Professor Davidson to declare their opinions see in the achievement of Zeppelin the necessity for readjustment of things which have hitherto supported the power of nations. It is argued that if a machine capable of carrying seven men can remain in the air for a period of twenty-four hours, it is possible by duplication of such machines for fifty or a hundred men to destroy any army possible to be organized; and it is probable that this could be done with relative safety to the assailants. If this be so, military systems of the old fashion have become or at least are in the way of becoming obsolete. So far, therefore, from being valueless, or a thing of small importance, the Zeppelin airship must be acknowledged as a development more than likely to work a revolution in the whole scheme of war. The natural hope is that by rendering war upon anything like old lines impracticable the new development will enforce that "parliament of man" which until now has been a dream rather than a necessity.

#### Editorial Notes.

Mr. Edison has just completed his scheme for building a concrete house at a cost of \$1200, which if constructed of stone in the same design would cost between \$25,000 and \$30,000. He wants it distinctly understood that the price which he names is not practicable where only one house is to be built. His scheme involves the building in blocks of groups of houses in which the same molds are used. A New York correspondent, describing Mr. Edison's plans, says:

The Edison house-building plan calls for a one-family house, on a lot 40x60 feet. The floor plan of the house is 25x30 feet. Each house will contain six rooms and a bath, and the cellar will extend beneath the entire house and will contain the boiler, washstubs, and coal bunker. The decorations will be cast with the house and therefore will come from the molds as part of the structure and not merely be stuck on. Cast-iron molds will be used in building the houses, and they will vary in design. After the concrete foundation has been laid and has hardened the molds will be set upon it. Edison says it will take four days to set up the molds. The liquid concrete can be poured into them in six hours. The molds will be kept in use for four days until the concrete hardens, and then it will require four days to remove them. That means the house will be finished in a fortnight.

It is announced that President Taft is likely to visit the Pacific Coast this summer whether or not Congress shall make the desired appropriation for traveling expenses. It appears that there remains in the fund for expenses of the President, as a balance left over from the Roosevelt régime, something like \$18,000, which is construed to be available for President Taft's use. This sum, it is thought, will be sufficient to defray the cost of the projected journey.

If the union men and our citizens in general want to see a return of the good times which existed prior to the comatose, incompetent Taylor administration, the municipal officials whose names are printed at the head of this article will be triumphantly elected both in August and November.—*Organized Labor*.

Well, it must be conceded that the party for which *Organized Labor* speaks was having good times prior to the Taylor administration.

If we may judge by the names on the municipal ticket put forth by the county committee of the Union Labor party, one practical mistake has been made—no sop has been given to the American vote.

In the Paris Halles more than 4000 pounds of frogs' legs are sold daily. They come mostly from the Vendée, where the soil is flat and swampy. Frogs are exported now in large numbers to London clubs and hotels, where they occasionally figure on the bill of fare as "nymphs en brochette." The best frogs fetch along about a dollar, more or less, for a skewer of ten. The new frog season closely follows the snail season, which finishes with May for the time being.

It has been observed that if it were not for the inflow of persons from the New England States and the West, New York would soon be a city of people of foreign birth in overwhelming proportions.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## "The Needs of Britain."

BRITISH CONSULATE-GENERAL.  
SAN FRANCISCO, June 4, 1909.

DEAR MR. HOLMAN: I have read with much interest the article in this week's *Argonaut* on "The Needs of Britain," and I can quite understand that the writer, living in this pacific country, should see the matter through other glasses than my esteemed friend and colleague at Portland, Mr. James Laidlaw. This great country on account of its size and position is, so far as human eye can see, invulnerable and free from attack, and so far as I can see has no possible enemies or aggressors. Fly to Europe, however, and a very different scene will meet the eye. The British isles have owed their solidarity and immunity from attack for centuries to the belt of water which encircles them and our power to dominate that water. Take away that safeguard and what is there to prevent a small country like Great Britain following in the wake of other European countries which have passed from great powers to stars of third and fourth magnitude. History is sufficient evidence that Great Britain has not been an aggressor for gain, and for a century her navy, equal to or greater than those of any two other powers, has never fired a shot aggressively, but has been maintained solely for the protection of the highway to the outlying portions of the empire, of her merchant marine and commerce and the daily bread of her people. Her motto is, "Defense, not defiance."

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils." And again, "How can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man? And then he will spoil his house."

The continent of Europe is bristling with the bayonets of forced men. One at least of the European powers is striving to equal the British navy in power. Can it be believed for one instant that if the British navy, with an insufficient army behind it, falls to the equal or below it of any one European power, that the empire would be safe from attack at any moment? Unhappily, no. The millennium is not yet even in sight, and in spite of the pacific halo of The Hague, the time when the lion and the lamb can lie down side by side is far distant, and if the lamb lies down at all in proximity to the lion it will have an inside place. And in passing may I suggest that the mild little lambs of Europe owe much of their safety and peace of mind to the existence of the overpowering superiority of the British navy?

Conditions in Great Britain do not, at present at any rate, admit of conscription or forced military service, and England has ever believed, as also this country, that one volunteer is worth two forced men. Unless, therefore, her youth and the flower of her manhood are taught the use of arms and to shoot straight, should the hour of need arrive—and who can say what a day may bring forth?—England would be at the mercy of any power that for twenty-four hours could get command of the sea and—may I add?—the air. As your sons and our sons should be taught the noble art of self-defense in case of attack from some unknown stranger, so should they undoubtedly collectively be taught how to hold their own when the hour of need arrives. I feel, therefore, that Mr. Laidlaw was perfectly right when he said that the time has come for every man in Britain to train himself for defense, for in the near future, owing to the advent of the *Dreadnought*, our naval superiority, which I can proudly say has done so much to preserve the peace of Europe at many times, will be threatened unless we make extraordinary efforts and sacrifices to prevent it. I do not, however, for a moment think that the *Dreadnought* is the last word in this matter. I believe that in a very few years a fighting ship will be designed and built as superior in every way to the *Dreadnought* as this ship is to those of ten years ago. All the more reason, then, for having our boys able to shoot straight.

And now as to the *Argonaut's* argument that the rivalries of the world in these later days are rather industrial and commercial than military. I quite agree and approve entirely of the excellent opinion expressed, although I believe it is on record that many a just and courteous man has gone his way through a crowd of ruffians and found himself minus his watch and chain and money when he got out of the crowd. Had their sense of justice and courtesy been backed up by a thick stick or other weapon in view, the chances are that their property would have been immune. By all means let Britain and all nations give less heed to military conditions and more to the betterment of the physical and moral and, therefore, the industrial conditions of her people, but as it was in the days of Vegetius and Horace, as in the days of Washington, so in the days in which we live.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace. Believe me, Yours very truly,

WALTER R. HEARN.

## The Incident at Bryn Mawr.

SAN MATEO, May 8, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Dr. Jordan, an eminent California educator, no stranger to the world of letters, was invited to deliver, at Bryn Mawr College, his address on the "Biological Effects of War." Those effects are well known, and worthy of study. When the manly stature and physical perfection of a nation are absorbed by the army, withdrawn from domestic life and home-making, and sent away to be slain in battle or degenerated by disease, it is found that only the physically imperfect are left at home to rear families. It needs no seer to foretell the result. Every stockbreeder can tell you that, whether he is breeding cattle or cats. The result in France has long alarmed her economists and statesmen. The steady gain of the death rate on the birth rate tells the story of physical decadence, as it has been told in the history of every military nation. Germany suffered a like decadence after the wars of Frederick the Great, and owes her redemption to Father Jahn, who made athletics a national passion and rebuilt the German physique.

Now, in a purely academic discussion Dr. Jordan stated these things, and was interrupted by the professor of French at Bryn Mawr, who rose and called him a "liar" and stalked off the stage. It should not be necessary to say that there is no disproof and no argument in yelling "liar," and the warm indorsers of the French professor should keep that fact in mind.

The body of Emile Zola has recently been received in the French Pantheon. In his "La Terre" he has drawn for the world to look upon an appalling picture of the French peasantry. If true, it should compel the solicitude of French statesmanship. If false, why is Zola's body in the Pantheon?

If an American scholar is to discuss the vital statistics of France under penalty of being called a liar by French professors employed in American institutions, it would seem that the offense is in the vital statistics and not in the gentleman who quotes them.

WILLIAM F. BARD.

## Medals and Meat.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 7, 1909.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: San Francisco and the Federal and State governments have worthily cooperated in doing honor to France through her diplomatic representative, M. Jusserand, in the bestowment of a medal by our sister republic upon this worthy recognition of the courage and enterprise of our people in rebuilding after the greatest disaster in history. The medal will always be cherished, with patriotic pride,

and its reception has had a world-wide recognition of the highest advertising value to San Francisco. It is notice to mankind that we are again housed in magnificence and comfort, hopeful of heart and strong of hand, ready for our high part in the world's work.

But we were not always so. After the tragedy of April 18, 1906 we were a hungry and homeless people, cowering in the shelter of shrubbery in the parks, and looking, with empty mouths, for bread. Out of the great shadow that was upon us no raised vision saw so far into the future as to discern what now is. Hunger and the primal needs, misery and dejection, were upon us. In that time one foreign nation only saw our distress and came to our assistance. Japan sent \$245,000 to buy for us food and shelter. She was the Good Samaritan among nations. Her store put strength and courage into hearts that had felt no thrill and into men that had seen no silver lining to the cloud that was upon them.

Now that we are rebuilt, strong and well fed, is it not time that we indulge in some significant expression of sentiment toward our helper? Japan has a refined and cultured minister in Washington. We have splendidly returned thanks for our medal, why not ask him here to thank him for our meat?

The occasion could be made as valuable to San Francisco as the reception of our medal. It would go all over the world to prove that we hold in honor not only those who minister with medals to our pride, but those who gave food to our perishing. It would complete the expression of San Francisco's sentiment toward our friends in far nations. Why not do it? E. W. M.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

The situation created by the "graft" trials in San Francisco assumes increasing importance to Eastern newspapers as the proceedings approach their culmination. On May 28, the *New York Evening Post* published an editorial headed "The San Francisco Trial." These comments, while cursory and necessarily incomplete, are here reproduced in full as showing the attitude adopted by one of the most intelligent and conservative newspapers in America:

A "skulking blackmailer," a "slanderer," a "briber"—these are some of the feeling descriptions of Rudolph Spreckels daily appearing in the *San Francisco Globe*, in large headlines, coupled with the oft-repeated charge that the entire campaign against Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways, is due to Mr. Spreckels's failure to become the traction magnate of his city. Never do we recall a more sensational trial or one more difficult for the outsider to understand. Indeed, we question whether San Franciscans themselves who are not "on the inside" have a clear perception of all that is going on or realize fully what everything means. But, if we can judge fairly at this distance, there seems to be a growing uneasiness about the reformers that was not manifest during the Schmitz and Ruef trials. Those were such notorious rascals, it was felt, that no substantial injustice could be done, even if the prosecution took some extremely short cuts or resorted to high-handed methods.

In the case of Patrick Calhoun the situation is different. For one thing, wealth and position fight on his side, as does corporate influence. Nobody believes that the United Railways of San Francisco has been superior in its morality to the average city transportation company, or that its feelings would have been much outraged if it deemed it wise to pay \$200,000 to secure certain favors. But even a railroad president is entitled to justice in court, and the impression is gaining ground that the effort is to "railroad" Mr. Calhoun to prison at any cost, and that the daring procedure of Messrs. Heney and Burns in obtaining evidence—such as entering Mr. Calhoun's office and blowing open his private safe, under warrants of questionable validity—is not justifiable even in the endeavor to free an utterly demoralized city from the toils of scoundrels and blackmailers. For a couple of years San Francisco's destiny has lain in the hands of two men. Rudolph Spreckels has furnished the money—and has been characterized publicly by Mr. Roosevelt as one of the most patriotic and unselfish of citizens—while James D. Phelan is credited with being the real power behind the throne. These men have decided who should and who should not be mayor of San Francisco; which men should go to jail and which go free. They have been the despotic tyrants of the city, even if it be believed that they have always been wise and benevolent tyrants.

For instance, it has recently been brought out in a letter of the late Chief of Police Biggy, originally appointed to that position by Mr. Spreckels, that, having been visited by Mr. Spreckels (on November 16 last), he was told to resign because he was "surrounded by crooks" and an "associate of dive-keepers and brothel-keepers." Why should a private citizen have the right to order a police chief to resign, or, for that matter, to appoint him? Is there anything in democratic government which recognizes such a privilege? But in Biggy's case, the demand was practically an ultimatum to be obeyed, and he so felt it. The reason is simply that Mr. Spreckels has financed the reform movement. Although Mr. Heney is a public official, he has received, according to Mr. Spreckels's own testimony, \$23,828.22 from Spreckels for his office expenses, while \$38,400 has been paid to Heney's law partner and associate, and Burns is openly stated to have received no less than \$132,446.05 from the Spreckels privy purse.

Granting that this is pure civic philanthropy, it was again brought out in the examination of Mr. Spreckels himself that, just prior to the fire, Mr. Phelan and Mr. Spreckels had organized the Municipal Railways with a capitalization of eleven millions of dollars for the purpose of building underground trolley lines in competition with the United Railways. It is this fact that has led to the many reports that the real motive of Mr. Spreckels for his attack upon Calhoun was a business one, and the allegation that he expects to receive in return three dollars for every one he is now investing in reform. On the other hand, so far as the trial of Calhoun has gone, Mr. Heney has apparently woven a very strong chain of circumstantial evidence about him. There was a payment of \$200,000 from the United Railways to somebody about the time the bribing was done, but no explanatory entry has been made, and there is the usual profound official ignorance as to what use the money was put to.

Now, the *Evening Post* has only the feeling which every lover of good government must have—that it would welcome the conviction of Mr. Calhoun if the facts warrant it. The country would then be able to say that at least in one city the man "higher up" was reached; that in San Francisco Mr. Heney could do what Mr. Jerome failed, for one reason or another, to accomplish here. We should very much prefer to believe that Messrs. Spreckels, Phelan, Heney, and Burns are fighting the people's battle against the worst type of political corruption. But the point which we wish to make today is simply that even a reformer can not turn despot and run the machinery of government himself without provoking an immediate reaction. The best kind of reform is that which comes from the people themselves by regular democratic means, and not that which emanates from a handful of men of the men accused of wrong. Undoubtedly, we shall be told that this is a counsel of perfection; that to overthrow such a monstrous conspiracy as existed in San Francisco every possible means must be resorted to in order to ferret out the criminal; that to be practical in such matters one must be thin-skinned, but utilize the power that falls into one's hands. To this we would make the reply that it is neither desirable

nor practical, when in the midst of so great a prosecution, to find that the enlightened public sentiment is becoming suspicious both as to methods and motives.

A little care should be exercised in passing strictures upon the Republican followers of Senator Aldrich in the tariff debates. It would be a pity so to exhaust the vocabulary of denunciation as to leave no adequate terms for the Democrats who may well boast that a merciful Providence fashioned them holler, in order that they might their principles swaller. Seventeen Democratic senators voted against free lumber in contemptuous and discreditable defiance of the Denver platform. They were actuated by the spirit voiced by Senator F. M. Simmons of North Carolina, who said:

I am ready, with him and with any other man on either side of this chamber, to extend the same treatment to every product embraced in this bill, I do not care in what section of the country it is located.

That is the policy exactly: "You vote for my lumber and I'll vote for you—anything you please." What's the good of a platform anyway, except for getting in by?

Again, take iron ore. Twenty-four senators voted that iron ore be placed on the free list, and fourteen out of the twenty-four are Republicans and only ten are Democrats. There are thirty-two Democrats in the Senate, thirty-two poll-parrots who have been taught to say "Tariff for revenue only" in season and out of season and only ten of the precious lot could summon up courage enough to vote for what they are pleased facetiously to call their "convictions." Here are the names of the twenty-four who voted for free iron ore: Beveridge (R.), Borah (R.), Bristow (R.), Brown (R.), Burkett (R.), Clapp (R.), Clarke (D.), Crawford (R.), Culherson (D.), Cummins (R.), Curtis (R.), Dolliver (R.), Du Pont (R.), Gamble (R.), Gore (D.), Hughes (D.), La Follette (R.), Nelson (R.), Newlands (D.), Overman (D.), Rayner (D.), Shively (D.), Smith of Maryland (D.), Smith of South Carolina (D.)

Commenting on the Democratic betrayal of the Denver platform, the *New York Evening Post* has something pertinent to say:

The spectacle of seventeen Democratic senators voting against free lumber is one calculated to do an enormous amount of damage to their party. The Democrats in their platform specifically stated that if they should be given charge of the nation's affairs, free lumber would be one of the first results of their administration. When the opportunity came yesterday, Senator Bailey and his sixteen associates voted for a tariff on lumber, just as if there had never been a Denver convention. Moreover, when chided for his action, Mr. Bailey replied that he would not surrender his "conscience and judgment" to the delegates at Denver, a declaration of independence which, if universally followed, would speedily make party platforms as useless as a mastodon on Broadway. Commendable as independence may be in individuals, fixed convictions are indispensable for parties if they would attract the votes of men who believe in the sacredness of pledges. Men who look for sincere and honest observance of campaign promises will be much less interested in the Democracy hereafter. That the Democratic party has protection traitors in its ranks has been known since the days of the Wilson bill. Yesterday's vote clearly shows how little encouragement the independent tariff-for-revenue men would have received had Mr. Bryan been elected, and the tariff bill been in Mr. Bailey's hands for passage in the Senate.

In this connection Senator Isidor Rayner, an old-time Cleveland Democrat and an honest man, asks some questions that might be echoed and answered by some of his associates. He says:

Where am I and what am I? These are the momentous problems that are surging in upon me. . . . Where do I stand? . . . Am I a Democrat, for instance, on free hides, and a Republican on peanuts? Am I a protectionist on zinc ore and pig-iron and a revenue reformer on pine-apples?

The revenue situation in America has cropped up recently in the budget debate in the English House of Commons. Mr. Balfour denounced the proposals of the chancellor of the exchequer as likely to drive capital from the country, and to this Mr. Asquith, the prime minister, replied as follows:

Where will it fly to? It may traverse the whole civilized world, but wherever it goes it will find itself confronted by a finance minister as necessitous as Mr. Lloyd-George. It would not find rest in Germany, France, or the United States. In the last-named country they are engaged in rigging up a new tariff, and have a deficit far more formidable than anything we have to face here. The truth is, there is not a civilized country in the world which does not find itself at this moment under stress of taking its place in the race of armaments, in providing for social reform, in developing new resources, and discovering new means of taxation. There is no country in the world where, when all the proposals of this budget have been carried into law, capital will be less exposed to chances of spoliation or insecurity than in this free-trade country.

Senator Aldrich's ascendancy in the Senate is a puzzle only to those who do not know him. He is one of the very few men who can give reasons for the faith that is in him, one of the very few men who have spent years of hard work in saturating himself with the facts that can be used to support his cause. Senator Aldrich exudes facts, he perspires them at every pore. He is an encyclopedia of tariff information, and he has forgotten more about the schedules than the majority of his colleagues are ever likely to know or to have wit enough to understand. Other men recite their principles by rote, and they would never know what their convictions were if they had not learned them by heart. Senator Aldrich alone is an inexhaustible mine of information, and he supplements his speeches by a tireless flow of personal conversation in which he answers objections, quiets ruffled consciences, and cements his influence over recalcitrant associates. He has the power of the expert. He knows all that can be known about the tariff, and if the recording angel should ever take him to task for his share in the proposed schedules there is at least one plea that he will not be able to advance and that is ignorance of the situation. Senator Aldrich is an illustration of the power of knowledge over ignorance and the supremacy of intelligence.



## NEW YORK AN "UNFINISHED HELL."

Miss Jeannette Gilder Tells Us Why It Is Becoming Impossible to Live in New York.

If a San Franciscan should arrive in New York suddenly, he would say to himself, or to whoever happened to be with him, "Hello, you have had an earthquake here." And who should blame him? I doubt if even San Francisco in its most ruined district looks more as though an earthquake had passed over it than do certain portions of New York. As I look out of my dining-room window, I see a few houses standing, the rest of the landscape consists of holes in the ground with rocks and bricks strewn around. Nearly the whole block from Fourth Avenue to Irving Place down Sixteenth Street, and from Sixteenth Street up Irving Place to Seventeenth Street, with the exception of two houses, is torn up. Opposite this torn-upness is nearly another whole block which is now a large hole with remains of chimneys and other debris. This is only one little section. Fourth Avenue, from Seventeenth to Thirty-Fourth Street, after which it becomes Park Avenue, consists of holes in the ground, or big placards on such buildings as are standing announcing that they are to be torn down and twelve and sixteen-story structures erected on their sites. It has just been discovered that Fourth Avenue is a desirable property. I have always thought it was, and if I had had any money to invest in real estate in this city, I should have put it into Fourth Avenue. It was bound to come into its own sooner or later. It is only one block from Broadway, the subway runs under it, and a line of trolley cars, one of the best in the city, runs on it. It is in the direct line of communication with the Grand Central Station at Forty-Second Street, which stands in a bee-line from Seventeenth Street to Union Square.

Why this sudden awakening to the commercial value of Fourth Avenue I don't know, but it has been as sudden as a clap of thunder. From my library window I see the site on which, less than a year ago, stood the old Everett House. It is now occupied by a sixteen-story building given over to wholesale merchants and offices. On three of the corners of Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street were three famous hotels—the Clarendon, one of the oldest, and, in its day, one of the finest in this city, the Florence, and the Belvedere. The Clarendon in the old days was famous for the size of its rooms, for its good substantial table, and for its gentility. It was here that the Grand Duke Alexis stopped when he visited New York, and it was here that some of the wealthiest old retired merchants made their homes. A number of stage folk also stopped there, but not very many. Clara Louise Kellogg lived there for years, and Adelaide Neilson usually stopped there when she was in New York. The hotel was run on English principles, and the roasts were carved upon the table. Your vegetables were not dealt out to you in bird baths, but large covered dishes of plated ware were passed from guest to guest. When Mr. Kerner, the then proprietor, retired from active business, the old guests moved out, and new management and new guests moved in. The big rooms were there, but the old air of elegance fled with the old régime. Instead of the dining-room run on English principles, a 30-cent table d' hôte dinner, wine included, has attracted another class of patrons.

On the opposite corner stands the Florence, which was one of the first, if not the first, "apartment hotel" built in New York. It is an absolutely fire-proof building, as it was erected before the days of steel construction, so that it is built of solid masonry. The house belonged to the Matthews's Estate, of which Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University is the principal heir. On the west side of the avenue, opposite the Florence, stands the Belvedere. This hotel is an offshoot from one that used to be on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Irving Place. For many years it has been the headquarters of the German opera singers, as the proprietor was a German and bid for that trade. Within a week of each other these three hotels were sold, the Florence at auction, the other two at private sale, and where their brick walls once stood will soon be mercantile buildings of the latest modern construction. I understand that woolen interests have bought these properties.

Farther up the avenue there will be some publishers. Dodd, Mead & Co. will be on the corner of Thirtieth Street, and so will Longmans, Green & Co. Farther down, at Twenty-Seventh Street, there will be other publishers, and all along the line there will be skyscrapers devoted to commercial industries. Before you can say Jack Robinson, Fourth Avenue will be a tunnel with wind and dirt sweeping over its surface and into your eyes. Not only is Fourth Avenue being demolished, but most of the streets running off from it, both east and west. In fact there is no place in New York that there is not tearing down and building up. At one time we thought that Madison Avenue, from Twenty-Seventh to Forty-Second Street, was pretty safe from the encroachments of business; there are neither cars nor stages running on it, which would seem to make it undesirable for commercial purposes; but that illusion has been destroyed, for already commerce has seized it. Twelve and sixteen-story buildings are going up along its line, and soon the only block not devoted to business will be that owned by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, from Thirty-Sixth to Thirty-Seventh Streets. Mr. Morgan was wise in buying the whole block, as now it would be pretty difficult to cut off his light and air, but still the opposite side of the avenue and the opposite side of the

streets can be turned over to business, and a good part of his light and air interfered with. Mr. Morgan also had the wisdom, as well as the money, to buy the Stokes house on Madison Avenue, between his house and the corner. This he has had taken away, and planted a beautiful garden in its place, so that the windows of his house, and of his son's, look out over beds of tulips, in their season, and other flowers and shrubs as they come along. It is the one bit of green along Madison Avenue.

Fifth Avenue to Fifty-Ninth Street is almost all business. Skyscrapers surround the homes of the rich and great, and the Vanderbilt houses, of which there are four below Fifty-Ninth Street, are only protected because they already occupy so much ground. There is some little ground around the C. P. Huntington house, but business is creeping up to it.

New York is rapidly becoming impossible to live in. The very wealthy can live here, because they don't have to stay here, but those who are not wealthy, who have only moderate incomes, find it detestable. If some one should hand me out a large amount of money and tell me to buy a house in New York anywhere that I liked I would not know where to build or buy, with any feeling of security. Perhaps on Fifth Avenue above the park, but who shall say how long that will defy what is called, "the march of progress." Several years ago a Polish maid that Mme. Modjeska brought to this country described New York as "an unfinished hell"; her description still holds good.

In consequence of this frightful upheaval, and the uncertainty of light and air, real estate people are making wonderful inducements to New Yorkers to flee to the suburbs, and they are rapidly fleeing. The Pennsylvania Railroad is doing a great deal to make Long Island attractive to the commuter, while the roads running out from the Grand Central Station, with their electric equipment, are particularly alluring. Nearly all the real estate advertisements in the Sunday papers, and that is their day of revelry, beckon the New Yorker to sylvan delights. They offer parks laid out not only with winding roads over hills and through dales, but all equipped with every latest modern convenience, water, gas, electricity, everything at your door. "Forty-five minutes from New York," "thirty minutes from New York," "less than an hour from New York," are the headlines that attract the discontented New Yorker. Not only do the promoters of these suburban enterprises offer you land at reasonable prices, but they offer to build your house according to your own tastes and requirements on reasonable terms. Not only houses, but bungalows. The bungalow is the present craze, it may be a one-story affair, which is the real thing, or it may be two stories. You can have them any style you want—mission, craftsman, colonial, or Third Avenue Romanesque, if that pleases your fancy. The columns of last Sunday's *Herald* fairly shriek with bungalow attractions, from hills and seashore. Our ears are deafened with noises and our eyes and nostrils filled with the fine dust of the streets, so when we are bid to green fields and pastures new, we listen and are sorely tempted. There are all kinds of opportunities offered; some are merely money-making schemes, and these are well to avoid, but there are others that offer fine investments in localities easy of access where every convenience is offered, and restrictions keep out "undesirable citizens."

There is no doubt that New York is growing northward. It can not very well grow into New Jersey, as that would not be New York, but it can grow toward Long Island, thanks to the tunnels under the East River, still I think northward is the direction of the present and the future. Just as I write this line my eye is caught by an advertisement covering half a page of my morning paper which tells us in big type that "for three hundred years New York City has grown northward and is still growing northward faster than ever," and it reminds us that "the Astors, Goetts, Rhinelanders, Gerrys, and hundreds of other fortunes have been founded on a knowledge and belief in this fact."

It is my firm belief that in a few years New York City will simply be a place to make money in and not a place of residence. Homes are being wiped out and apartment houses taking their place, "duplex apartment houses" being particularly popular at the present time. You understand what is meant by duplex, and are not like the old lady from the country, who, when she saw the sign "duplex apartments" said that she had always heard that New York men led double lives, but did not know that they advertised the fact.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1909.

Austria has as much railroad mileage in proportion to territory as Missouri, some 13,000 odd miles, and over 8000 are operated by the State. This portion is about to be operated electrically, as the kingdom produces little coal and that of low grade. The state engineers have examined and reported upon 5000 miles of rivers and creeks and over 200 sites for power stations. Work upon twelve of the stations will be begun during the current year. Private ownership of water powers adds to the difficulties of the undertaking on the legal side, but it is anticipated the state will arrange to furnish power at low rates to those whose water rights are taken over.

The oldest university in the world is at Peking, China, and is called the "School for the Sons of the Empire." A granite register, consisting of stone columns, 320 in number, contains the names of 60,000 graduates.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, was the principal speaker at the ceremonies accompanying the opening of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition in Seattle June 1.

Narcisa and Marina, the two younger daughters of President Gomez of Cuba, soon will leave for the United States to enter school. They will stay two years.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who recently reached his half-century mark, practiced medicine eight years, and has roamed extensively in Arctic waters. His fame will rest most securely on his achievement in creating Sherlock Holmes.

Arthur Pinero, the playwright, who quit counting his stage pieces after the thirtieth, was born in London fifty-four years ago. He was an actor seven years, but shifted around on the other side of the footlights when he was twenty-six. He belongs to the Beefsteak Club in London.

President Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell University has just completed his fifty-fifth year. He was reared in the simple life of Prince Edward Island, and took a prize at the University of London, where he subsequently was graduated. He was chairman of the Philippine Commission ten years ago.

Harper B. Lee, a well-known young American who has been in the City of Mexico for several years, has distinguished himself there by becoming a successful and popular bullfighter. He has thousands of native admirers who anticipate his being invited to go to Spain and exhibit his prowess in the ring in Madrid.

Sir Robert Hart, "the Grand Old Man of China," has agreed to return to China to the work of the Imperial Maritime Customs Service which he founded. He thought he had retired, but the Chinese authorities felt his loss so great that they besought him to return and he, liking nothing so much as work, is to comply.

The Marquis of Villalobar, at present first secretary to the Spanish embassy in London, will soon leave to take up the duties of Spanish ambassador in Washington. He is a grandson of the famous Duke of Rivas, general in the Peninsular War, and likewise poet and statesman. The marquis has had a distinguished diplomatic career in various capitals.

Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, ranking officer of the army, has been placed on the retired list by operation of law on account of age, and the grade of lieutenant-general now does not exist in the army. By his retirement Major-General Leonard Wood, commanding the Department of the East, becomes the ranking officer of the army, but without increase of pay.

Lord Lister of England, the famous surgeon, who forty years ago first announced to the world his marvelous antiseptic treatment, which has saved the lives of hosts of patients, lately celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of his birthday and received congratulations from all parts of the world. He has had many honors conferred upon him and was appointed surgeon to the king in 1901. He is a Quaker, as were his parents before him.

Henry M. Teller, the veteran statesman, who received his first public office when he was elected United States senator from Colorado on the admission of that State to the union in 1876, is seventy-nine years old. He was Secretary of the Interior under President Arthur. In 1896 he "bolted" the national Republican convention in St. Louis because he did not like the financial plank. Mr. Teller was retired from public life last March.

Mr. Charles W. Fairbanks, formerly Vice-President, and Mrs. Fairbanks were received in audience by the Emperor and Empress of Japan a few days ago. They afterward had tiffin at the palace. Princes Fushimi and Arisugawa and other princes of the royal family were present at the interview and luncheon. The emperor was in high spirits throughout the visit. He inquired particularly after the health of President Taft.

Edwin Scott, the American painter of impressionistic Paris street scenes, whose works have gained much attention in Paris, has purchased the former home and birthplace at Gruchy of that great revolutionist in the artistic ideas of three-fourths of a century ago—Jean Francois Millet. This is the first time that this property has passed from the hands of the Millet family since it was built two centuries ago. Mr. Scott has the intention of preserving it as much as possible in its original state, turning it, in fact, into a veritable Millet museum, and it will contain much of the old furniture that was there in the days of the great painter's youth.

Two Braids, a well-known Apache chief, has proved his identity as Thomas Stringfield, a native Texan, born of a prominent family, forty-four years ago, in McMullen County, and at the age of four years kidnapped by a band of Apaches, who, on a raid, massacred the boy's mother, father and younger brother. A sister, presumed to have been slain, survived, and still lives. Two Braids married a belle of the tribe, Bright Moon, who is niece of the late Chief Geronimo. Stringfield heard the story of the killing of his parents, and, obtaining a four months' furlough, started out from the Fort Sill, Oklahoma, agency, to find their graves and to clearly establish his family record. He found his sister and others who knew his parents and himself when a baby. He located his parents' graves and now will apply to the government for his citizenship papers.



## THE BLACK BEAUTY-SPOT.

A Tale of a Petit Abbe's Apostasy.

Mlle. Solange d'Estournel had passed her sixteenth year; the Chevalier Sylvandre de Bassompierre, his eighteenth. Her eyes were bright; her complexion had the whiteness of the lily, blended with the pink of the rose; little tendrils of blonde hair played about her forehead like a swarm of butterflies; her manner was a trifle petulant. His eyes looked down; his expression was solemn; the pink of his cheeks colored to carnation and purple at the lightest jest.

She had just finished her studies at the Abbaye-aux-Bois; she knew enough of history not to ask if the then reigning king, Louis the Sixteenth, were the son of his predecessor, Louis the Fifteenth; enough of geography not to place the Seine at Lyons, as Mme. de Talleyrand had done. Besides, she played the harp and harpsichord passably well; she danced the minuet and gavotte charmingly; she bowed gracefully, and showed an exquisite taste in her dress.

He, destined at first for the priesthood, was just fresh from the college of the Jesuits, his head muddled with scholasticism and crammed with theology. Commenting on the fathers of the church, digging into Ecclesiastes, he was insensible to every other pleasure. In fact, he was awkward, timid, embarrassed, as little an expert in the art of music as he was in the art of dancing, although he had a well-turned leg, a fresh voice, and lips as rosy as those of a cherub. He had never sung except in the church, had never admired himself in the glass, and had never worn a coat not made of black ratteen.

In short, she resembled a rosebud just ready to open; he, a dull-black tulip—the Hollander's ideal.

The grandparents had decided to unite this young couple, and the old marquis was severely scolding his offspring for the lack of ardor he manifested in fulfilling his wishes.

"Remember, sir, that by the death of your elder brother, the preservation of our race devolves on you. Rid yourself of this humble manner, that you should have put off with your cassock, and comport yourself as a worthy scion of a race that never vinced before blade, glass, or cotillon."

"Oh, sir!" said the young man, modestly. "Now you are as red as a cherry! Zounds, sir, you are no longer in the seminary. What will you choose? The sword?"

"N—no, sir!"

"Wine?"

"No, sir!!!"

"Pretty girls?"

"Oh, no, sir!!!!"

"Really! And why not, I beg of you?"

"Because my confessor has told me many times they are the devil's snares that drag men to destruction, and I would seek salvation, if you please, sir."

"Tut, tut! It pleases me to have you do my will. I have chosen a fiancée for you who is worthy of you by her birth, her youth, her mind, and her beauty. What more do you want?"

"Much less, sir."

"Nonsense! My word is given; you must honor it. The presentation will take place this evening at the ball. You will see Mlle. d'Estournel at her best. Endeavor not to displease her."

"But, sir——"

"Enough. You will find a costume in your room more suitable than this funeral garb. Jasmin will help you dress. Go, my son."

A father's orders were not to be disputed, and the would-be *abbé*, heaving a deep sigh, followed the *valet de chambre*, into whose hands he meekly abandoned himself. Jasmin powdered and curled his hair, replaced his coarse pumps with fine slippers with silver buckles, his common linen with a shirt of fine fabric and with a lace frill. Sylvandre endured these attentions with a good enough grace; but when he saw the coquettish suit prepared for his use, he gave a sudden start. What, he! the grave theologian, the fluent philosopher, the pride of the Jesuit College, to be clothed in such a profane costume! What would the reverend Father Damase say, whose threadbare cassock seemed to the young neophyte the emblem of all the virtues? No, never, never, never!

"Leave me, Jasmin. I shall finish my toilet myself."

Left alone, he threw a glance that betrayed something of regret upon the heliotrope coat, with its silver embroideries. It might have been tempting. It might have been irresistible. But resisting the temptations of the Evil One, he pondered over a plan that had germinated in his brain under the skillfully manipulated comb of Jasmin—a plan that would have greatly rejoiced his pious director and exceedingly disgusted the author of his being.

"This young woman, whom they are determined to make me marry, must have some Christian feeling, since she has just left the convent. If I could succeed in persuading her to return there by praising the charms of a monastic life, I should thus retain a lamb in the Lord's fold, and I should regain my independence and be able to follow my own way freely."

He prepared a discourse full of eloquence. But deliver it, dressed in a heliotrope coat! She would laugh at sermon and sermonizer. No, for this solemn occasion, a decent but austere dress was the thing. He then chose from his wardrobe an appropriate suit of immaculate black, a noble setting for his lace frill and handsome, powdered head.

His toilet finished, he was troubled with some doubt as to whether his appearance was too imposing—he did not wish to frighten that young soul. He cast a furtive glance in his mirror. No; there was surely nothing to fear from the sombre personage reflected in his dressing-glass. However, there were many expressions of surprise when he made his entrance into the drawing-room.

"He is not a bridegroom, he is a *petit abbé*," whispered the Dowager d'Estournel into the ear of the marquis.

"Really, this is unseemly conduct," and the old gentleman threw a withering look upon his grandson.

It was wasted strength, however. The chevalier passed indifferent before the furious countenances of his grandparents and the smothered giggles and taunts of his young cousins. He bowed before Mlle. Solange, who, with drooping eyes, was studying him from under her long lashes; and, with a voice vibrating with religious fervor, he asked the favor of a minuet.

"He is thawing out at last," muttered the marquis, flicking off a bit of snuff that had fallen on his frill; "but such a figure and such a minuet!"

With all the solemnity of the prophet-king, and with exasperating coolness, Sylvandre confused the figures of the dance, and stepped on the train of his partner. In spite of his affected impassibility, he commenced to feel somewhat annoyed and shamed of the part he had taken. Under the cross-fire of so many eyes, he lost his superb self-assurance. He did not need to raise his eyes to divine the ironical smiles, the cutting satires directed at him.

A certain officer in brilliant uniform, with his curling moustache and conqueror's bearing, troubled him exceedingly, especially when he intercepted the significant glances interchanged between him and Mlle. Solange.

Oh, but he would have his revenge before long.

"Where is my niece?"

"With her cavalier, baroness."

"I declare, your *petit abbé* is getting rather too bold."

"Do not worry, aunt," said the young officer, laughing heartily. "During the minuet he seemed to be preparing a sermon, and he is doubtless delivering it to poor Solange. It must be very edifying for my sister."

Very edifying, indeed. Once alone with the young girl, the chevalier attempted to commence his discourse; but, whether it was the excitement of the ball or the music of the orchestra still ringing in his ears, he could not find the words to preface his thoughts.

"Barbaric kindred—defying their holy calling," He spoke in the plural as a tentative. "The Lord alone is worthy of such an angelic spouse, who—that——"

He essayed to warm himself up to the occasion—to pick up the lost thread of his oration; but he found himself more and more entangled—hypnotized by a little black velvet beauty-spot, coquettishly placed so as to produce the most delightful effect, on the glowing cheek of Mlle. Solange; it seemed to mock the disconcerted orator.

"Other duties called them. In a new life she would grow in grace, in virtue, in holiness. Her piety, her mind, her matchless mildness, would be admired by all."

She looked at him astonished, tapping with her little foot in quick, nervous motions, biting her rosy lips, while the little black beauty-spot continued its mischief.

"The church would not lose a servant. Philosophy would not be widowed by his genius, which—that——"

The poor wretch was utterly at a loss what to say, when a burst of laughter interrupted him. Solange laughed and laughed; every dimple in her face laughed. Even the little black beauty-spot was seized with sudden mirthfulness. It frisked about in convulsive merriment. Blushing, disconcerted, his arms swinging, his mouth gaping, he waited for this hilarity to pass.

"Mademoiselle——" he stammered.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it is too ludicrous," and she pressed her handkerchief to her mouth to stop another burst of mirth.

"Mademoiselle, I do not like to be laughed at."

"Then, sir, do not be so ridiculous," she replied.

Ridiculous! It was in vain to pose as a philosopher, stoic, or even a scholar. There are words that cause one's self-love to furl its sails, even the self-love of a *petit abbé*. With a terrible look he overwhelmed this audacious young person who had shown so little respect to his eloquence. That look was his destruction. If all women were monsters, as Father Damase had pretended, then Solange d'Estournel was assuredly one of the prettiest monsters one could meet.

"Besides, sir, your frankness releases me. I have a decided preference myself—not for the convent, but for one of my cousins, who will be very much obliged to you for the course——"

Ah, that was another matter! The chevalier scowled. He had no intentions of serving another person's interest. Could it be that young officer who had forced his presence upon them a few moments before? Perhaps.

"My compliments," he said, in an offended tone. Really, the handsome lieutenant was to be congratulated. Queer ideas chased each other through the mind of the young neophyte; his brain whirled; he began to feel a sensation of ridicule before this charming young girl, to whom he had just made such a strange speech. Ah, how he was wishing that sermon had never come out of his mouth——

She was watching him slyly, and the little black

beauty-spot began to dance. "Will you please take me back to my aunt, sir?"

"As you desire, mademoiselle."

But instead of offering his hand to assist her to rise, he sat down near her.

"If we must remain strangers, mademoiselle, may we not at least be friends?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give me a sister's confidence, and, perhaps, with my larger experience, I can be of service to you. Between you and me, this soldier—your cousin—whom I know—by reputation—is not the man for you."

"Really?"

"No," soberly insisted the *petit abbé*; "he is a gambler, a *debauché*, a man without principle—he would make you very unhappy."

"Do you think so?"

"I am certain of it. He would captivate you by honeyed words; but the finest language often conceals the true thought."

"I suspected as much myself," and the little beauty-spot was getting beyond control.

"A few moments ago, you thought, perhaps, I was cold, indifferent; while, on the contrary, my heart was beating. Just see, it is beating now."

It was true. The heart of the unhappy chevalier was beating like a drum-call under the white hand of his companion.

"If you could know how I am suffering; if you could feel what I am feeling; if I could tell you——"

Sylvandre was really eloquent. But now his flowery rhetoric was not thrown away. His tender words were gently soothing to the ears of Solange. He spoke very low, leaning toward her, so near—so very near.

"Zounds, *abbé*! A fly is biting you!"

Red as a peony, he jumped up. "Sir! I am not a churchman, but a swordsman, as much as yourself, sir," he dryly returned, recognizing the handsome lieutenant who had offended him in the early part of the evening.

The lieutenant replied to this provocation by a burst of laughter.

"Only see, aunt!" he exclaimed, pointing to the purple countenance of his adversary.

"Sir, you insult me."

"See for yourself," and the officer drew out his pocket-glass and placed it before the chevalier's eyes.

Alas! the provoking little black beauty-spot, by some unknown magic power, had passed from the cheek of the young girl to the lip of the *petit abbé*!—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Arthur Doulliac by Mary Ives Cowlam.

## OLD FAVORITES.

The Disappointed Lover.

I will go back to the great sweet mother—  
Mother and lover of men, the Sea.  
I will go down to her, I and none other,  
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me;  
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast.  
O fair white mother, in days long past  
Born without sister, born without brother,  
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,  
Sea, that are clothed with the sun and the rain,  
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,  
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.  
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,  
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,  
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,  
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships;  
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide;  
My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,  
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside;  
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,  
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,  
As a rose is full filled to the rose-leaf tips  
With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,  
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,  
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,  
Alive and aware of thy waves and thee;  
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,  
Clothed with the green, and crowned with the foam,  
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,  
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.  
—From "The Triumph of Time," by A. C. Swinburne.

One of the clever young business women in Germany, well known in Berlin society, has just procured, on behalf of the company of which she is chairwoman, a contract from the Belgian State Railways, which marks the last thing in railway economy effected by a foreign government. Miss Stoete's syndicate has received permission to collect all newspapers and paper of every description left in carriages on the Belgian railways, and in return contracts to manufacture and supply free of charge from the paper thus obtained as many cardboard tickets as the railways may require. It is estimated that the company will make a profit of from 12 to 15 per cent a year.

The highest price ever paid for an octagonal fifty-dollar gold "slug" of the first variety of these coins issued, \$330, was given by a well-known collector at a sale of coins recently held in New York. The gold piece was issued at San Francisco in 1851 by the firm of Moffat & Co., United States assay contractors, and bears the official stamp of Augustus Humbert, United States assayer. The coin was in almost uncirculated condition, in contrast to the well-worn and battered appearance usually shown by the few known specimens of this currency of the California pioneers.



## A ROMANCE OF OREGON.

The Pacific Northwest in the 'Fifties Supplies Material for a Fine Novel.

Ada Woodruff Anderson has done something even better than "The Heart of the Red Fir." In "The Strain of White" she tells a story of the Pacific Northwest in the 'fifties after the Territory of Washington was divided from Oregon at the close of the Joint Occupancy Treaty and before the withdrawal of the Hudson Bay Company from Fort Nisqually. She does not claim for her story the rank of an historical novel, having occasionally moved some of the minor events into more artistic sequence, but inasmuch as she shows us an astonishingly vivid picture of the day the claim that she does not make will be conceded unasked by those who look at broad essentials rather than at an accuracy of chronological details. "The Strain of White" is a charming success, forceful, pathetic, and constructed with literary and technical skill. Perhaps no one but a woman could have told it so well or so completely have captured our sympathies for a somewhat difficult heroine.

The heroine is Francesca, a girl born of an Indian mother and a white father. Years ago Francesca had been found by the Jesuit priest La Framboise lying in the snow by the side of her dead mother. The good father had placed the child in safe-keeping, cherished her and educated her with a view to the religious service that she might ultimately perform. Knowing the way of the white man and the light view of his obligations to his Indian wife, he had discouraged her from seeking the secret of her parentage, but the strain of white is too clamorous for repression, and so Francesca starts off alone to the distant camp of the Yakimas in the hope of persuading her uncle, the grim old chief Kam-i-ah-kan, to tell her the name of the white soldier who had married Singing Bird and forgotten both her and her baby when he went away to his military duties beyond the Mississippi. The story of Francesca's life in the camp of the Yakimas is finely told, her failure to secure more than a contemptuous toleration from her uncle, her difficulties in resisting the attentions of the young chiefs, and her final success in her mission and her escape from the tribe that is holding her practically as a prisoner.

Francesca has learned the identity of her father, and he is no less than the commandant of the post at Fort Nisqually. The poor child has no doubt of her reception. So great a man as the commandant can do no wrong. It does not occur to her that her father threw his past behind him when he married a delicate and sensitive Southern woman with whom pride of race was almost a religion, and that his wife and her daughter Lucia must prove a fatal barrier to the coveted recognition. The commandant is a good and honorable man, but there are limits to the powers of mere flesh and blood, and the commandant believes that his recognition would mean an immediate divorce from his wife and the ruin of his home. He has already tried to tell her, but the result was discouraging:

There was a man—I need not tell you his name—he was one of us—I thought a good deal of him—and I do not excuse him; but he was a rash young soldier, then, and the fault was partly Allison's. You see he knew the boy and he wagered, in the presence of several bold adventurers and traders, a pair of the best pistols west of the Rocky Mountains that he dared not marry the daughter of the head chief of the Yakimas. The girl was approaching our camp at the time, on her way to the tepees down the river. She came riding her fine pony, squaw-wise, her limbs wrapped in deer-skin leggings, her berry-filled baskets balanced evenly behind her, and her hair divided in two long braids on her shoulders. I can see her now, outlined against the pale sunlit plain. Those Yakimas were finely featured."

"And he married her?"

"Yes, he married her." The commandant drew his hand across his eyes and again across his forehead.

"And won the pistols?"

"And won the pistols," he repeated.

"After the Indian rites, of course?"

"Yes," he admitted; "and, when his two years' leave expired, he left her and joined his regiment beyond the Mississippi."

"To marry again among his own kind? A pure, refined woman?"

"The purest on earth." His eyes rested on his wife's face—lifted in infinite contempt of this man—and a great weariness came over his own. He turned back to the window.

"And she, his second wife, never knew?"

"No, she never knew. He always meant to tell her. He tried to—once—at the beginning, but she was too—spiritual—too spotless. And afterwards, when they were married, he found it was impossible. She never could have understood. It would have broken her heart."

The commandant was but a poor judge of what a spiritual and spotless woman can do, as Francesca was yet to discover to her advantage, but an exquisite conclusion must not be forestalled. Fresh from the camp of the Yakimas comes Francesca herself, with no thought of policy or opportuneness, and tells her tale to the commandant in the presence of his wife and daughter:

"I am Francesca," she said, and her voice vibrated its contralto note. "I am Francesca."

The commandant drew back. A grayness settled on his face. His glance wavered to the floor. At last his lips moved. "Francesca," he repeated. "Francesca. I—have heard of—you, but—" He straightened himself, one hand braced on the wall, and dragged his gaze to meet hers. "I do not remember—having seen you—before."

Her hands fell. "But yes, I most forget 'bout that, for sure. I was so small papoose, lak this"—she measured the length of a month-old infant between her palms—"when Père La Framboise found me by the Bitter Root trail. You doant hear 'bout that? No? How when he was ride from the Cœur D'Alene mission to St. Mary's, he found me with my dead mother in the snow? And he must tek me to French Marie; and she ees tek care me, and presen'ly, when she ees come the long trail with Pierre and little Baptiste, to Nisqually,

she must bring me 'long. . . . Mehbe you doant know 'bout my mother ees dead so long tam in far Skyeue, but she was Singing Bird, that you lak best call Francesca."

Again the commandant had nothing to say. His face had not lost its grayness and his glance again sought the floor. He knew that his wife had left her place at the window. Presently he felt that she was behind him, standing almost at his elbow. But her presence to this girl meant no more than a shadow. She spoke only to him.

"Mehbe you doant unstand," she said after a moment. "I am not able spik so good English. I have only Monsieur Billee to teach me to spik it right, and sometimes I doant see him so mooch. But I have the grand French of Père La Framboise. But yes, I read the French books lak him, for sure. And he ees tell me when I stay hut some little tam to my white father's house, I must know the English fine."

Still the commandant was silent, but Francesca leaned towards him, eager, expectant, a look that was hunger yet not hunger, growing in her eyes. Haworth seeing it, dropped his chin on his breast and, turning his back, moved a few steps further away.

"Père La Framboise," she said at last, "ees hel'ive my father, who ees so gre't man, ees 'shame of the Yakima blood. But I hel'ive diffirunt. I know so gre't officer must go where his soldiers go; he must hurry when there ees fighting; he has not so mooch tam to think 'bout his familiee. But he can do nothing wrong. And I doant ever forget when you are able you will come back, and I try mek myself white, merci, yes; all white, so when you see me it ees not pos'ble you are 'shame."

The commandant stirred. It was the movement of a goaded animal, exhausted, snared. He lifted his glance and, for the first time, met Lucia's clear, cold gaze. It roused the executive in him. He pulled himself together and answered her. "It is all a trick; a trick of that viper Kam-i-ah-kan, fostered by that Jesuit La Framboise." He forced himself to meet Francesca's look. His brows contracted. "You understand. Go back." And his voice rang a menace. "Tell Kam-i-ah-kan I am—not—the man."

And so Francesca, repulsed and ashamed, goes back to the Indians. She meets Haworth on her way, the young officer who taught her English, who once kissed her and who would have married her but for the beguilements of Lucia, the commandant's white daughter. Haworth was present at the interview and was silent, making no move to help her, and now she tells him, "Mon Dieu, I am 'shame' to be white!"

Francesca goes to the camp of the Nisquallies and is present at the meeting of the tribes to consider the treaty, the meeting that determines upon war rather than submission. The Nisqually chief Leschi counsels resistance:

His deep, sonorous voice reached the outermost circle. When he paused a hush was everywhere; only the lake, passion-spent, plained a subdued protest, and Che-am seemed to draw nearer, listening with glooming front to the recital of the eloquent Nisqually. "My brothers, the Bostons believe they are better than other men. They despise the Indians. We are in their way. They promise much, but they do not keep their word. They laugh at us. They take our land and crowd us together in small places. They think we will stay; that we will grow sick and die. And hy and by, when they are many and we are few, they will take those who are left away that they may have all. In their great fire canoes they will take us, *copa si-ah*, to a place of darkness where the sun never shines; a land of muddy waters where no fish can live, to be forever—slaves."

He finished and the multitude hung, a breathless interval, on his words; then a deep sigh, like the stir of the waking sea, swept from circle to circle and swelled in a long lament. "Ah-de-dah! Ah-de-dah! Ah-de-dah!"

Next Kam-i-ah-kan's emissary rose. He spoke of the governor's council. He told how the great Yakima had not wanted to sign the treaty, how he had urged the other chiefs to oppose it. "But," his voice reverberated on the tense silence, "Kam-i-ah-kan stood alone. As a single pine stood the great Yakima, a pine tree shaken by many winds. They grew too strong for him; he was overthrown. My brothers, the young men believed the Bostons. They wanted the school that they might learn the ways of the Boston and master him. But the Indian has not the understanding; his thought is small; he does not see far. The Bostons always will have their way. If we let them come they will stay; more will follow; their lodges will be as the sands of Hwulch. They will be too strong for us; they will crowd us out; as the Yakima crowded the fish-eaters of the Columbia the Bostons will crowd us all. They want our country. They promise much, schools, blankets, the white man's flour and sugar, and the Boston money to buy more of them every year. They promise, but Tyee Leschi is right; they do not keep their word. The White Father is far away. He does not write his name on the treaty; the goods do not come. He does not care. He forgets. And the Bostons take our land; they laugh. They think when we have no more hunting grounds; no grass for our horses and cattle; when we can take no more berries and roots from the earth; when they have killed all the deer and buffalo—we must die."

But although Francesca has resolved to live and die an Indian the call of the white blood is too strong. She hurries from the camp to warn the post and on her way to find the place where young Haworth has been murdered while making his way with Lucia to Seattle, intent upon a clandestine marriage. And as she watches over his mutilated body the commandant himself rides up in hot pursuit and disturbed by the sound of firing from the *Decatur* at Seattle:

He caught his plunging troop horse and stood looking in the direction of the sound. A low hiss beyond the lower caught it and sent back an answering salute. "The *Decatur*," he exclaimed at last. "The *Decatur* at Seattle. But what is she bombarding?"

The girl lifted her face again, her whole frame trembling. "Kam-i-ah-kan," she whispered, "Kam-i-ah-kan ees bring his Klickitats over Snoqualmie."

"Kam-i-ah-kan?" The soldier started. His eyes met hers in sudden understanding. Then, "Where is Lucia?" broke from him.

"She—ees safe to the ship."

The fear lifted from his face. He put his foot in the stirrup, then paused and withdrew it. "Francesca," he said. "I am riding into danger. Here in this secret place before I go, if it will comfort you, I can tell you the truth."

She rose to her feet again, and stood meeting his look. A dawning intelligence came over her face; but anguish worse than heartbreak was in her eyes.

"I offered to provide for you, educate you, place you in a home; but now I want you to know, if I had only myself to think of, I would acknowledge you, gladly, before all the world. Francesca, you understand? Give me those hands. I am your father."

He moved nearer to take the hands; to gather her once in the protection of his arm; but the step brought his vision in range with the interior of that green bower. His arm

dropped. His face went gray. He stood like a man hewn of granite, while the *Decatur's* guns boomed in the still air.

Inside that entrance and across it, like a brave man taken on guard, Haworth had fallen, and on his half-nude body the Klickitat had left his mark.

It is a beautiful story, redolent with pathos and with the stern heroism of the day. The blending of romance and history, with the romance always predominant, is exactly what it should be in such a story. It speaks much for the imagination of the author and for a workmanship that is so effective because it is so careful and so complete.

"The Strain of White," by Ada Woodruff Anderson. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Led by Pompey, a bay horse twenty-seven years old, which has been retired after service of nineteen years in New York City, the third annual work horse parade, better in quality and quantity than either of its predecessors, was held in Fifth Avenue May 31. Fourteen hundred horses, representing all the branches of the city's service in which horses are used, as well as animals owned by business firms, were in line. The parade, which started at Washington Square, was reviewed at the Worth Monument by Mrs. James Speyer, president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which directed the demonstration of the good results which follow decent treatment of the horse. In the reviewing stand with Mrs. Speyer were Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Miss Elsie De Wolfe, Miss Elsie Janis, Mrs. Foxhall Keene, Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke, Mrs. Elbert H. Gary, Mrs. Charles R. Flint, Health Commissioner Darlington, Commissioner of Street Cleaning Edwards, and others. The beauty of the day added immeasurably to the effectiveness of the parade. Every bit of polished metal on the harnesses shone like gold, and the silky coats of the perfectly groomed horses made a pretty picture.

The first ferry by means of which the dwellers on the other side of the East river visited their brethren in Manhattan was a square-ended scow, rigged with mast and sails. The fare charged for a horse was one shilling and a wagon cost five. This ferry was in operation in 1735, and three-quarters of a century passed before it was improved upon. The improvement consisted of a horse boat, a twin boat with a wheel in the center, propelled by a horizontal treadmill worked by horses. This was an eight-horse-power boat, which crossed the river in from twelve to twenty minutes. Then came the first steam ferryboat in 1822.

Waterways in Alaska navigable by steamers approximate four thousand miles, of which nearly two thousand seven hundred are in the watershed of the Yukon River, that great artery which divides Alaska into two nearly equal parts in its course of about one thousand five hundred miles. The Yukon and its tributaries are navigable by steamboats nearly three thousand miles, with as much more additional water channels that are traversed by poling boats. There is not a mining camp in all the great Yukon watershed that is one hundred miles distant from navigable water.

The waste that has characterized other exhibitions has been avoided to a large extent in the Alaska-Yukon Exposition now in progress in Seattle. The State of Washington in appropriating \$1,000,000 for the exposition stipulated that of this amount \$600,000 should be expended on three buildings, primarily for the exposition, but suitable afterward for educational structures. The result of this is that three of the largest buildings are of stone, cement, brick and steel. They will become a part of the University of Washington after this year.

Memorial Day was celebrated in Tacoma, Washington, with a remarkable naval and military parade in which Japanese and American veterans marched side by side to honor the soldier dead of the United States. Great preparations had been made and every detail was carried out on schedule time. As one thousand officers and men from the Japanese cruisers *Soya* and *Aso*, under Admiral Ijichi, swung into line, great throngs pressed the ropes stretched along the route through the principal streets.

Sir Richard Whittington, the "Dick" of the nursery tale who went to London to seek his fortune and found it by the help of his cat, survives in fact as well as fiction, and to much better purpose. The present session of Parliament will have to consider a bill to regulate a charity left by him which now yields an annual income of more than \$100,000, and this is only one of many benefactions which the world's capital still owes to the Lord Mayor of five hundred years ago.

Shipping apples in boxes holding one bushel originated in the Western States, notably Colorado, Washington, and Oregon. These States did not have the material out of which barrels used in the Eastern States were made. They had plenty of pine and adopted the plan of packing and shipping in boxes, three boxes to the barrel. There is no advantage in loading apples packed in boxes in a car. A standard car holds 600 boxes or 200 barrels.

Posters in the national capital hereafter must be subject to the blue pencil of the police department under an order agreed upon by the district commissioner.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryo.

Gilbert K. Chesterton: *A Criticism*. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

It has been suggested that Mr. Chesterton wrote this book himself. That is certainly not the case, and for two reasons. First, it would be a mark of egotistic insincerity foreign to Mr. Chesterton's nature, and second Mr. Chesterton himself would have shown a clearer insight into motives and ideals.

But it is no small thing that such a book—more appreciative than critical—should be written of a man still living and still on the eastern side of the meridian. Mr. Chesterton is about thirty-five years old. For many years he has been one of the great forces of literary life. There is only one other man with whom his power can be compared, and it is no injustice to suggest that even Mr. Kipling has been rather a follower than a leader of popular currents and that as a moulder and a director of the world of thought he is incomparably inferior to Mr. Chesterton.

This clever criticism, as it prefers to be called, covers the whole ground of Mr. Chesterton's activities and traces the seeming change toward conservatism in politics and religion that has come over his thought. It may be doubted if there has been any such change except in modes of expression. Indeed, the defect of the present author seems to be in his failure to disassociate Mr. Chesterton from parties and from schools of thought. Because he defends certain theological dogmas he becomes a "Catholic"; because he detested the South African war, he is a "pro-Boer"; because his view of this political question or of that is such or such he must be either "Liberal" or "Tory." Mr. Chesterton's opinions can not be classified or labeled. They are based upon ideals that well-nigh all parties have forgotten, because while other and lesser men fight for expediences and call them "causes," Mr. Chesterton fights for righteousness and truth, forgetting even to be logical in the clearness of a mandate which always seems to begin with "Thus saith the Lord." He condemns wrong because it is wrong, not because it is inimical to a party; he upholds the right because it is right, not because it happens to be inscribed upon some banner. Mr. Chesterton's changes are more apparent than real. His ideals have not necessarily changed, even though he now recognizes that certain forms of thought once believed to be antagonistic to those ideals are actually friendly to them. He gazes so steadily upon his goal that he is apt to stumble over the minor obstacles of the road, but his inconsistencies and his changes are important only to those who do not recognize the intensity of the unchanging ideal. The author seems to fail in appreciation of Mr. Chesterton's overwhelming sense of right and wrong as the insistent and unslenceable judge of every question. He is at no pains to reconcile the verdict with the self-complacency of modern "progressiveness" or to effect a compromise between the most ancient of truths and the most modern of revelations. Indeed, he is glad to see them at daggers drawn and to promote the combat—and he has no doubt as to the result, and says so.

But the book is a valuable and a kindly one. It gives the first comprehensive view of a writer who, among all others of his day, is unsurpassed in power, in sympathy, and in wisdom. It shows some of the forces that have helped to make him what he is, it shows the breadth of his industries, the universality of the interests that engage his mind. The suggestion, however unwarranted, that Mr. Chesterton himself is its author is the highest testimony to its vivacious and literary style.

*The Playhouse and the Play*, by Percy Mackaye. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

In making his plea for the establishment of civic theatres and for a recognition of the drama as a civic force, Mr. Mackaye will not fail to command the general sympathy deserved alike by his competence and his enthusiasm. He sees a picture of a theatre that shall be the home of the conscious life of a free community, that shall have its educative opportunity free from sordid cares, and that shall express the scope of national ideals rather than borrow from Europe the ideals of a section.

A subsidy, says Mr. Mackaye, is essential to effectual art, and this is so simply because art is not business. So long as the theatre is allowed to remain as a private speculative business, so long the present evils must continue, and this in spite of a revival of the national conscience that makes better things possible. Art should be one of the most potent influences for the creation of a better citizenship and statesmanship can nowhere find a better aim than in the cultivation of civic virtues.

A general disposition to agree with much of the author's plea will be tempered by a realization of the difficulties involved. The citation of European precedents, where tradition has a governing force unknown in America, is inconclusive, and it might be said that the author had devoted more to a consideration of practical ways

and means. Our experience of civic government has not been such as to lead us to expect the improvement of any institution whatsoever by its transfer from private to public hands and the vision of the apportionment of star parts at the behest of the ward heelers is not a pleasant one. Mr. Mackaye has written a powerful and even a convincing plea for an ideal. We are all in favor of ideals, but their realization is another matter, and from the standpoint of "practical politics" we should like to hear more.

*The Story of New Netherland*, by William Elliott Griffis. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.25.

There is certainly nothing perfunctory in this story of early American days. The author, who is a member of the Netherlandish Societies of Leyden, Middleburg, and Leeward, has compiled his work from the original Dutch documents, and he has done it with the elaborate care essential to real history. Almost for the first time we look at New Netherland through Dutch spectacles—the only proper medium for such a survey, and the result is a new understanding of the principles that underlie the movement and of the men who carried it out.

A good many conventional beliefs suffer in the process. For example, "schnapps" was not in the Dutchman's vocabulary, there was no admiral named "van" Tromp, the men who made New Netherland were not fat, old, or stupid, but "young men, lithe, alert, and venturesome" who, *mirabile dictu*, did not smoke tobacco, although their virtue in this respect was presently corrupted by the Pilgrim Fathers of Massachusetts. These corrections, however, are merely details preliminary to a valuable piece of history, graphically written and with a contagious enthusiasm. There are thirteen well-chosen illustrations.

*A Year Out of Life*, by Mary E. Waller. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is a love idyl with Germany for a setting and a young American girl and a German author for chief characters. Relationships are established by a request for permission to translate the author's works into English. An interesting correspondence ensues, marked by a fine delicacy and sentiment upon both sides. The book is distinguished by a tender psychological insight and by traits that are characteristic of the two countries.

*The Mongols in Russia*, by Jeremiah Curtin. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$3.

Mr. Curtin's previous work, "The Mongols," raised him to the front rank among those—too few in number—who have undertaken careful and scholarly research into Mongol history. The book had its defects, and some of them reappear with additions in the present volume. Strictly speaking, it can not be said to be a history. It is an immense record of facts, a chronological table of events, an array of happenings and their dates, and therefore of an importance by no means to be underestimated. But it lacks the historical sense of relative values. We feel that a great deal might have been omitted with marked advantage to the narrative and that a stronger emphasis upon motives and upon the

national and individual character that underlies action would have given a greater human interest to the story and would have enabled us to identify it more closely with the history of a human world. The characters, in other words, do not live. They are names rather than men and women. The book lacks the imaginative power that is an essential part of the historian's equipment.

None the less it is the result of immense and conscientious labor. In its compilation Mr. Curtin visited Russia several times and gained access to masses of the early chronicles. He seems to have paraphrased these records with much fidelity, but it would have been better had he recast them in a broadly modern philosophical spirit and presented us with the salient points of a great human movement, a drama of restless ambition, that we could relate to the larger picture of world development. The plan that he has chosen gives no scope to the large literary power at his command and it therefore detracts from the popular qualities of his work. A considerable portion of the book is wisely devoted to the early history of Russia before the Mongol invasion.

*In Viking Land*, by W. S. Monroe. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$3.

This volume is an illustration of the improvement in travel books that has lately been noticed. We still get the monuments to personal vanity, the rhapsodies about scenery, and the lady's diary type of book, but the tendency is toward intelligent historical and sociological information and toward a style of writing that considers the reader rather than the author.

Mr. Monroe has already shown us what he can do by his "Turkey and the Turks." He handles Norway in a similarly lucid way, although he does not imitate the simplicity of his first title. Beginning with geography and history, he leads us down to the present day and shows us Norway in its totality as a land of living men and women rather than as a setting for froids and waterfalls. We have chapters on Religion, Education, Literature, Music and Art, while the more material aspects of Norwegian life are well represented by sections devoted to Railways, Agriculture, and the Commercial Pursuits. It is a very human picture that the author presents to us, a picture that can be studied with profit not only by those who have ahead of them the delights of travel, but by those less fortunate ones who must look upon other lands through the eyes of kindly intermediaries. A frontispiece portrait of King Haakon VII and a number of excellent illustrations complete the volume.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Mental Healing.

*Psychotherapy*, by Hugo Munsterberg, M. D., Ph. D., Litt. D., LL. D. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

Dr. Munsterberg's book is an admirable corrective to the medley of superstitions and exaggerations that assail us as soon as we leave the old materialism and learn to admit that mental healing may have "something in it." If there are curative forces that can be made available we want to know what they are and whether incantations and religious formulas are really inseparable from their use. Electricity, for instance, is at our service for medical purposes without the aid of a clergyman. Are there other forces, still more subtle, and that are equally a part of our common human heritage without distinction of creed or of theological opinion?

The author tells us exactly what science knows. What is outside of knowledge he neither affirms nor denies. He tells us, for instance, that every thought produces an organic change in the body and that wrong thinking produces physical mischief that may persist long after the original cause has been forgotten. The duty of the practitioner is to detect the error, to uproot it from the mind and so to restore the disturbed equilibrium. His weapon is suggestion, with the added force that hypnotism can give to it, and hypnotism, he tells us, is "essentially the same as the old mesmerism" which science has derided as a superstition for nearly a century.

The author examines the religious movements based upon psychotherapy at considerable length. He is, of course, scrupulously fair, but he is unwilling to see the proper barriers broken down between the physician and the minister. It is not the task of the latter to heal the mind nor of the former to uplift it. And here he utters a word of sorely needed warning against a "religious" practice which, under the guidance of the Emmanuel Movement, is becoming disastrously frequent. Here are his words:

He (the minister) goes to the bedside of a sleeping girl and whispers his suggestions and is satisfied when they show their effects the next day. It does not lie in his horizon to consider the grave consequences which such suggestions during sleep may produce during future years in the brain the sleep of which has been transformed into such half-somnambulant relations. Hysterias may be created by such methods.

Dr. Munsterberg points out that "miracles of healing" have been produced by all religions and at all times. A strong faith implies a healing suggestibility and it makes no difference whether the faith he inspired by an Apache medicine man, a Chinese joss, or the lofty tenets of a philosophical creed.

It is too much to hope that this valuable book will stem the tide of credulous superstition which hastens to claim a misunderstood but wholly natural force as its special prerogative and appanage, but those who have the intelligence to desire unadorned facts will find them here in a lucid and direct form, free from scientific arrogance and from technical mystifications.

## New Publications.

Carl Ewald has translated from the Danish several of the tales of Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and they have been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, under the title of "The Spider and Other Tales." The price is \$1.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have published a new work by A. T. Robertson, A. M., D. D. It is entitled "Epochs in the Life of Paul" and is a companion volume to the author's previous volume, "Epochs in the Life of Jesus." The price is \$1.25.

Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine, has published a finely prepared edition of poems by Lizette Woodworth Reese. It is entitled "A Branch of May Poems" and it was first copyrighted in 1887. Its form is in full accord with Mr. Mosher's usual work.

"Sanitation and Sanitary Engineering," by William Paul Gerhard, C. E., is a handy volume giving a mass of information in a non-technical way and likely to be useful to city authorities. It is published by the author at 33 Union Square, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Duffield & Co., New York, have added "The Tempest" and "The Merchant of Venice" to their edition of the Old-Spelling Shakespeare. According to the Best Quarto and Folio Texts. The editors are F. J. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell-Stone and the price per volume is \$1.

"The Better Treasure," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, with illustrations by H. M. Bunker, is a charming little story of how a man was saved from crime by the unconscious intervention of children at Christmas time. It is published by the Bohrs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

A collection of twenty-two short stories by O. Henry, and in that writer's best vein, has been published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, under the title of "Roads of Destiny." These stories are of a varied nature and are more widely representative of O. Henry's powers than anything previously published.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. have been made defendants in a suit for libel to the amount of \$10,000 by a New York theatrical manager generally known as "Bill Lytell." His complaint is that a story recently published by the firm entitled "Bill Truettell" is based on his career and holds him up to ridicule. Mr. Lytell's appearance on the publisher's horizon is a complete surprise to them, as up to the time of the filing of the complaint they had never heard of his existence. The book is by Mr. George H. Brennan of New York City, and his publishers say they do not believe that he intended any caricature in the depiction of his hero, whom Mr. John Cheny calls "courageous, sympathetic, generous Bill Truettell." Messrs. McClurg & Co. are awaiting to ascertain the animus of the suit.

We are apt to think of Turkey as being very much behind the times, but Mrs. Demetra Vaka Brown in her recently published "Haremlik" has a chapter on a suffragette meeting held by forty aristocratic ladies in a harem, the object of which the president declared was "to obtain freedom to choose our husbands and freedom to go about with men as we like."

Major-General A. W. Greely, U. S. A., author of "Handbook of Alaska," is the first volunteer private soldier of the Civil War to reach the grade of major-general in the regular army.

Speaking at the forty-third dinner and reunion of former editors of the *Harvard Advocate* on May 11 of the dignity of journalism as a profession, Walter Prichard Eaton, author of "The American Stage of Today," and until recently dramatic writer of the New

York Sun, said: "Newspapers are the most powerful agencies in our public life today. Men of prominence owe it to the newspapers, and so to the public, to recognize that a reciprocal relation exists and to cooperate with news gatherers in their work."

The Williamsons, whose latest story, "Set in Silver," has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co., are very fond of the Riviera, whither they go in the early autumn, just when the English gardens are beginning to fade. About May they return to their old-fashioned garden in Surrey. There they live in a queer old house, as old as the days of Queen Elizabeth. It has a secret room in it, and the quaint antique furniture is said to represent the "finds" of a year's travel in England.

The Houghton Mifflin Company report the printing of a fourth edition of "Dragon's Blood," by Henry M. Rideout.

Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo does all his writing at home in the evening, using an old stub pen and purple ink which he calls his mascots in preparing his copy. The manuscript of his "Life of Abraham Lincoln" was received by the publishers in typewritten form, but gloriously purple with corrections and interlineations.

Mr. Swinhurne, just dead at the age of seventy-two, left an estate valued at over \$100,000. All his property was bequeathed to Mr. Watts-Dunton. The estates left by some other poets in recent years are as follows: Lord Tennyson, \$285,000; Mr. Robert Browning, \$95,000; Mr. Matthew Arnold, \$5000; Mr. Frederick Locker Lampson, \$152,000; Mr. Coventry Patmore, \$45,000; Mr. William Morris, \$225,000.



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## BON VOYAGE TO RAPHAEL WEILL.

Horace G. Platt was the main speaker at the farewell dinner given to Raphael Weill at the Bohemian Club on June 1, 1909. Mr. Weill is leaving San Francisco for a visit to his earlier home in Paris, and it was felt that the occasion should be signalized by a ceremony in no way formal, but none the less effective in emphasizing the regret and the good wishes that will accompany a citizen whose beneficence has left so deep a mark upon the memory of San Francisco. Mr. Platt said:

MR. PRESIDENT: One evening some years ago, when I was much younger, I attended a social gathering in this city. In the dressing-room a garrulous negro was hushing my clothes, and, to let me know that he was an old acquaintance of mine, he remarked, "Mr. Platt, I've been seein' you 'round at parties for a great many years. I reckon you're getting to be a kind of a hack number, aint you?"

I laughed and thought it a good joke. That was years ago. Today it is different. If the remark were repeated to me this evening I would not laugh—that is, not so as to be heard a block off. Too many years, too much earthquake and fire have intervened, and accordingly today I am a hack number in Bohemia, whose place is in the corner by the fireside, while younger Bohemians occupy the firing-line, and stronger hands keep alive the altar-fire and tend the lamp whose light should never fail in Bohemia.

Remember, young brothers, that the burden that has been transferred from our stooping shoulders to your sturdy ones is a sacred one. It is the Ark of our Covenant, received by us from the founders, wreathed with laurel, and stamped with fame, and hallowed with affection. Bear it reverently, guard it closely, never forgetting that its glory is anchored in its traditions. I do not mean that the dead past should stretch out its hand from the grave to dominate the living present. But I do urge that the spirit of the past, the spirit that lives in our legends and lore, in our music and letters and art, in our love of the true, the beautiful, and the good should be the inspiration of the present. Close not your eyes to the light of other days, ignore not the yesterdays! In the furrow our predecessors ploughed grew the poppy that still carpets our fields with a cloth of gold. Hallow the past! On the hilltops of yesterday blaze the heacon lights of tradition. Steer your Bohemian bark by those lights! At all times suppress the iconoclast who would efface the footprints that trace the progress of the Owl from its nest that it huddled in days of yore. These footprints are links in the chain that connects Past and Leavenworth with Sacramento Street. Each one recalls to us of the Old Guard many pleasant memories, and among this Old Guard none stands higher in universal estimation than he whom we honor this evening. His individuality, ever pronounced and impressive, his personality, always genial and charming, his activities, unceasing and intelligent, his sympathetic appreciation, his helpful friendship, all run like threads of gold through the woof of Bohemia, making it impossible to write a history of this club without having his picture as its frontispiece. So prominent and popular has been his association with us that no Bohemian whose membership goes back beyond yesterday can ever think of the club without recalling the name of Raphael Weill.

Not only, however, as a Bohemian do we honor him. We acknowledge him as one of our most valuable citizens. In the days of our disaster, when it seemed as if the Almighty had willed our destruction, when the foundations of our city trembled, when fire devastated our homes and temples, when our hopes and fortunes went up in smoke and came down in desolation, when from the summits of our hills the eye saw naught but ashes, his voice was one of the first to cry out, "Resurgam!" he was one of the first to preach and proclaim the religion of hope and a new prosperity, and his faith has found expression in accomplishment.

I remember standing one evening on California Street Hill, looking up at the heavens studded with stars, and down at the ruined city enveloped in darkness, and my heart sank within me and bitterness was in my soul, and I felt like crying out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken us?" Tonight, stand upon that same spot, and joy will fill your soul. You will behold a miraculous change, for almost as many lights seem to illumine the restored city as twinkle on the heavens above. Who lit these lights? Who were the lamp-lighters? The answer upon every tongue is, "Such men as Raphael Weill."

Sir Christopher Wren inscribed upon the new St. Paul, "Si meum monumentum videres, circumspice." "If you would behold my monument, look around you." Raphael Weill and others like him can inscribe upon the Golden Gate the words, "Si nostra monumenta videres, circumspice." "If you would behold our monuments, look around you." All honor, then, to him as one of the builders of the new San Francisco.

do not pay these compliments to him because he is going away, upon the thought that blessings brighten only when they are near their flight. Ask the poor women whose

wardrobes his generosity replenished after the fire if I flatter him.

Bon voyage to him on his journey to his beloved Paris. We shall miss him, but we shall not lose him. He lives, I know, under two flags, the Tri-Color and the Stars and Stripes, to both of which he lifts his hat in loyalty and in love. We have no doubt, however, where his heart admits its ultimate allegiance. We all feel that, if put to the test, he would say to San Francisco as the wandering husband said to his wife, "No matter what heights I see on my way, they are but my visits, thou art my home." We do not therefore say, "Good-bye" or "Farewell," but only "Bon voyage."

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Rain in the New Forest.

By Emory Down to Minstead  
In the rain on a Lenten day—  
About the Forest to Minstead,  
And back by the Cadnam Way.

It was afternoon when the rain came down,  
Compact, precipitate, icy, cold,—  
None of your showers that drain them dry  
Before the hurricane clears the sky,—  
Lean showers, themselves afraid of the wet,  
That sprinkle the forest and spray the town,  
But only harden the shriveled mold,  
And leave the dust-clouds waltzing yet!  
In the afternoon real rain began,—  
Vaporous phalanxes enrolled,  
A pluvial han and arriere han  
Arrayed, deployed, ordained and set  
To drench and saturate garth and wold,  
And liquidate nature's vernal debt;  
For when the herbage begins to grow  
The rain is due tho' the dust may blow.

But the birds considered it nothing at all:  
In nest and nest a clutch of hopes  
Would soon be hungry and musical:  
So sparrow and starling, finch and wren  
In thicket and clump and sprouting copse  
Chucked and chirped and whistled again:  
No bird considers the heaviest rain  
When nests are warm and a mystery broods  
In the heart of the world and the heart of the woods.  
And as for the merle,  
'Twas a thing to be heard,  
How he sang at his peril—  
So valiant a bird!—

In open woodland and fenced demesne  
The swarthy thickets with stripes and studs  
And knobs and clusters of evergreen  
Were brindled and pied; the unhurled buds  
With a blushing promise of summer glowed  
On the crimson hirc; and the garnered rain  
Emptied in torrents its glistening load  
On the purple background and sanguine stain  
Of the birch-lit forest,—a wash of rain  
Like a glistening, silvery lacquer flowed  
On the purple woods where the hirc-buds glowed  
On the swarthy ground like a crimson stain.

Rooks fell on a ruddy field with a rush  
And gobbled the worms like dainty sops.  
Against the music of blackbird and thrush  
Amorous doves in the fir-tree tops,—  
To the flute and oboe of blackbird and thrush,  
And the eager larks like a soaring flush  
Of newly embodied chromatic scales—  
Doves in the lofty fir-tree tops  
Rumbled their drums at intervals.  
A nut-brown brook in love with the rain,  
Telling its chaplet of pebbles, turned  
Under a bridge with a hushed refrain,  
The muted murmur of earth's desire  
For the falling, mingling, houteous rain.  
Lamps of gold in the dark gorse burned,  
Golden blossoms all spiced with fire,—  
Tawny gold and honey and fire:  
Shade and shine their tissue wove  
Pearl and umber and snowy white,  
Silver and olive-green and gray,—  
Shadow and shine their draperies wove  
And hung the forest with changing light;  
Drift of moorland and gloomy grove  
Haunted the open winding way,  
And falling heavy and dense the rain  
Enriched and freshened the world again.

—John Davidson, in Westminster Gazette.

## The Maid.

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;  
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;  
The White Maid and the white horse and the  
flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding  
for fame;  
The Maid who rides for France, and the King  
who rides for shame—  
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's  
high name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered  
are lance and bow.  
Dust the Cross of Saint George; dust the banner  
of snow.  
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted  
the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten the young knight's valor; forgotten the  
captain's skill;  
Forgotten the fear and the hate and the mailed  
hands raised to kill;  
Forgotten the shields that clashed and the arrows  
that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of  
long ago:  
Shadows the poor French king and the might of  
his English foe;  
Shadows the charging nobles and the archers  
kneeling a-row—  
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid  
with her banner of snow!  
—Theodore Roberts, in Pall Mall Magazine.

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The officers of the Woman's Auxiliary are: Mrs. L. Lowenberg, president; Mrs. Sidney Smith Palmer, first vice-president; Mrs. J. W. Burnham, second vice-president; Mrs. John F. Merrill, third vice-president; Mrs. Edward De Witt Taylor, fourth vice-president; Mrs. A. W. Scott, fifth vice-president; Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, corresponding secretary; Mrs. A. P. Woodward, recording secretary; Mrs. California Newton, treasurer; directors—Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Mrs. G. J. Bucknall, Mrs. A. R. Cotton, Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland, Mrs. F. D. Marsh, Mrs. William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mme. Emilia Tojetti, Mrs. J. H. Robertson, Mrs. James C. Sims, and Mrs. D. F. Ragan; honorary members—Mrs. James N. Gillett, Mrs. Edward Robeson Taylor, Mrs. John F. Weston, Mrs. Thomas R. Phelps, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, and Mrs. Phebe Hearst.

One of the features of the recent Lambs' Club visit to Chicago and "gambol" show was the appearance of Edward Harrigan of the old firm of Harrigan & Hart, who sang "The Mulligan Guards." Thirty years ago this song had popularity for which there is no late comparison, it is said, the "Merry Widow" waltz not excepted. Mr. Harrigan is seventy years old. He not only was a famous actor, but as a manager he built the Garrick Theatre in New York City to advance Richard Mansfield.

E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe, who have appeared together occasionally in Shakespearean plays in the last few weeks, after a separation of two years, have signed contracts with the Messrs. Shuhert to play Shakespeare dramas under their management for the next three years. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will be seen not only in New York, but also in all other important cities of the United States.

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# ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "LADY FREDERICK."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Like "Jack Straw," "Lady Frederick" is a witty comedy, cheerful, unbiting, rather superficial, and fulfilling many of the conditions that make for popularity in a play.

In the first place, it is all about smart people. In the second, they say smart things. In the third, great prominence is given to the rôle of the star. In the fourth, there is just the faintest dash of seriousness, of sentiment, here and there, enough to appease those who demand it and not enough to dash those who prefer a steady cackhination.

Personally, I prefer comedy founded on the deeper truths of human nature, but, in spite of the gay superficiality of his comedies, one must admit that Mr. Maugham does his work well, with deftness, humor, and real wit.

In the first act it seemed to me that the long passage of wits between Lady Frederick and Paradine Fouldes was too monotonously epigrammatic, but they unquestionably say amusing things. "Thank God," says Paradine devoutly, as they dip lightly into the past, "I've been in my day a miserable sinner." Now that is a most unedifying observation, yet I dare swear that many who join in the laughing chorus cordially agree with him, while it is more than probable that a certain proportion wish they could say the same thing with the same peaceful conviction as Paradine, that the opportunities of life have been turned to entertaining account. This, said by Lady Frederick with some feeling, is one instance of occasional brief outbreaks of un-gushing sentiment: "When two young things love one another, better let them marry. Love is so very rare in this world."

The presence of this young couple, by the way, whose cause was thus prettily pleaded by Lady Frederick, offered an instance of a little carelessness on the part of the author, in that these two characters are not knit very firmly into the structure of the play and therefore did not form an essential part of its motive. It is recognized, however, that a pair of young lovers are a necessary component in the regular drawing-room comedy, since all the world loves a many kinds of lovers as are feasible for acting purposes. Recognizing this fact, Mr. Maugham obligingly pitchforked Rose and Sir Gerald into his play. And since he had them there, and the course of true love ran so smooth as not to permit much incident, he—the author—introduces a long and heated dispute between Rose, her lover, and her father as to which college her son—after she is married and he is born—shall attend,—after he is grown up.

This may give the casual reader of theatrical topics some idea of how lightly and unseriously Mr. Maugham, when he sets about the serious business of playwriting, regards the demands of the average playgoer. It is merely another instance of how thoroughly he understands his business of being a popular playwright.

As Lady Frederick, Ethel Barrymore's perennial and characteristic charm still holds. Lady Frederick is supposed to be a mature charmer who paints and dyes, and generally wades in cosmetics. I expected to have Miss Barrymore revealed as a lady whose tints of complexion and hair would be unduly emphasized. Such, however, was not the case. Something of that fresh virginal charm that bewitched us on her first engagement has evaporated; or, no, not evaporated. The charm is all there, almost as compelling as ever. But its character is changed, and it is probably not all due to acting that the New York pet, young as she is, seemed so much more matured and so womanly in the character of Lady Frederick, who tells her young adorer that she forgets how old she is.

To revert to her appearance, Miss Barrymore is an artist at make-up. She does it so skillfully that the fact that she does it is not perceptible. And she calmly stuck to her usual methods in "Lady Frederick" and looked wholesome, and genuine, and warranted not to wash off or melt. And, strange to say, she doesn't look too preposterously young for the part, even with all her prettiness, her freshness, her perpetual and abounding charm. She may have put in some clever touches in her make-up that were not perceptible to an untrained eye. And then, besides, it was evidently of intention that, in the color of her dresses, she stuck to iron-gray, up to the last act, in which she makes up before her young wooer for the purpose of disillusionizing him, and evidently feels justified in wearing a more rejuvenating and

delicate tint for the purpose of more aptly illustrating the attractive result.

Miss Barrymore is well fitted to the character of Lady Frederick, who is a charming, irresponsible member of the fashionable world, habituated to debt, and sporting gayly on the edge of bankruptcy. Lady Frederick indulges in the luxury of a sense of humor, and there are perpetual jokes between her and the kindly Providence that watches over her. She hasn't much reputation, and jokes gayly on the subject, because she knows that her heart is pure and her sense of honor keener than ordinary. Which means that she does not quite know how base human nature can be, or she would not be so frivolous, and so highly amused over the detractions of her detractors.

As may be seen, Lady Frederick is extremely attractive and exceptionally likable, which fact pleasantly attracts the susceptibilities of a rich young marquis, to the vast disquietude of his mother. And Lady Frederick, with not the smallest intention in the world of landing her big fish, naughtily amuses herself by increasing the maternal perturbation as much as she possibly can.

It is upon this situation that the play is built. There are several cleverly devised scenes, showing of what sound metal Lady Frederick, under all her financial irresponsibility and Bohemian love of pulling the society tiger-cat's whiskers, is composed.

In the last act the author once more demonstrates his natural adaptability toward being incorporated in the ranks of popular playwrights.

This happens in the scene in which Lady Frederick, tired of her game of awakening maternal solicitude over the perils that beset an eligible, and responding to the claims of a newly awakened affection for a reawakened suitor, puts a stop to the marquis's infatuation.


In this scene Ethel Barrymore, in a long straight dressing-gown, with her abundant hair piled recklessly in a heap on the top of her head, from which depends elfin and unbecoming locks, enters upon the stage, looking about six feet tall. In this scene the actress, for at least two minutes, sacrifices her looks utterly. She is guiltless of make-up, her dressing-gown is biliously unbecoming, her complexion is tryingly pale, and grease-paint is an unknown quantity. A cloud settles sadly upon the face of the young Cressus as he gazes upon this disillusioning presence. I

am much inclined to think, however, that many men, most men indeed, would have been more, instead of less, in love, after the scene that followed. For Lady Frederick has a head of lovely hair, although she remarks dryly, in response to her young wooer's compliment upon the loveliness of the color, that "it ought to; it cost enough." And she has an abundance of physical charms. And shortly she proceeds, with deft hands, to arrange her hair in a manner that is a joy to see. And as she builds up her beauty with a delicately roseate flush on her cheek, an emphasizing of the lovely arch of her brow, an intensifying, with a line of black, of the witchery in her big, heamy eyes, she says so many amusing things, and says them with such witchery, that even calf-love might have been able to withstand the shock and survive.

Miss Barrymore, however, has one mannerism which, beginning some years ago, thrives and grows apace. I allude to her habit, grafted upon her low, distinctive voice, of speaking in a humorously broken-hearted tone. It is becoming so confirmed as to be fatally monotonous, and it is time she recognized that fact. She probably won't, though.

And being a pet, the audience actually had the hardihood to try and write a speech out of her, partly, I think, because the microbe of speech-making is in the air of the Van Ness. They gave her a lot of curtain calls at the end of the second act. So the star walked on and off a duly complimentary number of times, and bowed and bowed until suddenly a vague anticipation seemed of habit to take on cohesion and firmness. The very curtain looked politely expectant. The charming star, seeing a gleam of speech-expectation in people's eyes, finally seemed to be compositely willed to become feebly vocal. She faltered out something like "You're very kind. Thank you so much." And then, followed by indulgent laughter, fled, albeit with some remnants of dignity, from the stage.

Miss Barrymore is supported by a good company, of which Bruce McRae, in the capacity of leading man, is a very popular member. Mr. McRae does not have a sufficiently prominent rôle to compete with the star, and, as he has demonstrated in the past, is capable of doing much better work than opportunities permit under present circumstances. But he always makes a particularly good second to Miss Barrymore, and it was apparent that the San Francisco public likes him.



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## VANITY FAIR.

The ultra wealthy have some peculiarly unfortunate ways of showing their dislike for popular measures intended to equalize the burdens of taxation. Every one knows that the rich men of England are hard hit by the new financial budget. It must, of course, be annoying to find that caste exemption has its limits and that the possession of vast wealth can not wholly exorcise the demon of the tax collector, but to show ill temper by various forms of pettishness is inexcusable.

Just at the moment the Duke of Norfolk is the chief offender, and as a result he is getting a share of public attention that must be galling to his proud and sensitive soul. The Duke of Norfolk has an income of considerably over a million dollars a year, but he is adopting the rôle of the poor man who can not meet his liabilities and who is forced to the recourse of the pawnshop. Some time ago the duke lent a picture by Holbein to the National Gallery, and of course received the usual meed of praise for thus placing his art treasures at the service of the nation. It now seems that his ostentatious effort to economize is to take the form of selling this Holbein picture, and this he has accordingly done for the sum of about \$310,000. In other words, he proposes to punish the nation for its audacity in taxing him by depriving the public of a celebrated picture. The art dealer to whom he has sold it is willing to sell again if he can secure \$50,000 profit for himself, and he announces that the picture will go to a foreign purchaser unless the requisite amount is raised within a given time. Incidentally, the story shows the profits of the art dealer, but its real value is in its object lessons of the reasons why Englishmen are supposed dearly to love a lord.

An exhibitor at the Chemists' Exhibition in London gave some interesting particulars of his trade to a *Daily Mail* representative a few days ago. Women, he says, are strangely fickle in their choice of perfumes:

Tired of the scent of single flowers, they are now demanding subtle blendings. But the fashion in scents is undying. More than £100,000 is nowadays to be made from the evolution of one new perfume.

Perfumery has risen to be an art. Beautiful music and lovely pictures strike their note upon the senses; so does a delicate blending of odors. In the evolution of a new perfume I play upon a certain number of harmonious notes.

Large sums of money are often spent upon preliminary laboratory work. Here—be produced a tiny fragrant pot about two inches high—is the perfume essence derived from half a ton of violets. It is worth £40. Our flower basis for laboratory experiments includes also jasmine, rose, orange blossom, and a cassie—a French flower produced solely for perfumery. To these are added vegetable odors—the seed of musk plant, tonquin bean, vanilla bean, cloves, and the distillation of complete plants, such as lavender and rosemary.

When delicate blends from these have been obtained in special laboratories we have to procure animal substances to keep the odors from evaporating, such as natural musk from the musk deer, castor from the beaver, and ambergris from the whale.

An art in itself is the coloring of the perfume when it has been obtained. Pure vegetable colorings chiefly are used. The cult of perfumes has so advanced that a woman with a rose-tinted gown now demands as a matter of course a baunting rose odor, and a violet costume must correspondingly have a violet perfume.

Reginald Wright Kauffman in *Hampton's Magazine* is very hard upon the finishing schools for girls. After reading what he says, we wonder why these schools should be called "finishing." The word can hardly be applied to an intellectual training which seems never to have been begun. Whatever "education" may have been imparted to her in the earlier grades has made no impression either upon mind or heart. She knows exactly what is expected of her in the social game, and whatever remains over and above she ignores:

One student of my acquaintance has, after a three years' course, managed to choke down enough French to translate, if there's a dictionary handy, the original Gallic phrases encountered in a popular novel; she knows what the menu is trying to say, though, of course, neither she nor anybody else can translate that verbatim. If she would take time to complete it—but she never takes time to complete anything—she might be able to make a fair copy of a Charles Dana Gibson line drawing. She can recite certain chapters of the Bible by heart, but knows about as much concerning them as the average actor knows about the lines of his part. And as for literature, she has acquired the exact date of every great English author's birth and death without having any conception of what any of them wrote, and without swerving one hair's breadth from her allegiance to the contemporary marshmallow school of fiction.

The ignorance of the average girl is certainly appalling, and we may well wonder what she has done with her time during high school days. She has acquired hooks enough to stock a store, thanks to the *entente cordiale* that exists between the schools and the publishers. But if we try to draw out any of this information we shall lamentably fail. She seems to know absolutely nothing that is worth knowing upon any conceivable subject. She has studied civics—or says she has—but she is no glimmering of an opinion upon any civic or political subject. She has "loved" her way through books on history, geography, mathematics, and literature, but is entirely dumb when any intelligent sub-

ject is on the carpet. But there are some things, Mr. Kauffman tells us, that the girl does know:

The last time she was home I tried to talk to her; we used to make mud pies together and, later, she chewed the spitballs that I threw at the teacher in the fourth reader; but now I am a mister to her and she is a mystery to me. Well, we talked, or rather she did, and what I received from her was simply a rapid running description of all the season's plays on Broadway. It appears that the school is often taken to the theatre in a body, provided the drama to be produced is not too serious, and that the whole student body go as individuals to Saturday matinees. Consequently, this girl has twenty photographs of Robert Edeson, each in a different pose, on the dressing-table, which she used to call a bureau, and knows the private history and matrimonial record of all the idols of the stage.

And this is the equipment for "society" and later on, perhaps, for other and more serious things. It's rather sad when one comes to think about it.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. J. L. D. Morrison of St. Louis, but we have not the slightest hesitation in believing that her "hith, position, skill, and distinction as a hostess have made her entertainments an epoch in St. Louis society and whose standing is so unquestionable as to make her presence something greatly to be desired at every function of moment." It is a long sentence, but not too long to do justice to its subject. The reporter who erected it ought to be promoted.

Mrs. Morrison has given her opinions upon modern society. She was incited thereto by the remark of a certain Mr. Igenfritz to the effect that society in general and St. Louis society in particular is "a bore, stale, flat, and uninteresting." There seems no reason why so obvious a truism—except for the discrimination against St. Louis—should produce a flutter in the dovecotes, but it did. Mr. Igenfritz found himself confronted with a whole arctic circle of social ostracism, and finally Mrs. Morrison herself was consulted as a final arbiter and court of appeal.

Mrs. Morrison "laughed a low, well-bred, cadenced laugh," but apparently unable to keep in this high and rarefied atmosphere of good breeding, she went on to describe Mr. Igenfritz as "a very fresh young man." But she did not wholly disagree with him in spite of his freshness. Something, she admitted, might he said upon his side:

I am afraid our society is becoming merely a competitive business, those who engage in it doing so not from the love of wholesome hospitality and a desire to give pleasure to their guests but to see if they can outdistance their neighbors.

These friends, in turn, while partaking of the hospitality of their hosts, are nervously fearful lest they can not afford to give quite so good an affair as they are enjoying. Thus, you see, the soul and spirit of entertaining is lost. The affair is formal, stiff and trying. There can be little real genuine enjoyment under such conditions, because there is a spirit of hostile rivalry between the guests and the hosts which destroys the heart of the entertainment.

Then there is that assumed loftiness and that purely modern product known as the "snob" which characterize a great deal of modern society. It used to be that real aristocrats were not all the time fearful of destroying caste by doing this or that. There is an ease and a suavity and a thoroughly at-home air which distinguish the persons well-born which give an assurance and which take away fear. It used to be that we were not afraid, because well-bred people had certain standards of propriety to which we all adhered.

I think it is the element of money which has been most detrimental to real society, the society which the aristocrats of former days enjoyed.

Of course, the potency of great wealth brings into prominence and into the higher stations of society people who are not properly equipped to undertake the necessary obligations of the strata in which they have been placed, suddenly and unprepared.

It is erroneous to think that money can make a good hostess. This position requires brains of a very high order; it requires tact, diplomacy, kindness, intelligence, and taste. These qualities are necessary in order to do away with all unpleasantness or disagreeableness, things which society can not tolerate.

Mrs. Morrison seems to be a woman of sense in spite of the reportorial exuberances which for the moment prejudiced us against her, although, to do the reporter justice, he refrained from saying that the lady was "prominent." Geographical considerations prevent us from appreciating that low, well-bred, cadenced laugh, but we may perhaps hope to gather some few pearls of wisdom from her published sayings.

A curious story comes from Glasgow, Missouri, and one that suggests some reflections upon the psychology of the average voter, if the average voter can be said to have any psychology in connection with him, which is somewhat open to question. Mr. John Morrison Fuller, a millionaire bank president, determined to circumvent the Prohibitionists and incidentally to put some rudimentary ideas of liberty into the mind of the citizen. The last may well seem a quixotic task, but let us be thankful that there is always some one to attempt the impossible. Glasgow having determined to be "dry"—which means that an energetic minority had succeeded in imposing petticoat government upon a naturally abject majority—Mr. Fuller got to work upon his hopeless project. At his own expense he opened what he called a "Personal Liberty

Hall." He supplied it with unlimited quantities of beer and he furnished it with lounges, tables, and the latest magazines. Then he invited all and sundry to enter and make merry without money and without price. It seemed as though the dream of the hobo had come true at last and beer flowed like water in "Personal Liberty Hall."

Needless to say, the proletariat turned up in force. All day long the establishment was patronized by the free and independent voters of Glasgow and for a whole year the town could be described as "dry" only by a severe strain upon the meaning of the word. The voters were willing enough to drink like fishes, but as for evolving a single scintilla of protest against those unco guid who take it upon themselves to say what a man shall drink or eat, there was simply "nothing doing." The interior capacity of Mr. Fuller's clients may be judged from the fact that they drank \$80 worth of beer a week, while the whole cost of the experiment was \$7000. And so Mr. Fuller has closed his "Personal Liberty Hall." His valedictory remarks are worth quoting as enshrining his opinion of the intelligence of the voter. He says:

I must admit that my experiment was somewhat of a failure. I fancied I could educate the people to a spirit of resentment against the laws that were depriving them of their liberty to eat and drink what they chose.

But I find they did not care. They are spineless slaves. As long as I kept my place open and gave them free beer, they would drink their fill, but never a thought would they give to the dangers of a government that says what a man shall eat or drink. So I closed it and now they can go dry for all I care.

Just so. They are "spineless slaves" and

rejoicing in their fetters. We may talk as much as we will of the glories of self-government and the divine wisdom of democracies, but the fact remains that the average man, the nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand, loves to be governed and is prepared to worship the man who will tell him what to do and who will see that he does it. The great rulers of the world, the Napoleons, are those who recognize that to obey abjectly is the favorite occupation of men and that success in despotism comes from a realization that the classes of the governed have the average intelligence of a hen and the average morality of a monkey.

Inasmuch as the tip has been made the subject of departmental orders from Washington, we may assume that the much disputed gratuity has attained to the status of official recognition. Civilian employees of the War Department have been notified that 15 cents as a tip to the waiter may henceforth appear unchallenged upon the expense account. This, says the War Office, is enough for any waiter who brings in the meal which is to be paid for at the desk and that the waiter is paid to bring in. The War Office employee who yearns for more than 15 cents' worth of distinction in the eyes of the waiter may exercise his sovereign prerogative and defray the cost from his own private resources.

*Fair Client*—I want you to sue that woman for \$5000 damages! She stole my husband's affections! *Lawyer*—But, madam, your husband is well known in this community. I advise you to sue the woman for a smaller sum—say \$25.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Nathaniel Osborne, who used to hlow the organ in the Brick Church in Fairhaven, was once asked how much salary he received. "Twelve hundred dollars," he replied. "Twelve hundred!" exclaimed the questioner in surprise. "Yes," replied Nat, "but that's for one hundred years."

The thin, pale man sighed. "Why," asked his friend, "are you so sad?" "Alas!" he answered, "the sea is the grave of my first wife." The friend's lips curled superciliously. "But you are married again," he murmured. "Yes," said the thin, pale one, "and my second wife won't go near the water."

The old gentleman was not accustomed to having the new railway in his town; upon seeing a train approaching he whipped up his horse and tried to cross the track in front of it. He and his horse came out safely, but the wagon was badly broken. When he found that he was not injured he called to the engineer: "Why, I thought you saw me coming."

Years ago Mark Twain used to be fond of telling this story: At the dinner-table one day there was a party of guests, for whom Mark was doing his best in the way of entertaining. A lady turned to the daughter of the humorist, then a little girl, and said: "Your father is a very funny man." "Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

A tailor, who was defendant in a case tried in court, seemed much cast down when brought up for trial. "What's the trouble?" whispered his counsel, observing his client's distress as he surveyed the jurymen. "It looks pretty bad for me," said the defendant, "unless some steps are taken to dismiss that jury and get in a new lot. There aint a man amongst 'em but what owes me money for clothes."

Buckle, on a visit to Naples, went into a café where chess was played, and was challenged to a game. "For one lire, I suppose?" said his antagonist. "As you like," "Perhaps for two lire?" "For two, then." "You might prefer five?" "A hundred, if you like?" There was a pause, and the Italian was thoughtful. "Perhaps," he said, pensively, "you are Signor Booclé? In that case, I will not play with you at all."

A sailor with a cork leg was once shipwrecked on a cannibal island. He saw preparations being made for the feast, of which he was to be the *piece de resistance*, and with commendable presence of mind he asked the chief ("chef") if he did not think it would be as well if he tasted a sample first. The chief thought it an excellent suggestion, and so the man held up his cork leg while a sample was cut from it. The chief decided the man was too old, tough, and tasteless, and so his life was spared.

Erskine M. Phelps of Chicago was introduced at Nice to Lord Blank of England. As he was smoking, he said to Lord Blank: "Will you have a cigar?" "Thank you, but I smoke only one brand, the Henry Clay." "All right; I'll order some." The box was brought. It was embellished with the familiar picture of "Harry of the West." As he took his cigar, Lord Blank said: "When old Clay was alive he made a good cigar, but his sons don't keep up his reputation." "Henry Clay! Why, he didn't make cigars; he was a statesman, and ranked as high with us as Gladstone or John Bright do in your country." "I beg your pardon. I've smoked these cigars all my life, and I tell you old Clay made a d— sight better cigar than his boys do."

In a certain Canadian city, a lady was defending an action for a large sum of money which she felt she was not morally entitled to pay. When it looked as if the case would go against her, she sold all her real estate and put the proceeds, some \$15,000 or more, in her pocketbook—which in her case, as is the custom with some women, was her stocking. The judgment was given against her and because she would not pay nor tell where the money was, she was sent to jail for a year. Her counsel tried to get her released. The following conversation formed part of the proceedings: "You admit," said the judge, "that this woman had property to the value of \$15,000?" "Yes, your honor," said the counsel. "And you admit that she sold the property and put the money in her stocking?" "Yes, my lord." "And do you mean to tell me that the arm of the law is not long enough to reach it?"

None of the professions seem more devoted to ready wit than that of the law. It is related that Sir Nicholas Bacon was about to pass judgment upon a man who had been guilty of robbery, at that time punishable by death; but the culprit pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was related to the judge. "How is that?" he was asked. "My lord," was the reply, "your name is Bacon, mine is

Hog, and hog and bacon have always been considered akin." "That is true," answered Sir Nicholas: "but as hog is not bacon until it has hung, until you are hanged you are no relation of mine." Still more to the point is this of two opposing barristers. The lawyer for the defense was so severe upon the prosecutor that the latter rose and asked: "Does the learned counsel think me a fool?" The retort was prompt: "My friend wishes to know if I consider him a fool; and in reply to his question I can only say that I am not prepared to deny it." There are many instances of passages at arms between hench and bar, but this one may be new to most of our readers. At the close of a lengthened and bitter wrangle between a judge and a prominent counsel, the former said: "Well, sir, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you." To which the barrister mildly replied: "That is so, my lord."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Cause for Pause.

Your eyes are the bonniest blue, dear,  
Your features and figure are fine,  
Your heart—ah, I know 't would be true, dear,  
Should I say to you: "Darling, be mine."

But alas, there's a frightening fear, dear,  
That will not allow me to speak.  
You are spending three thousand a year, dear;  
I am making twelve dollars a week.

—Boston Transcript.

The Tale of a Tar.

I stood one day by the breezy hay  
Watching the ships go by,  
When an old Tar said, with a shake of his head,  
"I wish't I could tell a lie."

"I've saw some sights as would jigger your lights  
And they jiggered me own forsooth,  
But I aint worth a darn at spinning a yarn  
That wanders away from the truth."

"We were out on the hark, the Nancy Stark,  
Just a league and a half at sea,  
When Captain Snook, with a trouhled look,  
He comes and he says to me:

"Bo'sun Smith make haste forthwith  
And hemstitch the spanker sail,  
And accordion pleat the for'd sheet  
For she's going to hlow a gale."

"I straightway did as the Cap'n hid.  
No sooner the joh was thru  
Than the north wind crack took us dead ahack,  
An' murderin' lights how she blew!

"She hlowed the tars right off the spars,  
The spars right off'n the masts;  
Anchors and sails and kegs and nails  
Went hy on the wings of the blast."

"Our galley shook as she blowed our cook  
Right out thru the starboard glim,  
And pots and pans and kettles and cans  
Went a clattering arter him."

"She hlowed the fire right out of the galley stove,  
The coal right out of the hin;  
Then she whistled apace past the Cap'n's face  
And hlowed all the hair off his chin."

"O, wiggle me dead!" the Cap'n said,  
And them words blowed out of his mouth.  
'We're lost, I fear, if the wind don't veer  
And hlow awhile from the south.'

"O wiggle me dead!" No sooner he'd said  
Them words that blowed out of his mouth  
Than the wind hauled 'round with a hurricane  
sound

And hlowed straight in from the south.  
'We opened our eyes in wild surprise,  
'And never a word did we say,  
For in changing her tack the wind hlowed hack  
The things she'd hlowed away."

"She hlowed the tars hack on the spars,  
The spars hack on the mast.  
Back flew the anchors and sails and kegs and nails  
Which into the ship stuck fast."

"And 'fore we could look she hlowed the cook  
Right under the galley poop,  
And hack came the kettles and pots and pans  
Without even spilling the soup."

"She hlowed the fire hack into the stove,  
Where it hurned in its regular place,  
And we all of us cheered when she hlew the beard  
Back onto the Cap'n's face."

"There's more of me tale," said the sailor hale,  
'As how jigger your lights forsooth,  
But I aint worth a darn at spinning a yarn  
That wanders away from the truth."

—Master, Mate, and Pilot.

Set in Her Way.

Sweet Mary Jane sat fourteen days and wouldn't  
deign to rise,  
Although her folks tried every way to make her  
realize  
That it was quite unladylike to sit all day and  
night,  
And never change her attitude or rouse her appe-  
tite.

They coaxed and teased and threatened her, and  
still she would not stand,  
And when they tried to raise her up she hit them  
on the hand.

They didn't want to do her harm or call in the  
police,  
And yet they sorrowed at the thought of Mary  
Jane's decease,  
But Mary Jane knew what was best, she wiser  
was than men,

She sat until she'd had her set, for Mary was a  
hen.  
—St. Louis Republic.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds... 1,479,043.00  
Deposits December 31, 1908.... 35,079,498.53  
Total Assets ..... 37,661,836.70  
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President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President,  
Emil Rohde; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; As-  
sistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary,  
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A. Bergerot, Attorney.  
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vice-president and secretary; Jos. Friedlander,  
vice-president; R. Altschul, cashier; C. F.  
Hunt, assistant cashier; A. Hochstein, as-  
sistant cashier; F. E. Beck, assistant cashier; I.  
Stetnhart, chairman of finance committee.

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Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,462,739

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Weddings and engagements still aid in breaking the summer monotony, but otherwise people are turning their attention solely to summer travels or out-of-town homes for the coming months.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hess Pringle, daughter of Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, to Mr. Morris Houghton of New York. Their wedding will be celebrated in the East during the late summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marjorie Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Brown, to Lieutenant John G. Hotz, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., of Fort Baker. Their wedding will be an event of the fall.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Grace Boles, daughter of Mrs. Isabelle Boles, to Lieutenant Oscar Arden Russell, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., of Fort Baker.

The wedding of Miss Frances Reed, daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Campbell, to Mr. Henry Milner Rideout took place on Tuesday morning last at Christ Church, Sausalito. The ceremony was performed at ten o'clock by the Rev. George Maxwell, assisted by the Rev. H. H. Howitt of Mill Valley. Miss Marian Wright was maid of honor and Mr. Dunning Rideout the best man. Mr. Harry Campbell, Mr. John Lowe, Mr. W. T. Ballentine, and Dr. Shadworth Beasley were the ushers. Little Miss Mary Campbell Rixford and Caroline Avery were the flower girls. After the ceremony a reception to the relatives and a few intimate friends was held at the home of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Rideout will leave for Boston in a fortnight to remain until the fall, when they will return here to make their home.

The wedding of Miss Ellen H. Chahot, daughter of the late Mr. Anthony Chahot of Oakland, to Mr. Henry E. Bothin took place on Wednesday of last week at the First Congregational Church, Oakland, the Rev. Loyal L. Wirt officiating. There were no attendants of either bride or bridegroom and only a few relatives and intimate friends were present.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at a hop on Wednesday evening of last week.

Miss Helen Baker was the hostess at an informal luncheon on Friday of last week in San Rafael.

Mrs. James Hamilton Morton entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Hester Bell Borden.

Mrs. Sterling Price Adams was the hostess at a tea on Friday of last week at her quarters at the Presidio in honor of Miss Elizabeth Parran Simpson. Assisting in receiving were Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Marie Lundeen, and Miss Mahel Gregory.

Miss Isahel Mackenzie of San Jose was hostess at a luncheon at Hotel Vendome recently in honor of Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Porter. Other guests were Mrs. J. T. Porter of Watsonville, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Burke of Berkeley, Mrs. P. G. Cotter of Los Angeles, Mrs. Pfingst of Kentucky, Miss Grace Barnard of Oakland, and Dr. H. C. Brown.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Justice and Mrs. McKenna, who have left Washington for visits to New York and Boston, will come to California about July 1 for a stay.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst came to town last week from her Pleasanton home for a brief stay.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco has been in Yosemite Valley as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker left last week for the East, but will return to their Burlingame home before the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bahcock of San Rafael have been sojourning in Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin (formerly Miss Edith Berry) are spending their honeymoon at the Selfridge ranch near Auburn.

Mrs. W. Alston Hayne returned this week from a fortnight's stay in Santa Barbara and will go next week to join her mother, Mrs. William Bourn, at the latter's country place near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux are at San Mateo for the season.

Mr. A. Chesebrough and Mr. Arthur Chesebrough returned this week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin and Miss Lee Girvin were visitors at Del Monte last week.

Dr. de Marville and his daughter left for Europe on May 28. They stopped a few days at the

Grand Cañon in Arizona. They will visit relatives in Baltimore and will sail from New York on June 10 on the steamer *La Provence*.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and Miss Dora Winn sailed a few days since from New York for Europe, where they will travel until the fall.

Vicomte and Vicomtesse Philippe de Tristan will leave this month for Paris, after having spent the winter in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillshury left a few days since for Europe, where they will remain during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibble left last week for a month's stay in the East.

The Rev. Edward Morgan and Mr. Wharton Thurston have returned from a ten days' stay in Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith and Mr. Bayard Hyde-Smith will leave shortly for Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall and Mrs. Rosenstock have sailed from New York for Europe, to remain abroad for an indefinite period.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at their ranch near San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown were the guests last week of Mr. Richard Tobin at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., and Miss Elizabeth Newhall have been at Santa Cruz recently for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron have returned from a brief trip to New York.

Miss Harriett Alexander will go a little later in the season to Chico to spend a few weeks as the guest of Mrs. John Bidwell.

Mr. Harry Brett has been visiting in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson and Miss Maud Wilson have gone to their country place in Belvedere for the summer.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness is at her country place in Sonoma County and has had recently as her guests Mr. and Mrs. Frank Van Ness.

Miss Edith Simpson, who has been visiting in the East for several months, has returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Edgar Preston left last week for a six months' stay in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan have returned from a visit to friends in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stone of Burlingame motored to Aetna Springs last week for a stay of a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud of Monterey left last week for England.

Mr. Francis L. Bosqui and Mr. William Carrigan, having spent a month in Spain, have proceeded on their journey to Rome, and will not return to San Francisco until August.

Colonel Marion P. Maus of the Twentieth Infantry and Lieutenant Albert T. Dulton were among a group of officers who spent the week end at the St. Francis.

Alexander Count von Fahren of Stein, near Nuremberg, Germany, is registered at the Fairmont. He is accompanied by Mr. John Plasmann of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Herrick with their child and nurse are registered at the Fairmont, preparatory to making their arrangements for the summer.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. Ben Schlesinger, Miss Anita M. Whelan, Mr. Alfred G. Klei-ner, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Mills, Mr. Charles A. Roberts, Mr. S. E. Simonds, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Selfridge, and Mr. E. G. Knapp.

The following are among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado: Mr. and Mrs. W. Moore, Mr. G. J. Scharlach, Mr. Ahe L. Cohn, Mr. Edward A. Horner, Mr. L. D. Torrey, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Near, Dr. Ernest Sisson, Dr. Effie Sisson, Dr. Ada Sisson, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Harris, Dr. Susan Orpha Harris, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Fish, Mr. S. F. Earl, Mr. W. T. Heger.

Among the guests from San Francisco registering at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ghovisick, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Buck, Mr. Leonard E. Buck, Mr. Charles Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Dollar, Mr. Cyrus Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Townsend, Mr. George H. Willcutt, Mr. M. S. Eisner, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Howell, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Ahhot, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson, Lieutenant and Mrs. S. H. Bane, Mr. H. Pinckard.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., is now in San Francisco, having been relieved from duty in command of the Presidio of Monterey on June 4 and directed to proceed to this city and await orders for the convenience of the government.

Colonel Charles W. Mason, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who was relieved of command at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, has taken station at the Presidio of Monterey and assumed command of that post.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the board of officers appointed for the purpose of settling details of fire control construction in the Artillery District of San Francisco, to take effect July 31.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Kniskern, U. S. A., has assumed charge of the office of purchasing commissary in this city, vice Major Charles Krauthoff, U. S. A.

Major Edwin A. Root, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed by direction of the President as a member of the General Staff Corps, effective on June 6.

Major Charles Krauthoff, U. S. A., until recently purchasing commissary in San Francisco, sailed on the transport on Saturday last for Manila, where he has been ordered to duty.

Major Ira A. Haynes, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippines and will proceed on the transport to sail from Manila on September 15, going on arrival here to Fort Riley, Kansas, for duty.

Captain Jesse McI. Carter, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed by the President as

a member of the General Staff Corps, U. S. A., to take effect on June 21.

Captain Edwin C. Long, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is detailed as an acting quartermaster and will proceed to Seattle, Washington, take station at that place and assume charge under instructions of the quartermaster-general of the army of construction work at the following named posts, relieving the officers now in charge: Fort Lawton, Fort Flagler, Fort Worden, Fort Casey, and Fort Ward, all in Washington.

Captain Arthur Cranston, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., in addition to his other duties, will assume charge, under the instructions of the quartermaster-general of the army, of construction work at the Presidio of Monterey.

Lieutenant Henry W. Torney, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence for three months with permission to go beyond the sea, to take effect on August 1.

Eight companies of the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., from Angel Island and the Presidio of Monterey, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. Ducat, U. S. A., sailed on Saturday last for Manila.

Nine of the sixteen prominent places of amusement in Paris, including the Opéra, the Opéra Comique, and the Comédie Française, showed in 1908 a falling off of receipts as compared to receipts for 1907. Of the seven which enjoyed increased prosperity one owed it to "Sherlock Holmes."

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wallace (formerly Miss Fanny Loughrough), who live in Rome, are rejoicing in the recent advent of a little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt (formerly Miss Emily Wilson) are rejoicing in the advent of a little son on Wednesday of last week.

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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

In "Salvation Nell," which Mrs. Fiske will present at the Valencia Theatre next week, beginning Monday night, the scenic investiture is remarkable. The tenement street scene is said to be the largest and most realistic ever put on a stage. It is built after photographs of the actual street corner in New York, and shows both the fronts of the houses and the separate rooms inside. Twenty-six men are required to handle the settings for the play, and it is a full day's work to put them in place. During the progress of the act in which the street scene mentioned is shown, the life of the quarter is depicted by dozens of people who come and go, and exhibit all the characteristics of the poverty-stricken denizens of such neighborhoods. It is really a life-picture of one of the most crowded centres of darker New York City.

Mrs. Fiske's company occupies three Pullman coaches and a day coach on the trip across the continent, and as the scenery and settings fill four baggage coaches, the play and its people make up a train of the average size.

Wherever Mrs. Fiske has presented "Salvation Nell" the play has stirred deep interest. It is a vital document in the literature of the stage. Of Mrs. Fiske's own effort in the play there is a chorus of appreciation. Mrs. Fiske would not have attained her position as the head of all American women of the stage were she unable to make the slightest part an artistic whole, but in this, her latest creation, she is more than a consummate artist. Her support is said to be entirely worthy of their associations.

"Lady Frederick," with Ethel Barrymore as the fascinating widow, will continue through the coming week at the Van Ness Theatre. There will be a matinee performance today (Saturday) and next Saturday, and the last appearance of the company will be on Saturday evening, June 19. The play is reviewed at length on another page.

The Orpheum will offer new sensations and also old favorites in its programme next week. La Petite Adelaide, an accomplished and famous dancer, will be seen in "The Bill-Poster's Dream," a terpsichorean act in which she will have the assistance of four coryphées. Elizabeth M. Murray, the singer of Irish and darkey songs, will renew old acquaintance with Orpheum habitués, and win those who are under the disadvantage of being new to her comedy powers. Mildred Warren, Bert Lyon, and Louise Meyers, a trio of musical comedy artists, will introduce a one-act comedy sketch with music, entitled "When Dreams Come True." The Sisters Gasch, female gymnasts, who created a furor in New York, and who are renowned in Europe, are expected to prove a sensation, for it is announced that no performers of their sex have ever equaled them in acrobatic skill. Next week will be the last of Cheridah Simpson, the Novelty Dancing Four, Albert L. Pallaton and William Foran in "A Spotless Reputation," and the Ellis-Nowlan company, in "A Night at the Circus."

The Princess Theatre Musical Comedy Company is now in the last nights of its season. On Saturday, at the matinee, "Peggy from Paris" will be given its final presentation, and in the evening "The Umpire" will have a farewell. On Sunday, "Piff, Paff, Puff" will be given both at the matinee and in the evening.

Following Ethel Barrymore at the Van Ness Theatre will be another Charles Frohman star, Marie Doro, whose hit in William Gillette's production of "Clarice" brought her into the stellar ranks. During her coming engagement at the Van Ness Theatre Miss Doro will be seen in the four-act play by William J. Locke called "The Morals of Marcus." Prominent among the names of the cast are Edwin Arden and Marie Wainwright.

Blanche Bates will return to California this fall for a short visit and play an engagement at the Van Ness Theatre.

The old-time epicurean was as enthusiastic over flowers and herbs as is the modern vegetarian over a cabbage. He mixed all kinds of buds, leaves, and flowers with loving care and gave them all the common name of "salads." Violets and cowslips he put into custards. Elder-tops, burdock roots, broom buds, and marshmallows he used for pickling. For concocting coloring syrups all manner of flowers were used. This is a little different from today, when a cooked flower is a curio.

The battleship *Mississippi* was put to good use when she was sent up the river of that name, if for no other reason than that some gray-headed veterans of the confederate army were given an opportunity to present to Captain Fremont of the visiting ship an American flag that was captured by a company of confederate cavalry from the United States gunboat *Petrel* in the Yazoo river, on April 22, 1864. The incident was a dramatic one.

Eugene Korn, the Hatter,  
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### rand Opera at the Princess Theatre

The W. A. Edwards International Grand Opera Company, which appeared with success in New York and other cities of the East, will begin its first season in this city at the Princess Theatre next Monday night. The organization is a well-balanced one and includes, in addition to the three distinct casts of principals, a complete chorus, ballet, and orchestra. It also brings with it elaborate scenery and costumes for each opera. The repertoire for next week is as follows:

Monday and Saturday evenings, "Aida," with Mmes. Therry, Strauss, Zarad; Mm. Colombini, Arcangeli, Gravina, Oteri, Giuliano.  
Tuesday and Friday evenings and Wednesday matinee, "La Traviata," with Mmes. Bertossi, Zarad, Donner; Mm. Amadi, De Giacomino, Oteri, Kaplan, Giuliano.

Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee, "Fedora," with Mmes. Therry, Donner, Williams; Mm. Colombini, Arcangeli, Giuliano, De Giacomino, Gravina, Oteri, Correnti.

Thursday and Sunday evenings (double bill), "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mmes. Duce-Merola, Strauss, Kaplan; Mm. Colombini, Zara; followed by "I Pagliacci," with Mme. Bertossi, Mm. Amadi, Arcangeli, Giuliano.

The conductor will be Signor G. Merola, ranked among the famous of European musicians.

Marguerita Sylva, an American singer, who for the last four years has appeared at the Opera Comique and other European theatres, has been engaged by Oscar Hammerstein to sing in his New York and Philadelphia houses. Miss Sylva, who in private life is Mrs. William D. Mann, was a star in musical comedy in the United States for several years before she went to Paris, which was in 1905.

Charles Frohman has accepted a society comedy written by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill and previously Jenny Jerome of New York. Present plans are to give it a trial performance shortly at a West End theatre in London. It is possible that Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be cast for the leading part.

Eugene Paul Metour, author of "In the Wake of the Green Banner," has served in the French army in Algeria and therefore has his knowledge of the country and people first hand. He has lived in this country for the last six years. By profession he is a civil engineer.

There are more than one hundred Americans singing in the opera houses of Germany and Italy at present and many Americans giving lessons in Paris and in German cities, and there are also virtuosi of American birth educated at home and abroad concertizing in Europe.

### Mr. Thomas as Apologist.

When Augustus Thomas made his curtain speech at the Lambs' "gambol" show in Chicago, he promised the audience a view of Muldoon in proper person, "so that you can see," he added, "what decent living and abstinence do for a man—even an Irishman. And I can also point out to you Victor Herbert as an example of what genius will do in spite of dissipation." He also promised a view of Mr. Lackaye—"disguised and unrecognizable, but not to his disadvantage."

A court at Sioux City, Iowa, has ruled that it is not a punishable offense to swear at a baggage man.

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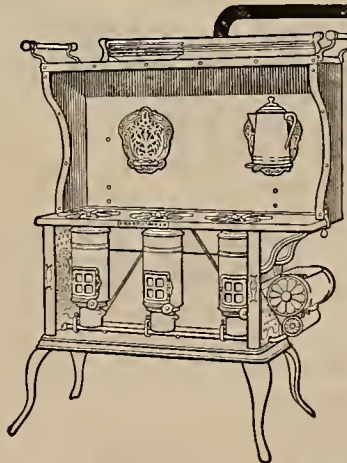
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Knicker*—Why did you ride with such a reckless chauffeur? *Bocker*—To keep from being run over.—*New York Sun*.

"That drug clerk must be very old." "Yes, he's an old-timer. He claims to have seen a prescription once."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"I suppose you and your wife share everything." "Not at all. She insists that I have all the faults."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Stella*—What bankrupted him? *Della*—His wife dressed so that people wouldn't think he was becoming bankrupt.—*St. Louis Times*.

*Ethel*—Mother, Miss Bruce told us such a funny thing about the cuckoo today. (*Mysteriously*.) It doesn't lay its own eggs.—*Punch*.

*Esmeraldo*—Mildred has such a speaking countenance! *Gwendolen*—Yes; it seems to be always saying, "I've never been kissed!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Mrs. B.*—If I should die, would you ever forget me? *Mr. B.*—I think not. The doctor said that I will suffer from dyspepsia all my life.—*Kansas City Journal*.

*Bride*—Here is a telegram from papa. *Bridegroom* (*eagerly*)—What does he say? *Bride* (*reads*)—Do not return and all will be forgiven.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"I must congratulate Jack on his golden wedding." "Golden wedding? Why, he's only just married." "I know, but his bride is worth a million."—*Boston Transcript*.

*Author*—Have you read my new book? *Friend*—Yes. *Author*—What do you think of it? *Friend*—Well, to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

*She*—I'm living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion. *He*—How long can you keep it up? *She*—Oh, indefinitely, I guess. *He*—Then let's get married.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Your pulchritude is peerless. You are an astounding aggregation of feminine faultlessness. Be mine!" "Sure," responded the girl. "I never could resist that press agent language."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Wife* (*on her return home*)—Have you noticed that my husband missed me very much while I was away, Mary? *Maid*—Well, I didn't notice it so much at first, but yesterday he seemed to be in despair.—*Pathfinder*.

"It must be nice living in Washington." "It is," said the ash man. "The only trouble is that everybody with a kick threatens to take it direct to the President. Keeps me skinned up more or less."—*Washington Herald*.

"Do tell me, Pulsatilla," begged the girl under the inverted waste basket, "the secret of the wonderful blond hair of yours. It

defies detection." "I will," said the girl under the inverted coal scuttle, "if you won't tell anybody else. I selected for my grandmother and mother two women who had hair just like mine."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"How does it happen that a third of the population of your vast country is in the East?" asked the visitor. "I presume that the discomfort of riding brakebeams has to be regarded as a factor," explained the native student of sociology.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Mamma," inquired little Waldo Bunker of Boston, who is spending the winter in Florida, "what is that body of water?" "The Atlantic Ocean, my dear." "The Atlantic Ocean!" exclaimed little Waldo, in amazement. "Why, I thought the Atlantic Ocean was near Boston!"—*Master, Mate, and Pilot*.

## The Story of Esaw Wood.

Esaw Wood sawed wood.  
Esaw Wood would saw wood.  
All the wood Esaw Wood saw Esaw Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esaw saw to saw Esaw sought to saw.  
Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And oh, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood.

But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esaw sought a saw that would saw wood.

One day Esaw saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood.

In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esaw Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Oh, the wood the wood-saw Wood saw saw would saw!

Oh, the wood Wood's woodshed would shed when Wood would saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood!

Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw, if the wood-saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

**PLEASE NOTE**—This is to remind you that EDGAR C. HUMPHREY is the pioneer specialist in property from San Mateo to Menlo Park and about the Stanford University. Homes for sale and lease. Acres for sale. Offices, Call Building, San Francisco, telephone Kearny 4656; Palo Alto, telephone Palo Alto 229; residence Menlo Park, telephone Palo Alto 217.

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.....	9:45a	4:20p	3:50p	*9:50p	1:40p
.....	11:15a	.....	5:20p	.....	3:40p
.....	12:45p	.....	6:40p	.....	5:10p
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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Japanese Flurry in Hawaii—War and Racial Vitality—The Tariff Bill—The Head of the Army—The Original Issue at McCloud—Edward Everett Hale—San Francisco's Theatrical Needs—Editorial Notes .....	401-403
CURRENT TOPICS .....	404
OLD SHIPS. By Furnley Maurice.....	404
"THE NARROW PATH" IN NEW YORK: Miss Jeannette Gilder Tells How at Least One Play Has Proved Too Strong for the Public Taste.....	405
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.....	405
THE HOODOO OF LOS BUHOS. By Bourdon Wilson.....	406
A STORY OF THE MONEY-MARKET: "The Governors" Is a Delightful Medley of Finance, Politics, and Love-Making .....	407
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	408
LITERARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—New Publications .....	409
THE FUNERAL OF AN EMPEROR: Diplomatic Squabbles over the Burial of China's Late Ruler, Kwang Hsu. By Charles Lorrimer.....	410
DRAMA: Mrs. Fiske's Serious Play. By Josephine Hart Phelps .....	411
VANITY FAIR .....	412
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	413
THE MERRY MUSE.....	413
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	414
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	415
CURRENT VERSE: "The Bahe" by Littell McClung; "The Mystery," by Bertha Chace Lovell; "Gipsy Love-Song," by Mahel Hartridge Wilson.....	415
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	416

### The Japanese Flurry in Hawaii.

There is no need to get excited over the news from Hawaii. It appears to be only the case of a strike of Japanese laborers exaggerated by the intemperance of two or three frenzied editors of Japanese newspapers. It is a situation which easily lends itself to the methods of yellow journalism—American as well as Japanese—thundering louder in headlines than anywhere else. The Japanese consul-general has promptly disavowed responsibility of the Japanese government, although this disclaimer was hardly necessary under the circumstances.

The incident is significant only in its demonstration of the unsatisfactory state of industry in Hawaii and further as illustrating the tendency of the Japanese to act in coöperation and to seek political remedies for social grievances. If all this comes to nothing just now, it is none the less to be regarded seriously. It is a demonstration that the instinct of the Pacific Coast with respect to the Japanese is a sound one. There is no mistake about it, they are not only non-assimilable, but in large numbers they are a menace to the peace of

any country in which they may establish themselves as colonists.

It is now clear enough that the Japanese are not a dependable and satisfactory labor resource even in Hawaii, where the general conditions are so suited to them. It is questionable if those who are there ought to be allowed to remain, in view of their political presumptions and assumptions. And upon the basis of this situation there arises a new problem in connection with the industrial working of the country. The native population is too limited at the point of numbers, even if it were industrially inclined to support the industrial operations which have been inaugurated by American initiative and capital. The effort to get laborers from Italy and Spain for the sugar plantations has failed. Immigration from the American mainland is out of the question. There remain two possible sources of labor supply—the Philippine Islands and China. The island planters, having experimented widely, prefer Chinese just as the California farmers prefer them; and if it were possible under the immigration laws to bring in Chinese, there would speedily be an end to the Hawaiian troubles.

The planters, we are told, intend to appeal to Congress in this connection, and we see no reason why their appeal should not be granted. A way has been found to recruit the Carolina cotton factories by direct importation of European laborers under contract; likewise license was given to the Hawaiian planters to experiment with Spanish and Italian labor under similar suspension of the immigration laws. Laws are made not to restrain and paralyze industry, but to promote the general welfare, and in the case of Hawaii the general welfare calls for a labor supply which can be had more certainly and reasonably in China than elsewhere. It is, we think, a case where the law ought to be sufficiently relaxed to allow a course urged by many suggestions of expediency and propriety.

### War and Racial Vitality.

Dr. Jordan's theory of the vital loss which war imposes upon a race or a country is, we think, subject to some questioning. It is true that the destruction of armies involves the sacrifice of lives which might in the course of nature contribute to the general vitality. At the same time it is to be questioned if the noblest and the best, or even the most vital, in a wholesome sense, of the population of a country enters into military service under modern conditions. In our Civil War undoubtedly much of the best blood and character of the country were lost. But that was an exceptional incident, one which made extraordinary demands, both as to the character of the men engaged and as to their numbers. But if the armies of the world be reviewed today, we think it questionable if it will be found that they are made up of elements essential or even largely important to the vitality of the countries to which they belong. Undoubtedly a modern army contains much of vital force; but upon critical examination we think it will be found that, man for man, an army is not superior to the general average of the race from which it is drawn.

Then there are compensations in the fact that while some are killed, a much larger number of those who participate in war survive the service and bring out of it an exceptional discipline and hardihood, as a direct outcome of military experiences, of immense value individually and to the race. So long ago as the civil wars in England it was noted that Cromwell's old soldiers when restored to the normal duties of citizenship were marked men. This is attested by no less an authority than Lord Macauley. The discipline of military life was reflected in a notable diligence in industry and in business, and in a thrift which had a distinct effect in advancing the general fortunes of the country. Likewise it has been observed in this country that the men who came out of our Civil War gained in their military life lessons which have told tremendously, and

both for individual and community advantage, in their subsequent careers.

Then there must be taken into account the stimulating effects, mental and physical, of a period of war upon those who are participants in it only in the sense of being partisans and observers of it. The ambition and hardihood of a country is inevitably stirred and promoted by a direct interest in war. Observation of college athletics illustrates the point. If only the eleven Stanford youths who are to compete in the collegiate football games this fall were to be considered, the beneficent effects of athletics—in so far as they are beneficent—would be hardly worth attention. But as a matter of fact the ambition and spirit of which the college team is the most notable manifestation runs through the whole institution. It gives to all who attend college or who are associated with collegiate interests something which tends to physical and possibly to mental stimulus. Not only the members of the team, but their fellow-students take on something of the hardihood which training and interest in athletics produces. The virtues essential in the selection, development, and training of a football team tend to become fashionable, so to speak, in every school which like Palo Alto makes much of athletic competitions.

We lost in the Civil War a vast number of men of vital age, of men who in the normal courses of life would unquestionably have contributed mightily to the vitality of the country. But we think it much to be questioned if this loss, great as it was, was not fully compensated by the training which the war gave to those who survived it and by the stimulus which the war created and the spirit which it made universal anent the mass of our countrymen.

Is it not a fault of many thinkers of Dr. Jordan's type that they make too little of intangible forces? Does not the scientific mind tend to depreciation of those values which we may call spiritual for lack of a better term? The scientist too often appears to forget that the very highest of all realities are things in themselves intangible. In devotion to what in the language of science are called facts is there not a tendency to emphasize the value of mere material facts and to minimize the value of that higher range of facts which are none the less real and potent because they are not physically material and subject to "scientific" analysis and measurement?

### The Tariff Bill.

The Republican leaders in the Senate expect that the tariff bill will be ready for the presidential signature and that Congress will adjourn by July 1. This seems to be a sanguine view, as no one can foresee the precise tactics of the opposition forces or the success that may await them. The bill is of course in no actual danger in the Senate, where the voting strength of its friends is irresistible, but after leaving the Senate it has to run the gauntlet of the joint conference, and here the combined forces of the "insurgent" Republicans and of the Democrats may well prove to be unexpectedly strong. Mr. Aldrich and his friends are flushed with victory and profess to see nothing but a clear course before them, but it is an open secret that members of the lower house have been overwhelmed with letters from indignant constituents and feel themselves to be somewhat between the devil and the deep sea, with the claims of party allegiance upon one side and their desire for reflection on the other. It would not be surprising if the bill should be still hung up long after July 1, although the summer temperature of Washington is one of the strongest of all arguments in favor of the earliest possible adjournment.

Republican critics of the present bill must have begun to realize that in relying upon Democratic aid they are leaning upon the most unstable of broken reeds. Rarely has a political party experienced so shameless a betrayal from within its own ranks. For further



for example, not only comes well within the general policies of the party with regard to protection, but it was specifically demanded by the Denver platform in the most categorical terms. And yet in the Senate we find sixteen Democrats obeying the nod of Mr. Aldrich, while only ten remained faithful to their pledges. We need not inquire into the nature of the pressure placed upon the sixteen. Their action means the stultification of their party, its surrender of the right to exist. When representative Democrats are found to argue in defense of their action, first, that the party platform has no binding force upon individuals, and secondly that even if it had such binding force they are released from its policies by a defeat at the polls, we may well wonder if their profession of political faith has any serious meaning, if the so-called party principles are anything more than resounding catchwords designed to trap the unwary.

There can be no doubt that the tariff bill as it now stands is a grave disappointment to the country at large. The most representative Republican papers are unanimous in condemnation, openly denouncing it as a flagrant violation of faith and a direct repudiation of specific promises. It is true that the Chicago platform spoke of revision only and made no references to upward or downward. But there could have been no mistaking the sense in which the declaration was received or, for that matter, the sense that it was intended to convey. It was taken in conjunction with Mr. Taft's reiterated explanations of the form that the coming bill would assume. Speaking at Milwaukee on September 24, 1908, he said:

It is my judgment that a revision of the tariff in accordance with the pledge of the Republican party will be, on the whole, a substantial revision downward. As the temporary leader of the party I do not hesitate to say, with all the emphasis of which I am capable, that if the party is given the mandate of power in November it will perform its promises in good faith.

Speaking at Des Moines on September 26, 1906, Mr. Taft said:

It is my judgment that a revision of the tariff in accordance with the pledge of the Republican party will be, on the whole, a substantial revision downward.

At Cincinnati, on September 22, 1908, he said that the Dingley tariff had served the country well "but its rates have become generally excessive." Mr. Taft's speeches during the campaign contained many such statements. They are well within the memory of the country, and there is no reason to believe that he has changed his opinions or become lukewarm in their defense. And yet Senators Aldrich, Lodge, Hale, and some others express bland surprise at the idea of there being any understanding at all in the matter, or any general idea in favor of either upwards or downwards.

The fact of the matter is that the tariff as it now stands is an upward revision nearly all along the line. To say that so many schedules have been lowered and so many raised is merely futile. We have to discover which have been raised and which have been lowered. To make a merely spectacular decrease of duty upon an article that is not imported at all, nor likely to be, and then to ask us to witness a performance in relief of burdens can surely deceive no one. Still less can it deceive any one when such "decreases" are accompanied by increases upon articles of universal and domestic use. No one denies that the effect of the Senate bill will be to make living a shade more, and not less, costly than it is now, and to place a slightly heavier, and not a lighter, burden upon wages. Those who expected that prices would fall as a result of the tariff bill will find that they have increased. The bill, in other words, will have a diametrically opposite effect to the one so confidently anticipated.

The various schedules have passed the Senate by the mere bludgeon force of votes. Neither reason nor argument have had anything to do with it. No matter how complete the pulverization of the Aldrich contentions, no matter how complete the proof that they were founded upon misinformation, the unanswerable votes followed as a matter of course. Take, for example, the case of razors. The House bill found the rate at 55 per cent and slightly increased it. The Senate raised it again to nearly 100 per cent. The argument was that when the Dingley bill was passed there were sixty-seven razor-making concerns in the country, whereas now there are only five. But it was unanswerably proved that at the time of the Dingley bill there was only one razor-maker in the country, the other sixty-six being merely assemblers of the imported parts, and under the comparatively low Dingley rate the one

has been multiplied by five. The facts were no longer contested, but the higher rate was voted. Examination of the *Congressional Record* shows a wearisome number of such instances where the Aldrich followers have been confuted by undisputed facts but without effect upon their votes.

Mr. Aldrich is, of course, correct when he says that of the innumerable deputations to the Finance Committee there were hardly any that demanded reductions. The appeal was always for an increase. But to assume to read the voice of the country in these deputations is an obvious mistake. Those who are interested in an increase of the tariff are well organized, equipped with statistics and in every way in a position to present their views in an orderly way at Washington. For the most part they come from New England States and it is not a little significant that the strongest newspaper protests come from the very districts that will be the most benefited by a raised tariff upon such commodities as woollens. It is perhaps natural that Mr. Aldrich should be most sensitive to representations from his own State, but the debates seem to show not once but many times that he has acted upon information, statistical and otherwise, furnished to him by the manufacturers themselves, accepted without verification and subsequently disproved. But the disproof makes no difference. The "unanswerable argument of the vote" sweeps evidence and reason upon one side and the schedules are passed. In many cases there is some reason for the taunt that the schedules are made by the manufacturers' committees and that the Senate does not more than say ditto.

There now seems small reason to hope that this bill will come to the President in a shape conforming to his declared wishes or to the good faith of the party. Will the President approve it? The *Argonaut* thinks not—and it hopes not. The promise of the party is plain, and nothing less than its due performance will or should satisfy the country. Mr. Taft ought not to be a party to a "revision" essentially fraudulent in principle and method and in default of a distinct pledge. We believe that if Mr. Taft shall sign this bill in anything like its present form it will be taken by the country as an act done in the spirit of timidity and surrender and that it will mark a decline in his public standing. He is now believed to be a strong man and respected as such. If he shall sign this bill he will be regarded by multitudes as a weak man, and ultimately he, his party, and his country will pay the penalty. Just what form this penalty will take does not plainly appear, but probably it will usher in an era of aggressive personalism in national affairs with Mr. Roosevelt as its inspiring figurehead.

### The Head of the Army.

Under the seniority rule General Leonard Wood at the age of forty-nine now becomes the head of the army, and bar death or disability he will hold that position for fifteen years, or until the age of compulsory retirement. This means that there is no hope that any one of the many able and deserving officers of the army who have looked not unnaturally nor illegitimately to attain the highest rank in the service. The game is blocked, and by a man who, while personally worthy and while possibly competent, is not a carefully educated soldier or entitled by distinguished service to special honors.

It is not surprising that officers of the army are resentful at a situation which thus balks a natural and proper professional ambition. It is not surprising that the service has suffered a shock which has wounded its spirit and impressed it with a rankling sense of injustice. Likewise, it is not surprising that Congress, wishing in so far as it may to rebuke an active, mischievous, and even vicious favoritism, has vacated the rank of lieutenant-general, making no provision for any place in the service higher than that of major-general.

Perhaps no single act in the course of Mr. Roosevelt's career is so much to be criticized as the Wood incident. Wood was an army doctor, a creditable and even a brilliant man, entirely worthy in all his relationships. Under leave of absence he assumed the colonelcy of the Rough Riders' regiment, of which Roosevelt became the lieutenant-colonel, or second in command. Later on, when Roosevelt's experience had gone far enough to justify him in taking a higher rank, he used his influence with McKinley to have Colonel Wood made a brigadier-general, thus making the vacancy he desired for himself in the Rough Riders' regiment. This was the beginning of a series of pro-

motions, under the rule of persistent favoritism, which has made Wood out of time, out of rank, out of all professional propriety, and under circumstances of gross injustice to the official organization, the commander-in-chief of the army. General Wood is today commander-in-chief for this simple reason—this and none other—that he is the personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt. It was and is an injustice and an outrage of which every officer in the higher ranks of military service is in some degree a victim, since under the rule of seniority it hinders promotion all along the line.

It is no answer to criticism of the courses by which General Wood has been foisted upon the army as its commander-in-chief that he is an able and personally worthy man. If ability and personal worthiness had been the requirement for promotion, it might have been answered equally well in the person of any one of a hundred officers entitled to consideration by a record of life-long and heroic service.

### The Original Issue at McCloud.

Now that the trouble at McCloud is over, that riot has had its brief hour and has met its inevitable rebuke, it is a good time to consider the grievances which lay at the bottom of the recent unpleasantness. As the *Argonaut* is informed, the chief cause of the trouble was insistence on the part of the mill company upon paying its employees not with money but in kind—with board in its mess houses, and with "orders" on its own stores. The ruling wage was low—\$1.75 per day—and it was still further reduced by the policy above defined. That is, the company got from the workman not merely his labor, but a profit upon such merchandise as he should buy at the company's store, it being obligatory that he should deal with these rather than with independent stores.

These are chronic causes of difficulty between employee and employer, and they must remain such so long as and wherever they are practiced. It is not fair that men having earned their pay shall not receive it in hand, and it is not in human nature to submit to the mess-house and store-order system without discontent and protest. In so far as the recent strike was a protest against this system of payment, it was in the opinion of the *Argonaut* not only a just, but a justifiable movement. Men who have earned their wages have the right to get it in money, and not in a form which yields another rake-off to the employer. The store-order system under any circumstances is a questionable one, and under most circumstances it is nothing better than an outrage against the interest and self-respect of the wage-earner. We hope that at McCloud and elsewhere there will be no let-up in the protest against this scheme, and that the movement will not cease until it shall be eradicated from the industrial system of California. The *Argonaut* pledges to labor, organized or other, such support as it may give to those who shall decline coöperation with employers who seek to enforce this essentially unjust and vicious system.

It is to be regretted that the movement at McCloud should by its extravagance and criminality have raised a new issue and have put the McCloud workmen in the position of violators of law and order, against whom the forces of society had to be arrayed for preservation of peace and social order. By this folly and criminality infinite harm has been done to a cause which appears to have been founded in equity and justice.

The incident illustrates strikingly the tendency of organized labor to proceed under sinister leadership to excessive courses. It is this that has put organized labor as a social factor under suspicion and in discredit with conservative men. Rarely does it have the judgment to limit its demands to legitimate and just objects and to enforce them by orderly and legitimate methods. Somehow the hotheads and scalawags commonly contrive to overbear and overslaugh the better element, and to lead labor movements into courses which must be condemned as subversive of law and order and therefore restrained by the strong hand. By this means organized labor makes itself a menace and a stench, and drives to opposition many who like the *Argonaut* would gladly support it in movements founded in justice and pursued with legality and propriety.

This great lesson must be learned by organized labor, namely, that labor under organization has no rights which do not equally belong to it in its unorganized character. Labor has indeed a greater power under organization, and an entirely legitimate power. But the rights of ten thousand men in coöperative protest are no greater, nor, indeed, in any wise different from the



rights of any one man acting by himself. If labor could learn this lesson, if it could learn the wisdom of moderation, if it could learn to act with justice and restraint, the battle for whatever rights are now denied—as, for example, in the McCloud case—would quickly be won. We say it would be won, because the judgment of the country would sustain every movement founded in equity and pursued legitimately. Here, for example, is the *Argonaut*, not only willing but eager to support labor, organized or otherwise, in its demand for abolition of the store-order system. But in nearly every crisis it is compelled in effect to support the opposing side because labor through its sinister and besotted leaders persists in going to lengths which judgment and conscience can not approve, and which can not be supported without abandonment of the principles which support peace and social order.

#### Edward Everett Hale.

Edward Everett Hale belonged to the old order of things, to the staunch New England stock that was the mother of high thoughts and mighty deeds and the preserver of the old virtues that we like to think of as still with us. Dr. Hale was eighty-seven years of age when he died. He was a middle-aged man half a century ago and had already made a name for himself as an author, a preacher, a teacher, and a philanthropist. We had learned to look upon him as one of the permanent institutions of American life, as the typical American whose character honored his country. With the exception of Julia Ward Howe he was the last survivor of the "old guard," and Mrs. Howe is ninety years of age.

It would be hard to conceive of a more useful citizen than Dr. Hale. If there is such a thing as the genius of goodness it belonged to him more than to any other man of his day and generation. With an enthusiasm for public affairs—an enthusiasm that was a veritable elixir of life—an unquenchable aspiration to be up and doing for the well-being of humanity, a perpetual thirst for participation in all the affairs of the common interest, he yet never enforced antagonisms, and we may doubt if there is today a single painful memory caused by anything that Dr. Hale ever said or did throughout the whole of his career. A fine example of his incurable optimism was the celebrated reply that he made to the friend who invited him to lament over the divorce statistics of New York. Making a rapid mental computation, he replied that to him the appealing fact was the vastly greater number of happy and harmonious homes that were indicated by the figures before him. "Think," he said in effect, "of the uncounted thousands of domestic circles whose tranquillity saves them from publicity and whence the aroma of marital felicity permeates the community as a benediction." That was the keynote to Dr. Hale's life. His eyes were perpetually open to the things of good repute. The beautiful and the true were the dominant features of his mental landscape. No man was more keenly aware of evil, or deplored it more, but he had his own way of dealing with it. Denunciation was not a part of his armory. He found that the most effective of all weapons against evil was the strenuous cultivation of its opposite, the erection of ramparts of individual virtue against the inroads of wrong-doing.

Extensive as was Dr. Hale's authorship—a long list of books stands to his credit—prominent as was his position as chaplain to the Senate, he will be remembered best for his personal character, his incomparable sermons, and for his contributions to current magazines. Those who looked weekly for his advice, for his helpful comments upon the troubles of daily life, for his constant exhortations to courage and duty, must be numbered by millions. Old age could not instill any trace of discouragement or weariness into his writings. He lived in a perpetual atmosphere of hopeful youth, he tried always to make others see the golden future that was the one great reality to his vision. We may search the whole country through and we shall not find any man whom we can so ill spare as Edward Everett Hale.

#### San Francisco's Theatrical Needs.

As usual in the early summer good things theatrical are coming our way. We have had Otis Skinner and John Drew. Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Fiske are now with us. Marie Doro, Blanche Bates, and others are billed for dates later on. All this after so much wearying commonplace, is refreshing and really important. But all these attractions come at a time when many people

are out of town for the summer, likewise at a time when San Francisco is at her worst at the point of weather, and when there are practically no visitors. In the winter season, when San Francisco is at her best, when she makes her strongest appeal to visitors and pleasure-seekers, we have little that is worth while at the theatres.

It was not always so. In earlier days we had an organization of dramatic forces quite our own; and it is a matter of history that some of the greatest names in American dramatic art originated and developed here. Edwin Booth won his first successes in California, while John McCullough was practically local here. Lawrence Barrett, too, was for a long time as much a Californian as a New Yorker, and Maude Adams, probably the most artistic and popular actress on the stage today, grew up here. Likewise Blanche Bates and David Warfield are California products. The list might be lengthened indefinitely, all tending to illustrate the fact that San Francisco was once not merely a point on the route of the road shows, but really a dramatic centre with an organization, with certain fixed standards and a distinct identity of its own.

The change in the theatrical fashion has had something to do with it, but the change in managerial methods much more. The result is that California is no longer a theatrical centre. We have no organization of our own worth speaking of; we accept what comes our way and we take it when it suits the dramatic autocrats to send it. And so we get in the off season the attractions which in the height of the season are played in New York and other large Eastern cities.

Now, San Francisco has aspirations as a centre of winter interests. We invite the world to come to us at the season of greatest climatic charm here, and many accept the invitation. But aside from climate we have relatively little to offer. During much of the time in what ought to be our most brilliant season we have nothing at the theatres above the level of melodrama, farce-comedy, and vaudeville. Compared with the theatrical interests of the larger Eastern cities, notably New York, and compared with our own earlier period, the sphere of theatrical interest in San Francisco in the winter season is pitifully bare.

If San Francisco is to bid successfully as of old as a place of winter residence, we must have those things which contribute to the entertainment of visitors. Notably we must have a distinct betterment in the theatrical bill of fare in the winter season. At a time when we had fewer people, when means of transportation were less developed, when the theatre-going habit was distinctly less pronounced, and when there was less money to spend, we had a good theatre. Why can we not have it now? Is it a necessity that we must wait upon the whim and the interest of those Eastern managers who have made the "amusement trade" their own?

This matter has its serious side. It relates not merely to the charm of life in San Francisco, but to the vitality of business here. Without those conditions which afford entertainment to visitors—the theatre being one of the most important—we shall not succeed in reestablishing San Francisco as a winter headquarters for the Western half of the continent.

#### Editorial Notes.

It is gratifying to note that Mr. Devlin's statements before a Senate committee have cleared up all question with respect to his personal responsibility for whatever was amiss in connection with the prosecution of Dr. Perrin on account of land frauds in Arizona. Devlin came into the United States attorneyship at a time when this case was already well advanced. He took it as he found it, presumably with no knowledge, and certainly with no responsibility for the methods by which it had been worked up. Perrin's charges relate, therefore, not to Devlin, but to those who came before him, notably the government agent through whom the indictment and the evidence were developed—none other, in fact, than W. J. Burns, of whose way of doing things we have some knowledge in San Francisco. It will be charged, so it is intimated, that Burns secured the indictment of Perrin by appealing to the grand jury in the name of the then President, Roosevelt, that the indictment was secured through what assumed to be executive influence—ordered, so to speak. It is further intimated that the case was supported in the matter of evidence under a system akin to bribery and subornation. These matters are to be probed. All this does not in the least affect Mr. Devlin, whose reappointment we are told will now be confirmed, as it ought to be.

In no sense is he personally at fault; it has been his misfortune to be associated with a case which those who came before him had bungled and discredited, if, indeed, nothing worse.

Nobody will have the right to complain if Canada shall enter upon a project of navy building. We have set a bad example, and it is perhaps not unnatural that our nearest neighbor should imitate it. The movement is certain to be encouraged in England, to whom a Canadian fleet would be a distinct addition at the point of sea power without by any possibility attaining a development tending to make the mother country uneasy. The United States and Canada have lived now side by side for 135 years—a century and a third—and only on one occasion has there been any need of a navy on either side. And even then it was a stupid business, wholly unnecessary, and wholly fruitless as connected with ultimate effects. The history of our relations with Canada affords a fine example of the possibilities of amicable neighborhood between great communities, and it would indeed be a pity if we should spoil the picture by a policy at once unnecessary and reactionary. Still, since there is no law preventing a nation more than an individual from making a fool of itself, Canada may go ahead with her navy. And we are hardly in a position to speak the mind of plain common sense with respect to this enterprise without violation of one of the first principles of good manners.

Collins's application to Governor Gillett for a pardon almost excites admiration for its audacity. It is about five years ago since this adroit rogue was accused of bigamy under circumstances that failed to show a single extenuating fact and accompanied with such peculiar forms of depravity and hypocrisy as to deprive him of any trace of the sympathy that is sometimes extended to this kind of criminal. He escaped to Canada, was extradited at heavy expense, and then began the extraordinary series of manoeuvres that have so far been successful in keeping him from San Quentin. During a large part of a period covering five years he has been virtually at liberty, carrying his case from one court to another, not upon substantial pleas for justice, but upon technical points too vexatious, involved, and wearisome for the lay mind to understand. Now at last he seems to be at the end of his tether. Even a mind of sinister fertility can suggest no further cause for a delay of justice, and so he asks the governor for a pardon. It is to be hoped that he may now have cause to realize that for his offense with its concomitants of sanctimonious hypocrisy there is no such thing as pardon and even little human sympathy.

Judge Olmstead of the children's court in New York City has gone straight back to Solomon for inspiration in the matter of disciplining youthful rowdies whose carryings on have greatly disturbed subway passengers during the past year. Last week he gave the parents of four lads convicted of gross misbehavior choice between paying fines in considerable sums or of applying the rod at the direction of the court and under the immediate observation of one of its officers. In every instance the parents preferred to take it out of the hide, so to speak, and the rod in the form of a leather strap was well laid on by paternal hands with a bailiff on the spot to see that there was no shirking. It is believed that this treatment rigorously persisted in will stop a species of hoodlumism which has been a source of unspeakable annoyance for many months.

The three thousand extra recruits desired by the Secretary of the Navy will enable the government to keep sixteen battleships in commission and to hold all the rest of the battleship fleet—having them in condition for active service at a moment's notice—in reserve. It requires a good-sized fraction of a battleship's full complement of officers and men to keep it in reserve, and at present it is impossible with the force enlisted to do otherwise than reduce most of the ships not in commission to the "out-of-condition" class. With the completion in the near future of the *Michigan*, *South Carolina*, *Delaware*, and *North Dakota* there will be twenty-eight in the fleet, and the twelve not kept in commission can be kept constantly in reserve with the prospective additional recruiting strength.

The Pacific terminal of the Panama Canal has been changed by official order from La Boca to Balboa. The significance of Balboa is at once apparent, since it was the early explorer of that name who first crossed the isthmus and from the top of the divide discovered the Pacific Ocean. The Caribbean terminal will not be changed, for nothing could be better than Colon, which is the Spanish word for Columbus.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

Senator Root is responsible for the prediction that the tariff will be disposed of and Congress stand adjourned not later than July 1. He thus committed himself immediately after conference with the President and while he was still, so to speak, in the odor of sanctity. Senator Aldrich said the same thing immediately afterward, and if this combined forecast should prove inaccurate it can only be because of something quite unforeseen.

Mr. Aldrich went so far as to lay a wager. His statement was challenged by Secretary Meyer, who believed that proceedings would be extended at least to August 1. "I'll go you for anything you say," said Mr. Aldrich, and a sum large enough to be interesting was agreed upon. Later in the evening some one remarked to Mr. Aldrich that he would like to have a share in Mr. Meyer's bet. "Don't hither about asking him for it," returned Mr. Aldrich confidently; "I will double the same bet with you." On the other hand, Vice-President Sherman gives July 20 as the earliest date for adjournment, while a Southern senator is inclined to the opinion that Congress will never adjourn at all.

It may be that Mr. Aldrich is overlooking the possible strength of an insurgent movement. Something like a concerted movement is said to be on foot between the Republican rebels in the Senate and their colleagues in the House. The plan is that as many Republican senators as can be persuaded to do so shall vote against the Aldrich bill in the Senate in order to give moral support to a similar movement in the House against the conference report. Six or eight Republican senators are said to be willing thus to hoist the red flag. Among them are to be found La Follette, Cummins, Dolliver, Brown of Nebraska, and Bristow of Kansas. It is believed that if the House insurgents follow the same plan they may be successful in defeating the bill with the aid of the solid Democratic vote. So far the Senate leaders are not very badly frightened, but this is just one of the things that might easily delay the final adjournment.

The New York *World* is very, very angry with the sixteen Democrats who voted against free lumber. The *World* says:

These are political sins for which punishment is certain. They affront decency and good faith. They reveal a degradation in our political life which almost passes belief. They put the Democratic party on trial, not for its principles, but for its honesty. Errors of judgment may be defended and excused, but perfidy finds no apologist anywhere.

It is hard to say that these strictures are intemperate. Nothing more cynically immoral from the political point of view has been seen for a long time. The Democratic national platform was precise and definite upon this point of free lumber:

We demand an immediate repeal of the tariff on wood-pulp, print paper, lumber, timber and logs, and that these articles be placed upon the free list.

The question comes up in the Senate in due course and sixteen Democrats, who must naturally carry their full share of responsibility for the party platform, are found to vote against its success, only ten being found to support their contentions by their votes. What is the voter to do in the presence of such demoralization? Assuming that there are voters who believe that there should be no tariff on lumber, for whom are they to vote at the next election with such a spectacle of impudent repudiation of pledges before them?

The newspapers are still discussing with some heat the simulated surprise with which Mr. Aldrich denied the existence of any preëlection understanding about a downward revision of the tariff. The *Congressional Record* represents him as asking, "Where did we ever make the statement that we would revise the tariff downward?" Senator Cabot Lodge is similarly reported as saying, "Nobody ever pledged me to a revision downward, any more than to a revision upward."

Other senators waxed still more indignant. Senator Heyburn joined the chorus by the remark, "An imaginary promise to reduce the tariff. . . . There is no such pledge resting upon us, and there is no such duty resting anywhere," while Senator Hale came in at the finish with a reference to "Those who perhaps exaggerate the constant cry of revision downward, which was never put into the Republican platform."

All these contentions are quite correct, as will be seen by a single glance at the convention proceedings. The Chicago platform reads as follows:

The Republican party declares unequivocally for a revision of the tariff by a special session of Congress immediately following the inauguration of the next President.

There is no expressed indication as to whether the revision is to be upward or downward. The quartet of senators who have been quoted are exactly and technically correct. But we can get at the full inwardness of the situation by supposing that they had said these things before the election instead of afterward. Among all the authoritative speeches that were made there is not one that hints of any cloudiness upon the point of the direction that the revision should take.

Senator Bailey's assault upon Mr. Manning, the correspondent of a New York paper, for venturing upon strictures that the senator did not like is severely commented upon in the *Tribune* of Austin, Texas:

Senator Bailey's assault on a New York correspondent yesterday is characteristic of Bailey. Texas people will remember how Bailey carried a revolver in his hand satchel during his campaign two years ago, and, according to his own statement, "took it out and showed it when his enemies got to talking about him." Bailey's use of the word "liar" is also well known, the senator having spoken the word 1200 times during his investigation by the legislative committee here. His blatant abuse and cowardly assaults are characteristic of him, and when the despatches told of his trying to choke a *Times* man they only wonder that he didn't strike from behind.

Sau Antonio *Daily Express* is a little milder. To

speak of a violent assault as indicating an "exceedingly mercurial disposition" smacks somewhat of the old days of frontier journalism:

For a public man who has risen to that position in his party where he is seriously considered as available timber for the presidency Senator Bailey is a peculiar and discouraging procession of disappointments. The incident in the Capitol last Thursday, when the Texas senator engaged in an unseemly personal encounter with a newspaper writer, is the latest indication of the exceedingly mercurial disposition of the man. His own attitude as a public servant is so exclusive and repellent toward the people that the suspicion of the people is constantly whetted and he courts the sinister allusions and deductions of which he loudly complains.

The Boston *Traveler* is responsible for the following:

"Watchman, What of the Night?" was the subject of William J. Bryan's recent speech at Columbus, Ohio. And Miss Democracy answers: "The Night Is Dark, and I Am Far from Home. You Led Me On."

That's not so bad for Boston.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says that "Persons desirous to serve the nation as its representatives to China are urgently requested to send in their names." The New York *Evening Post* says very much the same thing of the English embassy:

What is wanted is a man of the type, the high attainments, and the rare qualities of Dr. Charles W. Eliot. He must be able to take rank with his illustrious predecessors from this country to the Court of St. James. The boom-boom bass-drum type of man is not wanted—the mere "prominent citizen" who figures largely in the public eye, but who lacks sound and proved abilities. Does anybody know of such a person? President Taft has not been able to find him, and he is looking for him all the time. He hasn't anybody in mind for the London post. None of the men whose names have been "mentioned" is being "considered."

But the China post is actually the more important in Mr. Taft's estimation. There are plenty of men of the ordinary type who would be glad enough to serve their country in Peking, but the President does not want an ordinary man. Says the *Post*:

He is seeking an extraordinary man, in the sense that he must have abilities not possessed by the average diplomat. Mr. Taft was not greatly disappointed, nor, it is to be suspected, greatly astonished, when the offer of the post was refused by ex-Senator Fulton of Oregon. He would, however, have been greatly pleased if John Hays Hammond had accepted.

The *Dreadnought* has so far become a household word that it will be interesting to know that at the present time no less than seventy of these leviathans will this year either be built or under construction or authorized. Each of them represents an expenditure of about \$10,000,000 or an aggregate of \$700,000,000. These seventy *Dreadnoughts* are divided among the nations of the world as follows: Great Britain, 18; Germany, 13; United States, 8; Japan, 8; France, 6; Brazil, 3; Italy, 2; Russia, 4; China, 3; Chile, 2; Argentina, 3.

Here is a list of the senators whose terms will expire with the present Congress: Nelson W. Aldrich (R.), Rhode Island; Albert J. Beveridge (R.), Indiana; Morgan G. Bulkeley (R.), Connecticut; Elmer J. Burkett (R.), Nebraska; Julius C. Burrows (R.), Michigan; Thomas H. Carter (R.), Montana; Moses E. Clapp (R.), Minnesota; Clarence D. Clark (R.), Wyoming; Charles A. Culherson (D.), Texas; John W. Daniel (D.), Virginia; Chauncey M. Depew (R.), New York; Charles Dick (R.), Ohio; Henry A. du Pont (R.), Delaware; Frank P. Flint (R.), California; James B. Frazier (D.), Tennessee; Eugene Hale (R.), Maine; John Kean (R.), New Jersey; Robert M. La Follette (R.), Wisconsin; Henry Cabot Lodge (R.), Massachusetts; Porter J. McCumber (R.), North Dakota; Hernando D. Money (D.), Mississippi; George S. Nixon (R.), Nevada; George T. Oliver (R.), Pennsylvania; Carroll S. Page (R.), Vermont; Samuel H. Piles (R.), Washington; Isidor Rayner (D.), Maryland; Nathan B. Scott (R.), West Virginia; George Sutherland (R.), Utah; James P. Taliaferro (D.), Florida; William Warner (R.), Missouri.

Senator Beveridge likes publicity, but it must be of a kind approved by himself. Some days ago when Senator Gallinger expressed his mind about his colleague with uncomfortable candor, Senator Beveridge requested that the comment should be struck from the record. "I think it had better stand," replied the imperturbable Gallinger. A little later the shillalabs were whirling once more, and as before it was Beveridge who got the worst of it from his opponent, Senator Hale. "I wish, Senator Hale, you would cut those remarks out of the official copy," Senator Beveridge came around to say when it was all over. "I won't," snapped the Maine senator, and the next morning the severest curtain lecture heard at this session of Congress was emblazoned in the *Congressional Record*. There is a permanent *Congressional Record*, however, revised for binding into big volumes, and Senator Beveridge still has hopes.

The invention of coinage is due to the Greeks, most probably to the bankers of Halicarnassos and adjacent Asia Minor Greek colonies, who, toward the end of the Eighth Century, B. C., began stamping the small gold and electron ingots which passed through their hands as currency with a mark of some sort, intended to guarantee the weight and purity of the metal. Such ingots very soon assumed a round and more regular shape, which we find already in the older silver coins from Egina, nearly contemporary with the Asia Minor "beans."

The Italian government has refused to pension the surviving soldiers who fought under Garibaldi, ten thousand of whom still survive.

One man in every twelve men in the United States is on the pay-roll of a railroad.

## OLD SHIPS.

If men could learn what you ships know,  
Leaning along the quay,—  
Old giants crippled by the loud  
Wild anger of the Sea,—  
Surging in awe and wonderment  
The souls of men would be!  
Could you but tell the stately joy  
Of your effectual day,  
When worked by anxious hearts you swung,  
Sounding the channel-way,  
Under a sun-splashed foreign head  
Into an unknown hay!  
Oh, that some master caught the song  
Sung round your flashing wings,  
Your coppered prows, and found the full  
Calm sense of awful things  
You ships have felt who made the road  
For faiths and men and kings.

Heading out for the dark world ends  
Where fate with the human wars,  
Your every plank was a story brave,  
Song spoke from your hending spars,  
Your halliards rang to the morning wind.  
Your topmasts frightened the stars!  
We've seen the summer horizon take  
On white ships going South  
Fair dreams and desires of stranded men  
Into its flaming mouth;  
Ships drive far over the rich, bright Sea,  
Men droop in a land of drouth.  
They watch your goings and muse in awe  
Of all that the high ships know  
Of mammoth billows that rise and wreck.  
Of jagged rocks grinding slow,  
Of unknown wonders, away, beyond,  
Where never the landsmen go.

The salt that burns and the dreadful death,  
Hoarse cries from desolate throats,  
Ropes wrenching loud while the mountain seas  
Flick men from the decks like motes;  
Not in green fabulous isles but here  
Romance's ensign floats!  
Romance? That dream's a lie! You fought  
The hideous battle and chance,  
Heard brown men curse at the frightful things  
That harass a ship's advance—  
But you've been far out where the world is new,  
You've fathomed the real Romance!  
You set in the frowning forest oit  
The germ of an opulent town;  
The statesman's empire-plans have spread  
And he's thrown the engines down;  
Now the years come sad to you dying ships  
Without hope and alone.

Though you have found the Ocean sweet,  
Though you have known him cruel,  
Though your lights flared like the heacon fires  
Your planks shall split for fuel,  
Now you've limped up the river slow,  
Fagged, beaten in the duel!  
Brave death in a storm is not your doom;  
They towed you as worn-out slaves  
Far from the reach of your restless wild  
Old enemies, the waves,  
For Ocean chafes at the masterful ships  
And black revenge he craves!  
You found fresh worlds with your slim, swift prow,  
Learned more than the greatest shall,  
But a shameful track to death awaits  
Four-master and caraval:  
You rot with the black coal-harges round  
In a smoke-hefogg'd canal!

Old ships! Old ships! It's hattle and hear—  
(The nights blot out the sky,  
A strong man offers his one shamed soh  
And a maiden her wept "Good-hye,"  
As they turn in the dark from the hallowed place  
Where the old ships come to die).  
When oft in the caverned night men muse  
On life's locked mystery,  
Search for the truth in place and power,  
The has-been and to-be,  
The answer comes in visioned death,  
Death and the visioned Sea,  
And you have strode that opal Sea,  
Touched that enchanted sky,  
Fought in the night, and loved our sun  
And worked your part—Good-hye—  
For all your knowledge rots with you  
As all your sorrows die.

—Furnley Maurice, in *The Spectator*.

In the west cloister of Westminster Abbey, in the oldest part of the building, imbedded in the pavement is a slab of marble marking the grave of John Broughton, who was a verger in the abbey for more than thirty years, and before he obtained the situation was the champion prize-fighter of Great Britain, holding the belt for more than twelve years. The guides who show people around the abbey say that when he was buried in the cloister some of his admirers wanted to immortalize him with an appropriate epitaph, and they indicate a blank space under his name which was left for the inscription, "For twelve years champion prize-fighter of England," but it was prohibited.

A New York cbauffeur, William Darragh, has been sentenced to serve a prison sentence for running down with a motor-car and killing a boy. He may be held twenty years, but good conduct will reduce the term. Judge Mulqueen is commended for his course under the law which makes accidental killing manslaughter when recklessness causes the accident.

The Epsom Derby, the classic event of the English turf and the blue-ribbon feature of the racing season, won the last week in May by King Edward's Minoru, was the first occasion on which the greatest of all flat races on the turf has been won by an animal belonging to a reigning monarch.

A Denver syndicate has bought the Argentine Central Railroad in Colorado and will extend the line to the top of Gray's Peak, 342 feet higher than the point reached by the Pike's Peak cog road.



## "THE NARROW PATH" IN NEW YORK.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Tells How at Least One Play Has Proved Too Strong for the Public Taste.

The subject which has been most discussed in connection with the stage this season is, "What is the limit of public endurance in the matter of plays? How much vulgarity, coarseness, and immorality can and will the public endure?" No one answered the question because no one knew. It has been answered, however, and by the public itself. The limit was reached in Mr. John Montague's drama of contemporary fast life, "The Narrow Path." It was the first play of its author, and unless he experiences a change of heart, or of pen, it will be his last. Mr. Montague has seen "The Easiest Way" and decided to go it one better and several worse.

"The Narrow Path" was produced at the Hackett Theatre and had a run of one night, which was a much longer run than it deserved. How such a play could have been read by a manager of any experience and accepted and how it could have been produced after the first rehearsal is one of the mysteries of the theatrical business. It is coarse, vulgar, and stupid. Perhaps if it had been just as coarse and vulgar and had not been stupid it might have been successful. Stupidity is the unpardonable sin of a playwright. He may write plays that are coarse, vulgar, and immoral to the last degree, but if they have theatrical cleverness in their lines, if they can make an audience laugh or cry, or both, the other qualities are not counted against them. Then there is "The Blue Mouse." It is the most immoral little mouse that ever ran through a room, but it is an amusing little mouse and its immoralities are forgotten, or forgiven, which comes to the same thing. Then there is "The Easiest Way," which has been preached against and written against until it is the most popular play now on the boards. But it is clever. Eugene Walter knows the playwright's art and the unfortunate John Montague does not.

"The Narrow Path" deals with the woes of manicure girls, who are supposed to lead most dangerous lives, and I dare say that they do. There are manicure "parlors" on some of our fashionable thoroughfares, and some not so fashionable, whose patrons are not so much men who want their finger nails trimmed and polished as who want their hands held by pretty girls, to whom they talk nonsense or worse. Let a woman go into one of these "parlors" at the hour when they are most frequented by men and she will be met by sour looks, and she will realize without being told that she is an intruder. The proprietors of these places select their employees with a view to their drawing capacity. They must be good looking, or if they are not actually pretty they must have a coaxing way with them and they must be smartly dressed and make themselves so alluring that they will not only attract customers but keep them. What arrangements the girl may have with the customer "on the side" does not disturb the proprietor. Business is business, whether it be hers or her girl's. She asks no questions and the girls tell no lies.

It is along these lines that "The Narrow Path" was written. We may not expect manicure girls to be "perfect ladies," but we hardly expect them, or any one else, to be quite as abandoned as Mr. Montague makes them. Miss Ida Conquest played the leading part, Bertha Clarke. (Why are all the virtuous working girls of melodrama named Bertha, from she of the sewing machine, up or down?) Bertha's virtue has had a hard struggle, for not only is she sorely tempted from without, but she is also tempted from within, for her two chums are on "the troll-la-loo." They point out the attractions of the gay white way, but she sticks to the dark and narrow. Her only sin is such a little one that we can hardly call it by that name. She makes eyes out of her back window at a young and yellow journalist over the way, and ends, as Acton Davies puts it, by inviting him to have tea in her "folding-bed room." She and her yellow would have got on famously had it not been for a check. What troubles checks do makes in plays, and sometimes out of them. It seems that one of Bertha's chums had got into trouble with a man about town who was leading a double life. Bertha confronted him and insisted that he should provide something for the unfortunate Gladys. She suggested fifteen hundred dollars, but he said that he was a married man and that he could not afford that much. When Bertha recovered from the shock of this confession she compromised for five hundred and told him to make out the check to "bearer." Instead of to "bearer" he made it out to Bertha and that caused all the trouble. The young and yellow journalist, stage lovers are always so ready to believe the worst of their sweethearts, made a bee line for Panama, where he learned to "hit the pipe," and do other Oriental and degenerate things.

In some manner known only to the stage, the wife of the double-lifer appears upon the scene just in time to see the check to Bertha and turns upon that "in-no-cent" (they always elongate it like that) young woman and accuses her of having alienated the affections of her husband and deals out large doses of scorn to that wayward man for his bad taste in preferring Bertha to his lawful wedded wife. Things look bad for Bertha for a time, but in the last act Dick, the journalist, comes back from Panama much the worse for the life he has lived in the Tropics, but he swears to cut it all out and be a good husband to Bertha if she will have him. Will she? Indeed she will, for is there a woman on the stage, or off, who does not forgive the man who goes to the dogs for love of her, even when that love

takes the form of suspecting her of the lowest form of vice?

I have not told the story as Mr. Montague tells it. In the first place I wouldn't, and in the second if I did the government would not permit the *Argonaut* to go through the mails. What can be said on the stage and what can be said in cold type are two different things.

"The Narrow Path" was produced on Monday night, and it was roasted to death by the newspapers the next morning. Two managers are claiming the honor of its withdrawal from the stage—Mr. H. B. Harris, the lessee of the theatre, and Mr. Al. Woods, the producer of the play. Mr. Harris sat through the performance and when he returned to his office he could not wait to write a letter, but dashed off a telegram to Mr. Muenster, the manager of the unexpired lease of the theatre held by James K. Hackett, in which he said:

I desire to give you notice that I consider the performance now being given at the Hackett Theatre a nuisance being maintained on my property in violation of the law. I want it stopped at once or I shall take steps to have it abated. I regret to be forced to serve such a notice, but decency and the preservation of the public morals demand it.

Mr. Muenster thought that Mr. Harris was trying to be funny and told him so over the telephone, but the latter only repeated what he had said in the telegram, making it even more emphatic. Mr. Al. Woods said that the easiest way was to take the play off and forget it. He didn't want to offend the public and he had no time to fight the matter out in court with Mr. Harris, so the four hundred dollar advance for Tuesday night was refunded. It cost Mr. Woods eight thousand dollars to put the play on, but it might have cost him more to keep it on. He can't see anything wrong about the play nor about his "moral viewpoint." It seemed no worse than the rest of the lot that Broadway admires, and perhaps it was not, but it was so clumsily done that Platt's chloride could not destroy the effect of its rottenness.

As for the author, he has not been heard from at this writing, but I will venture to say that he considers New York a city of hypocrites and that he is the victim of its hypocrisy. We owe him thanks, however, for he has shown that there is a limit to stage license.

Amid all this revelry of rottenness it is pleasant to record the success of a clean and pretty play. "The Climax," by Edwin Locke, was put on first as a matinee attraction and succeeded so well that it was promoted to the night bill at Daly's Theatre. With every performance its popularity grows. The play does not belong to Mr. Charles Frohman; it is the discovery of Mr. Lew Fields; but the former has secured English and Continental rights, and he expects to have it played in many languages before the year is out. I have yet to find a person who has seen "The Climax" and not been delighted with it, and yet it is only a simple tale of love and music and it is as clean as a hound's tooth. It is a pleasure to record the success of such a play, for it shows that New York can crowd a theatre in which affairs of the tenderloin are not touched upon, and that it can be moved by a tale of true love without one hint of anything indecent or illicit.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, June 10, 1909.

Colonel Alexander K. McClure, friend and adviser of Lincoln, man of affairs in the days when few of the present political leaders had been born, and a notable figure in journalistic ranks in the early days, died suddenly at his home near Philadelphia on June 6. He was a tanner as a youth, but went into the newspaper business in Mifflin, Pennsylvania, in 1846. He became prominent in politics as a Whig, and afterward as a Republican. He went to Chambersburg and made his paper there one of the most prominent anti-slavery journals in the State. In 1873, with Frank McLoughlin, he established the Philadelphia *Times*, with a capital of \$50,000, and in less than ten years the property was worth more than \$1,000,000. Colonel McClure retired from active journalism in 1901. Colonel McClure's pen was prolific, and he wrote several books in addition to his work as editor. Among his works are "Lincoln and Men of War Times," "Our Presidents and How We Make Them," "Recollections of Half a Century," and "Old Time Notes of Pennsylvania."

Several applications are already on file at Constantinople for a concession for a motor-car service between Aleppo and Bagdad, between which cities the traffic in mails, goods, and passengers is rapidly increasing, greatly enhancing the importance of Beirut as a seaport, as Beirut and Aleppo are connected by rail. Between Damascus and Bagdad, also, a motor-car service is likely to be established. The distance between Beirut and Bagdad, via Damascus, is about 525 miles, against more than 4000 miles by the sea route. The motor-car as the advance agent of the railroad is certain to play an important part in opening up vast regions in Ottoman Asia.

Canadian opinion as to the wisdom of coöperating with the mother country in the maintenance of the British fleet is not unanimous. The opposition is voiced mainly by the French press of Quebec and Manitoba, which was conspicuous in opposing the contribution of a Canadian contingent to the British army in South Africa during the Boer war.

There are not more than 7000 resident Americans on the Island of Cuba, or a third of 1 per cent of the total population.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Alice Taylor of Edinburgh is now lady chess champion of Scotland, having defeated Miss Smith Cunningham in their series to decide the tie for first place in the recent Scottish Ladies' Chess Association tournament.

Sir Robert Hart in a recent speech called attention to a remark made to him years ago by the Chinese prime minister, Wen Hsiang: "You had better let us sleep on; if you will awaken us, we'll go farther and faster than you'll like."

General Riza Pacha, for fifteen years minister of war in the Turkish government, is prominent among the officials who have been exiled by the Young Turks. It is said that he seemed delighted to depart for Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos home of Sappho.

Mrs. Edwards C. Dodd of Laredo, Texas, has earned distinction as a farmer. She has made a profit this season of a little more than \$60,000 off of 135 acres of land. Bermuda onions were her sales crop. She is the largest woman Bermuda onion farmer in the world.

Patrick John Ryan, who has just celebrated the completion of fifty years as archbishop of Philadelphia, was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1831, a lineal descendant of the fighting Prince of Idrone, one of those powerful chiefs whose deeds of valor and of heroism emblazon the annals of Irish history.

W. S. Dawley of St. Louis will travel nine days in a sedan chair to reach the site of the new Chinese railroad, which he is to build for that government. Mr. Dawley, who signed a contract for three years at \$25,000 a year, was led to accept the post by his wife, who will follow him, with their daughter, into the interior of China.

Professor T. A. Jaggar, Jr., head of the geological department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has just left Japan, after completing exhaustive researches in geophysical observatories which have been established there for the study of earthquakes and investigation of Japanese volcanoes. Much important work in this field has been done by the Japanese. Professor Jaggar is on his way to Hawaii, where he will spend the summer observing volcanic phenomena with special reference to the reported activity of Kilauea.

Henry Savage Landor, the famous explorer, has arrived in London after completing a thorough investigation of the work being done in the Panama Canal zone. He is enthusiastic in praise of the engineers in charge of operations there, and says that they have few equals in ability and energy. Mr. Landor has granted a request from the Royal Institution to give a special lecture on the Panama Canal Friday, June 18. These special Friday evenings have always been reserved for men of the highest scientific standing, and they have been placed at the disposal of only such scientists as Darwin, Huxley, and Sir William Crooks.

William Le Queux has written a book called "The Spies of the Kaiser," which was published in London a few days ago. In this book Mr. Le Queux sets forth in melodramatic form various information that he has collected concerning German spies in England. It is a severe arraignment of the English Foreign Office. He shows by several facsimile documents that there are some five thousand German spies located in England, mainly on the east coast, and that this system of espionage is controlled from a central head in London. Mr. Le Queux does not pretend that the statements in his book are absolute facts, but they are, however, a reflection on conditions that exist. Now the War Office is interesting itself in the matter and it is said that the suppression of the book is desired.

Walter F. Frear, governor of Hawaii, was born in California in 1863, but in early life went to the islands, and was graduated from Oahu College, Honolulu, in 1881. He afterward was graduated from the Yale law school, winning the Jewell prize for making the highest in his examination at graduation. From 1886 to 1888 he taught Greek, mathematics, and physical economy in Oahu College at Honolulu. He entered judicial life in 1893 as second judge of the first judicial circuit of Hawaii, and later became second associate judge of the supreme court of the provisional government of Hawaii. In 1900 he became chief justice of the Hawaiian supreme court. He was a member of the Hawaiian commission which made recommendations to Congress in 1898 regarding the legislative needs of the islands. In March, 1899, he declined the post of minister of foreign affairs and public instruction.

Baron Sotokichi Uriu, vice-admiral of the Japanese navy, and Baroness Uriu, have received much attention during their present visit to America. At the age of fifty-two Baron Uriu is one of the thirteen vice-admirals of his country. His service has been continuous in the navy since 1881. After his graduation from Annapolis in that year he went to Europe, where he spent two years, and then returned to Japan to become a lieutenant in the Japanese Naval College at Tokio. In the Chinese war he commanded naval forces at the battle of the Yalu. He went into the war with Russia as a rear-admiral, having charge of the fourth squadron of the Japanese fleet. His action at Chemulpo was the beginning of the war. Having ordered the Russian vessels in the harbor, the *Varieg* and *Koriets*, to leave, he sank them, when their commanders refused to go, with the fire from his squadron.



## THE HOODOO OF LOS BUHOS.

By Bourdon Wilson.

"Bosh! It sounds good, but that's all there is to it." Waterman leaned back in his chair, turning his face to his partner with a smile of mingled derision and good-humored toleration.

"Well, that's enough," Barton testily rejoined. "A good sound is about all we need in any proposition, isn't it? Just think how bully the prospectus would read: Los Buhos—Treasure House of old New Mexico—Worked for a hundred years with no diminution of output—A stream of silver that made Spain the mistress of the world, equipped the Armada, and all but converted Old England into a Spanish province—Miners all massacred by Indians—Lost for three hundred years—Limited amount of capital stock at ten cents per share. Why, man, we'd sell a million shares on the strength of the romance of it alone."

"Yes, but—" Waterman hesitated. "Ever been down in that country?" he abruptly inquired, his smile vanishing.

"No."

"Well, I have. I know all about it, and those old mines; I wouldn't go in a hundred miles of any of them; they're hoodooed, all of them."

Barton laughed explosively. "Why, Jack, I never should have suspected you of being superstitious," he jeered. "But that's all right; I don't want you to go. You stay here and get the company organized, and the certificates engraved; if I don't find the real thing, I'll pick up some hole in the ground that will do just as well, so far as floating the stock is concerned. I'll pack up and start tomorrow."

"Want some good advice?"

"Nope—not now. My mind is made up."

"All right, then go ahead." And Waterman spun his chair around to his desk.

Three days afterward an overland train paused sufficiently long to drop Barton at a little New Mexican town, whence a buckboard would convey him the remaining fifty miles of his journey. He was not the first man to be lured to New Mexico by stories of her mineral wealth. The first were Spaniards, and the time of their coming was far back toward the conquest of Mexico. Disappointed at not finding gold and silver ready mined for them, they promptly turned to searching for these metals in the mountains skirting the valley of the Rio Grande, and discovered a number of rich silver mines. News of their success brought a swarm of other Spaniards pouring up from Mexico, adventurers of the Cortez type, who immediately enslaved the Pueblo Indians to labor in the mines. For a hundred years the Pueblos delved patiently, but at last rose in savage fury and with fire and scalping-knife swept New Mexico clean of white men, killing most of them, and sending the remainder flying in terror back into Mexico; houses and walls were leveled to the ground, and all that would burn sent up in smoke; and the mines were filled up or cunningly covered over, the trails obliterated, and all else that would have led to their rediscovery removed far away. Then, foreseeing the ultimate return of the Spaniards, the wise old medicine men invoked the aid of their gods to prevent the betrayal of their secret, and a curse was laid upon the mines, dooming to instant death and eternal exclusion from the Pueblo heaven that Pueblo who should ever reveal their location to a white man. A generation later the Spaniards did return, reconquering the country, but only to discover that the mines had disappeared. Torture and death they dealt out freely to the hapless Indians, endeavoring to wring the secret from them, but the Pueblos feared their gods more than the Spaniards, and remained silent through it all. But, themselves lost, the history of the mines remained preserved in the legends of the country, finally to be recited into the eager ears of Barton, and to enlist him in their quest.

His destination was Alamitos, a little town of ancient flat-roofed *adobe* houses that nestled beside a shallow river in the shade of gnarled cottonwoods, a town that now was inhabited by men and women in whose veins flowed the commingled blood of Spaniard and Pueblo, of those masters and slaves of the old days, and near by which the legend had given location to the mine he sought. At the last moment, however, fearing to excite the meddlesome curiosity of the natives, he concluded to avoid the town and establish his camp in the mountains; and from there he wrote a week after his arrival, reporting progress to Waterman.

"While I have not found the mine itself," he said, "I have discovered some very rich float, and bits of slag from some ancient smelter, conclusive evidence that the mine is not a myth, and so I am feeling greatly encouraged. Of course, I am not expecting to stumble directly upon the mine itself, as I give those old Pueblos credit for doing a thorough job when they concealed it, but I do hope to find some mineralized ledge that will lead me to it."

But, skillful and experienced prospector that he was, he found nothing upon which to feed his hope, and finally was beginning to think of abandoning the quest, when an incident occurred which caused him to alter his plan of procedure and revived his waning enthusiasm. He wrote to Waterman about it a few days later.

"He's crying for help," he narrated, "I smashed my way through the cat-claw and tornilla brush, and nearly came upon a middle-aged Mexican fighting for his life with a mountain lion. A shot from my revolver

promptly finished the lion, and the next moment I found myself clasped in the embrace of the man. 'My friend, my savior!' he cried, to my disgust kissing my cheek. 'But for thy bravery I now should be a dead man. Who and what art thou?' An American, a miner, engaged in prospecting, I told him. 'Ah, what happiness!' he responded. 'Thou shalt come to my house, it is thine, all that I possess is thine; thou shalt have a horse to ride to and from thy work—yes, an hundred, if necessary.'

"It all was so like a scene from some comic opera that I barely kept from laughing in his face, although that sort of guff does not sound half so silly in Spanish as it does in English. Well, to cut it short, here I am, lodged in the house of Don Carlos Molinero, the richest man in Alamitos, and with a seat at table *vis-a-vis* with Conchita, his pretty daughter. Even failure has some compensation, you see. But I have not yet accepted failure. These people here must know something about the mine, but they are as skittish of the subject as if it were the devil himself; they shut up whenever I mention it, and so I now am working out a scheme to induce them to loosen up. If they refuse to talk to a stranger, they will not to one of their own kind, I reason, especially if she be a pretty woman, and so I am going to use Conchita as my cat's paw. How shall I induce her to play that part? The answer is easy, simply by causing her to fall in love with me."

The return mail brought him an answer from Waterman.

"You d—n fool!" was its terse if uncomplimentary beginning. "I expected you to put your foot into it, and you have not disappointed me. I know those New Mexican women, passionate half-savage creatures that the best of them are; stroke their fur in the right direction, and they are as purring and gentle as kittens, but disappoint them in love and they become tiger-cats. I speak from experience; there is a scar as long as my hand not far from my heart to testify that I do. Take the advice of an older fool and get away from there before your Conchita discovers that you are a married man, else you will come out in a box with a knife between your ribs."

Its reading caused Barton to shiver with nervous apprehension, for he was none too brave; but he was also stubborn and tenacious to the last degree, and therefore all that it accomplished was to make him suspicious and watchful of Conchita. Appearing to her as the preserver of her father's life, a veritable hero, and being possessed of a veneering of refinement and courtliness, and withal having full knowledge of the value of little things in a woman's eyes, he already had advanced far in his conquest of her heart; and it now being too late to turn back, he resolved to push forward with all the haste possible, find the mine if he could, and then leave New Mexico before she should discover his deception. With eye as cool and calculating as that of the physician watching the progress of a disease, he noted the growth of the flame within her, the while carefully fanning it with flattery, till at last he saw that it was ready to burst forth. Then he caught her in his arms, kissing her mouth and eyes, whispering in broken Spanish terms of love and endearment, and it was done. But his next step he found to be a difficult one. When he proposed to her that she assist him in finding the mine, she hastily made the sign of the cross on both her breast and his, then threw her arms around his neck, and in a storm of passionate pleading begged him to let it alone. It was accursed, she told him, the abode of the Evil One, and that he who should find it would be stricken with instant death and his soul consigned to perdition. (So the story of the curse had come down to her, filtered through the brains of pious *padres* intent upon diverting the Indians from the pagan to the Christian faith.) In turn, he laughed at her fears, telling her the true story of the curse, and pointing out that no Christian should fear the wrath of a pagan god, but without shaking her; with her Pueblo blood, she had inherited an equal proportion of Pueblo superstition. Then drawing coldly away, he told her that he was too poor to marry without the mine, and that he would take her refusal to help him to mean that she did not love him. And she, half stunned by the prospect of losing him, tearfully yielded.

Highly elated, he wrote to Waterman that night, informing him of his success. In return, he received from his partner the one line:

"I have notified the undertaker to be in readiness."

"Why the devil does he keep on in that strain?" Barton muttered, savagely tearing the letter across. "Might think he was trying to shake my nerve. Of course it is all a joke, these women are as harmless—"

He broke off as if shot, as a light hand was laid upon his arm, and in a spasm of fright wheeled around to find Conchita at his side. Her timid eyes contained only love, and the scowl of alarm at once died out of his face, but his nerves would not quiet. How had she approached so near him without his hearing her? he wondered. She had come to report finally the failure of her efforts; the old men and women of the town knew nothing of the mine, except vaguely that it was understood to be somewhere in the nearest range of mountains, while the good priest had met her inquiries with a fatherly lecture on the evil of prying into a matter with which she had no concern.

Keenly disappointed, his hope of finding the mine now at an end, Barton went to bed that night fully decided to go away the next day; he would pretend to have received a letter calling him to the railroad on

important business, and he would stay away. But he awoke to find a bank of clouds piled high in the west, and a strong wind blowing. Presently the rain began falling, speedily increasing to a downpour, and then, as the cloud was hurled against the mountain wall and squeezed out as if by giant bands, became a cloudburst. For an hour a veritable deluge descended, then the sun came out again. But an ominous roar still came from the mountains, the roar of rushing torrents pouring over rocks; every rill had become a creek, every creek a river; and the little stream flowing through the town, already bank full, at last burst its bounds at a dozen places, sending out currents where water never had run before, melting their way through the sandy loam as if it were salt. One started in the direction of the house of Don Carlos, but was turned aside by an intervening low mound of earth; going out to watch it, Conchita discovered the end of a wooden beam protruding from the new-made bank, and wondering what else the water would unearth, she remained to see. Presently an oblong object bobbed to the surface, and with a little shout she ran after and captured it, finding it to be an iron-bound chest of heavy oak. The massive lock of ancient design was broken, and she excitedly threw back the lid, but was disappointed at finding that it contained nothing but a roll of yellowed parchment. Unrolling it, she scanned it a few moments, and then darted with flying feet in the direction of the house. Rushing in, she ran directly to Barton's room, where he sat rereading a letter he had received from his wife the day before, and forced the parchment into his hand.

"Look! The mine! The mine!" she cried.

Barton had started guiltily at her entrance, and now covertly pushed his wife's letter into the chair behind him, where it lay forgotten the next moment in his amazed delight at that which the parchment presented to his eyes; it was a map, its lines faded but not lost, in which were delineated mountains and valleys and a town, and in its centre a black dot beside which appeared in ancient crabbed writing the words, "*La Mina de Los Buhos.*"

Instantly losing himself in its study, he did not notice that Conchita almost immediately went out again, and he could not know that she ran to her own room and threw herself down on her knees before a picture of the Virgin, sobbing piteously; a gust of wind rushed in through the window, picked up the letter from his wife, and swept it along the floor into a dark corner of the room, but he neither felt it nor saw what it did. He instantly missed the letter when he at last looked up from the map, and as quickly connected its disappearance with Conchita's going; she had taken it, he concluded, and now would discover the fraud that he was. Thoroughly alarmed, his first thought was to escape from the house immediately and leave the country, but his next told him that that would be to give up the mine, which now seemed to be within his grasp; and finally, with a scowl of determination settling on his face, he took up his revolvers and carefully examined them. He had decided to remain till he had located the mine; if Conchita behaved herself, well and good, but if not, then he was a crack shot and could protect himself. What was a Mexican girl that he should permit her to stand between him and great wealth?

But he would get it over with as quickly as possible. Taking out his watch he saw that he had time in which to ride to the mountains before night, and hurrying out to the corral he saddled a horse and started. Getting into the foothills, he found the trail in bad condition, completely obliterated in places, and in others piled high with bowlders and other debris brought down from the mountains by the rushing water, which made it slow going, and the sun had set when he at last sprang from his horse at the place indicated by the map, and started up the mountain on one side. Proceeding slowly, his eyes sharply scanning the ground and rocks as he went, he had reached a point half way to the summit when he suddenly started running and came to a stop beside a huge fragment of stone that lay partly imbedded in the earth. For centuries it had lain there undisturbed, its secret unsuspected, but now a stream had rushed about it, washing out the loose sand and soil in which it lay, and finally eating its way into the old shaft which it covered. With a wild whoop Barton sank to his knees beside the hole and peered down, but only to find it impenetrably dark. Straightening up, he fumbled with trembling fingers in his pockets for matches, and taking out one struck it on his trousers, but the wind instantly extinguished it; finding and striking another, he carefully protected it with his hands till the wood was ignited, and then thrust it down into the hole, but only to drop it as the blaze scorched his fingers; his third effort was a successful one, and a long drawn exclamation of satisfaction escaped him as the tiny flame revealed the marks of steel tools on the sides, and the end of a rotten ladder.

He was so deeply absorbed that he did not hear a light footstep at his side, and when he finally looked up again it was to find Conchita bending over him, her right hand raised aloft and holding an object that gleamed dully in the dying light. Panic-stricken, he instantly threw himself back on the ground, at the same time whipping out his revolver and firing. His aim was true; the girl staggered backward, her knees doubled up, and without a sound she dropped down in a heap upon the earth, the object she had held in her hand striking the rock with a metallic tinkle. Getting to his feet, Barton walked to where it lay and picked it up, but only to drop it the next instant.

It was not a knife, but a—crucifix!

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1909.



## A STORY OF THE MONEY MARKET.

"The Governors" Is a Delightful Medley of Finance, Politics, and Love Making.

Mr. Oppenheim has given us another of those inimitable stories in which the possible and the impossible are so skillfully mingled that the latter loses its identity and in fact slinks altogether beyond recognition. "The Governors" is hardly a political story, although politics is allowed to play a small part in it. It is a story of high finance, and for fear that the reader will immediately shrink into his shell in anticipation of the usual stock-jobbing yarn that no one but a broker is likely to appreciate, it may be said at once that there are no technicalities and Mr. Oppenheim's familiar but always varied figures of spies, adventurers, detectives, and murderers are allowed to gambol about the stage in their usual innocent way. We have incident enough to stock half a dozen ordinary novels. There are several financial magnates who "move in a mysterious way their wondrous to perform," there are several different kinds of detectives, there is a muck-raking journalist, an English duke, and last, but not least, there are two heroines.

Perhaps the author intended that there should be only one heroine. If so, a protest must be entered. The original Adam, the man of sin, who is to be found in most of us, will have a liking for Stella as well as for Virginia. We like a dash of *diablerie* in our heroines, and while Virginia is a fascinating and estimable young woman there is room in the healthy male heart—always bigamously inclined—for Stella, too. Indeed, we are not sure what we should do if we were faced by the necessity of a choice, which, of course, we are not.

Stella is the daughter of Phineas Duge who, from his name alone, is obviously a millionaire. Stella has been her father's secretary and the custodian of secrets that would change the axis of the earth if divulged. Norris Vine, the muck-raking journalist, is her lover, and it need hardly be said that he finds some good "copy" in Stella, who is therefore banished by her father into outer darkness, Virginia, her cousin, being enthroned in her stead. Virginia is summoned for the purpose from the bosom of her poor but honest family in the country and to her care is confided the key of that wonderful little safe hidden under the flooring of the library. The contents of that safe are unusually precious at the moment. It contains a sort of agreement of partnership between Duge and his three millionaire associates, and its terms would consign any or all of them to prison. The engaging Duge has not signed the document himself, having adroitly interposed a slip of waste paper for the reception of his own name. Financial magnates, it seems, do this sort of thing. It's too bad, but they do, at least in the fiction of the day.

When the other three evangelists come to their senses they realize what they have done. They can no longer betray Duge as they had intended to do, while they themselves are wholly at his mercy. Obviously the agreement must be recovered at all hazards, and as a diplomatic illness on the part of Duge prevents a direct appeal to him they have to resort to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." The capture, the pursuit, and the recapture of that fatal piece of paper make up the bulk of "The Governors."

The first assault upon the safe is made by Messrs. Higgins and Weiss, two of the wicked millionaires who suppose that Virginia's innocence of the world will give them carte blanche:

"Whatever is in this room," Virginia said, "is safe until my uncle is well enough to decide what shall be done. While he remains in his present condition I shall not allow anything to be disturbed."

"You have relations," Higgins said to her meaningly, "whom you would like to help. One could not offer to bribe you. Don't think that I mean anything of the sort. But between us we will give one hundred thousand dollars for those papers, and I guarantee that when your uncle recovers he will be quite willing to give you another hundred thousand for having been sensible enough to let us have them."

Virginia turned her back upon him.

"This is not a matter," she said, "if you please, Mr. Weiss, which I can discuss with you or your friend. I can not let you stay in this room. If you will not go away, I must ring for the servants."

Higgins made a sudden movement, as though to seize her by the arms, but she was too quick for him. She wheeled suddenly round, and something very small but very deadly looking flashed out in her hand.

"You will force me," she said, "to treat you like thieves. I know that you are not, but I shall treat you as though you were if you don't leave this room. Don't think that this is a toy either," she continued. "Revolver shooting was one of our favorite recreations up in the country. Will you get up from that desk, Mr. Weiss?"

He stooped down and tried one of the keys from his bunch. Virginia did not hesitate. She pulled the trigger of her revolver, and a bullet whistled only a few inches from his head. He sprang upright in a minute.

"Damn the girl!" he said. "Higgins, take that thing away from her."

But Virginia was standing with her back to the wall, and Higgins, after one look into her face, shook his head.

"Don't be a fool, Weiss," he said. "This sort of thing won't do. You've lost your head. Beg Miss Longworth's pardon and come away. She is quite right. There is no excuse for our behaving like this."

The millionaires are not the only ones who want that paper. The muck-raking Norris Vine could make the biggest scoop of his life if he could but get his hands upon it, and who better adapted to the purpose than Stella. She knows the house, she knows the safe, she is fairly certain that Virginia has the key, inasmuch as she herself used to have it, and being far too poor for such an incumbance as a conscience, she undertakes

the mission, and being somewhat more muscular than Virginia she succeeds:

About an hour afterward, the elder of Phineas Duge's secretaries, Robert Smedley, entered the bedroom at the top of the house with some precipitation, and turned a white face towards his master. Phineas Duge, fully dressed, was entering some figures in a small memorandum book on the table before him.

"Mr. Duge," the young man exclaimed, "forgive me for disturbing you, but I think that if you feel strong enough you ought to come downstairs into the library at once."

Phineas Duge did not hesitate. There was a light in his eyes which transformed his face. He knew as though by inspiration something of what had happened. He took the back stairs, and descending at a pace quite extraordinary for a sick man, he was inside the library in less than a minute. It was easy to see that Smedley's alarm had not been altogether ill-founded. A chair was overturned; Virginia was lying face downwards upon the floor in front of the desk. Phineas Duge dropped his cigarette, and fell on his knees by her side. Then he saw that her hands and feet were tied with an antimacassar torn into strips, and a rude sort of gag was in her mouth. She opened her eyes at his touch, and moaned slightly. In a moment or two he had released her from her bonds, and removed the handkerchief which had been tied into her mouth.

"Fetch some brandy," he told the young man, "and keep your mouth shut about this. You understand?"

"Sure, sir!"

The young man hurried away. Duge was still stooping down, with his arm around Virginia's waist. Gradually she began to recover herself. She looked all round the room, as though in search of some one. Her uncle asked her no questions. He saw that she was rapidly regaining consciousness, and he waited. Smedley returned with the brandy. Together they forced a little between her lips, and watched the color coming back into her cheeks. Then Phineas Duge withdrew his arm and walked to the other side of the desk. On the floor were the broken fragments of Virginia's locket. The carpet had been torn up. The steel coffer, with the keys still in it, was there half open. He slid back the lid, and taking out a few of the topmost papers, ran them through his fingers. There was no doubt about it. The document was missing. He returned to the chair to which he had carried Virginia.

So Virginia is banished. Mr. Duge admits no possible excuse for failure, being a hard man and somewhat lacking in the bowels of compassion—as financiers sometimes are. But Virginia shall be restored to grace if she can recover that document, which is in the possession of Vine, who has discreetly sailed for England, having some unaccountable suspicions of the integrity of the New York police when a millionaire is at the other end of the string. Henceforth we live, move, and have our being in England.

Eventually we find Duge himself there, partly in search of the document, partly in search of Virginia, whom he misses. The other millionaires are there, too, on the same errand. Weiss is the first to find Vine, and he appeals to him as a patriot not to produce a panic by publishing what he knows:

"Now, Mr. Vine," he said, "you are a young man whose attention has never been turned to the practical affairs of life. You are a literary person, and you walk a good deal with your head in the clouds. You haven't the hard common sense of us business men to be able to determine exactly what the result in a commonplace world is of any definite action. I can assure you that no prison in America could ever hold me and my friends, and that our risk is not in any way so serious as you imagine. But, leaving out the question of our personal safety or convenience, I want to put this to you. If you publish the contents of that document in the evening papers tomorrow, you will produce in America the greatest and most ruinous financial crisis that the country has ever known."

For the first time Vine's cold, immobile face showed some signs of interest. He abandoned his somewhat negligent attitude, and sat up with an attentive expression.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Weiss struck the table in front of him with his open hand. "Don't you know," he said, "that Bardsley, Littleton, Higgins, Phineas Duge, and myself are the blood and muscle of this country, so far as regards finance? Every one of the great railroad stocks is controlled by us. Prices are more or less what we make them. Three of the greatest industrial undertakings which the world has ever known, in which are invested hundreds of millions of honest American capital, are still controlled by us. If you publish that document, whatever the ultimate results may be, there will be the worst scare in the American money market which the world has ever known. London and Paris were never so ill prepared to come to the rescue, as a glance at the morning papers will show you. You will not find a city nor a village in this country, or a street, I almost was going to say a house, in New York, where there will not be a ruined man to curse you and your ill-considered action. The shrinkage in values in a few hours of good and honest stocks will come to twice as much as would pay for the Russo-Japanese war. I doubt whether this country would ever recover from the shock. That, Mr. Vine, is precisely what would happen if you adopt the methods of which you have just warned us."

Virginia also is on Vine's track. She gains entrance to his apartments, only to find that she is forestalled and that the bedroom is occupied by a slinking individual, a sort of murderer, who is evidently waiting with nefarious intent for Vine's return:

An intervention came, in a manner as commonplace as it was startling. The hell of a telephone instrument on the top of the desk began to ring. A moment's breathless indecision, and then she walked to the instrument and took the receiver in her hand. Simultaneously she heard a stealthy movement outside. Her fellow-watcher, whoever he might be, had also made up his mind to know who was ringing up Norris Vine so late.

"Who's that?" the voice asked abruptly.

"Coniston Mansions, No. 57," Virginia answered, disguising her voice as much as possible.

"Yes! but who is it in my rooms? That isn't Janion's voice, is it?"

Then Virginia knew that the person who spoke was Norris Vine himself, and before every word she uttered she hesitated, thinking always of the listener outside.

"No, it's not Janion," she answered. "What do you want?"

"I wanted to know whether my servant was there," the voice replied. "Who are you, and what are you doing in my rooms?"

"Gone into the country?" Virginia said, speaking in a loud tone of surprise. "You mean that he will not be here tonight, after all?"

The voice down the telephone came angry and perplexed. "What the devil are you talking about?" it asked. "I am Norris Vine, and I am speaking into my own rooms. I want to know who you are, and what you are doing there?"

"Then I think," Virginia continued, still speaking loudly,

"that you might be a little more careful before you send me on a fool's errand like this. Here have I been waiting for half an hour for a man who you declared was certain to come here before eleven o'clock. Now you tell me that he is not returning tonight at all, gone into the country or some rubbish. Why can't you make sure of your facts? You seem to repeat any stuff that's told to you, and then think that it doesn't matter so long as you say that you're sorry. How about my wasted time sitting here, to say nothing of the risk of being taken for a thief?"

"If you don't tell me who you are at once," the voice came back, "I shall send a policeman round. Can't you understand that I want my man Janion? I want him to bring my evening clothes to the club. If you don't tell me who you are, and what you are doing in my rooms, I shall be round there with a policeman in five minutes."

"Of course I shan't stop," Virginia replied, still in a loud voice. "What on earth is there to stop for if the man isn't coming back for several days? I shall be away before the police can come. Ring off, please."

Virginia has undoubtedly saved the life of the journalist, although she is just as far away as ever from the prize. Vine can not quite make up his mind to publish his incriminating document, although the indomitable Stella—a sort of modern Lady Macbeth—urges him to do so. Then Duge himself takes a hand, and there's no nonsense about Duge:

Norris Vine without a doubt was trapped. He realized it from the moment Phineas Duge closed the door and turned the key. The two men who had entered were to all appearance absolutely harmless and ordinary. They were dressed most correctly in dark clothes of fashionable cut. Each wore a silk hat, and would have passed without a moment's question amongst any ordinary group of better-class city men. Nevertheless, when at his quick motion toward the bell the fingers of one of them closed upon his arm he knew very well that he was helpless. He suffered them to lead him without resistance into the little sitting-room. What could he have done? If he had opened his mouth to call out, he saw the hand of the man who was watching him, with his arm linked through his, ready to close his lips. They all passed into the sitting-room, and Phineas Duge closed the door behind them.

"I am sorry," he said, "to resort to such old-fashioned measures, but as you know I am methodical in all my ways. The first place to look for stolen goods is obviously in the abode of the thief. Frankly, I have not much expectation of discovering anything here. At the same time I could not afford to run the risk of leaving these rooms and your person unsearched."

"I can quite appreciate that," Norris Vine said, seating himself in the armchair towards which he was being gently pushed. "The only favor I will ask is that you are as quick as possible, as I have rather a busy afternoon, and I want to lunch early."

"These gentlemen," Phineas Duge remarked, "are quite used to little affairs of this sort. I do not think that you need fear that there will be any undue delay."

Even while he spoke both of them were busy. Vine felt a silken cord being drawn about his legs and chest. Something was slid softly into his mouth. In less than two minutes he was bound and gagged. Then he had an opportunity, so far as the sitting-room was concerned, of watching a search conducted upon scientific principles.

In about twenty minutes the place looked as though a tornado had struck it. The search, however, was over. The two men were prepared to guarantee that no papers of any sort were hidden in any place within the reach of any one in that room. They carried him, bound as he was, into the bedroom, and he watched with interest, and some admiration, a repetition of the search. The result, however, was the same. Then the two men came over to him, and he felt his bonds softly loosened. Only the gag remained in his mouth, and one by one his garments were removed from him. A trained valet could not have been more careful or deft. The contents of all his pockets were hastily run through and restored. His under garments were felt all over for any hidden hiding place. Even his shoes were taken off, and the inner sole cut through with a knife. Finally the two men turned toward Phineas Duge. Their faces were a mute expression of the fact that the search was over. Phineas Duge motioned them to remove the gag. They did so, and Vine, who was now free, stood up and commenced to dress.

It will be seen that there is no lack of incident. There are other incidents of a gentler nature and quite as well told. The wooing of Virginia, for example, by Lord Mowbray is upon strictly unconventional lines and as exciting as a fox-hunt. No one who reads "The Governors" will complain of its dullness or reproach the author for an insertion of tedious make-weights.

"The Governors," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

A memorial window to Dr. Johnson was recently unveiled at St. Clement Danes, Strand, London. The genial autocrat of Fleet Street invariably attended the services at this church on Good Friday and Easter Day, often in company with Boswell. These solemn occasions were generally utilized by Johnson for the framing of good resolutions. A list of resolutions, compiled on his fifty-first birthday, in 1760, gives an interesting picture of the man. "Resolved, Deo juvante," he wrote, "to combat notions of obligation; to apply to study; to reclaim imaginations; to consult the resolves on Tetty's coffin; to rise early; to study religion; to go to church; to drink less strong liquors; to keep a journal; to oppose laziness by doing what is to be done tomorrow; rise as early as I can; send for books for Hist. of War; put books in order; scheme of life."

It is their curious social life which forces the Tuareks, living in the Sahara back of Tripoli, to raid caravans. The mother has all the rights over the children and all the property is in the hands of the women. To marry a wife a Tuarek must pay a large sum to the bride and her mother and the only way to get the necessary wealth is a successful raid. For the male Tuarek's ordinary occupation, camel farming and carrying loads for traders, gets him hardly enough profit to live by.

At the University of Michigan 1100 students joined in a banquet a few days ago to President James B. Angell, whose resignation is to take effect at the close of the present academic year. The speakers included students from seven States.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Misery and Its Causes*, by Edward T. Devine, Ph. D., LL. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

Dr. Devine's position as general secretary of the charity organization society of New York City is an assurance of competence to deal with the most distressing problem of the day. It is also to a certain extent a warning against a possible over-emphasis on the organization of beneficence with its attendant evil of preventing a personal contact between the giver and the recipient.

There is, however, small trace of such over-emphasis in Dr. Devine's book. He writes in a spirit of warm humanity, steering a careful course between intellectualism and sentimentality, and presenting to us the problem along broad lines and with a careful search for radical causes and consequently for radical cures. He devotes his first five chapters to "Poverty and Maladjustment," "Out of Health," "Out of Work," "Out of Friends," and "The Adverse Condition in Dependent Families." Then in a concluding chapter entitled "The Justice and Prosperity of the Future" he sketches some of the main features of the ideal society that will one day take unto itself the disgrace of misery and destitution and remove them from its midst.

The first condition is physical heredity. He would have "definite policies for reducing the number of such births as are certain to result in misery." We would like to know what are these definite policies. Secondly he would have a protected childhood. Thirdly, he would have a prolongation of the effective working period for men and women. Fourthly comes freedom from preventable disease, and this is followed by freedom from preventable crime. Sixthly, insurance against old age, accident, sickness, and unemployment. Seventhly comes a reform of elementary education, and at the point of importance this might have come first. The eighth and ninth conditions are a liberal relief system and an improvement in the standard of living and finally comes religion. It is an extensive programme—some parts of it within our reach and others far distant, but it is well to have such a formulated social policy as an ideal.

*The Kingdom of Earth*, by Anthony Partridge. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This is a story somewhat after the Zenda style but with a distinctly novel and ingenious plot and one involving enough of intrigue and adventure to satisfy the most exacting. The heroine is an actress and an extreme Socialist, and when she invites the mysterious John Peters to her room she already half guesses that he is actually the Crown Prince of Bergeland, the distracted kingdom already brought to the verge of revolution by the dissipations of the prince and of his uncle the king.

The real sensation comes when we follow the prince to his own country and find that he himself is the unknown and masked leader of the revolutionary forces that have plotted against his throne and his life and that his pretended excesses were assumed for the purpose of stimulating the movement for national liberation. It is a hold idea and one that needs unusual skill to keep its elaboration upon the right side of the possibilities. But the story runs on strenuously to the end without a jar to our sense of the fitness of things, and our interest is specially sustained by the evident identity of Bergeland and Belgium. Mr. Partridge is to be congratulated upon a bold and original story, fully equal to anything that he has done before, and this is saying a good deal when we remember "The Distributors."

*The Londlubbers*, by Gertrude King. Published by Doughtledy, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

We shall agree that this is a very fair story of adventure after we have reconciled ourselves with the author's unawareness of things nautical. A young school teacher going to Europe on a frolic loses early all her money in a bet on the ship's daily run. Then comes a collision, and after the confusion is over our heroine finds that she has been left behind upon the sinking ship, with an only companion, a young man who was too drunk to escape. Later on two other survivors find their way back to the ship, and by a curious coincidence one of the two is the adventuress who swindled the little school teacher out of her money and the other is an undesirable citizen who is the lover of the adventuress, and who is rendered still more undesirable by a period of temporary insanity. A situation so complicated easily becomes tragical, and we have a series of terrible events before the clouds finally break and every one, we trust, lives happily ever afterward.

*Cherub Devine*, by Sewell Ford. Published by Mitchell Kennerly, New York; \$1.50.

A vigorous story of love-making and the stock exchange. Cherub Devine, freakishly buying a country estate, finds that the previous owners are still in evidence and so meets the acquaintance of Mr. Hewington and

his widowed daughter, the Countess Vecchi. The countess, being a well-meaning young woman, tries to save Cherub from the sin of stock gambling, and would perhaps have succeeded but for her growing interest in the young capitalist, which prompts her to urge retaliation upon his competitors, who have taken advantage of his absence to push him to the wall. Of course, the end is in view from the start, but there are interesting complications on the route. The weak link in the story is the character of the countess, who seems sometimes to be a little schoolgirlish if not actually silly.

*Walt Whitman*, by George Rice Carpenter. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

This volume appears in the English Men of Letters series and in the American extension of that series. Like all of its companion volumes, it is marked by comprehensive survey and by critical and unbiased judgment, while the biographical features are condensed and accurate.

The author believes that Whitman must be classified among the mystics and as possessing those definite powers that we are now learning to associate with that word. He is pervaded by a light of knowledge, not of course supernatural, but supersensuous. "The whole universe opens before him. He sees all and is all." The actualities of life merge into a state of ecstatic contemplation "in which the whole universe is apparently revealed under a new and glorious aspect." Intellectual considerations naturally assume new relative values and the prophetic mind lives in a future but dimly perceived, and always misunderstood, by his contemporaries. The emphasis that Whitman gave to sex, his turbulence and his barbarisms were but his interpretation of a larger theory of the ideal state—"he spoke as the symbol of democracy."

*Writing the Short Story*, by J. Berg Esenwein, A. M., Lit. D. Published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York; \$1.25.

Among its many possible advantages the book of instruction and advice to the short-story writer has the grave demerit of encouraging the would-be scribe in his fatal delusion that the art of fiction is a mechanical one only, and that it can be learned by a study of rules and precedents. If Dr. Esenwein's careful and competent work helps to swell the ranks of the rejected, he himself, as editor of *Lippincott's*, will be among the chief sufferers from the avalanche of manuscripts "of no value to any one but the owner."

Dr. Esenwein's book does, indeed, give the short-story writer everything that he needs—except brains and imagination. He handles his subject not only from the literary and artistic, but from the editorial points of view, packing his pages with hints, suggestions, and warnings. Among the twenty-five chapters are those on "Choosing a Theme," "Gathering Materials," "The Opening," "Plot," "Setting," "Body of the Story," "Dialogue," "Characters and Characterization," "Titles," "Fact in Fiction," "Ending the Story," and "Style."

*Mr. Opp*, by Alice Hegan Rice. Published by the Century Company, New York.

The author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has added another to the list of charming stories that show us nobility of character

easily triumphant over absurdity and ignorance. Mr. Opp is as vainglorious and conceited a little man as ever lived, one of the "failures" of life, but when we see him give up the chance that has come to him because he can not send his little half-witted sister to the asylum we know that he is a man all the same. Mr. Opp is a failure to the end of the story as we account failure nowadays, but we shall remember the last picture we have of him when he leaves the complimentary banquet given in his honor upon the sale of the *Opp Eagle*:

With the air of a monarch taking temporary leave of his subjects, he turned his back upon the gay, protesting crowd, upon the feast prepared in his honor, upon the speech-making, so dear to his heart. Tramping through the snow of the deserted street, through the lonely graveyard, and along the river road, he went to hide up the head of a china doll and to wipe away the tears of a little half-erased sister.

*England and the English, from An American Point of View*, by Price Collier. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

In his conclusion the author says that it will be a disappointing miscarriage of intention if his book should serve to ruffle English feelings or to make Americans more carelessly confident. There is no reason why it should do either the one or the other. Nothing more kindly or courteous, with more evident feeling of considerate good-will, has been written.

Mr. Collier knows his ground from one end to the other, and he writes with all the partiality of a visitor from another sphere and to whom it is more pleasant to praise than to blame. Wisely refraining from generalities, he confines himself to a few specific topics, such as "English Home Life," "Are the English Dull?" "Sport," "Ireland," "An English Country Town," and "Society." In all he gives us ten chapters of sagacious comment redolent of hope for the future of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. The Cromwells and the Lincolns, he tells us, are not all dead yet, and even under the temporary aberrations that we may discern across the Atlantic we may still reckon upon the "independence of the few" and the "silent steadiness of the many" as "unknown quantities . . . of enormous potential force."

*Fifty Years of Darwinism*. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$2.

This volume is made up of the eleven centennial addresses delivered in honor of Charles Darwin before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Baltimore January, 1909, the subjects and lecturers being as follows: Introduction, by T. C. Chamberlin; "Fifty Years of Darwinism," by Edward B. Poulton; "The Theory of Natural Selection from the Standpoint of Botany," by John M. Coulter; "Isolation as a Factor in Organic Evolution," David Starr Jordan; "The Cell in Relation to Heredity and Evolution," by Edmund B. Wilson; "The Direct Influence of Environment," by D. T. Mac Dougal; "The Behavior of Unit Characters in Heredity," by W. E. Castle; "Mutation," by Charles B. Davenport; "Adaptation," by Carl H. Eigenmann; "Darwin and Paleontology," by Henry Fairfield Osborn; "Evolution and Psychology," by G. Stanley Hall. The volume contains five plates.



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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Problem Novel.

*The Whips of Time*, by Arahella Kencaly. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Stories that are hinged upon some theory of heredity are seldom satisfactory. We feel that our adherence is powerfully enlisted by the art of the novelist, but upon evidence that is manufactured out of whole cloth.

This rather repulsive story is a case in point. We have a doctor who plans an experiment upon two infants awaiting birth in his hospital. The mother of one of them is a murderess reprieved from death because of her condition, while the other expectant mother is an ordinary and normally moral woman. The doctor changes the babies and then waits for twenty years or so to watch for the workings of heredity.

It is all very plausibly and disagreeably told. With a certain amount of fascination we watch the struggle between the inherited criminal traits and the new environment, and when the veneer is rubbed off and the murderess stands revealed we are a good deal shocked and disgusted, and not in the least convinced of anything. Disputed scientific theories are neither advanced nor retarded by a novel, and when the theories—thus out of place—are of a morbid nature we fail to see the uses of the process. It is by no means certain that the baby of a murderess, removed from the mother at birth and brought up under moral influences, would have a greater tendency to crime than the child of a saint, and it would have been quite as easy to write "The Whips of Time" from a diametrically opposite theory. It would also have been quite as unconvincing.

*The Gorgeous Borgia*, by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. McCarthy is now an easy first as the writer of historical romances in the lighter vein. He gives us a really effective picture of Roman life under Pope Alexander Borgia, and into it he weaves the story of the Orsini maiden who was trained to play the part of a Charlotte Corday and to rid her country of the most cruel monster upon record. That she fell in love with the tyrant instead of destroying him was part of the irony of fate, but her love was as fatal as her hate.

But is the author historically correct in representing Caesar Borgia as killing the Duke of Gandia with his own hand and upon the sudden impulse of a love quarrel? Perhaps it does not much matter, and certainly it in no way detracts from the interest of a vigorous and graphic narrative.

## New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published the "Champion Spelling Book," by Warren E. Hicks. Price, 25 cents.

Helen Rowland's "Reflections of a Bachelor Girl" makes good reading in small doses—very small doses. One of her reflections may be quoted as a sample: "About the only sign of personal individuality that the average woman is allowed to retain after she marries is her toothbrush." *Ex uno disce omnes.* The book is published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York. Price, 75 cents.

From the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington, comes a volume on "Virginia County Names," by Dr. Charles Massie Long. Its subdivisions are devoted to "Royal English Families," "Other Names from England," "American Warriors and Statesmen," "Virginia Governors and United States Presidents," "Indian Names and Natural Features," and "The Jamestown Exposition and Virginia County Names." The book contains a map and a useful appendix and its price is \$1.50.

Katharine Berry Judson has successfully avoided the devious ways of the promoter in her attractive little book, "Montana," first published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco. The historical portion—the larger part of the volume—is brightly written, consecutive and pointed, the chapter on Indians is sympathetic and well informed, while some useful appendices supply us with a bibliography, the Montana Constitution and a résumé of the laws. Intended as a reader, the author has given us a book that should find a place upon the reference shelf.

## Shakespeareana.

The Macmillan Company, New York, have published "A Pocket Lexicon and Concordance to the Temple Shakespeare," and a creditable little volume it is with its tiny illustrations and dainty binding. The type is necessarily small, but not uncomfortably so. Price, 45 cents.

Duffield & Co., New York, give us "The Taming of the Shrew," being the original of Shakespeare's play of that name. This is the latest addition to an admirable series. Especially admirable is the preceding quotation from Sir John Harrington, written on the first publication of the play: "Read the Book of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can

rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her."

Also from Duffield & Co. comes "All's Well That Ends Well" in the series of Shakespeare in the spelling of the best quarto and folio texts, edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell-Stone, with an introduction by F. W. Clarke, M. A. Price, \$1 per volume.

To Thomas Y. Crowell's edition of the first folio Shakespeare has been added "Measure for Measure," edited, with notes, introduction, glossary, list of variorum readings, and selected criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Dr. Lyman Abbott having emitted the amazing theory that Tolstoy is left unmolested by the Russian government because he is innocuous, a cablegram from St. Petersburg to the effect that a certain man has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for publishing "Thou Shalt Not Kill" is worth attention. Count Tolstoy offered to take the place of the accused, but the offer was declined. Dr. Abbott seems to have allowed his predilections to run away with him.

Though a brilliant conversationalist, George Meredith had, of course, his silent moods, and he happened to be in one of them at a certain picnic. Next to him sat a lady, herself a good talker, who had been looking forward to this meeting for days, and, it may be guessed, preparing for it. In vain; the only sentence that passed his lips was when he reached slightly across her for the salt—"Excuse the picnic stretch."

"David Harum" has sold well over a million copies. A new edition has just been published.

Two letters from Swinburne to Edmund Clarence Stedman have been published recently. Referring to Browning's "cherished dogma" regarding the personal immortality of the soul, Swinburne wrote in 1874 that he thought Landor "would have agreed with me that any matter so utterly incognizable to have or wish to have an opinion."

Arthur L. Sanborn in the current *Bookman* tells a good story of Victor Hugo: When his "Marion Delorme" was read before the troupe which was to present it, "the actor Lafarriere, then a young man, protested against the insignificant rôle assigned him, in which he would have only ten lines to recite. Hugo promptly reduced him to silence by thundering: 'Ten lines of Victor Hugo are something not to be refused—for they endure.'"

A monument to Paul Laurence Dunbar is to be unveiled at Dayton, Ohio, on Sunday, June 27, his birthday. Addresses will be made by Professor W. S. Scarborough of Wilberforce University, Bishop David W. Moore, and Rev. D. W. Clarke. The memorial is a granite howler, with a bronze plate on which is engraved a verse from Dunbar's "Death Song."

Mr. Watts-Dunton writes to the London *Times* removing the misconception which is still abroad with regard to the omission of certain words from the burial service over Swinburne's grave. No specific instructions, it seems, were left by the poet; but frequently he had told Mr. Watts-Dunton that he ob-

jected to certain expressions in the service. Considering it his duty, therefore, to respect Swinburne's objections, Watts-Dunton communicated with the rector of Bonchurch, "who in the most admirable way handled a complexity such as probably no clergyman ever had to confront before. He turned what might have been a ghastly failure into a beautiful ceremony by his amazing tact, delicacy, and generosity." That is true and it is final.

The Colquhoun Club of the Royal Society of Literature made Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin its guest of honor at a recent dinner in London. Mrs. Wiggin spoke on the subject, "Who's Who? The Authenticity of Genius." Mrs. Wiggin's new story will be entitled "Susanna and Sue." A Shaker community forms the setting, and it is said that her genuine interest in these people has given special impetus to her work.

John Macy has retired from his work as associate editor of the *Youth's Companion*. Mr. Macy recently wrote to the papers in the name of his wife, who was formerly Miss Sullivan, teacher for many years of Miss Helen Keller, denying the statement that the late Henry H. Rogers was responsible for having rescued Miss Keller some twenty-five years ago. Mr. Macy shows that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Rogers was first taken to see Miss Keller in 1896 by Mark Twain, his benefactions beginning soon thereafter.

Later advices seem to indicate that William DeMorgan's new novel, "It Never Can Happen Again," which had been announced by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. for this month, may not appear till July, or possibly September, as Mr. DeMorgan, who is one of the most conscientious of workmen, is still working on it.



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Diplomatic Squabbles over the Burial of China's Late Ruler, Kwang Hsu.

When the Emperor Kwang Hsu was alive he was treated as a nonentity by his powerful aunt, the great Empress Dowager. She was not the woman to brook a rival to her power, and she forced not only her own subjects, but foreign nations to accept her view. Now that he is dead, however, the general opinion about China's late emperor is considerably altered. A tardy justice is being done him, and as a progressive Chinese official said to me the other day, "We realize now that he honestly struggled to uplift his country and died a martyr to the cause of reform."

Perhaps it was with some idea of making up for their long neglect that the governments of the world agreed to send special ambassadors to the imperial funeral—an unprecedented honor for a Chinese sovereign. The nations of the world, through their various travel agencies, sent hordes of globe-trotters who made the stately old city of Peking hideous with sun hats and blue glasses. As most of them understood little or nothing of the meaning of the curious old funeral ceremonies, they went home again much disappointed. I overheard a lady remarking in a loud nasal twang that she didn't "think anything of the procession" and that the funeral of a rich ship chandler that she saw in Shanghai was "ever so much grander."

To a certain extent her criticism was just. Private funerals in China are occasions of great display. They sometimes beggar a family for two generations and are besides a serious drain on the purses of friends, who must send silk scrolls extolling the dead, or paper models—life size—of sedan chairs or carriages which are almost as expensive as the genuine articles. But imperial funerals are far simpler. Subjects can not send presents; even government officials must not offer banners extolling the virtues of their late master, because all the virtues in one so highly placed are taken for granted; it is improper to mention them separately. A very ancient book, kept in the board of rites, contains explicit directions concerning the ceremonial, and as this guide is religiously consulted, an imperial funeral today is just what it was before the Christian era. Whether he has been a hero or a nonentity, every dead emperor is buried with strict impartiality so far as honor is concerned.

The right to "undertake" an imperial funeral is vested in one particular family and descends from father to son. Naturally the slack seasons of these gentlemen are long. Emperors do not die every day, but when they do a rich silver stream pours into the pockets of those concerned. A conservative estimate puts the cost of Kwang Hsu's funeral at nearly a million dollars—but of course that estimate includes all the masses which have been said for his soul for the past three months by the Lama priests, the thousands of extra attendants hired to make a show in the palace when diplomats and viceroys went to make their bows to the coffin, and the "dress rehearsal" which took place several days before the actual day of the funeral.

The day chosen was May 1, but the hour of the ceremony was kept secret as long as possible for fear that the revolutionary party—a vague bogey supposed to be composed of Chinese students returned from Japan—might make a demonstration. Dark hints about bombs frightened the officials in charge of the preparations. Four in the morning was suggested as the most likely hour for safety, but the ambassadors, as soon as they got wind of this proposal, promptly protested in a body. They much preferred, they said, to be blown up at a civilized hour than to be got up at a barbarous one. The Chinese therefore consented and fixed the time of the ceremony at eleven o'clock.

Special ambassadors, it seems, need very delicate handling. If seriously crossed, they bring the thunders of their governments about the ears of whoever dares to disagree; if slightly irritated, they squabble. At least they did in Peking—first with the Chinese government about where they should be received and then among themselves as to which of their nationals also should be received with them. The Chinese provided two stands to view the procession—one inside the Imperial City for diplomats, one outside for what the tickets called "distinguished guests." Had the ambassadors taken the very simple expression "Diplomatic Pavilion" to mean exactly what it said, there would have been no heartburnings, and non-diplomats, no matter how high in rank, would have quietly gone to the outer pavilion. But they stretched the phrase to suit their own personal friends. The Germans stretched it far enough to include the German keeper of a little store in Peking, and the British stretched it unevenly. On one side they took in young vice-consuls, on the other, they kept out the British general commanding the forces in North China—notwithstanding the fact that the French and German generals were both taken in to the *sanctum sanctorum*. This insult to the British army threatens to become a serious diplomatic question—unless the general will take as balm to his wounded pride and vanity the fact that his special ambassador had to submit to the snub of a big man than himself when Prince Fushima,

the Japanese envoy extraordinary, demanded a special waiting-room where he would not be jostled by ordinary persons of non-royal blood.

The first of May was one of those days which are only to be found in California and occasionally in North China—clear, bright, and cool in the shade; hot in the sun, which a quaint Chinese paper published in English remarked "came out, although mournfully, but very fiercely." The funeral ceremonies were really divided into three parts. The first part took place inside the palace proper, where the prince regent, on his knees before the coffin, offered libations of wine to the gods and where strips of white paper were burned, these being symbolical of the gold and silver treasures of the late emperor, which, now that it is no longer of use to him, is given up to Yen Wang, the king of the Lower Regions. The second part took place outside the palace but inside the outer walls of the Imperial City, and the third part, the procession proper, formed outside the Imperial City, and passing through the Tartar City, accompanied the coffin to the Hsi Ling, or Western Tomb, forty miles away in the hills. The diplomats saw nothing but the second part, the "distinguished guests" saw only the third, and the Chinese people saw nothing at all—since when one of their emperors goes out, either alive or dead, his loyal subjects are told to stay at home.

The envoys, who walked from the palace to the gate of the Imperial City, in front of the coffin and behind the Chinese princes, had the pleasure of being admired by their female relations all nicely tucked inside a glass pavilion with lace curtains in front of the windows. The noble seclusion prescribed by Manchu etiquette rather disgusted these ladies. They admired one another's new mourning and caught glimpses of the official mourners. But the general view of the whole group, which was resplendent in gold lace and sparkling with decorations, was denied them; the panes were too small and the curtains too thick.

At the Imperial City Gate the envoys stepped out of their places; the coffin was halted, the prince regent in a long purple silk gown with a blue collar and a white straw hat from which the red tassel had been removed as a sign of mourning shook hands with each one, and then they all got into their carriages and drove home.

Meanwhile the big procession was forming outside. From every police station word was sent by telephone that it was time to clear the people off the streets and put up the screens of blue cotton cloth which shut off all roads opening on to the route of the cortege. These things the police accordingly proceeded to do. Their attitude toward the immense crowds was one of admirable gentleness and patience; they treated the people like children, and instead of peremptorily ordering them to do this or that, simply chaffed them good-naturedly into complying with regulations. It certainly speaks well for the law-abiding nature and common sense of the Chinese that they all retired with excellent good humor, leaving foreigners, who had no right or reason to be present at all, to see the funeral of their own sovereign.

The procession itself was the most marvelous blaze of color, from the lancers with flying red pennants at its head to the splendid catafalque in the rear. To me it seemed more Indian than Chinese, the dull blues so characteristic of China having been replaced by the most splendid reds and yellows. For once the practical side was ignored by a practical people. "We bury the greatest of our dead," an official afterward remarked to me, "with the greatest of all earthly colors, the colors of sunset."

The white camels, with sable skins hanging from their throats, were caparisoned in a rich lemon yellow, and yellow cloth covered their ungainly burdens—the tents for the Chinese princes who were accompanying the coffin. The herd of ponies to be "sacrificed" had yellow bridles and saddle cloths. They will not be expected to lay down their lives for their sovereign by the way, as living sacrifices are out of fashion nowadays. In the old times bullocks and sheep were killed to appease the gods and one hundred of the emperor's ladies were imprisoned with his body in the imperial vault and kept there on scanty food allowance till they died, but special envoys and Western civilization have changed all that.

The hundreds of ceremonial umbrellas of silks and satins embroidered in gold with the five-clawed dragon were almost all scarlet and orange. The beautiful three-cornered flags seemed like little tongues of flame against the gray houses lining the road; the round wooden fans glittered like burning suns. The gilded instruments of the mounted musicians glowed in the light—most curious instruments preserved from ancient times—twisted flutes, gourd-like trumpets, and flat drums. I am sure they must have emitted weird, wailing notes had they been played. They were not, however, as custom forbids any music for twenty-seven months after an emperor's death.

Sorrow and silence seem to be indissolubly linked in the Chinese mind, and the most impressive part of this vast cavalcade, which was more than a mile long, was the absolute stillness with which it moved. A dressing of clay over the road muted the tramp of the

soldiers' feet, and an imperative order muted the usual murmur of tongues.

The sixty-four bearers of the coffin, which was hidden in a little house with a roof and walls of exquisite golden yellow embroideries, carried their burden without a sound. This was a great feat, as Chinese carriers who bear a heavy burden invariably lighten their work by singing a mournful chantey. These bearers, curiously enough, are the poorest of the poor. A certain doctor told me that he was astonished a few days before the funeral to hear that one of his patients, a man so poor that he could not even pay for his food, was obliged to leave the hospital on official business. Remonstrances were of no avail to keep him until he should recover completely. "I must go," said the man. "The Beggars' Guild has always had the honor of carrying an imperial coffin, and as I am a member I must try to do my share." The dignity of these poor beggars was really remarkable, but they were not decorative. One had lost an eye, another an ear, a third was still marked with the eruption from a very recent attack of smallpox, yet all came to bear their share, regardless of personal convenience. There were five thousand beggars altogether, including those who carried the two little canopies under which the silver wreaths given by the foreign envoys reposed on yellow silk cushions. They worked in shifts of sixty-four inside the city and one hundred and twenty-eight outside where the roads were heavier, and relieved each other every two miles. Thus, though a being too sacred to be looked upon except by the highest in the land, Kwang Hsu went to his long rest borne upon the shoulders of the lame and the halt and the blind. What a curious combination of supreme autocracy and utter democracy.

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, May 5, 1909.

The military attaché of the German embassy at London, it is said, attended a performance of the sensational military drama, "An Englishman's Home," which was written to show the woeful military unpreparedness of England against a German attack. The next day a friend, hearing that the German officer had been to the theatre, asked him what play he saw. "I don't remember the name exactly," he replied, "but it should have been called, 'What Every German Knows.'"

While there are known to be some thirty species of humming birds in Mexico and South America, and several species on the Pacific Coast, it is now generally admitted by naturalists that there is but a single species in New England, the contention that two had been positively identified being abandoned when it was discovered that the brilliant green variety claimed was but the female of the Ruby Throat.

It was only after Mme. Sembrich was an accomplished pianist and violinist that she pursued her vocal studies. She struggled for years, but recognition came at last, her popularity increasing each season until now she is generally looked upon as a leading coloratura soprano of the day and decade.

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MRS. FISKE'S SERIOUS PLAY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"A divine comedy of the slums," they call it, this latest play of Mrs. Fiske's, that treats of those who, in the eyes of smug-faced church members, lolling luxuriously in the consciousness of certain salvation, are farthest from divinity. "Salvation Nell" is a frank, realistic, unornamented, unconventionalized presentation of the brutal facts in the swarming tenement-house life of big cities. It is not pretty. Neither are the facts. Neither is the swinish indifference to their existence that dominates many of the fortunate ones who have more time and money than they know what to do with.

Not that we need feel that any one of us is called upon to remodel the universe. But at least each one of us should have some sense of responsibility, some feeling that we can and ought to help a little to lighten the heavy burden of error, of shameful acquiescence to existing wrongs in which most of fortunate humanity joins, and which forces the morally and physically weak to crawl, stoop-shouldered, along slimy paths of animalism and crime.

It is of such people that "Salvation Nell" treats. It is, or used to be, a little startling to be suddenly confronted with a realistic representation of such lives while we are out for amusement, with a good dinner inside and our best clothes outside of us. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. Nowadays everything goes. The restless curiosity of humanity to know how the other half lives urges the dramatists to search everywhere for new facts, new conditions. And in the search it suddenly occurs to them every now and then that the old, well-established conditions, if vividly, unsentimentally, and realistically presented, will interest the good-humored, well-fed, holiday crowd on the other side of the footlights.

It is always, and only, people, people, people! Give us the sight and knowledge of real, living, loving, suffering people. Only let them be real.

That is what makes great cities, this devouring passion of humanity for humanity. The other day I chanced to hear of a strange and striking act in pantomime that was being given at one of the ten-cent theatres. I went promptly, and there saw represented a weird and sinister incident in the life of the Parisian Apaches, those fearful, depraved creatures who will assassinate as lightly as you and I would kill a mosquito, merely to gratify an artificially stimulated appetite. A company of French pantomimists impersonated the male and female habitués of a Parisian cabaret, who came in to drink absinthe, smoke, gamble, and, incidentally, to make amorous headway in the favor of some who were already appropriated.

A man entered. He saw at a glance that his mate was being courted by another, for whom she hankered. Then ensued the wild, terrible, hypnotic orgy known as the "Apache Dance." The man danced up to the woman, dominating her with his terrible eye, and gave her a sort of tacit challenge to second him in the dance. She accepted the challenge, and the dance began, the strangest I have ever seen or imagined. It has left upon the memory an impression as of an unusually clear nightmare, and even a vague feeling as if the hypnotism the male dancer was practicing upon the will of his mutely fascinated partner was reaching us out in the audience as well.

It is strangely impossible to describe. He gave her a whirling motion and she revolved like a dancing dervish. He lifted her bodily, and her little, helpless, black-clad body swished through the air like the arms of a windmill. He towered above her, his chin above her forehead, his eyes dominating her terrified gaze with a compelling glare.

At the end of the dance he threw her to the ground, where she lay for a moment, and when she had struggled to her feet again the dancing frenzy was resumed, as if the demon that possessed the man, drunk with power, could only be appeased by a further exercise of it.

The whole thing was so real that once, during the performance, it came to me with a sudden shock of surprise that it was all acting, and that instead of looking through the window of a cabaret in Paris I was in a ten-cent theatre in San Francisco.

To return to our muttons, the passion of people for strange phases of life, for human nature off guard, had attracted others, and

I subsequently found that several people I knew had gone out of their routine in order to witness the "Apache Dance."

There is nothing mysterious or sinister in the story of "Salvation Nell," but just a forcible illustration of the powers that draw people down to crime or urge them up to redemption, according to temperament or circumstance. And, ugly and sordid as the life is, it will do the fortunate half of the world more good than harm to see it represented.

Salvation Nell is a poor, soiled, dragged drah, who cleans the whisky stains and smoke fumes from the furniture of a saloon in the slums. She has her consolations, for she loves her "steady," Jim, a tough of the slums, with a divine tenderness that has in it that element of the maternal that is so often a factor in the love of womanly women for their mates.

Jim frequents a saloon in which the conversation of the clamorous inmates is carried on by turns in yelps and howls. Realism, by the way, is getting to be the curse of the American stage. They are becoming so dishearteningly realistic that nowadays, in a drama of noise, few players ever pause to consider whether or not the patient public in front understands them. The main thing seems to be to make a realistic noise. So much of the conversation and the identities of the habitués as well, was lost, swept away in a hurlyburly of shouts.

But Nell's "Jim" was in trouble. He had not killed but maimed his man, and Nell was a mateless waif, "fired" by Sid McGovern, proprietor of the saloon, because her dragged charms had been the motive in precipitating the affray.

Nell's fate now hung in the balance. "Hallelujah Maggie," a lieutenant in the Salvation Army, and Myrtle Odell, a gayly attired young woman whose vividly emphasized charms were her sole stock in trade, competed for the honor of possessing poor Nell's wavering soul. Naturally decent, Nell threw in her fortunes with "Hallelujah Maggie," and we felt a thrill of sympathy and relief as the warm-hearted lieutenant clasped her new recruit in her welcoming and protecting arms.

The rest of the play shows the conflict between the old affection which Nell—now become "Salvation Nell"—and a captain in the Salvation Army—bore toward Jim, and the new impulse toward a pure life and the desire to give a chance to her unfathered boy which rivaled the earlier emotion.

Mrs. Fiske, as ever, scorns the traditional and the banal. She had the courage to represent Nell as taking Jim's solid torso and head in her arms as if he were a baby. Thus the girl held his head resting silently upon her bosom in a luxury of tenderness for several minutes at a stretch, while the saloon life roared and seethed in an adjoining apartment. And the actress made her point, for there was something touching in this act of humble, ministering love, as well as in the man's acceptance of it.

That was a burst of fine acting in a later act, when the woman, held in a close embrace by the returned convict whose influence she dreads, wavers, like a moth circling around the destroying flame, until she recaptures resolution and wrenches herself away.

Scarcely less striking was Holbrook Blinn's representation of the father's first meeting with his seven-year-old son.

The author, Edward Sheldon, is entirely free from cant. Even in his portraits of the Salvation Army people he remains strictly within bounds of realism. He seems to present these portraits for our inspection in the same detached, impersonal way in which the figures of the "Apache Dance" flitted across our consciousness. There is no moral nor lack of moral to "Salvation Nell." We do feel a dim perception, as we look on these wormy lives, that for them a hysterical religion, university professors to the contrary notwithstanding, is far better than none; but the author is not insistent on the point, and when Jim "gets religion," and Nell is able to reconcile her conscience with her love, we just accept it as an incident of the slums, without going into the metaphysics of how long it will last.

So, when Jim meets his little son for the first time, the whole incident is laid down in matter-of-fact lines, and it is not until we see the softening on the man's hard face that we realize with what admirable discretion the author has handled this old, old situation, giving it newness and freshness not only of treatment, but of emotion.

Holbrook Blinn's impersonation of Jim is exceedingly fine, because it is so thoroughly natural, and so absolutely free from melodrama or dull conventionality. He is reality itself; more so than Mrs. Fiske, who has always, or nearly always, to contend against an almost unescapable personality. That she succeeds so well is all the greater triumph. As Nell, she shakes off all the traits of fineladyism; she speaks in a harsh, abrupt, strained voice, and has the gestures of a toiling woman whose customary act is to pull up her sleeves and go to work. There is a studied dryness in her manner, even with the child, which is almost too marked. That, I fancy, is partly temperamental and partly the method of conviction. We see it in so many of her impersonations, in which suggestion is always the ruling motive.

Mrs. Fiske is supported by an excellent company. Hope Latham's Myrtle Odell is a life-like picture of a slum courtesan. Myrtle is a cheerful, handsome, white-skinned animal, all appetite and no conscience. She has the picturesque slang of the streets at her tongue's end, and a gaminish sense of humor. The character was so perfectly portrayed by Miss Latham that she caused one of those rare shocks that come to us sometimes in the play, when we suddenly realize that the player is not the character he so perfectly portrays.

Mary Madison's "Hallelujah Maggie" was another excellent characterization. The actress gave to the Salvation Army lieutenant the authoritative, admonitory inflections of one accustomed to preach and persuade, and the searching, all-seeing gaze of the sin-hunter, ardent to stamp out sin. W. T. Clarke's burly saloon-keeper and Henry Wenman's Major Williams had all the earmarks of their calling, and a whole tribe of players, even to those representing the filthy tenement-house brats, the jealous Italian wife, the inexorable policeman, and the automatic and unemotional ambulance men, gave admirably realistic portrayals of the street incidents in the seething life of over-crowded alleys.

The admirably planned detail in the setting of the scenes merits special mention, more especially the court, walled in by towering tenements, which is the scene of the last act.

## Royalty at the Varieties.

In connection with the fact that King Edward recently spent an evening at the Variety Theatre, in Paris, the *London Chronicle* gives an account of all the sovereigns who were in the past habitués of that house. King Edward only followed an old tradition. The first to visit the hall of the new theatre, just 102 years ago, namely, in 1807, was the Emperor Napoleon I. He was accompanied by the celebrated actor Talma, and at that time the theatre was looked upon as a wonderful improvement. It was built in the midst of the garden adjoining the residence of the Duc de Montmorency, and Napoleon complimented the architect, Cellier. When, in the following year, a number of theatres were suppressed because it was thought that there were too many of them in Paris, Napoleon spared the Varieties.

Louis XVIII and Charles X also had a special fondness for the theatre, and Pottier, Brunet, and Vernet, distinguished members of its company at the time, were frequently called upon to play at court. But its chief patroness was the Duchess de Berri, who went as often as three times a week to the plays there, and had two adjoining boxes on the balcony, which gave the name of the "court side" to that part of the theatre. The plays given there, strangely enough, were often very satirical, and did not spare even the court. However, as the criticisms were mostly harmless, they rather helped to keep up the great vogue of the theatre.

The political leaning of the theatre, as a rule, was toward the Bonapartists, and it was no wonder, therefore, that Napoleon III, when he got into power, became one of its chief patrons. His box was always, as far as possible, away from the boards, to show that he came to see not only the actors, but to enjoy the play. In 1867 he took all his royal guests who had come for the exposition to the Varieties.

The presidents of the republic kept up this tradition, and M. Thiers, as well as Marshal MacMahon, were frequent visitors. The tradition was broken by M. Grevy, who, it is said, never went there during his term of office, but it was resumed by M. Loubet, who now and then took a box. Among the royalties who in recent time went to the Varieties when in Paris may be counted, besides King Edward, the King of the Belgians, King Oscar II of Sweden, King Carlos of Portugal, and the King of Greece.

Lord Byron is on his way to the stage—it is said for the first time—in a play that Lewis Waller intends to try in England and in America next year. The canvas is large, says the *London Telegraph*, and across it move many of the familiar men and women of Byron's day. The action of the piece is mainly concerned with his courtship of Miss Millbank, and with the miserable consequences of their marriage. As dominating influences in the story appear that lady, Byron's sister Augusta, and Lady Caroline Lamb, while the poet is seen in the fullness of his fame in London and in his exile in Greece.

Tuesday, June 22, is the date set for the performance of "Joan of Arc," which Maude Adams will give in the Stadium of Harvard University. The cast will be composed of 1300 persons, including the "supers," of course. The single performance is to be given for the benefit of the Germanic Museum and under the patronage of the German department of the university. The "bowl" of the Stadium, which contains fifteen sections, accommodates 10,000 persons. A special scenic setting is being prepared.

Mark Twain is reported to have written a comic opera based upon his story, "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

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## VANITY FAIR.

The possibilities of the bathing dress have not been appreciated in England until recently. For some reason bathing has not taken its place as a social function as it has here. Its function has been looked upon as hygienic rather than ornamental and as more consonant with privacy than publicity. An old-fashioned Puritanism had something to do with this view of things, and until a few years ago it was hard to find a watering-place where any mingling of the sexes whatever was permitted in the water, no matter what the costume or what the relationship. So long as decency was the sole consideration women bathers were content with any kind of covering that was effective, while any attempt at a becoming or a pretty costume would have been frowned upon as an invitation to observation. But all that is changed nowadays, and without any apparent deterioration of the national morals. Unreasonable restrictions have nearly disappeared, and as a result the fashions in bathing dresses are nearly as complex and as fickle as in the ordinary attire. This may be judged from an interview with a London modiste published in the *Daily Express*. She says:

There is one noticeable change in sea fashions. While a couple of years ago one blue serge costume was considered good enough for the seaside, the up-to-date woman will not find half a dozen bathing gowns too many this season.

There are several elaborate silk costumes for sunny days, the more substantial garment for the big sea, the "early morning dip" costume, and the neat jersey gown to wear for deep-sea swimming. The most popular costumes will be the princess and the directoire gowns.

The directoire is a neat, closely-fitting costume, giving the short-waisted effect, fastening down the left side, with a closely-fitting sleeve and a little turn-down collar. It looks remarkably well made of black silk and worn with a brilliant scarlet or old rose mob-cap.

These directoire gowns are also being made in the pale shades. A beautiful example is made of azure blue silk, embroidered with little true-lovers' knots in chestnut brown. A tie of brown, a brown silk mob-cap tied with azure ribbons, blue stockings, and long brown boots lined with blue and laced with brown ribbon give the finishing touches. The princess dress is made with a shaped panel back and front, these panels being bordered with tiny buttons.

Novel little beach gowns will be worn this summer. They are intended for paddling only, and are made of art-colored linen, with short kilted skirts and tucked bodices.

The neck is finished with a turn-down Puritan collar and soft sailor-knot tie, and linen sunbonnets to match will be worn.

Bathing capes will replace bathing coats to slip over the bathing gown to run from a house or tent to the sea. They are circular capes made of blanket material in pale pink, white, or turquoise blue.

The financial strain being over, the American millionaire is crossing the Atlantic in search of the simple life, or rather of an opportunity to lead it away from customary haunts and companions. The London hotel-keeper is a little surprised to find what a retiring individual the American millionaire can be when his inclinations lead him that way. Above all other things, he wants privacy when he is abroad. The announcement of his arrival means that his steps will be dogged by well-dressed heggars who want donations for everything under the sun, from homes for incapable clergymen to refuges for stray cats. Then there are the picture dealers, the curio men, motor-car agents, and all the other members of the tribe who look upon the wealthy man as their own particular and special prey.

A London hotel-keeper says that the weekly hotel bill of the average American millionaire does not exceed \$500, and this includes automobile hire and the service of meals in the private rooms:

In accordance with his rest cure also, he lies ailed late in the morning, and after a simple breakfast, of which a steak and an iced grape-fruit form the essential items—and today grape-fruit is as popular with the English as the Americans—reads the paper and goes out for a stroll. Lunch is another light meal, composed of either English or French dishes, but never of American.

Some time ago we imported a famous New York chef to prepare American dishes such as terrapin, canvas-back duck, soft-shelled crabs, Southern corn-pone, and the like, but our American guests would not look at such dishes. We were informed that when an American was in England he wanted to get away from American foods and to sample nothing but English and French.

You may be surprised, indeed, to hear that a favorite dinner dish with the American multi-millionaire is plain Irish stew. Another stroll or a spin in a motor-car, with tea perhaps outside, rounds off the afternoon.

A simple four or five-course dinner at the hotel, another motor-drive, with a visit to a theatre or music-hall, and a light supper afterward, finish off the day.

What would our grandmothers have said if any one had suggested to them the possibility of children going to school with their faces powdered and painted and wearing the latest fashions in beauty patches? That this is actually the situation in this year of grace is shown by the announcement of Miss Rachel Benjamins, the principal of the Washington Irving High School in West End Avenue, New York, to the effect that pupils found henceforth with powder or beauty patches on their faces will have the pleasure of having them removed before their classes while an assistant publicly washes off the disfigurements.

The principal explains that she is forced to this drastic remedy by the alarming increase in these fatuous attempts at beautification among girls who come mainly from the fashionable and "prominent" classes.

It seems that sumptuary regulations are needed at both ends of the social scale. Every now and then we read a magazine article describing the admirable efforts made by school teachers in the great cities to inculcate habits of cleanliness and a neat modesty of attire in the slum and tenement children whose acquaintance with soap, water, and the tooth-brush has been of the theoretical rather than of the practical kind. And now it seems that the wealthy and "prominent" children also must have their faces washed and be taught the beauties of cleanliness. Thus do extremes meet.

King Edward was evidently very angry at the insult offered by the Earl of Ronaldshay to the Countess of Granard, who, it will be remembered, was Miss Beatrice Mills of New York, but the suggestion that the king's anger was due to an appreciation of American wealth is a piece of odious vulgarity only possible to the lower strata of the newspaper world. Lady Granard is a new arrival in England. She is a woman and the wife of one of the king's friends and she had been publicly insulted. Unless we assume that the king is something less than a man we need go no further to account for his indignation.

Lord Ronaldshay—ill-conditioned brute that he is—was incensed because Lady Granard had given her aid in a political contest and to the side opposed to Lord Ronaldshay, who thereupon referred to her as a "dumped American heiress who has been fortunate enough to secure a title." What the king said to Lord Ronaldshay will probably never be known, but it was sufficient to produce an apology, which of course has no particular value under the circumstances. The king further expressed his good-will by inviting Lady Granard to three dinner parties in the course of a single week.

This is by no means Lord Ronaldshay's first offense. A little while ago he referred to Winston Churchill as "that pot-boy statesman who carried a pint of half-and-half to Ale-Porter Bannerman," meaning, of course, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was at that time premier. Lord Ronaldshay is evidently a candidate for a horsewhipping.

The New York *Evening Post* draws attention to the number of decorations now being showered upon Americans by foreign governments. There is, of course, a rule that no American official shall accept a decoration until Congress has given him formal permission to do so, but there is no rule as to the unofficial classes and there certainly seems to be diffidence in accepting these natural tributes to greatness.

President Eliot of Harvard figures among the latest recipients, and while no one will question President Eliot's suitability for any decoration that may be conferred there will be some who think that his intellectual beauty is of the kind that unadorned is adorned the most. President Eliot received from the Japanese ambassador, Baron Takahira, the Grand Cordon of the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun as a "mark of the good-will of the emperor, my august sovereign." That, of course, was very nice indeed, and no doubt President Eliot felt that he had not lived in vain. It would, perhaps, be ungracious to point out that Baron Takahira at once proceeded to confer the same decoration upon the president of the New York telephone monopoly "for his valuable aid to Japanese students of our telephone system and the management of large industrial concerns." Close upon the heels of these stirring announcements comes the news that the German emperor, not to be outdone, will bestow upon President Eliot the Order of the Crown of Prussia, but his Teutonic majesty has unaccountably overlooked the telephone man.

France is no less appreciative of American ability. Henri Vignaud of the Paris Legation was made a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, while from Italy comes the gratifying news that the Vatican has decorated a charitable lady of Philadelphia for her many acts of beneficence. As for the Wright brothers, their manly breasts are not ample enough to accommodate the medals, the orders, and the insignias that have been given to them, and upon full dress occasions they will have to wear some of them upon their backs.

Even Venezuela joins in the torrent of tribute. Two American warships were entrusted with the duty of preventing the landing of Castro upon the scene of his many misdeeds. The duty was not exactly a perilous one. The list of killed and wounded was not perceptible to the naked eye, although the imagination reels at the thought of what the redoubtable Castro might have done to those two warships if he had not been arrested by a policeman at Fort de France. But no less than eighteen of these maritime heroes who thus distinguished themselves in the imminent deadly breach have been decorated by the Venezuelan authorities with the "Order of the Bust of Bolivar."

We do not know whether these eighteen warriors will be allowed to wear their mementoes of the Bust of Bolivar, whatever the Bust of Bolivar may be. Congress, it seems,

is a little stiffer upon these matters than it used to be. The New York *Evening Post* says:

Congress's assent, in years past, before there was such a generous recognition abroad of the distinguished merits of our citizens, has not always been difficult to obtain. Hence it has been no unusual sight to see army and navy officers almost as well hemed as a colonel of the Coldstream Guards or the Bismarck Cuirassiers. But of late, Congress has returned to the old-fashioned belief that the provision we have quoted was put into the Constitution for some other reason than to give Congress an excuse to pass bills granting to Lieutenant Port Watch or Major Flint Lock the right to wear the insignia of the royal order of the Pink Lamb of the Kingdom of Tarascon. So a large number of officers are today unable to wear on parade gifts sent them from across the sea. General Leonard Wood, for instance, if he would see the Cross of the Legion of Honor, bestowed upon him for valiant attendance on the French manoeuvres, must flatten his nose against the glass case in the State Department where are deposited many similar trophies withheld from their rightful owners by an unyielding Constitution.

It all seems a little absurd. Decorations nowadays have no meaning whatever. They are just as often given for chicanery as for virtue, while in the majority of cases they are conferred for no reason at all, as witness these given to the eighteen naval officers by the government of Venezuela and to the telephone man by Japan. And yet the greater number of good democratic citizens would sell their souls for the chance of pinning upon their breasts a medal worth about as much as a Sunday-school trophy or a hit of ribbon valued at 15 cents a yard. These same citizens would not have even a sincere consciousness of merit, but they would yearn for the prize as though it were a passport to heaven. Talk about the power of money! It's nothing compared with the power of a piece of ribbon or a bronze token. And when it comes to decorations the men are ten times worse than the women.

Emma Goldman has gone up in the world since she was chased about from pillar to post by the San Francisco authorities who

thought they could check the spread of anarchist opinions by making their chief exponent the topic of the day. The high priestess of disorder was present in the fashionable woman's club house in East Orange, New Jersey, at the reunion of the Mayflower Society. She was the guest of Alden Freeman, and although there were a good many shrugged shoulders and whispered comments, there was no open protest or unseemly withdrawals.

Emma Goldman probably hoped that there would be a disturbance that would place her once more in the limelight and give her the publicity that is her chief stock in trade. The other guests, being ladies, disappointed her by a display of good manners.

Mrs. Kendal, in addition to being a very charming actress, is also, it seems, a lecturer. One of her recent discourses in London was entitled "Rambling Roses," and some of her aphorisms are worth recording:

We hear a lot about kisses. To steal a kiss is natural. To buy one is stupid. Two girls kissing is a waste of time. To kiss one's sister is proper. To kiss one's wife is an obligation. To kiss an ugly woman is gallantry.

To kiss an old, faded woman is devotion. To kiss a young, blushing girl is—quite a different thing. To kiss one's rich aunt is hypocrisy. Kissing three girls on the same day is extravagance. To kiss one's mother-in-law is a holy sacrifice.

If you want to know how much a thing is worth ask the people who haven't got it.

When a man is in love he lies like a gentleman.

Self-satisfied people are always conceited. I do love conceited people, they are so comfortable, like a fire in one's bedroom in the winter.

Nothing is unbearable when the end is in view: that is why the National Anthem is so popular.

Men never propose to a sensible woman—because they know they will be accepted.

The occasion was an entertainment given on behalf of the Babies' Home, Hoxton. The only disease the babies in the Hoxton Home are treated for is starvation, and numbers of pretty actresses and smart society women gathered to aid the good cause.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lord Chatham said of the members of Lord North's cabinet, "They have brought themselves where ordinary inability never arrives, and nothing but first-rate geniuses in incapacity can reach."

At a baseball game in Chicago the gate-keeper hurried to Comiskey, leader of the White Sox, and said: "Umpire Hurst is here with two friends. Shall I pass 'em in?" "An umpire with two friends!" gasped Comiskey. "Sure!"

They tell a story in Wall Street that Mr. Morgan once replied to a young friend, who had asked him what were the best clubs to belong to in New York: "Young man, the very best clubs to devote your time to are Indian clubs."

Junius in one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton denied that he had charged his lordship with being a degenerate. "The character of the ancestors of some men has made it possible for them to be vicious in the extreme without being degenerate."

When the *Lusitania* arrived in New York from Liverpool a short time ago a group of passengers were gathered on the pier vainly looking for a porter to cart their trunks over to the express wagon. Just as they were becoming thoroughly discouraged an exceedingly jovial and energetic colored man came bustling up with a small truck. "Here I am, ladies and gentlemen. Don't worry about yo trunks. Leave it all to me. Jus' don't worry. I'll tend to you"—and then, in a final burst of confidence—"you sho' can trust me—I'se an adopted son of Mr. Cunard."

He was telling a thrilling story out of his wallet of a thousand and one hairbreadth escapes over in Santiago, doncherknow, and his pretty listener was leaning anxiously toward him, hanging on his every utterance. "The wolves were upon us," he said, "bellowing and roaring, as I have so often heard them. We fled for our lives. I don't deny it; but every second we knew the ravenous pack was gaining on us. At last they were so near that we could feel their muzzles against our legs—" "Ah!" gasped out the lady. "How glad you must have been they had their muzzles on!"

To the leader of a band in Omaha, jocularly spoken of in that locality as "the worst in seven different States," there once came a man with a request that the band play at a cousin's funeral. "Is it a military funeral?" asked the leader. "Not at all," was the reply. "My cousin was no military man—in fact, he was never even interested in matters military. Nevertheless, it was his express wish that your band should play at his funeral." The leader was surprised and flattered. "Is that so?" he asked. "Yes," responded the other. "He said he wanted everybody in Omaha to be sorry that he died."

The present season is unusually prolific of distended hunting stories. This is from a hunter who did not go abroad for sport: "Why, once, do you know, I found a bear inside a hollow log. Well, of course, I couldn't get at him to shoot him, and the log was too heavy to move. I didn't know what to do. So at last I thought of cutting four holes in the log, about where the bear's feet must be, and I got his paws through, slick. Then I tied a rope about the log, and made him walk with it into camp. And—would you believe it?—we had all our food and all our fuel for the winter out of that one deal."

There joined the police force of London a young Scotchman but recently arrived from his native land. Being detailed one day to block the traffic on a certain thoroughfare where members of royalty were expected to pass, he was accosted by a lady hurrying to keep an appointment, who thrust her head from the carriage window to remonstrate with him over the delay. "I canna' let you pass, ma'am," answered the man of the baton. "But, sir, you do not know who I am. I am the wife of a Cabinet minister." "It dinna make na difference, ma'am," he answered. "I could na let you pass if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

General Staws was a martinet, a stickler for etiquette, a man with a prodigious sense of his own dignity, and when Private S. Weigh, the bugler, one day failed to honor him in passing with the customary salute he flew—internally—into a towering rage. "Knutt," he said that afternoon to the colonel, "Private Weigh failed to salute me this morning. A breach of etiquette, sir! A piece of impertinence—my dignity—haw! See that the man is severely reprimanded." Colonel Knutt trembled and nodded and next day spoke to the captain. "Bisket," he said, "Private Weigh failed to salute the general yesterday. Please see that he is severely reprimanded." "Right, sir," said Captain Bisket, and the next day he spoke to the sergeant. "Sergeant," he said, "Weigh didn't salute the

general. See that he is severely reprimanded." "Look here, Binks," said the sergeant next day to the corporal bugler, "give Weigh a good talking to, will you? He didn't salute the old general the other day." Finally the corporal bugler communicated with Private Weigh. "Look here, funny face," said he, "if you don't salute old Pokerback next time you meet him, what-ho, young feller, you'll get a blooming clout on the ear 'ole!"

Captain Raabe was a man whose name had weight in the French cavalry. He was a tall man, belonging to the middle-aged trooper type. With military qualities of the highest kind, he had a singular bearing, a savage sort of misanthropy, and a cynical tongue, which stood in the way of promotion. When he was in the Sixth Lancers, on garrison duty at Commercy, one of his comrades brought his father to dine with him at the officers' mess, a man of humble position, and unpretentiously dressed. Captain Raabe, considering that this guest had not been fitly received, gave expression to his opinion, saying that, if the executioner of Commercy had come in evening dress he would have had a better reception. The officers demurring, he made no rejoinder, but shortly afterward came to mess with a guest whose dress was irreproachable. Every one lavished attentions on the unknown. When dinner was over, Captain Raabe, raising his glass, proposed the health of "The executioner of Commercy."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Did She?

When I asked for her hand,  
Did my lady succumb?  
With a tone of command,  
When I asked for her hand,  
I got more than I planned—  
I am under her thumb,  
When I asked for her hand,  
Did my lady succumb?

—New York Times.

## Artful Young Barney Kehoe.

Will ye be for the Gap o' Dunloe,  
I dunno?  
Oh! I'm glad o' that same!  
All the tourists think shame  
To be missin' the Gap o' Dunloe—  
They do so.

Now then, whisp'er! Mayhap  
When ye come on the Gap  
Ye'll be seein' a lass  
On this side o' the pass  
That'll ax for the toll.  
She's a dacent good soul,  
Though the eyes of her twinkle so droll,  
Well, ye'll pay her the tax  
An' ye'll wink an' ye'll ax:  
"Would ye marry young Barney Kehoe?"—  
'Tis a bit of a joke  
That the folk love to poke  
At the lass o' the Gap o' Dunloe.

An' it's where, whin ye've done wid Dunloe,  
Will ye go?  
Ye'll be wise to come back  
By this very same thrack,  
Fur there's little that's back o' Dunloe—  
There is so.

Sure, the hills are so bare  
There's no scenery there  
Like the kind that ye find  
On this side, d'ye mind?  
So, I'll watch for the day  
Whin ye're passin' this way  
Jist to hear what the lass had to say,  
Whin she made her reply  
To the wink o' yer eye  
An' yer joke at the Gap o' Dunloe—  
Is it who may I be?  
Ye'll find me, d'ye see,  
If ye'll ax for young Barney Kehoe.

—T. A. Daly, in *Catholic Standard and Times*.

## A High Old Time.

Oh, soon the bold joy rider  
Will invite his bestest girl,  
And in the borrowed airship on the swinging seat  
Beside her,  
Through the realms of upper darkness will  
Enjoy a starry whirl.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## The Man Shopper.

The man who goes a-shopping hasn't any chance at all—  
He gets slammed against the counters and gets smashed against the wall;  
In their element fair shoppers give him jolts and elbow pinks  
And in other ways apprise him they are of the gentler sex;  
The floorwalker's directions make his head begin to swim  
And the clerks are patronizing and superior to him—

Oh, their glances, how they quell him,  
Oh, the fairy tales they tell him—  
Oh, the kind of junk they sell him—  
Yes, indeed, his chance is slim.

—Kansas City Times.

Well poised and calmly critical always of the large things in life, the *Delineator* is occasionally frivolous in its treatment of minor details. This is a recent paragraph from its household department: Helen, aged six, was telling Mary, aged seven, of her plans for the future. "I'm going to be married," she announced, "and have eighteen children." "Oh," gasped Mary, her eyes wide with amazement, "you mercenary wretch!"

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Practically no news may be chronicled of the social world at the present time save engagements and marriages and departures from the city—all else being absolutely non-existent. Marin is the Mecca of many this year, although Burlingame, San Mateo, and Menlo seem none the less gay.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Breckinridge, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Sharon, to Dr. E. B. Stein of Vienna. Their wedding will be celebrated in Vienna in September.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ida Elizabeth Pattiani, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pattiani of Alameda, to Naval Constructor R. Duncan Gatewood, U. S. N. Their wedding will be an event of September.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Egerton Coope, daughter of Mrs. Bertha Coope, to Mr. Mackenzie Gordon. Their wedding will be an event of the autumn.

The wedding of Miss Hester Bell Borden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ivey L. Borden, to Paymaster Henry Ellis Collins, U. S. N., took place on Tuesday evening of last week at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock by the Rev. Ernest Bradley. Miss Adelaide Linne was the maid of honor and Miss Juliette Borden and Miss Frances Pierce were the bridesmaids. Lieutenant Staton, U. S. N., was the best man, and the ushers were Paymaster Beecher, U. S. N., Lieutenant Hall, U. S. N., Lieutenant Fisher, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Hammer, U. S. N. A reception at the home of the bride's parents followed the ceremony. After their wedding journey Paymaster Collins and his bride will go to Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at Pastor's in honor of their daughter, Miss Maud Wilson.

Mrs. James Keeney was the hostess at bridge on Thursday afternoon of last week in honor of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Miss Ida Wickson was entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Henry Meyer at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday afternoon.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. William Tevis, Jr., Mr. Gordon Tevis, and Mr. Lansing Tevis will leave shortly for Europe, where they will remain until the autumn.

The Rev. Dr. Dodd and Mrs. Dodd (formerly Miss Harriette Allen) are expected to arrive next month from their Eastern home for a visit to Mrs. Dodd's mother, Mrs. Henry F. Allen.

Miss Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard have returned from their Eastern trip of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. William H. McKittick has returned from a trip to the Yosemite Valley and is a guest at the Fairmont.

Miss Leslie Page and Miss Maud Wilson will spend the month of July with Mrs. Norman McLaren at her camp in the Sierras.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin, who are at present the guests of Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson in Philadelphia, will sail next week for Europe to spend the summer.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne left on Wednesday for a stay of several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Miss Genevieve Harvey came up last week from Del Monte and was the guest of the Misses Chesborough.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, who has been abroad for several months, sailed recently for home.

Mrs. John Johns has returned from New York, where she spent six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman and their family are spending the summer in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs and Miss Emily Tubbs left last week for their country place at Calistoga, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bull Pringle are in Ross Valley for several weeks.

Miss Harriett Alexander is the guest of her cousin, Miss Gladys Brigham, in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin (formerly Miss Edith Berry) have returned from their wedding journey and are domiciled at their home on Steiner Street.

Mrs. Frank B. Findley left this week for Boston to join Mr. Findley and they will make their home there in the future.

Miss Susan de Fremery has arrived from New

York, where she has been for the past year, and is at the De Fremery home in Oakland.

Mrs. W. Alston Hayne and Miss Ida Bourn left early in the week for their country place at St. Helena, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. Andrew Cassell is spending the summer months at Belvedere.

Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maud Bourn will leave in the near future for Europe to spend the summer months.

Mrs. Covington Pringle will leave in a fortnight for a sojourn in Southern California.

Mrs. Marion P. Maus left recently for a visit to relatives in New York.

Mr. Eyre Pinckard has been a visitor at Del Monte recently.

Mr. Lovell Langstroth is in Monterey for a sojourn of six weeks' duration.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau are at present in Paris.

Mrs. A. S. Rowan is at Mill Valley from Fort Douglas, Utah, and is visiting Mrs. George E. Billings, Redwood Lodge.

General J. F. Weston, U. S. A., and his aide, Captain Harry Rethers and Mrs. Rethers, are visiting at Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. Irvin J. Wiel and her son Robert have arrived from New York. They are staying with Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Wiel, 1817 Jackson Street. Mr. Irvin J. Wiel will join them on August 1 and they will spend the summer months here, returning early in September.

Miss Bertha Rice of Santa Barbara is the guest of Miss Marietoda Snell of Berkeley. Next week Miss Rice will visit her aunt, Mrs. A. N. Towne, at Del Monte.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, reached Del Monte on Sunday, and will remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis and family, accompanied by Mrs. William McKittick of Bakersfield, are at the Fairmont for a few days.

Mrs. Henry Spies Kip has been a guest of the St. Francis for the past week.

Brigadier-General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Thomas* and engaged quarters at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Warfield came up from San Jose last week and registered at the St. Francis.

Dr. and Mrs. Elmer Stone and Miss Stone of Napa are at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Cope have taken a cottage at Aetna Springs for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton, accompanied by Mrs. R. M. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Tetley of San Rafael, will be at Aetna Springs for two weeks.

Mr. John H. Mee is registered at Aetna Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fennell entertained Miss C. Huff at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. I. L. Requa has engaged a cottage at Aetna Springs for the summer.

Among the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais from San Francisco were Miss Gwendolyn Powers, Miss Elizabeth Bender, Mrs. R. D. Jackson, Mr. A. H. Hellman, Miss Jackson, Mr. H. B. Rector, Mr. Karl Fuhrman, Miss Caldwell, Mrs. J. L. Borden, Mrs. G. Wood, Mr. H. A. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. John Biller, Mr. E. Derby, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lombard.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado for the week ending June 12 were Mr. Louis G. Henes, Mrs. R. A. Pryor, Miss Pryor, Mrs. James Trimble, Miss Gertrude Miller, Mr. Earle Remington, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Meyerbeer, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Schilling, Mr. W. Schilling, Mr. H. G. Martell, Mr. John B. Chase, Mr. E. S. Quig, Mr. S. L. Bright, Miss Miller, Dr. Sumner Hardy, Mr. A. Faget, Mr. S. B. Tohey, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bauer.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Aetna Springs were Judge and Mrs. W. B. Cope, maid, and two children, Mr. John Hubert Mee, Mrs. R. M. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fennell, Miss C. Huff, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McCord, Mr. Charles W. Sutro, Mr. A. F. Wieland, Miss Wieland, Mr. H. D. Rathbone and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Rigdon, Mrs. G. Niebaum, Miss Ada Stevens, Mrs. John Daniel, nurse, and babies, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boebman, Mrs. W. H. Hannam, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davis, Mr. K. M. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Field, Mrs. A. C. Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. Willard O. Wayne, Mr. Howard W. Hogan, Mr. Wilson Bishop.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., was retired from active service on June 2.

Colonel Joseph W. Duncan, General Staff, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed from Washington, D. C., to Cincinnati, Ohio, on official business pertaining to the securing of land for a target range. Upon completion of this duty he will return to Washington.

Lieutenant-Colonel Reuben B. Turner, Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., in addition to his other duties, will assume charge, under the instructions of the quartermaster-general, of construction work at the Recruit Depot, Fort McDowell, Angel Island.

Lieutenant-Colonel Walter L. Finley, General Staff, U. S. A., chief of staff, Department of California, has been granted leave of absence for ten days and left last week for Yosemite.

Major William C. Wren, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed to enter the next class at the Army War College and will report in person on or about July 1 to the president of the college in Washington, D. C., for duty.

Major John R. Lynch, paymaster, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* last week and has been assigned to duty in the office of the chief paymaster, Department of California.

Captain James F. Brady, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., acting chief signal officer of the Department of California, has been ordered to proceed to Fort Rosecrans for the purpose of inspecting and testing the Signal Corps equipment at that port.

Captain Hudson T. Patten, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed for duty as instructor in the department of artillery and gun

defense at the Coast Artillery Corps School at Fort Monroe, Virginia, and will report in person on August 1.

Captain Frederick L. Dengler, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., now unassigned, is assigned to the Thirty-Eighth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., to take effect July 1, upon his relief from duty as transport quartermaster.

Captain William Elliott, commissary, U. S. A., chief commissary of the Department of California, has been ordered to proceed to the following posts to make inspection of commissary departments thereat: Camp Yosemite, Camp Sequoia, Fort Rosecrans, Presidio of Monterey, Fort Baker, Fort Barry, Fort Mason, Fort Miley, Presidio of San Francisco, and Army General Hospital.

Captain Charles L. Foster, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., in charge of a detachment of insane patients to be delivered at the Government Hospital for the Insane, Washington.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Babe.

From underneath a coverlet of rags  
There peered a dainty, smiling infant face  
Whose innocence and beauty quite transformed  
The tatters into strands of rarest lace.  
Another face upon the pillow lay,  
But no such crystal pureness lingered there.  
"How came," I asked myself in wonderment,  
"From commonplace such sweetness rare?"

But in the woman's eye there flashed a gleam—  
Almost transfiguring her, and then I knew—  
The star-eyed beauty of the tender babe  
Was but the mother's ardent hopes come true!  
—Littell McClung, in *Gunter's Magazine*.

## The Mystery.

To wake some morning—just a common day  
Of rain or sun, bird-note or huddled rose,  
Like any other day—and at its close  
To be from all I knew a life away,  
How wondrous strange 'twould be! No more to play  
With children's voices; and when winter goes,  
To wait no spring's return; when glorious glows  
The sunset, not to watch till night is gray.  
O stranger far than dreams! The crowded street,  
Scorching in the noon-tide, laughter, suppliant hands,  
Man's joy in work, man's pain, unchanged  
abide;  
While I, who thought that ever eager feet  
Still in old paths would lead me through known lands,  
Sudden, surprised, fare out to the untried.  
—Bertha Chace Lovell, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

## Gipsy Love-Song.

All the roads of all the world were given us to  
wander in—  
Star-gold nights and sun-gold days and mouth  
set close to mouth.  
Mayn' time and playin' time a-plenty for the  
squadlerin'—  
Hand in hand down all the roads—east and west  
and south.  
Hark! Beyond the harbor-bar the wide seas call  
the Romany;  
Out upon the long highway the hawthorn blossoms  
sweet.  
Let gorgios toil—we take the spoil of careless  
days and nights as free  
Whate'er betides, Love's pattered guides our  
ever-wanderin' feet.  
—Mabel Hartridge Wilson, in *Success*.

Swinburne's peculiar sense of humor is shown in this story told by Frank Karslake, editor of the *Book Auction Records*. A certain distinguished woman had asked the poet to her house one evening, to read his poems to her. Swinburne complied. Having made himself very comfortable on a soft couch, he read and read and read. Presently his hostess became fidgety, but still he read on until only a short while before dawn. The distinguished woman was kept up all night. "She never again asked me to come and read my poems to her," commented Swinburne, with a significant smile.

By the will of the late F. Marion Crawford, the American novelist, filed in Naples, Italy, his estate is divided in equal parts among his children, the manuscripts and books remaining undivided in the house of the widow, which belongs to all the family together.

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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Grand opera never fails to secure an interested hearing in San Francisco, but a season is rarely ushered in with more genuine enthusiasm than has marked that now in progress at the Princess Theatre. Monday night, with "Aida" as the opening bill, the house was taxed to its capacity. Every seat was taken, not only, but standing-room was demanded until no more could be crowded in. The presentation by this International Grand Opera Company, which is new to the city in most of its principals, was a good deal more than merely successful. It insured pleasure of the desired kind to opera lovers, and it gave rich promise of coming events. Lina Bertossi, who sang the name-part, was here two years ago, and easily reassured her old position as a favorite. Her voice is notable in lyric work and her acting displays dramatic gifts. Georgina Strauss, the young mezzo-soprano, is pronounced an artistic delight, and her singing was especially praised from the first. Bari, the tenor of the night, was no less successful. Gravina, a favorite here of earlier days, and Arcangeli, who was here two years ago, are still the possessors of fine voices, and they will retain their popularity. Oteri, Giuliani, and Mlle. Zarad, were also among those who more than justified their welcome.

On Tuesday evening "La Traviata" was given, and Mme. Jennie Norelli made an instant and unqualified success as Violetta. She is a coloratura singer of remarkable art with a sweet, almost birdlike voice. M. Amadi, the tenor, has a pleasing voice.

The orchestra is in force and under good control. Conductor Merola deserves the praise given him.

At the Saturday matinée this week "Fedora" first given Wednesday evening, will be repeated, with Mme. Therry in the title-role. Saturday evening "Aida" will be given, with Mme. Bertossi in the name-part. Sunday night the programme will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." The repertoire for next week will be: Monday and Saturday evenings and Wednesday matinée, "Lucia," with Norelli, Bari, Arcangeli, Oteri; Tuesday evening and Saturday matinée, "Il Trovatore," with Bertossi, Bari, Zara, and Gravina; Wednesday and Sunday evenings, "Carmen," with Merola, Colombini, Zara, Oteri; Thursday, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," and Friday evening, "Fedora."

Marie Doro, with a fine supporting company, comes to the Van Ness Theatre next week in the "Morals of Marcus," which is a dramatization of his novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," by W. J. Locke. It is a four-act comedy, delicate in sentiment and fresh in situation, that is far removed from the ordinary theatrical play. Mr. Locke invents new characters easily, as his later story, "Septimus," proved, but they are always humanly interesting and sympathetic. In this fantasy for the stage he pictures a middle-aged bachelor who is not proof against the attractions of an eighteen-year-old miss of charming irresponsibility. To account for her peculiarities the author shows that the girl was reared according to Oriental traditions, and he contrasts her care-free idealities with English customs and notions. Miss Doro has a captivating rôle, and is said to make it especially winning. Marie Wainwright, here not long ago at the head of her own company, and Edwin Arden, another player of star accomplishments, are prominent among the members of her company.

Mrs. Fiske, with the Manhattan Company, will enter upon the second and final week of her engagement in "Salvation Nell" at the Valencia Theatre on Monday night. The management of the theatre desired an extension of the engagement, owing to the capacity business which has prevailed since Mrs. Fiske's opening, but this was found impossible, on account of her previous bookings on the Coast. The play is reviewed at length on another page.

Joseph Hart's "Futurity Winner," a remarkable offering in vaudeville, will be one of the big features in next week's bill at the Orpheum, beginning Sunday afternoon. It is a one-act drama in two scenes. The first takes place in the jockeys' headquarters at Sheephead Bay track, just prior to the big racing event "the Futurity." The second is "in the stretch" on the track itself, showing an actual race between three thoroughbred horses. While all this is accomplished within twenty minutes, the story is completely and interestingly told. The act was simultaneously presented this season in England, Germany, France, and America. James Thornton will renew his acquaintance with the Orpheum patrons next week and is sure of an ovation. Mr. Thornton is a popular song writer, author of "When You Were Sweet Sixteen," and other favorites, and is also a witty entertainer. The Camille Trio, comedy horizontal bar performers, are not only gymnasts, but also amusing comedians. Gladys Clarke and Henry Bergman will present "The Maid and the Chauffeur," an act which includes comedy dialogue and singing and dancing numbers. Next week will be the last of Elizabeth Murray, Warren, Lyon, and Meyers, and of Adelaide and her dancing four. The finale to the pro-

gramme will be a series of Orpheum motion pictures of merit and interest.

At the matinée Sunday, June 27, Arthur Cunningham and all of the favorites of the Valencia Stock Company, refreshed after a two weeks' vacation, will return in an elaborate revival of Dion Boucicault's ever-green drama, "Arrah-Na-Pogue, or The Wicklow Wedding."

"The Merry Widow" season approaches at the Van Ness Theatre, and it is anticipated with long-sustained interest by music lovers and comic-opera fanciers.

### The New Theatre Programme.

The official programme of the New Theatre is contained in announcements sent out by the directorate, composed of Winthrop Ames, Lee Shubert, and John Corbin. Twelve dramatic pieces and ten lyric operas will be produced during the first season. The repertoire will be chosen from the dramatic literatures of all countries and periods, from the classics, which will constitute one-third of its productions, to the new and modern dramas and comedies, which will form the remaining two-thirds. The first season will begin about November 1, and will continue for twenty-four weeks, and during this season twelve dramatic pieces will be produced. In addition there will be given one evening and one matinée performance each week, during twenty weeks of the season, of opera of the type especially adapted to an auditorium of moderate size. The ten lyric operas thus produced will be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company, with its usual star casts, supplemented by a specially engaged troupe of French artists. A subscription seat in any one of the series of subscription performances permits the holder to witness one each of the twelve dramatic productions, or each of the ten operatic productions, to be given during the first season. Both dramatic and operatic performances may be included by additional subscription. The entire orchestra, balcony, and second balcony are offered for advance assignment for subscription performances prior to public box-office sale, so that subscribers may secure the best seats in the theatre at no advance over the regular box-office prices. The subscriber will be assured of the same seat throughout the season, and a subscription will carry with it the privilege of renewal from season to season.

A reckless aviator, who is said by a number of eyewitnesses to have been greatly exceeding the speed limit, ran his aeroplane through a large plate-glass window in the sixty-seventh story of the Cloudland Building yesterday afternoon and seriously injured Miss Bertha Darlington, who happened to be sitting near the window when the crash occurred (reports the Chicago Record-Herald). Hastily backing away, the operator of the flying machine succeeded in escaping, but not before several people had noticed his number, which was C4257. It is shown by the city records that this is the number attached to a machine belonging to Henry H. Hodge, the millionaire popular song-writer, but it was explained by him that he supposed his flyer was safely anchored at Watson's aviation station, where it is always kept when not in use. At the station it was said that the machine had been taken away by a man who had not mentioned his name, an irresponsible attendant having rented it to him because all the machines that were kept for hire happened to be out when he called. Al H. Wingfield, manager of the station, declared he was away when the accident occurred.

Of Mme. Modjeska, Forbes Robertson says: "She was my first Juliet, and certainly the greatest I have ever seen; a charming and beautiful woman, a great artist, and the most unselfish actress I have ever known."

Margaret Anglin, once more in America, after her year in the theatres of Australia, is visiting her brother in Ottawa, Canada, who is Supreme Court Justice, Frank Anglin.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*The Poet*—Poets are born, not made. *The Girl*—I know. I wasn't blaming you.—*Boston Transcript*.

"How did Tom manage to get so much of his uncle's estate?" "He married his lawyer's only daughter."—*Boston Globe*.

"Has she been in society very long?" "I don't think so. It seems to be a positive effort for her to be rude."—*Cleveland Leader*.

He (just rejected)—I shall never marry now. She—Foolish man! Why not? He—If you won't have me, who will?—*Boston Transcript*.

*Farmer Hoyrick*—Why are you going to change the summer boarders more this year? *Farmer Cornstassel*—I've called the place a hungalow.—*Puck*.

*Watchful Mother*—Beryl, are young Mr. Ketchley's intentions serious? *Charming Daughter*—They are, but he doesn't know it yet.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Have you got any of this new kind of whisky that won't make a man drunk?" "Yes, sir." "Well, give me a quart of the other kind."—*Boston Traveler*.

*Choppie*—That fellow over there cheated me out of a cool million. *Clubleigh*—How could he? *Choppie*—Wouldn't let me marry his daughter!—*The Club Fellow*.

"What do you learn, Joe," the Sunday school teacher said, "from the Samson story?" "It don't never pay," piped Joe, "to have a woman cut a feller's hair."—*Harper's Weekly*.

*Mobel*—I don't believe you really meant it when you said you were anxious to hear me sing. *Som*—Oh, I assure you I did! You see, I had never heard you sing before.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"You say you are in love with Miss Baggs?" "I sure am." "But I can't see anything attractive about her." "Neither can I see it. But it's in the hank, all right."—*Cleveland Leader*.

*Chum*—Why don't you assert your authority as head of the family, and take matters in your own hands? *Head of the House* (mournfully)—My wife won't let me.—*Baltimore American*.

*Johnny*—Hooray! *Tommy*—What yer so happy about? *Johnny*—I don't hafta go to school today. *Tommy*—Chee, y're lucky! W'y dontcher? *Johnny*—I gotta go to th' dentist's an' have three teeth pulled!—*Cleveland Leader*.

"These Turks are harharous people," remarked the housewife, as she got out a rhu-harh pie. "Yes, mum," responded Sandy Pikes, with a low bow. "To show my antipathy for dem I have formed a boycott." "A hoycott, my poor man?" "Yes, mum; I

have promised meself never to use a Turkish towel or take a Turkish bath."—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Mory*—I wonder why swells wear an eye-glass? *Jane*—Why, to block up one eye, so that they shall see just as much as they can understand at a time.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

"Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?" "Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment, "I thought they were until I saw the show."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Your hair wants cutting badly, sir," said a barber to a customer. "No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair; "it wants cutting nicely. You cut it hadly last time."—*Democratic Telegram*.

"Algy, dear," remarked a young wife to her husband. "I wish you would taste this milk and see if it is perfectly sweet. If it's the least bit sour I mustn't give any of it to dear little Fido!"—*Judy*.

"Isn't it a shame to keep those poor lions caged?" "Lady," answered the keeper at the zoo, "they're much happier and safer there than they would be roaming the African jungles."—*Washington Star*.

*Mrs. Peck* (contemptuously)—What are you, anyhow, a man or a mouse? *Mr. Peck* (bitterly)—A man, my dear; if I were only a mouse, I'd have you up on the table yelling for dear life right now!—*Life*.

"I understand your husband is something of an after-dinner speaker." "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "what Charley is liable to say after dinner is the reason we can't keep a cook."—*Washington Star*.

"It is the duty of every man and woman to be married at the age of twenty-two," said the lecturer. "Well," said a woman of thirty, with some asperity, "you needn't tell me that. Talk to the man."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

*Teacher*—Johnny, what is the meaning of the word "procrastinate"? *Pupil*—To put off. *Teacher*—Right. Use it in an original sentence. *Pupil*—The brakeman procrastinated the tramp from the train.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"What! Going, Braun? Oh, while you're here at the club stay a little longer." "Impossible, my dear fellow. But I will leave my coat and umbrella here, and perhaps my wife will send me back to fetch them."—*Megendorfer Blätter*.

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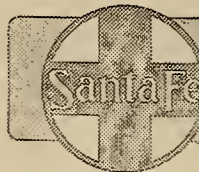
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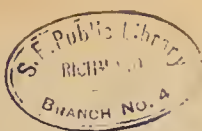
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THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS.	
EDITORIAL: The Bogie of Invasion—Political Regeneration of Oregon—The Calhoun Trial—Booker Washington and the Prize-Fight—Editorial Notes.....	417-419
CURRENT TOPICS .....	420
OLD FAVORITES: "Daffodils," by Robert Herrick; "Lord Ullin's Daughter," by Thomas Campbell.....	420
AN INTERNATIONAL HOUSE PARTY: Charles Lorimer Describes the Recent Entertainment by China of Notable Guests .....	421
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All over the World.....	421
THE HAND IN THE MOONLIGHT: A Story of a Mother's Self-Sacrifice. By F. H. Ferguson.....	422
AMERICAN DIVORCE IN FICTION: Mrs. Humphry Ward's Story of Love and Tragedy.....	423
BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Sidney G. P. Coryn.....	424
LITERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip .....	425
RABBI ASER ABARBANEL: How Hope Whispered to His Soul in the Dungeons of the Inquisition.....	426
DRAMA: Giordano's "Fedora"—"The Morals of Marcus." By Josephine Hart Phelps.....	427
VANITY FAIR .....	428
STORYTTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise .....	429
THE MERRY MUSE.....	429
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	430
CURRENT VERSE: "The Country Child," by Katharine Tynan; "Sonnet," by Maurice F. Egan; "My Wings," by Helen Lockwood Coffin; "The Workers," by S. E. Kiser; "To a Street-Organ Melody," by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi .....	430
FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.....	431
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS: Paragraphs Ground Out by the Dismal Wits of the Day.....	432

**The Bogie of Invasion.**

Historically informed persons have not failed to note that the present scare in England over possible invasion from the Continent is not the first spasm of nervousness bordering on hysteria which has been suffered by the British people. Fear of invasion appears to be almost a chronic distemper with a nation which is curiously better protected against invasion both naturally and artificially than any other in the world except our own. Going no farther back than the Napoleonic era, no less than half a dozen distinct periods of excitement on the score of continental invasion stand upon the historical record. During the whole period of Napoleon's rule in France the English people were on the *qui vive*, and upon one occasion, in July, 1801, a great fire in Eastbourne so excited the people for fifty miles around that alarm beacons were set on all the hills and every man called to his post to resist an imaginary host of invaders.

Again, in the period of Napoleon III, there was constant dread in England of a French invasion. Every

incident in the French preparation for the Italian war sent a fresh thrill of apprehension and alarm throughout the country. So intense was the excitement in 1859 and 1860 that multitudes of Englishmen all over the country organized themselves into volunteer companies, got into military uniforms, and practiced themselves in military drills. Again, early in 1860 in mid-summer, there was daily expectation of a French invasion with a corresponding nervous tension throughout England. Even Tennyson, ordinarily calm, caught the infection of these alarms and wrote "Form, Form, Riflemen, Form," and "Better a Rotten Borough or Two, Than a Rotten Fleet and a Town in Flames." All through the summer of 1860 the country was in constant apprehension, the general mood being reflected in prodigious demands on the part of the ministry for increase in the navy.

The sensitiveness of English feeling during this period is both amusingly and ridiculously illustrated. The selection of a site near Cherbourg as a drill ground for local French military companies put the whole English nation in a ferment of alarm, and when a report was circulated that a few Chalons farmers had refused to make use of army horses for harvesting purposes under an old French practice, for fear that they might be recalled for war during the harvesting season, the English pulse beat notably faster.

It is recalled, too, that whenever the long projected channel tunnel has been under discussion it has been met by the ridiculous suggestion that it would open up an avenue of military invasion and thereby imperil the country. In view of the ease by which such a tunnel might be broken at the English end and overwhelmed with water, this fear has always to the outside world appeared stupid to the point of childishness.

But perhaps they are not so stupid after all when it is remembered that every occasion of alarm with respect to the vulnerability of England to invasion has been turned to account by successive ministries eager to expand the national armament, for it appears as a persistent theory in the British scheme of government that the integrity of the country is only to be maintained by a superiority of both offensive and defensive power. British statecraft has never yet risen to the view that the best possible defense of any country is the equity and justice of its policies in its dealings at home and abroad.

The Argonaut quite agrees with Consul-General Hearn, whose very interesting letter appeared in these columns some two weeks ago, in the general proposition that "to be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." And yet there is to be taken into account the theory of Mr. Gladstone in a famous letter written to Sidney Herbert. In this letter Mr. Gladstone argued that measures of preparation for war tend to beget war by predisposing the minds of the people to it. Mr. Gladstone, quite different from the traditional British statesman, had no patience with the old fallacy that mighty armaments make for peace.

What England needs much more than training for war is training for peace. Various influences have tended in recent years to demoralize the humbler ranks of English life, and unless something can be done to check this movement an era of degeneracy is in prospect. Already it is forecasted in the failure of British industry to meet the competition of German and American industry in common marks as in days gone by. The English artisan class—humbler English life in general—needs a revival of both brawn and of spirit with either the restoration of old standards or the development of new ones in accord with modern ideas, but tending to higher industrial efficiency. It is possible that something toward this end may be achieved by military training. It is, indeed, conceivable that drill practice and other forms of physical exercise and coöperative discipline may tend indirectly to restore and preserve the stamina of the British working classes

precisely as field sports have saved the British aristocracy from physical decay.

**Political Regeneration of Oregon.**

The extent of Oregon's chagrin and disgust with the system enforced upon her in recent years under a general scheme of political innovation and experiment is being brought out by the result of the recent municipal election in Portland, to which the Argonaut has already made reference. In that election, it will be remembered, Mr. Joseph Simon, an old-time head of the Republican organization, was elected mayor by a vote exceeding that of all other competitors, because, as the Oregonian put it, "The people of Portland wanted judicious, quiet, and efficient government. There has been buncombe enough—and too much." The result, with the circumstances leading up to it, shows the weariness of the public with the whole scheme of political "reform," since in spite of a political mechanism designed to destroy leadership in politics, the public will has put into office one whose whole claim to consideration was his skill and experience as an organizer and administrator of political forces.

The Oregonian's comment on Simon's election—Mr. Simon, be it remembered, being no personal favorite of that journal—is headed significantly "Signs of Sunrise":

The vote for Simon [says the Oregonian] is a vote for return to common sense. The plurality by which he is elected marks the decline from the high-water mark of the crotchety proceedings taken under a system of folly that so fully sufficed for itself that it rejected all knowledge and all experience—as if this age could strike out on the anvil a new system at once, and defy all its ancestry. . . . We believe that eccentric, fantastic, and delusive notions are tending towards their nadir in Oregon; and it is high time. We have been making a spectacle of ourselves before the country. We have been putting our own affairs into confusion, and through cross purposes of factions pulling down the pillars of the State. It is time to quit it, and time to begin to uphold. The election of yesterday is a cheerful sign, pointing that way.

In this same election there was submitted to the voters a long list of measures to be accepted or rejected under the "Referendum" principle. The measures were so many in number and so complicated in character that anything like popular comprehension of them in detail was a thing out of the question. All were rejected by an overwhelming vote. What the people had neither time nor inclination to digest they rejected upon the basis of that conservative instinct which has been wonderfully stimulated in Oregon by a recent experience. Commenting upon this phase of the election, the Oregonian says:

The vote indicates that the people of Portland are tired of the most excellent fopperies and fooleries of the last few years; of the initiative system and the method of legislation it has introduced; of the double double toil and trouble of dealing in the election booth with the irreconcilable differences between the vast number of whimsical propositions submitted by cranks and faddists of every degree; of the annoyance of being called on to consider and stand guard against irrational and tangled suggestions, involving bosh and hosh, and then more bosh—without end. Hence the thundering "No," all along the line.

Other newspapers published in various parts of Oregon, all naturally and directly interested in the Portland election, are having their say with respect to this result, and they are surprisingly in tune, for Oregon is a contentious country, and it is not often that its sentiment on anything political is united or nearly so. The Eugene Register says:

The election of Simon in the face of an out-and-out Democratic candidate for the same office and a so-called independent representing all the conglomerated hodge-podge of bocus-pocus that has been concentrated in the confusion that has characterized the frenzied folly of political chicanery in this State for the past few years and shrouded us in a chaos that gave promise of years of persistent struggle in order to extricate ourselves therefrom—Simon's election has certainly brought the light of political day to Oregon sooner than was expected and gives promise of putting the commonwealth once again on a sane and sensible political basis, free from the can and



hypocrisy that has characterized recent leadership in the State.

If Monday marks the resurrection and rehabilitation of Oregon Republicanism, let the mistakes of the past be the guideboards of the future. The false political gods with which the party has been flirting to its own undoing must be put aside with a firm hand and a fixed purpose and steadfast adherence to the fundamental principles of Republicanism must be followed if the party ever again expects to reach the high standing and influence it once wielded in the commonwealth.

In similar spirit the *Astorian* of Astoria remarks:

There is a good deal of satisfaction, far beyond the limits of Portland, in the election of Joseph Simon to the mayoralty of that city; its effects are not held to be purely local by any means, and this is likely to be made plainer as time moves on and the real results of the knock-out blow to the Demo-Socio-Popo pot-pourri there and the laying of all schisms become more apparent and appreciable.

We congratulate the people of the metropolis, Senator Simon, and the Republican party of the State upon the outcome, and trust it may be utilized to further the reorganization and perpetuation of the party throughout the commonwealth. It is a fair beginning, and may be built to with safety and success.

The *St. Helens Mist*, arguing for some form of party convention instead of the system of chaos and irresponsibility which has prevailed, declares:

This seems to be the only wise solution of the question, for the conventions, knowing that their action is not as final as the nominations, will exercise greater care and be less susceptible to ring influences than in the past.

The defeat of the host of initiative amendments proposed to the faddists that the people are not hungry for amendments and they will not be so eager to spend their money in the future to get their pet ideas upon the ballot.

The *Optimist* of The Dalles in eastern Oregon, commenting on the election, says:

Who is the boss now? Are "the peepul" their own bosses? No, the boss is the boss, or whoever the bosses may be, we feel that we must be proud of the hedge-podge of laws which have been adopted during "the peepul's" reign, and of the fact that we are ruled under this same reign.

Look at the election in Portland. Over thirty bills to vote upon, a ballot as big as a bedquilt, and not 1 per cent of the voters could give even the titles of the various bills, or tell what they were for if given the titles.

At our last State election, two years ago, the laws which were voted upon, when printed in small type made a book as big as a dictionary, and yet the voters were supposed by "the peepul" to cast their ballots intelligently. We will venture the assertion that not ten voters in the entire State thoroughly knew the provisions of all the laws on the ballot at that election, June, 1908.

At the election a year from this fall the Grange bills alone will fill a large book and the printing and disseminating of that book will cost the taxpayers from \$30,000 to \$40,000.

The boss is dead; long live the boss. We have deposed one set of bosses, and in their place we have set up a set of ignorant fools who do not know beans.

We have annihilated the system of nominations by somebody for a system of nominations by nobody.

We have done away with the system of choosing candidates for their fitness by substituting a system whereby alphabetical precedence counts for more than wisdom—a system where the two-cent postage stamp is more mighty than any qualifications the candidate may possess.

The *Grants Pass Observer* remarks:

Joseph Simon was elected last Monday by a vote that there is no mistaking. The people are tired of incapables pushing themselves forward by means of the primary law, and were more than ready to support a candidate who had the approval and the support of a responsible body of voters. . . . At the State elections next year it is reasonably certain that since Republicans in all the counties of the State will follow the primary law as it has heretofore operated, the best men available to accept candidature for the various offices. Under the primary law as it has heretofore operated, the best men have with becoming modesty held back, and it came about that the voters had to choose from a bunch of more or less incompetents. It will be different hereafter, when good and capable men urged by a body of good and reputable citizens will accept nomination and obtain the hearty support of all discerning voters. There will be new blood in the Oregon legislature of 1911, and serious citizens may reasonably hope for better quality of representation.

These rejoicings will better be comprehended when it is known that Simon was nominated for the mayoralty by a conference similar in its essentials to the old-fashioned party convention. In other words, Mr. Simon as a candidate represented the party purposes in so far as they could be organized informally under the direct primary system. His success will tend, as these excerpts clearly establish, to the inauguration of a revival of party authority—a system under which candidates for public office shall represent something more than mere personal desire to get into office. The success of Simon is particularly gratifying to the Republicans of the State—to those who care anything about party principles—because under the direct primary system up to this time men representative of nothing but their own ambition have upon the basis of a minority vote intruded themselves into all the larger official posts.

For example, a State overwhelmingly Republican in sentiment has under this system of anomalies and contradictions elected a Democratic governor and is now represented in the national Senate by a Democrat and a Populist. It was high time to find a way out of this system of inconsistencies, absurdities, and anomalies, and the *Argonaut* congratulates the Republicans of Oregon in having found it.

And—in four or five years from now when California like Oregon shall be chewing the cud of a bitter experience—we, too, will be looking for a way out from troubles which have been brought upon us by a too hurried acceptance of uncooked theories and untried devices.

### The Calhoun Trial.

The Calhoun trial, which has ended as was expected in a "hung jury"—ten for acquittal, two for conviction—has only in a nominal sense been a legal procedure. In truth, it has been a duel between embittered enemies so desperately fought at a hundred points as to leave the law, its presumptions, its requirements, its dignities, its decencies, quite to one side. So contemptuous of all authority and restraint has been the procedure from the standpoint of legal regularity, that if a verdict of guilty had been returned it would have been without significance or effect, since no court of review could have justified a finding worked out through processes so defiant of established principles and rules. In the conduct of the case neither side is blameless, but the burden of reproach rests with the prosecution, since it initiated the methods of vendetta—made the pace, so to speak, which the defense was required, or appeared to feel itself required, to match.

The situation was all to the advantage of the Spreckels-Phelan-Heney combination. They had almost complete possession of the machinery of the law. The prosecuting attorney was a subservient creature who yielded his authority and powers into their hands. The court was obviously in sympathy with them; likewise the minor functionaries in and about the court and jury rooms. The local official machine, including police, the municipal administration, etc., was likewise on their side. There was money in plenty under an appropriation made by the board of supervisors originally organized and from time to time recruited under the influence of the conspirators. Of newspaper support, such as it was, there was no lack; and on top of all there was a presumption of moral aim and purpose which, although long ago shattered in observant and intelligent minds, still lingers to abuse the confidence and to warp the judgment of multitudes either uninformed or lacking capacity to put aside prejudices or look beyond the surface of things.

The lessons of this fiasco are plain enough. First there was no evidence worthy of credit in a court of justice; for however easy it may be on general principles and upon broad presumptions to come to a definite opinion, it takes something more than general principles and broad presumptions to meet the requirements of legal proof. When it came to a show-down before the jury the evidence against Calhoun was ridiculously inadequate. Several members of the hoodling board of supervisors swore that they had received specific sums of money from Jim Gallagher in consideration of voting for certain street railway franchises for which they would have voted if no compensation had been given them. Gallagher testified that he had given these sums to his fellow-supervisors under instructions from Abraham Ruef, from whom he received the money. It was shown that concurrently with these events certain officers of the United Railroads Company had drawn sums of money—sums largely in excess of the aggregate of the alleged bribe payments—from the mint, and there was no showing as to any other use made of this money. It was likewise shown that at the time of these transactions, which occurred in San Francisco, Patrick Calhoun was president of the United Railroads Company, actively in charge of its affairs, but absent from the city.

Now, while presumptions are easy upon the basis of these circumstances, they do not point conclusively or legally to Calhoun. Any lawyer ought to have known this. Even Mr. Heney must have known it; and there are suggestions in his conduct of the case that he relied less upon the legal effectiveness of his evidence than upon manipulation of the machinery of the court, including the selection of prejudiced or timid jurymen and of warped interpretations of the law.

Perhaps, as related to the minds of the jurymen, the

logical and legal deficiencies of the testimony were not more effective than other circumstances of the trial. Of this we may judge somewhat from the outgivings of individual jurymen since their discharge. It was quickly seen by the jurors first impaneled that the effort of the prosecution was not to secure disinterested jurors, but such as might through prejudice or previous conviction he disposed adversely to the defendant. The venom and malice of the prosecutors was from the start entirely obvious. Likewise it was quickly seen that there existed between the prosecutors and the officials of court a distinct sympathy, if nothing more. The wide license allowed in the examination of veniemen and in the utterances and manners of the prosecutor soon indicated a correspondence of wish and purpose wearing very much the look of conspiracy. Then the facts drawn from Mr. Spreckels of his business rivalry with the United Railroads, his personal animosity to its officers, his payment of prodigious sums for detective and other services, including large payments (previously denied) to Prosecutor Heney—all these demonstrated to the jury as it did to the public that the movement was one essentially personal and vindictive.

More potent still in their effect upon the minds of the jurors were the circumstances under which Gallagher and other hoodling supervisors gave their testimony. All were accomplices in whatever crime had been committed; all were under immunity; all were allowed to retain their booty. These creatures were regarded by the jury as persons of smirched character whose testimony had been bought and paid for. The position of Gallagher as one who had not only shared in the crime in the sense of profiting by it, but as an agent in the carrying out of it, particularly was such as to discredit his testimony. The jury was not prepared to accept upon its face value, much less to accept as full moral and legal proof, evidence of confessed criminals brought to the witness stand under a multiplicity of shameless and sordid motives. In other words, the jury did not believe that the testimony of self-convicted criminals, doubly rewarded for studying and answering the sinister wishes of the prosecutors, was legally or morally worth anything. One juror is reported to have said that he would not convict a yellow dog upon such testimony—and this remark embodies a feeling that is universal. Testimony to be of value must have back of it some support in the form of individual character and of disinterested motive.

Where there is profession of high moral purposes it seems not unreasonable to expect a calm procedure with freedom from malice and unseemly displays of passion. Those who even in a general way have followed the course of this long-drawn-out trial need not to be told how the conduct of Mr. Heney has tallied with the moral requirements of his position. All this, as the declarations of the jurors themselves make clear, tended to prejudice the case, for it showed the prosecutor to be actuated not by the spirit of justice, but by malice and hatred.

No one incident perhaps has tended so to turn the sympathies of the jury from Mr. Heney and his cause as his amazing tirade in the last days of the trial upon pretense of discussing the testimony. In a series of speeches aggregating somewhere between twelve and fifteen hours he touched scarcely at all upon the evidence, but gave license to an embittered tongue to range over a wide field of irrelevant matters. His individual disappointments, his private hatreds, his personal vanities, his political ambitions and plans—all these were so exploited as to weary and disgust all who heard him. Members of the jury have told in public interviews how nauseated they were by this gross recital and how resentment developed where sympathy was desired.

In reviewing this phase of Mr. Heney's extraordinary course we are reminded of the contrast between his present method of dealing with juries and that of some four years ago in the Oregon land fraud cases. Never a profound lawyer, Mr. Heney was none the less in times past an effective pleader, possessed of the cunning of self-restraint, wasting neither time nor words on extraneous matters. But now we find him talking hour after hour, nothing at all to the point, and to no other purpose than the exploitation of himself. The contrast shows what comes to one who in excess of conceit and spleen gives rein to every angry and resentful impulse until the venom of his own evil passions poisons and degrades his mind.

He who would have power with his fellow-men, either as a pleader in court or in any other relation, must first have authority over himself. No man who



surrenders to his passions, no matter what excuses he may have in provocation or in individual temperament can hope to be persuasive, authoritative, or in other ways effective.

The result of this trial shows how futile mere money may be in prosecuting a cause when once there has been abandonment of legitimate motives and of decent methods. Mr. Spreckels has poured floods of money into this prosecution; likewise a prodigious amount of public money has been expended, but all to no purpose. It will never be possible to figure the cost of the movement in its full total. First, there is the contribution of Spreckels and his associates, confessed to be upwards of \$200,000 and probably very much more; second, there is the fund of \$70,000 provided by the board of supervisors; third, there is the prodigious cost of court procedures with the keeping of juries, the pay of witnesses, the maintenance of judges, courtrooms, minor functionaries, etc. And on top of all, there is the cost which a procedure of this kind always levies in the form of disturbance and restraint of business. Directly and indirectly the charge has run into millions—all this without reckoning the burdens of the spirit, the deterioration in patriotism, and the many other evils flowing directly from this movement. And it is likewise shown with equal emphasis how ineffective are those methods which have been pursued in the "organization" of juries and the "development" of testimony. With all the expenditure of detective skill, of unceasing energy, of sinister manipulation, we have as a result the fiasco of a hung jury. How little, how pitifully little, has been gained by all this toil and trouble, this turmoil and stress. We may well believe that the purposes of prosecution—certainly its legitimate purposes—might better have been served by accepting the first twelve veniremen who presented themselves, by avoidance of all those questionable and costly activities which have distracted and outraged our city this many months past.

The cases which remain against Calhoun are identical with that just tried and with the cases against Tiley L. Ford. Calhoun has now been tried once with failure on the part of the jury to agree—ten for acquittal, two for conviction—and Ford has been tried three times. In two out of the three Ford cases the result was a verdict of acquittal. In one Ford case there was a hung jury—nine for acquittal, three for conviction. In all, the same case has been submitted to forty-eight jurors, and of this number forty-five have stood for acquittal. This record needs no exposition; it speaks for itself. Now for those who have been prosecuting these cases to proceed to further trials is mere vanity and madness. They must know, as all the world knows, that their cause is a hopeless one. In none of the four trials already had there been presented the kind of evidence essential under the law to conviction. If the prosecution have such evidence, as Mr. Heney has declared, they are trifling with the public. Of course they have no such evidence or they would have put it in against Calhoun. It is questionable, we think, even if this group of prosecutors had testimony sufficient for their cause, that they would be able to use it effectively. We say this because their moral powers once so large are now exhausted. The brand of private animus, of dishonest methods—this is now upon them. They are, in the opinion of the public, smirched beyond possibility of recovery.

As to what others might do or might have done at the beginning with the graft movement is now merely a matter of speculation. But this much is certain, that a success once so universally desired would now be almost as universally regretted, since it would be taken as justification of degeneracies in criminal practice tending to discredit the law and therefore to destroy the main bulwark of social order. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* the whole movement, even as it includes Ruef and Schmitz, has reached a stage where nothing worthy can possibly come of it. Schmitz, though once tried and convicted, is free because of such bungling on the part of the prosecutors that it was impossible for the higher courts to sustain the result nominally achieved. Ruef stands under a conviction likewise secured by methods which in the opinion of lawyers can not stand the test of critical review. The conviction of Louis Glass has been nullified for errors in procedure. At the end of three years nothing permanent or effective has been accomplished. The movement has become a stench in the nostrils of the people—a weariness and a nuisance unspeakable.

To take up the Calhoun case again, with the prospect of unending strife, of illegitimate and demoralizing pro-

cedures, of business confusion, and of unlimited expense—this can have but two purposes, first to vindictively harass Calhoun, second to assist Mr. Heney's campaign for the prosecuting attorneyship. These are motives beneath contempt. They demonstrate the unfitness of those in charge of the prosecuting movement for any moral responsibility by exhibiting them as men without judgment, without reason, willing at any cost to the public to serve their individual passions and vanities.

The *Argonaut* thinks Mr. Calhoun will not find support in public sentiment in the campaign of reprisals which he proposes against Messrs. Spreckels, Phelan, and Heney. That these men have been guilty of outrages against both public and private peace, that they have overborne and broken the law—these are matters plainly demonstrable. None the less there is nothing to be gained for the public welfare by continuance of a fight which has already gone too far at the cost of this public. We have had more than enough of revengeful personalism masquerading in the name of justice during the past three years, and we want no more of it. The public is tired of it all—worn out with it all. We want a period of rest, with leave to pursue legitimate purposes unharassed, unhindered by controversies between embittered partisans before the courts or out of the courts. We think Mr. Calhoun would better take sober second thought, rest content or at least quiescent, and leave vengeance to whom vengeance belongs.

There must be those who in reviewing events from time to time recall the counsels and warnings of this journal at various times during our recent troubled years. Let it not be forgotten that at the earliest signs of departure on the part of the prosecutors from the line of moral purpose and method, the *Argonaut*, foreseeing what must surely come, pleaded earnestly though in vain for courses in accord with the original pretensions under which the graft movement was inaugurated. Let it be remembered that at a time when the popularity of the movement bore down all other suggestions and questionings, this journal found courage to point out the line of legitimate procedure and to give warning that abandonment of it would surely involve the movement in a ruinous catastrophe—would make it a thing of reproach and shame and a curse to San Francisco. The *Argonaut* would be glad if it might confess that its foresight had failed. It can only grieve that its visions of disaster as the outcome of selfish and revengeful motives, false pretensions, and vindictive practice have come true.

#### Booker Washington and the Prize Fight.

The Hearst newspapers have fallen into spasms of denunciation because of a recent remark by Booker Washington that "Jack Johnson's pugilistic victory is a God-send to the negro race." This it is assumed is the glorification by Washington of pugilism; and upon the basis of this assumption the country is being treated to sermon after sermon in the tremulo-falsetto style affected by yellow journalism.

Now the assumption that Booker Washington by the remark quoted seeks to exploit pugilism is wholly gratuitous and a bit ridiculous. By a far easier interpretation this remark may be taken to mean something entirely innocent and helpful. The colored race has been bowed down by ages of slavery. It is one of the fixed traditions of the world that the negro lacks spirit and hardihood. Booker Washington is trying to give the negro race in America a new birth of hope, not, indeed, by stimulating its ambitions in a "social" way, but by raising its spirit and self-respect. He is trying to stimulate the negro by inspiring him with the consciousness and the pride of individual manhood. And it is not difficult to see that a victory like that of the black pugilist Johnson may be made to serve Washington's purposes. He exploits it before the negroes of the country not by way of glorifying brutality, but as a sign of virility in a race which under his theory is suffering from a tradition of self-abasement.

It is nothing to the question if Washington's theories be right or wrong. That is another issue, with respect to which other considerations may be advanced. But it is stupid and dishonest to besmirch Washington as an exploiter of brutalities and vulgarities upon the basis of a remark which only by the most strained construction may be brought to support so gross an interpretation.

#### Editorial Notes.

President Taft's proposal for a 2 per cent tax on the net earnings of corporations looks good on its face, and

yet it is subject to some questionings. Why, for example, should property in corporate form be taxed, while property in other forms is passed by? Why should the property of persons who hold stock in corporations be taxed, while those who hold bonds are passed by? Since a direct tax is to be made upon property, why not upon all forms of property? It is no answer to say that to tax the earnings of corporations is to tax wealth, because many corporations—perhaps the greater number of them—have no wealth worth speaking of. On the other hand, it is legitimate to argue that corporations enjoy special advantages for which the public is entitled to specially tax them. There is likewise a legitimate motive in the fact that a corporation tax system would bring the doings of corporations under official examination. Indeed, it is reported from Washington that the President's primary motive in this proposal is not so much for its revenue-producing qualities as that it is a step forward in the carrying out of a policy of corporation control which he will present to Congress in his message next December. It is further to the credit of the President's proposal that it will yield somewhere from \$25,000,000 to \$75,000,000 per year, and that it will fall upon those quite capable of paying it.

Those who in recent years have suffered in spirit because of the universal commercialization of the stage with the consequent annihilation of a chief stimulus to dramatic art will find special cause for congratulation in an event which occurred in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Tuesday of this week. On an improvised stage on the Harvard Stadium there was produced elaborately and magnificently Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," with Miss Maude Adams in the title-role before an audience of 15,000. In the organization of this production there was no respect for commercial considerations. The State militia of Massachusetts marched as archers and spearmen in the French and English armies. The militia batteries clattered in the arena and crowds of Harvard students made up the motley of serfs and yeomen. All told some fifteen hundred persons took part in this remarkable performance, which in its magnitude surpasses anything hitherto attempted on this continent. All of which goes to show that the artistic spirit in matters dramatic is still a thing of large inspiration and that even in these commercialized days it will now and again find ways of expressing itself adequately.

There is gratifying evidence of the financial sanity of San Francisco in the result of last Tuesday's bond election. Nine propositions were voted upon and only one carried—that for a bonded debt of \$600,000 for a polytechnic high school. The propositions defeated were as follows: (1) For \$8,480,000 bonds for a civic centre; (2) \$160,000 for a detention home; (3) \$250,000 for a park on Telegraph Hill; (4) \$400,000 for a park in the Potrero; (5) \$500,000 for an aquatic park at the foot of Van Ness Avenue; (6) \$25,000 for a park in Bay View district; (7) \$500,000 for public play grounds; (8) \$90,000 for Glen Park. Several interesting facts are noted in connection with this election. The total vote cast was 24,028, being about one-third of the total registered vote of the city. The lightness of the vote is significant, tending to demonstrate the indifference of the community to the matters proposed. In every instance the vote for the rejected proposals was more than the vote against, but not up to the charter requirement of two-thirds. San Francisco is far from being indifferent to public improvements, as was shown four or five years ago in a vote of something like thirteen to one in favor of bonds for park extension, etc. But just at this time, when so many things are needed in the way of necessities, the public sees the folly of indulgence in luxuries and non-essentials. The city has other and better uses for its credit than to create "civic centres" and other flub-dubs not vital to the general welfare. Incidentally, we suspect that before going into new and large enterprises the people of San Francisco would like to see better business ability and fuller measure of practical common sense in the board of supervisors and in the mayor's chair than the present municipal organization affords.

The case against District Attorney Devlin turns out to be no case against Devlin at all, but rather a case against "Detective" W. J. Burns, whose operations at various places on the Pacific Coast in the past half a dozen years have left behind a trail more or less phosphorescent. The so-called Devlin inquiry runs back to a period before Mr. Devlin took office and relates to



doings which antedated that event—to doings, by the way, in which Mr. Burns was the chief actor. It is suggested from Washington that the indictment against Perrin was secured by direct plea on the part of Burns to the grand jury in the name of Mr. Roosevelt, then President. The allegation is that Burns told the grand jury in so many words that Roosevelt wanted an indictment found, and that it was found in response to this appeal. It is further suggested that in working up testimony against Perrin, Burns resorted to intimidation and bribery in the case of witness Snell, and perhaps others. These matters are to be made the subject of senatorial investigation and there is reason to hope that the job will be done thoroughly in view of the fact that Senator Borah of Idaho, whose own experiences with the Burns method will no doubt stimulate his interest, is chairman of the investigating committee. San Francisco will follow this case with interest. And those who have observed Mr. Burns's operations here will not be surprised—and perhaps not displeased—if in the end this precious scalawag shall be brought to bar.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

A Washington correspondent says that the manufacturers are making a deliberate effort so to bewilder the President by trade intricacies that he will give up all hope of understanding the tariff schedules. The woolen men are said to be playing this game just at present, and it is the same game that was once played by the steel makers upon Mr. Roosevelt. It was said to be so effectual that the late President could never again be persuaded to discuss the steel schedules with any one.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* seems partially to confirm the story. He says:

President Taft confessed to a delegation of Ohio woolen manufacturers today that he had become bewildered by the intricacies of the tariff bill. The delegation was the seventh that had called in the last few days. All of them urged conflicting changes in the schedule as proposed in the Senate bill. The President threw up his hands today when the seventh radically different suggestion was urged.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "you remind me of an experience I had on my recent trip into the South. When passing through the mountains of Tennessee a reception committee boarded our car to accompany us to a town in which I was to speak. They were fine fellows, and the chairman of the committee was anxious to tell me all about the country. Our train was running along the bank of a beautiful stream, and I asked its name. The chairman mumbled something that was unintelligible. I asked him to repeat it. Again he mumbled so that I couldn't catch what he said. 'I beg your pardon,' I said, 'but I didn't understand it. Will you spell it?'"

"Waal, I don't reckon as how I kin," he replied. "Some folks spells it one way, other folks spells it another, and still other folks spell it different. In my pore judgment, jedge, they aint no correct way to spell it."

The President added that he would confess that the story explained his position fairly well on some of the tariff schedules.

Further reports from the same source seem to show that Mr. Aldrich's visits to the President are not always quite so sedative or narcotic as we have been given to understand. A few days ago, for instance, we are told that there was a protracted interview and that on its conclusion Senator Aldrich had a number of mysterious interviews with his friends:

In the opinion of the senators who were near Mr. Aldrich after his return from his call on the President, the Rhode Island leader was nervous. He walked about restlessly and talked to Senators Dixon, Jones, and other doubtful senators as if he were under a strain. That Mr. Aldrich did not wish his visit known was indicated by the way he alighted from a closed carriage at the main entrance of the White House, instead of at the executive offices, where newspaper men are always on the watch.

The Republican "insurgents," as well as several other senators who are close to the border line of revolt, but not quite over it, believe that both Mr. Aldrich and the President are worried by the public temper that has been called forth by the tariff bill. This, conjoined with the restiveness of senators themselves, is said to have been the subject of the conferences at the White House. No one professes to doubt that the bill will pass the Senate, but the prospect of ten or more adverse votes is not a pleasant one. It would certainly give heart of grace to the insurgent Republicans in the House and to the Democrats who would be allied with them:

A number of Republican senators have announced their determination to vote against the bill, unless concessions are made. Others who were counted on, after the fight of the "insurgents" is ended, to get back into line for the final passage of the bill, are becoming more and more hostile to the measure under the bitter comment of the Senate leaders have passed on their Republicanism.

What restrains some of them from the final opposing vote is the fear that the moral effect of such a course would be to turn the House over to the Democrats two years hence, and to weaken the party in the Senate. It is the fear of this that is believed to be worrying Mr. Aldrich, as the party leader, and the President. After so many defeats, the "insurgents" are not hopeful that even such a threat will gain concessions, while recent calls at the White House have disclosed nothing of the President's real attitude toward the bill.

The New York *Evening Post* waxes merry over the conflicting rumors as to the President's intentions toward the tariff. It must be admitted that the President can say nothing in more different tones of voice than any President the country has ever had. There are just as many who have had interviews with him and who are sure that he will veto the bill as there are those who are equally confident that he will sign it. They have no tangible reason for the faith that is in them, perhaps it is as well not to prophesy until we know:

President Taft is going to veto the tariff bill and also sign it with joy. He is terribly angry with Aldrich, and likewise expresses every confidence in him. He approved Secretary Mac

Veagh's Chicago speech which distressed him greatly. He knows that he is going to get exactly what he wants from Congress, at the same time that he is fully aware that Congress will surely throw him down hard. Such is the composite photograph of the situation which the Washington correspondents give us. To judge by their conflicting reports, Mr. Taft's policy just now is to "keep them guessing." But this can only be because the newspaper men have not yet got accustomed to the new atmosphere in the White House. They are getting no statements "on the highest authority," to be put out as "feelers" and then indignantly repudiated if they do not suit. The President is simply attending to his business—and his golf—and saying nothing. But his ultimate intentions can be in no doubt. When the conference committee asks him what sort of tariff he will sign, and what veto, he will give a straight answer. And that answer can be no other than that the bill to which the signature "W. H. Taft" is to be put must be in line with the pledges to which the same W. H. Taft affixed his name when he asked the American people to elect him President.

The hosiery manufacturers have not yet given up hope in spite of the feminine protests that seemed to be so effective at the time. In response to these protests the Senate quickly restored the hosiery rates to the Dingley level, but Senator Penrose having pledged himself to secure the higher rate in the conference committee, it would seem that the fight is not yet ended and that the women had better bestir themselves once more. "We have simply got to have the higher tariff of the Payne bill," says W. Parke Moore of the Brown-Aberle Company. "We are getting no business at the Dingley rates, where the Senate seems disposed to leave us stranded. Senator Penrose pointed out very ably that the April importations of hosiery were 1,900,000 more pairs than in April, 1908, or a gain of 63 per cent."

"I doubt that there will be another demonstration in Washington, or that we shall send delegations. They know now how the land lies; what we want and why we want it. We could close up our mills now, for all the business we are getting. There may be a few of the mills making low-grade seamless hosiery which are getting trade enough, but they are much in the minority."

The speech of Mr. MacVeagh, the Secretary of the Treasury, in which he foreshadowed a presidential veto has naturally excited much discussion. It is pointed out triumphantly that Mr. Taft had not read the speech, but that has nothing to do with the point, which is that MacVeagh presumably would be in a position to forecast the executive mind. The matter was, of course, certain to come up in the Senate, and the following report of the proceedings will show the reception accorded to it.

Defending his own action in relation to tariff revision, Mr. Dolliver said he was not without company in high official circles and read a portion of Secretary MacVeagh's speech delivered last Saturday night.

Senator Smith of Michigan interrupted to say that the Secretary of the Treasury entertained the same views now that he did in 1904, when he was classed as a Democrat.

"Does the senator suggest that the Secretary of the Treasury is wanting in Republicanism?" inquired Mr. Dolliver. "He is in the closest possible relation with the President of the United States," he added.

"I can not forget," retorted Mr. Smith, "that while Benjamin Harrison was upholding the banner of protection the present Secretary of the Treasury left his party and joined the party of Mr. Cleveland for a downward revision of the tariff."

"Does the senator object to hundreds of thousands of such men coming to our party, especially when they included such splendid men as the Secretary of the Treasury?" inquired Mr. Beveridge.

"No," replied the Michigan senator, "but I decline to hand them the banner under which I have marched. I would no more be bound by the advice and counsel of the Secretary of the Treasury than I would by the advice and counsel of the Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson, a Democrat, if he were to give it upon this bill."

The Springfield *Republican*, discussing the rift in the party line, thinks that things look serious for the reactionary leaders of the majority. Ex-Senator Spooner, who has just returned from a visit to Washington, is quoted as saying that he had met a number of senators, and "if you want a guess from me you may say the Republican party seems hopelessly divided. I have never seen such a condition. If Congress gets away from Washington by the end of July the country will be lucky."

The Aldrich leadership, says the *Republican*, has been guilty of "stupendous blundering." It is obviously trying to put the party back to the position that it held a few years ago, and it fails to recognize that the present revolt is based upon wide party feeling and not upon the radical eccentricities of a few individuals.

It seems that Henry White, now ambassador to France, is to retire very soon in order to make way for Robert Bacon. The supersession of Mr. White is said to be due to something in the nature of an affront that he paid to Mr. and Mrs. Taft when they were in France. Mr. White, in other words, is said to lack the qualification of being able to "know an American when he sees one." The post of ambassador at such a place as Paris is of course a difficult one. The task of upholding American interests at the Elysée is insignificant as compared with that of doing the correct thing by the American visitors. It has been said more than once that important Americans who did not happen to be very wealthy have been slighted at the embassy.

The news that Senator Smoot is in serious difficulties with his constituents will be received with profound regret. It might be thought that Mr. Smoot had already passed through the waters of affliction in securing his seat in the Senate and that he should be spared the indignity of warding off further attacks from the house of his friends.

Mr. Smoot's offense is of an aggravated nature. He is said to have been drinking tea, and to make his degradation the more complete he has actually been drinking coffee also. It is

hard to believe in such depravity and we have to remember that slander is many-tongued, but these shocking charges are actually being bandied about in Mormonland and it may be that the senator will yet have to show cause why he should not be hanged, drawn, and quartered, if not reprimanded.

To the Mormon spirits, tea, coffee, tobacco, or any other kind of stimulants are absolutely and unconditionally forbidden. Orthodox and strict Mormons call abstinence from them keeping the word.

A Mormon may not keep the word, but when he is found out he loses standing among the strict members of the sect and is liable to be called to order in any of the annual conferences of the church held in Salt Lake, or even in a stake meeting, which is as near like a ward meeting as anything else in the East. That is the position in which Reed Smoot, "prophet, seer, and revelator," to give him one of his many titles, now finds himself.

The complaint does not originate in Washington. The Mormons there are too much under the influence of the apostle. But some one has been carrying tales to Utah. There is where the complaint is said to be in process of formulation.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### Daffodils.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You baste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon:  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hastening day  
Has run  
But to the even-song;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along!  
We have short time to stay, as you;  
We have as short a spring,  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or any thing:  
We die,  
As your hours do; and dry  
Away  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

—Robert Herrick.

#### Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, who would cross Lochgyle  
This dark and stormy water?"  
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen  
My blood would stain the heather."

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—  
Should they our steps discover  
Then who will cheer my bonnie bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight:  
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady—"

"And by my word, the bonnie bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So though the waves are raging white  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, baste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round me gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,  
When, O too strong for human hand  
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing;  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade  
His child he did discover;  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
"Across this stormy water;  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore  
Return or aid preventing;  
The waters wild went o'er his child  
And he was left lamenting.

—Thomas Campbell.

The Swiss are alive to the weakness of English and American tourists for things ancient (declares the London *Globe*). An Innsbruck paper says that one of the popular manufacturing antiquities is the Swiss flag of a hundred years ago. A new one is made to resemble a centenarian by a process which includes fading the colors in the sun, bespattering it with tallow, and laying it in the granary, where the mice soon give it the necessary tattered appearance. Finally it is subjected again to the rays of Father Sun, is mounted on a worm-eaten, broken staff, and is then ready for the English or American tourist in search of centennial trophies.



## AN INTERNATIONAL HOUSE PARTY.

## China Entertains Some Notable Guests.

Angels may sometimes be entertained unawares, but special ambassadors have a way of making their presence felt in a household. Their coming is the signal for the polishing of the family plate and the appearance of the Sèvres dinner service. Everything must be just so for these favored mortals or the direst consequences may ensue. If the cook gives notice or the chamberlain makes a mistake in arranging the table, they will very likely consider the incident as an affront to their nation. Anything may happen then: The offended one sometimes goes so far as to bring about a sudden shuffling of the political cards and a change of partners for the great game.

The position of the host who receives such guests, therefore, is a peculiarly delicate one. He is generally "twice glad"—once when they come, and once when they go. The Chinese government, I fancy, was no exception to the rule. Though it sent pressing invitations to no less than eight special envoys for the imperial funeral, it certainly breathed a sigh of relief when the last special train took the last of them away.

The international house party lasted about ten days, and the first guest to arrive was the one who, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, was the "star guest"—Prince Fushimi. Japan, quick to see an opportunity of pushing herself forward, took good care that her envoy was the very best possible ambassador. None of the other powers, she very shrewdly surmised, would send out a first cousin to a sovereign for the occasion, and Prince Fushimi, with all the privileges and prestige of his royal blood, would naturally be the man of the hour and throw all the other envoys into the shade. "What can our governments be doing that they willingly shut their eyes to Japan's game?" the minister of a certain small power said to me. "Why, if we are not careful Prince Fushimi will soon be back again on a much longer visit and a very different mission. He will be frankly dictating the policy of poor, weak China." This piece of Japanese bombast was, in fact, the one topic of conversation in Peking from the time it was first hinted at till the diplomats and other officials stood on the platform to meet the "Yellow Prince," as he was nicknamed.

The Chinese officials themselves either could not or would not see any ulterior motive behind the Japanese action. In such matters they seem to be sometimes almost childishly ingenuous. Vanity blinds them. They know quite well how feeble their real position is in the scale of the powers, and this secret knowledge makes them absurdly grateful when they are treated with outward consideration. Because Japan sends them a prince they are inclined to fall into her arms. Because the United States simply raises her minister in Peking, Mr. Rockhill, to the temporary rank of special ambassador, they are inclined to draw away from a tried and staunch friend.

Prince Fushimi was received with almost royal honors. Two crack regiments of cavalry, besides, of course, all the princes and high officials, went down to the station to meet him. They had evidently been ordered to be specially careful about their clothes and told that dust and mud stains which were good enough for other people must not appear before princely eyes. I happened to see one trooper thrown from his horse on a dirty piece of road, and instantly the whole troop was down and around him, carefully brushing him off and patting his uniform into shape again, while he himself took the attention as a matter of course and went on explaining to the sympathetic crowd of bystanders how it had happened that an intrepid horseman like himself fell off. Another amusing touch of nature happened in the station itself when all the troops were in line. A bugle blew the signal to mount. But before doing so each man dived into his pocket and brought out a parcel wrapped in oil paper, unwrapped it, and produced his epaulets, which he put in place for the prince and afterward took off again. With typical Chinese common sense they had found this novel method of keeping their accoutrements bright with least trouble to themselves.

His most ardent admirers could not call Prince Fushimi beautiful. He reminded me—in his unlovely khaki uniform—of a frog with glassy eyes which when turned upon any one made that person shiver with involuntary aversion. But, like most Japanese of good class, he has pleasant manners. If it were princely to be affable, he would, I am sure, be affable. Unfortunately, too much amiability is incompatible with the dignity of a royal line, and at the reception to the Japanese community of Peking, he was advised not to shake hands with anybody. Only his fellow ambassadors were deemed worthy of the privilege of touching his limp fingers, and they hardly had done so when a very official little chamberlain said to them, "Please pass on." The ambassadors of the world were being hustled without a doubt, and they were so flabbergasted that they forgot to protest. "Pass on," said the chamberlain, and without waiting for a word of greeting from the royal lips, they passed.

This momentous reception took place in the new Waiwupu (Foreign Office) building, in which Prince Fushimi was lodged. Built by an American architect, it is a model of what American builders can do in the face of difficulties, as well as a credit to American taste. The outside is square, massive and dignified, the inside is spacious and nobly planned, with a grand staircase which would not be out of place in a small palace,

and a banquet hall to seat six hundred guests. For present needs the building is much too large, but as it is the first big building put up in foreign style in Peking, the Chinese grandly said, "Spare no expense." Later on, I suppose, when the baby emperor is grown up and court balls come in fashion, it will be useful, and in the meantime half the fine rooms will be shut up, the other half used for offices for Prince Ching and his associates. What the appearance of the satin-covered chairs will be when these gentlemen have sat in them for a few months can easily be imagined, as the best kept queues are generous in the matter of parting with the dust they have collected.

Of the other special envoys, the French and the Russian lodged in their own legations. General Palitzine, the Russian, was undoubtedly the handsomest of the visitors and Monsieur Gerrard, the Frenchman, was undoubtedly the cleverest. Some years ago he was minister to Peking, and in those days people said of him that he was the only man living who could pick the brains of the great Sir Robert Hart. A typical French official in manner and appearance, he has such unusual capacity that he will certainly go far—indeed it is freely rumored already that Washington may be his next post when he leaves the embassy at Tokio.

For the men who represented Brazil, Portugal, Peru, and other places chiefly interesting to stamp collectors, the Chinese government took apartments in the leading hotel in Peking. A bureau was established there at which they might make any necessary inquiries. Furthermore, conveyances were provided for them. I saw an amusing sign pasted on the window of a waiting brougham. "Portuguese Man" was the irreverent title the livery stable keeper had given to his excellency the special ambassador from his most Catholic and Apostolic Majesty.

As soon as the funeral was over the Chinese government entertained its scattered house party most generously. The regent gave a banquet, without music on account of the mourning, the minister of foreign affairs gave a banquet, the envoys were taken to the summer palace which the old Empress Dowager built and which is one of the most exquisite palaces in the world with its turquoise lake and seventeen-arched white marble bridge, and to the new Zoological Gardens to feed the elephant. These gardens, by the way, are the delight of the Peking *boulevardiers*, who stand watching with wonder and delight the lions and tigers, bought by one of the extravagant imperial princes when he was in Germany.

Last of all, the ambassadors had a grand audience at the Winter Palace in the city, where the court now is. Prince Fushimi, as usual, went in first, alone. What he said in that half-hour *tête-à-tête* would be worth knowing. The other envoys came together later in a splendid procession of sixty sedan chairs, the Russian party looking by far the most imposing, as not only the ambassador but his staff were handsome men picked from the most decorative regiments. In the East, one can not but regret the extreme simplicity in which our democratic country sees fit to clothe her representatives; Orientals do not understand it and they secretly despise us for not making a better show. A Chinese gentleman will often say, "We admire the Russians because they understand custom"—that is, style and display.

Her innate love of pomp and circumstance has lately led China to hint that the Peking legations should be raised to embassies. I wonder does her government realize the vast difference between a minister, even if he is plenipotentiary and extraordinary, and an ambassador? One privilege of the latter—the right to demand at any time he thinks fit a personal audience with the sovereign—might prove highly inconvenient. With a free right of *entrée* into the palace, the nations could bully China far more comfortably than they can now. Japan's representative would be dropping in for breakfast and Germany's envoy would invite himself to pot-luck dinner twice a week. In fact, China would soon find herself the hostess of a perpetual house party where her guests, though kindly allowing her to pay the bills, would give the orders themselves.

PEKING, May 12, 1909. CHARLES LORRIMER.

General John S. Kountz, past commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, recently died at Toledo, Ohio. While commander in 1884, acting with General Rosecrans, General Kountz secured from the Pope a decision freeing the Grand Army from question by the church as a secret society. Better yet was General Kountz known as "the drummer boy of Missionary Ridge," the hero of verses under that title written by Kate Brownlee Sherwood, which were read and declaimed in campfires and patriotic meetings. A drummer boy of fifteen, he seized a musket and joined in the charge at Missionary Ridge, where he lost his left leg, so that in 1863 he was awarded a medal of honor for distinguished gallantry. He became the historian of the Vicksburg National Military Park Commission, of which he was secretary.

The Frenchman's foot is long, narrow, and well proportioned. The Scotchman's foot, according to anthropologists, is high and thick, strong, muscular, and capable of hard work. The Russian's foot possesses one peculiarity, the toes being generally "webbed" to the first joint. The Tartar's foot is short and heavy, the foot of a certain type of savage, and the toes are the same length. The Spaniard's foot is generally small, but finely curved. The Englishman's foot is, in most cases, short and rather fleshy, and not, as a rule, as strong proportionally as it should be.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Nilo Peçanha, who was vice-president, has succeeded to the presidency of Brazil, on the death of President Penna.

Major Baden-Powell, who became famous for his part in the war in South Africa, is the inventor of a man-lifting kite, and has made many ascents in it.

Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom, retiring American ambassador, to Rome, had his farewell audience with the king and queen a few days ago, and presented to the queen a hospital and seventy-five houses for Villaggio Regina Elena, in Sicily, and twelve houses for Reggio di Calabria.

John Bigelow, now in his ninety-second year, but well and full of virile spirit, recently returned from a stay of six weeks in Paris. Mr. Bigelow said the citizens of France were learning to govern themselves and that the general sociological conditions in that country were better than ever before.

Francis E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has resigned and Robert G. Valentine, assistant commissioner, has been named to succeed him. Mr. Leupp's resignation has been pending since March 4, and was accepted with regret by President Taft and Secretary Ballinger. Mr. Leupp will take a long vacation and rest in the mountain country.

The Countess of Aberdeen, now in this country, came over the ocean chiefly to preside over the quinquennial of the International Council of Women at Toronto. The earl, who is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, could not in any case have visited Canada with her, says the *Manchester Guardian*, because it is unwritten law in the Dominion that no governor-general shall ever return. The reason is that he would have to take an inferior rank to that which belonged to his office.

Marcel Prévost, the well-known French novelist, has been elected to the seat in the French Academy made vacant by the death of Sardou. M. Prévost, who is forty-seven, was introduced to the Parisian public nearly twenty years ago by Alexander Dumas fils, who in a famous article in the *Figaro* described him as a master in the art of story-telling. M. Prévost was for some years an engineer in the State tobacco factories. Among his best-known novels are "Confession d'un Amant," "Le Scorpion," "Le Jardin Secret," and "Monsieur et Madame Moloch." His earlier success, "Lettres to François," was even better liked, and he is now writing more in the style of that production.

E. Clarence Jones, president of the newly formed American Embassy Association, has gone to Europe to find out how the American consul in Europe lives, and how he manages to do it. The American Embassy Association is composed of business men and bankers who are interested in the proper representation of the United States in diplomatic posts abroad. No officer of the association will be paid a salary. This tour of investigation was directed by the executive committee of twenty-five. Among the members of this committee are Charles H. Schwab, Gustav H. Schwab, George R. Sheldon, Bradley Martin, Jr., Charles M. Oelrichs, Frederick Townsend Martin, Senator Frank D. Pavy, Frederick Coudert, Alexander T. Mason, and William R. Wilcox, chairman of the public service commission.

Mrs. S. H. P. Pell, of New York, wife of a prominent business man and daughter of Colonel Robert M. Thompson, is greatly interested in old Fort Ticonderoga, which is to come into new prominence next month through the Champlain tercentenary celebration from July 4 to July 10, under the auspices of the State commissions of New York and Vermont. The ruins of the old fort constitute a most eloquent reminder of the time when Ethan Allen electrified the colonies by his heroic capture of that stronghold, "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Mrs. Pell has been given \$500,000 by her father for the purpose and will have the ruins restored to their Revolutionary time aspect. The fort was built by the French in 1755, and was named Fort Carillon (chime of bells), in allusion to the musical sound of the waterfalls near by. Several years later the present name was adopted. Being weakly garrisoned after the cession of Canada to Great Britain, Ticonderoga was surprised and captured on May 10, 1775, by Ethan Allen. After the war the fort gradually fell into ruins.

Leonor F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson railway systems, first gained distinction for remarkable work clearing the roadbed after the Johnstown flood. He was a division engineer then, but after his work was completed he was at once advanced to the position of general manager, a rise unparalleled in railroad history. He entered the railroad service in 1877 as assistant on the engineer corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Between 1879 and 1881 he worked as transit man on the Engineer Corps of the United States Army. The following year was spent in surveying the route for the Mexican National Railway. His astonishing capacity for work in the field procured rapid advancement and in the following year he became an engineer in the Chicago division of the Pennsylvania system, from which he rose to be engineer of maintenance of way, later superintendent of the Pittsburgh division and general manager of the division. He became a railroad president in 1901 and has been one ever since, first at the head of the Baltimore and Ohio, then of the Rock Island, and since 1907 of the Delaware and Hudson systems. He is often mentioned as a possible successor to Mr. Harriman.



## THE HAND IN THE MOONLIGHT.

By F. H. Ferguson.

For more than an hour Michael Connor had not raised his eyes from his work. His head and shoulders were bent over the broad slab of marble. His hands gripped the heavy iron ingot that ground the face of the stone and his arms, bare and sunburned to the elbows, moved back and forth with a steady sweep. His jaws were set and his face, broad and freckled, was now so dark that the yellow-red hair above it, clinging damp with sweat, seemed more than ever flame-like by contrast.

The morning was not yet old. On the garden and farther down the hillside on the western slope of the valley the spring sun shone warmly. A mile away and a thousand feet below, the sunlight was reflected from the narrow, winding river, and on its bank the gray-green foliage of the olive trees glistened, while all along the way the tender green of vines and shrubbery marked the early season. Only the pines here and there, on the sparsely wooded descent, were dark shadows.

From the window of the little stone house, but a few steps from the open shed where he worked, the mother of Michael watched him silently. Many times had she paused in her labor to glance toward her son, and now she leaned against the wall and studied his moody expression, the heavy, relentless force of his movements. He had been used to whistle cheerily as he shaped and polished the marble slabs, but there was no longer joy or even content in him.

The mother came out, a corner of her apron turned up over her hand and arm and raised to shade her eyes for the sun. She sat upon a rough block of marble near him. Michael saw her, but he did not check the monotonous sweep of his arms.

"You give yourself no rest, Michael, my son," she said, her voice soft and wistful. In the years gone it had been perhaps more gentle, but it was yet one to persuade and win. There was in her appearance little suggestion of relationship to the broad-shouldered young man. Celtish, the son; Latin, the mother, for her skin was olive though faded and worn, her dark eyes still liquid and eloquent.

"I've no time for rest," he answered, his look averted. "The stone is promised Meltzer, at the meat-market, tomorrow. It is still to be polished, and when done it must be put on the truck and be dragged three miles to the town." His voice was full and deep, but there was complaint in the tone.

"Yet a day more would not put him to loss. He has bought and sold for years without the stone."

"It is promised, and he shall have it," Michael deftly scattered a handful of white sand upon the marble, flooded it with water from a basin resting on a convenient shelf, and again pushed and swung the iron smoothing-block.

"So did your father toil," urged the mother. "He would not rest. With his drill and hammer, and with blasting powder, he took from the mountain-side the stones that made this house. From the first corner to the last, walls and roof, it is his making. Here the marble ledge he opened, and for the church and the churchyard, for the shops of the town, and even for the palaces of the rich in the city a hundred miles away, he was ever cutting and grinding. His eagerness for gain was greater than his strength. We have him no longer, you and I. And you are like him."

Michael hesitated for a moment. His eyes turned down the valley. The churchyard of which his mother spoke was on the way toward the river. Among the trees the spire of the church could be discerned. "Five years and more now," he said, "I have tried to do his work."

"No son could have done better."

"There was need." His lips closed in a hard line.

"All our wants are more than satisfied," went on the mother. "My sons are good to me."

"There is still need that I should work." The man spoke of himself with a stress of impatience.

"Ah, I know what you will not say. It is because Florence has no love for the stone-cutting. He goes from us often, but it is not in idleness. With his violin he earns money, and he brings it to me. I keep it for him as I keep for you the pay you have for the marble. Were there need, his money would be for you and for me. So long as we have health, you and he and I, so long can there be no want that we shall feel."

"I wish I was like him, then," said Michael. "He sees the pleasures of the town. The singing, the dances, the nights of merry-making. But for me, lonely work up here on the mountain, and when the night comes I am too tired to go to the town. Better if my father had built his house farther down, where we might have had a vineyard, and olive trees, and figs."

"Your father knew little of vines and trees. He was a stone-cutter, as you are after him. His own work kept his thought and his strength. Here he brought me when we were both young, and here he died. His sons grew up here, and the spot should be dear to them. Forgive me, Michael, I know it is dear to you, and to your brother, too. But there are other thoughts in your heart. Put down your work for a day and rest. Go, seek young friends for a time. I am old and can find pleasure in the memory of the years gone by. You are young, and your look is forward."

"Florence has not been home for three days," Michael shot a quick glance from under his brows at his mother's face as he spoke.

He will come today. Perhaps not till nightfall.

When he went away he told me. But soon, Michael, we shall not have him with us. Soon he will make a home nearer the town."

"He will leave us?"

"Yes, do you not know? For him, and for Luisa."

The work stopped now. "Luisa! Does he say he has her promise?"

Michael's face grew darker still, and his sinewy arms ridged with the tightening of his grip on the iron, though it did not move.

"They will be married as soon as he can make a house ready for her." The mother looked away now, but her voice betrayed no knowledge of the thrust her words had given.

"It is not—" the man's voice began with fury, but faltered and broke. He straightened his bent shoulders, and passed his hand across his forehead. Twice he turned and started away, but at last he returned to his place and bent doggedly over his work. "I wish him joy of her!" he growled. "She was easily won. What is it to me! For him, music and play, and quick earnings. Now a wife. For me, work, and no friends."

"There are more than one of the young women who would be glad to have your love, Michael, my son, if they could win it. But you are shy with them. Florence, blame him not, is more like my father's people. He is ever smiling and talking and making merry. Long ago he chose Luisa, but he would not tell her till he had more money. She wants to live near her father's house. Now all is arranged. It had been Florence's secret, even from me, until the morning he went away."

"Let him keep his secrets. But it would have been more honest to let his brother know his will. Am I nothing? Have I no share in the affairs of our family?" Michael's face was dark no longer, but red and angry.

"Peace, Michael. You know you are the head. Florence asked me to tell you. He will bring Luisa here tonight that we may say to her how welcome she will be as his wife."

"He will bring her here? No! They shall not. If they come, I will never cross its threshold again. She—she—" Again his passion choked his voice. He bent his head upon his arm, and his shoulders heaved with the emotion that conquered him.

The mother smoothed his hair with a caress. "Michael, do not fear to let me read your thoughts," she said. "It was sorrow for me to see that both my sons looked after the one woman. I would have changed it if I could. But Luisa knew it not. You never spoke of love to her. She did not dream of it. Hold no bitterness against her. Do not meet her with an angry face. Choose another for yourself. There are many."

He was still silent when she slowly turned and went into the house.

In a little time he took up his work again. As the hours went by he labored steadily, with vigorous movements, never raising his head. At the noon hour he rested only long enough for a hasty luncheon, spread and served with special care by his mother. He spoke no word, and she could not choose any that would help him.

Before the afternoon had worn away the stone was finished. With much lifting and sleight of management, unaided he let it down from the trestles and set it upon its edge on the low truck built for carrying such loads. He was hardly conscious of the effort required to place it in the shallow, cushioned trough at the side of the rude carriage, and to fasten it tightly against the triangular rack that held it in an inclined position safe from jar or jolt on the mountain road. Leaning one shoulder to the load, he pushed the truck slowly forward on the beaten way a dozen steps, till it stopped clear of the shed and its surrounding array of marble pieces. Then he stood erect, looked once at the shed where he had worked, at the low stone cottage with red geraniums banked at the side and a tangle of nasturtiums at the corner, and pulling his shapeless hat down over his eyes, turned and strode away by a side path toward the wooded depths of the valley.

The shadows gathered close and cool in the lower reaches before the last rays of the sun left the little house on the mountain side. Often as the day drew to a close, the mother came to the door or the open window and scanned anxiously the openings where the winding road showed as it climbed the heights. Her eyes had caught no glimpse of a moving figure when the sunset glow had faded. A little later the full moon came up from behind the Sierras far off to her left, and a flood of radiance bathed the sombre walls of the cottage and made fantastic shadows before the familiar objects of the dooryard. Still the mother waited, lonely but patient.

Half a mile away, on a mat of dry needles in the gloom about the trunk of a low-limbed pine, lay Michael Connor, tormented in heart and brain. His misery seemed more hopeless as the darkness thickened about him. Hours he had lain where he had thrown himself, with no thought but of his loss, his years of silent worship that had gone for nothing, his brother's success and promised joy. Envious he had been since they were boys together, but not altogether without comfort. In strength, in height and weight, even in the schoolroom requirements of their youth, he had always ranked the younger; but the lightness and grace, the ease of speech, the art of making friends, the gift of drawing from the violin the sweetest, saddest, gayest music, were possessions of Florence alone. He had been proud of this darker, handsomer brother, though

with a soreness at his heart, through the years that had seen them grow slowly apart. Now the irreparable break had come, and almost without warning. Not only separation, but a deeper hurt. Victory in love. The one woman, who should have known his adoration, who should have waited his approach, had never given him more than a passing thought, but had thrown herself into the arms of the brother who had everything else worth having.

It seemed to Michael that life could hold no darker hour. Yet, before the night was over, and for weary years thereafter, he would have called back the ache of that struggle with unutterable joy.

On the shadows of the night a girlish voice broke suddenly with laugh and chatter. Michael heard and raised his head. Again came the music of tones he knew too well, and this time he distinguished a lower, graver accompaniment. He held his breath that he might miss no sound, however faint, and waited. The mountain road was but a few paces away. Along that path came a happy pair, arm in arm—Florence and Luisa. From his hiding-place Michael could not see them, but he could mark their progress. They passed him going upward toward the cottage.

Long the miserable listener sat with bowed head and fiercely clenched hands. At length he arose and followed the two up the road. Here and there along the way the moon struck down through the leafy recesses and silvered his worn, toil-stained garments, but his face was white even in the deepest shadows. He reached the home clearing just as the pair, still arm in arm, paused at the door of the cottage, and he saw them enter and heard his mother's voice raised in the greeting.

Jealousy and envy clutched his throat and almost stopped the beating of his heart. Irresolutely he wavered for a moment, then he went cautiously forward, passed around the house and crouched at the corner by the nasturtium vines, in the broad shadow cast by the marble slab resting on its carriage. From within came the murmur of voices. He could distinguish them—his mother's, gravely tender; his brother's, loudest of all, gay, almost boastful; Luisa's, shy, now, but clear and musical. Their words he could not always catch.

He drew nearer the window, inch by inch. Upon the stone sill, drooping over the edge in the moonlight, was a long slender hand. Michael thought he knew it. To him it was the hand of Florence, the hand whose magic with the violin bow won all hearts, the hand which had stolen the richest prize in the world.

A wave of mad hate swept over him. His shoulder touched the marble slab, and as he leaned against it he felt it tremble with his convulsive effort to be silent. As a lightning flash lights the sky for a moment, so a fiendish desire darted across his consciousness. He threw his weight against the stone and it rose and fell forward across the window and upon the hand hanging over the sharp-edged sill. With the grinding shock as it struck the wall, came a piercing scream, a woman's cry of agony.

Michael stood, exposed for an instant in the full radiance of the night, and in that instant he saw his mother's face, white and drawn, framed in the open window. He met her eyes, big with anguish, gazing straight into his. Then he turned and for the second time that day plunged down the path into the wooded valley. And as he ran, panting with sudden terror, of he knew not what, his threat of the early afternoon came again to his lips, and he muttered, over and over, "I will never cross its threshold again."

Wanderers come back by force of some inner mystery. So Michael Connor came back, after years. More than once he had sailed into the bay of San Francisco, and each time he had looked north and east toward the mountain home a hundred miles distant. At last he left his ship and afoot retraced that last fearful land journey. The little town was changed less than he had imagined. Beyond, a mile or more, toward the heights, the road passed a frame cottage with many roses in the yard, and an acre of thrifty vines surrounded it. Two dark-haired children played in the shade of a pepper-tree near the door. From the house came the sound of a violin. Involuntarily the wanderer drew near the gate and looked in. He was in rough, seaman's garb, and a yellow-red beard, grizzled with white, covered his cheeks and chin. He feared no recognition.

But from the open door rose a shout with the sudden ending of the music. A lithe, still boyish figure came running to the gate.

"It is Michael, my brother, the saints be praised."

For a moment the two men stood clasped, heart to heart, then the younger spoke again: "Would that our mother could greet you, but she is at rest. She knew that you would come. This was her message for you, and times beyond counting, she bade me give it to you in the first moment of our meeting: 'Michael, my son, and best beloved, for your father's eyes. Glad am I that you were far away when I was stricken. You were my right hand for years, and so would have been.' Those her very words. You may not understand till I tell you how sadly she was wounded two days after you went away. But not till you have rested. Come in."

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1909.

Workshops were established by the provisional government of France in the revolution of 1848 to give work to the unemployed, and called "ateliers nationaux."



## AMERICAN DIVORCE IN FICTION.

A Story of Love and Tragedy, by an English Author, Is Intended to Point a Moral for Our Benefit.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has written her first novel of American life. "Marriage à la Mode" will of course be widely read, first because of its authorship—every one who wishes to be correct reads Mrs. Ward—and secondly from a certain curiosity as to the way in which a difficult subject will be handled.

It is perhaps a pity that a first attempt at the depiction of American life should be of the problem kind. With some few exceptions the world has not benefited by this sort of fiction. If it is effective from the artistic standpoint it is nearly always exaggerated, and if it is exaggerated it raises a certain amount of neutralizing resentment for its unfairness. A problem that is large enough to deserve that name can not be typified by a few characters arranged upon the stage of the novelist. Dramatic necessities prevent them from presenting the world with which they deal as that world is commonly known to its spectators, and the novel is therefore likely to fall between the two stools of ineffectiveness in morality and debility in art.

"Marriage à la Mode" is a case in point. It is an attempt to show the horrors of the American divorce system, to crowd upon a single canvas a problem that in its intricacies, its variations, and its workings can not be so crowded. As a result it is unrepresentative and therefore morally ineffective. Tacitly claiming to be typical, it actually typifies no more than the particular case with which it deals. The average reader will not recognize any familiar landscape, and "Marriage à la Mode" will leave him no more moved to the kind of indignation that reforms than would any other story of isolated injustice and wrong-doing. In other words, it will not stir the collective conscience, because the collective conscience will not identify the picture.

The hero is Roger Barnes, a young Englishman living in America and compelled by family misfortunes to earn money, or to marry it. That seems to be a tactical mistake on the part of the author. Men who marry money often do find their way into the divorce court, perhaps under circumstances that seem unjust because we have not the whole perspective. But they are not divorced because of the trumped-up evidence offered to a complacent judge, but because of their earlier affront to the institution of matrimony.

When Roger Barnes receives a letter of counsel from his mother in England and allows himself to listen to it we need no great perception to see the end. Lady Barnes writes:

Find a nice girl—of course a nice girl—with a fortune large enough to put you back in your proper sphere; and it doesn't matter about me. You will pay my rent, I dare say, and help me through when I want it; but that's nothing. You must retrieve yourself—you must. Nobody is anything nowadays in the world without money; you know that as well as I do.

And so Roger Barnes, looking around for the opportunity to carry out the maternal wishes, finds Daphne Floyd ready to his hand. Daphne is of Spanish blood and she seems to have absorbed most of the Spanish vices to the exclusion of the Spanish virtues. She is beautiful, of course, but hot tempered, and with a capacity for jealousy that almost suggests insanity. The question of divorce comes up at once between the young people, although at their first introduction Roger does not know that his companion is immensely wealthy. She has told him that she is a music teacher:

Young Barnes looked at her with embarrassment. What a queer, hot-tempered girl! Yet there was something in her which attracted him. She was graceful even in her impatience. Her slender neck, and the dark head upon it, her little figure in the white muslin, her dainty arms and hands—these points in her delighted an honest eye, quite accustomed to appraise the charms of women. But, by George! she took herself seriously—this little music-teacher. The air of willful command about her, the sharpness with which she had just rebuked him, amazed and challenged him.

"I am very sorry if I misunderstood you," he said, a little on his dignity; "but I thought you—"

"You thought I sympathized with Mrs. Verrier? So I do; though of course I am awfully sorry that such a dreadful thing happened. But you will find, Mr. Barnes, that American girls—" The colour rushed into her small olive cheeks. "Well, we know all about the old ideas, and we know also too well that there's only one life, and we don't mean to have that one spoilt. The old notions of marriage—your English notions," cried the girl, facing him—"make it a tyranny! Why should people stay together when they see it's a mistake? We say everybody shall have their chance. And not one chance only, but more than one. People find out in marriage what they couldn't find out before, and so—"

"You let them chuck it just when they're tired of it?" laughed Barnes. "And what about the—"

"The children?" said Miss Floyd calmly. "Well, of course, that has to be very carefully considered. But how can it do children any good to live in an unhappy home?"

"Had Mrs. Verrier any children?"

"Yes, one little girl."

"I suppose she meant to keep her?"

"Why, of course."

"And the father didn't care?"

"Well, I believe he did," said Daphne unwillingly. "Yes, that was very sad. He was quite devoted to her."

"And you think that's all right?" Barnes looked at his companion, smiling.

"Well, of course, it was a pity," she said, with fresh impatience; "I admit it was a pity. But then, why did she ever marry him? That was the horrible mistake."

"I suppose she thought she liked him."

"Oh, it was he who was so desperately in love with her. He plagued her into doing it."

"Poor devil!" said Barnes heartily.

We have a description of a reception at the White House. Mr. Roosevelt is summarized for us with an unrestrained eulogy that causes a start of surprise, and we have no difficulty in recognizing Mr. Root as "this

tall, black-haired man, for instance, with the mild and meditative eye, the equal, social or intellectual, of any foreign minister that Europe might pit against him, or any diplomat that might be sent to handle him." Then we have a glance at Mr. Taft—"this other of huge bulk and height, the sport of caricature, the hope of a party, smiling already a presidential smile as he passed, observed and beset, through the crowded rooms."

Having decided to capture the elusive Daphne, Roger carries the fortifications by storm:

Suddenly he appeared—the teasing divinity—in human shape. There was a rustling among the brushwood fringing the river. Roger Barnes emerged and made his way up towards her.

"I've been stalking you all this time," he said, breathless, as he reached her, "and now at last—I've caught you!"

Daphne rose furiously. "What right have you to stalk me, as you call it—to follow me—to speak to me even? I wish to avoid you—and I have shown it!"

Roger looked at her. He had thrown down his hat, and she saw him against the background of sunny wood, as the magnificent embodiment of its youth and force. "And why have you shown it?" There was a warning tremor of excitement in his voice. "What have I done? I haven't deserved it! You treat me like—a friend!—and then you drop me like a hot coal. You've been awfully unkind to me!"

"I won't discuss it with you," she cried passionately. "You are in my way, Mr. Barnes. Let me go back to the others!"

And stretching out a small hand, she tried to put him aside. Roger hesitated, but only for a moment. He caught the hand, he gathered its owner into a pair of strong arms, and hending over her, he kissed her. Daphne, suffocated with anger and emotion, broke from him—tottering. Then sinking on the ground beneath a tree, she burst into sobbing. Roger, scarlet, with sparkling eyes, dropped on one knee beside her.

"Daphne, I'm a ruffian! forgive me! you must, Daphne! Look here, I want you to marry me. I've nothing to offer you, of course; I'm a poor man, and you've all this horrible money! But I—I love you!—and I'll make you a good husband, Daphne, that I'll swear. If you'll take me, you shall never be sorry for it."

And so Roger and Daphne are married. After a becoming interval we are allowed to see them in England at the house of Lady Barnes, which they have rented, and in possession of a little girl. Daphne has slightly coarsened. She is a little more aware of her wealth than she used to be, a little more disposed to use its power. And, on the other hand, Roger has fallen in love with her in spite of her frequent jars with Lady Barnes and her suspicious jealousy, which is more than a little oppressive. Here is a scene with an art dealer, typical of many others wherein wealth triumphs over aristocratic poverty:

"There!" he said, pointing triumphantly to a piece on the duchess's chimney-piece. "Your grace asked me—oh! ten years ago—and again last year—to find you the pair of that. Now—you have it!"

We put the two together, and the effect was great. The duchess looked at it with greed—the greed of the connoisseur. But she shook her head.

"Marcus, I have no money."

"Oh!" he protested, smiling and shrugging his shoulders.

"And I know you want a brigand's price for it."

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all."

The Duchess took it up, and regretfully turned it round and round.

"A thousand, Marcus?" she said, looking up.

He laughed, and would not reply.

"That means more, Marcus; how do you imagine that an old woman like me, with only just enough for bread and butter, can waste her money on Sévres?" He grinned. She put it down resolutely. "No! I've got a consumptive nephew with a consumptive family. He ought to have been hung for marrying, but I've got to send them all to Davos this winter. No! I can't, Marcus; I can't—I'm too poor." But her eyes caressed the shining thing.

Daphne bent forward. "If the duchess has really made up her mind, Mr. Marcus, I will take it. It would just suit me!"

Marcus started on his chair. "Pardon, madame!" he said, turning hastily to look at the slender lady in white, of whom he had as yet taken no notice.

"We have the motor. We can take it with us," said Daphne, stretching out her hand for it triumphantly.

"Madame," said Marcus, in some agitation, "I have not the honour. The price—"

"The price doesn't matter," said Daphne, smiling. "You know me quite well, Mr. Marcus. Do you remember selling a Louis Seize cabinet to Miss Floyd?"

"Ah!" The dealer was on his feet in a moment, saluting, excusing himself. Daphne heard him with graciousness. She was now the centre of the situation. She had asserted herself, and her money. Marcus outdid himself in homage. Leilus in the background looked on, a sarcastic smile hidden by his fair moustache. Mrs. Fairmile, too, smiled; Roger had grown rather hot; and the duchess was frankly annoyed.

"I surrender it to force majeure," she said, as Daphne took it from her. "Why are we not all Americans?"

And then, leaning back in her chair, she would talk no more. The pleasure of the visit, so far as it had ever existed, was at an end.

Roger has had an old love affair and he said nothing of it to Daphne. When the lady visits them the secret is divulged and then the storm breaks upon Roger. One thing leads to another. There is an interview that seems to be clandestine and compromising, and there are old love letters that turn up—as such things do—just when they will do most harm. Daphne becomes a raging volcano. Determined upon divorce, she allows nothing to stand in her way. Returning to America, she takes up her residence in a State where divorce is easy, marshals her evidence in such a way as to show that she has been the victim of the brutal ill-treatment of a foreigner, and so secures her decree and the custody of her child, leaving Roger under a brand of misconduct and cruelty that he supposes can never be lifted. Being essentially weak—no more in fact than a spineless but well-meaning "good fellow"—he takes to drink and dissipation, develops consumption, and receives sentence of death from his physicians. Daphne hears of his plight, is stricken with remorse, and hurries to England to offer her help, realizing that she is still in love with him. The final interview is pathetic, but futile. Here is its conclusion:

"Don't cry so," he said, calmly. "It's done. We can't help it. And don't make yourself too unhappy about me. I've had awful times. When I was ill in New York—it was like

hell. The pain was devilish, and I wasn't used to being alone, and nobody caring a damn, and everybody believing me a cad and a hully. But I got over that. It was Beatty's death that hit me so hard, and that I wasn't there. It's that somehow, I can't get over—that you did it—that you could have had the heart. It would always come between us. No, we're better apart. But I'll tell you something to comfort you. I've given up that girl, as I've told you, and I've given up drink. Herbert won't believe it, but he'll find it is so. And I don't mean to die before my time. I'm going out to Switzerland directly. I'll do all the correct things. You see, when a man knows he's going to die, well," he turned away, "he gets uncommonly curious as to what's going to come next."

He walked up and down a few turns. Daphne watched him. "I'm not pious—I never was. But after all, the religious people profess to know something about it, and nobody else does. Just supposing it were true?"

He stopped short, looking at her. She understood perfectly that he had Beatty in his mind.

"Well, anyhow, I'm going to live decently for the rest of my time—and die decently. I'm not going to throw away chances. And don't trouble yourself about money. There's enough left to carry me through. Good-bye, Daphne!" He held out his hand to her.

She took it, still dumbly weeping. He looked at her with pity.

"Yes, I know, you didn't understand what you were doing. But you see, Daphne, marriage is—" he sought rather painfully for his words, "it's a big thing. If it doesn't make us, it ruins us; I didn't marry you for the best of reasons, but I was very fond of you—honour bright! I loved you in my way, I should have loved you more and more. I should have been a decent fellow if you'd stuck to me. I had all sorts of plans; you might have taught me anything. I was a fool about Chloe Fairmile, but there was nothing in it, you know there wasn't. And now it's all rooted up and done with. Women like to think such things can be mended, but they can't—they can't, indeed. It would be foolish to try."

Daphne sank upon a chair and buried her face in her hands. He drew a long and painful breath. "I'm afraid I must go," he said waveringly, "I—I can't stand this any longer. Good-bye, Daphne, good-bye."

She only sobbed, as though her life dissolved in grief. He drew near to her, and as she wept, hidden from him, he laid his hand a moment on her shoulder. Then he took up his hat.

"I'm going now," he said in a low voice. "I shan't come back till you have gone."

In its way it is a terrible story. If it had been woven into a larger plot, if it were a subsidiary thread in a bigger fabric, it would be more effective, but as it was written with an evident intention it is likely to fail, since it does not present a true bill or cover the ground. But as a piece of finely written melodrama it is a book to be read and it will be read with the hope that Mrs. Ward will come again, stay longer, and so learn how many different kinds of people we have in America.

"Marriage à la Mode," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.20.

There will soon be opened in Switzerland the Wieser viaduct, on the route from Davos to Filisur. It is entirely constructed of stone, at a height of ninety metres (292½ feet), and has a central arch of fifty-five metres and six others of twenty metres, the entire length of the bridge being 175 metres. It is, according to a Paris contemporary, the most beautiful bridge in the world. The new line of Albula, moreover, presents some other admirable works of great boldness, among which is the Solis bridge, twenty-five metres in length and at an altitude of seventy-seven metres, upon which the "diligences" stop to enable tourists to admire the beauties of the situation. Then at eight metres higher is a second bridge, that of a railway, about forty metres in length, which crosses an abyss.

Dr. Alfonso Moreira Penna, president of Brazil, died on June 14. Dr. Penna was elected to office by universal suffrage in the twenty federated States in 1906, and assumed office November 15 of that year. His term expires in 1910. He was a native of the State of Minas Geraes, and his success was the outcome of a coalition of the principal States against Sao Paulo, which has supplied all past presidents. Dr. Penna was one of Dom Pedro's ministers, who accepted and supported the republic after its proclamation. He had been president of his State and governor of the Bank of the Republic. He was vice-president of the republic and president of the Senate at the time of his election to the chief magistracy.

It is a curious fact—one all at variance with the doctrines of heredity, but borne out by police records—that the children of crooks, of all classes, rarely turn out to be crooks themselves. Deeper study of the subject might reveal that they are possessed of the criminal instincts, but that the tragically close example of the punishment and wretchedness that attend a criminal career has been a terrifying deterrent. The fact, at any rate, remains. The "Rogues' Galleries" of Scotland Yard, New York, and Chicago may be studied in vain for the photographs of a father and a son.

The Lake of the Thousand Islands is forty miles long and varies from four to seven miles in width. It is both a continuation of Lake Ontario and the beginning of the St. Lawrence River. The Thousand Islands are really about 1700 in number, big and little. Many of them are favorite summer resorts, with hotels and boarding-houses of rich Americans and Canadians. The voyage through them is picturesque and many of the islands are illuminated at night.

The Reef of Norman's Woe, made known to every schoolboy through Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," is but a short distance off the shore from Rafe's chasm, near Gloucester, on the north shore of Massachusetts.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Railroad Freight Rates in Relation to the Industry and Commerce of the United States*, by Logan G. McPherson. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The author is well known as an authority on transportation matters. His previous volume on "The Working of the Railroads" was favorably received, and now we have this voluminous analytical examination that seems to give the economist well-nigh everything that he needs to know, along broad lines, as to the part played by the railroads in national development. He reminds us that the introduction of our system of railroads was not into a developed and settled nation, that local mechanism was gradually merged into larger and national needs, that the lines have been built and sustained by individual capital that naturally looked first of all at its dividends, and that recurrent legislation, national and state, has complicated the situation without always clarifying it.

Mr. McPherson writes for popular consumption, for the man who looks at the price ticket upon the commodities that he purchases and has only the vaguest idea of the component parts of that price. One of his best chapters is that upon "Transportation Charge and Prices." He tells us what is the transportation charge upon a pair of hoots, an axe, a padlock, an iron dish, and a dozen clothes pins, what we must pay to the railroads for bringing us a pound of tobacco, a barrel of flour, or a cotton shirt. Elsewhere he initiates us into the mysteries of classification, rate wars, and agreements, the commerce of the city and of the country, the regional divisions that affect schedules. Chapters of a more controversial nature are those upon "Public Sentiment and Legislation" and the "Interstate Commerce Law," while the concluding chapter gives us tabulated and parallel statements of "The Complaints of 1886" and "The Condition at Present." One single excerpt is so startling as to be worth extraction. A complaint of 1886, we are told, was "that rates are established without apparent regard to the actual cost of the service performed, and are based largely on 'what the traffic will bear.'" The "Condition at Present" is set forth as follows: "That 'what the traffic will bear,' or as it is more accurately expressed, 'not what the traffic will not bear,' is the only equitable basis for the adjustment of rates is the opinion of the highest authorities, whether in the field of economic theory or in that of railroad practice."

But the book is not of a controversial nature. It is an examination, an analysis, a review. It would be hard to find a more elaborate equipment for the student who wishes to understand the transportation problem of the day.

*Jimbo*, by Algernon Blackwood. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

This remarkable piece of psychological analysis suggests an actual experience as its base. Jimbo is a nervous, sensitive child who is terrified by a well-meaning but stupid governess. Fear, for the first time, becomes an element in his imagination. Meeting with an accident that deprives him of physical consciousness, we accompany him into a subjective world where he is imprisoned by fear as a personified and frightful force from which he can escape only through the ministrations of the very governess who caused the original mischief and who, we learn eventually, died a few days after her summary dismissal from the house. In view of the deliberate use that is so often made of fear in the education of children, religious and otherwise, it may be hoped that this book will fall into the hands of those who fail to realize the actuality of subjective states or the extent to which a child's mind can be tortured and enslaved by ideas willfully and ignorantly communicated.

*The Eternal Boy*, by Owen Johnson. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This book is in praise of the "Prodigious Hickey," a hero after the school boy's own heart. Unlike some other stories of the kind, Hickey is a real boy and his exploits are untainted by "cuteness," cruelty, or vice. The author knows the psychology of his subject and so presents us with a series of inimitable pictures worthy to rank with those of Kipling's "Turkey." Not soon shall we forget how Little Smeed, who seemed so wholly lacking in the elements of true greatness, yet managed to create a glorious and imperishable record by eating fifty pancakes at a sitting.

*Mind Over Body*, Published by James H. West Company, Boston; \$1.

This little book is made up of a series of letters written to a Christian Science friend in which the author explains why he will not join the community. He admits that the various forms of selfishness "disturb the normal action of the functions of the body" and that the "repellents tend to correct such disorders, but he maintains that these conditions result-

ing from selfishness are not evil but good, inasmuch as they indicate and make us aware of imperfections. In other words, we must recognize the salutariness of pain. Further on he says that the disorder caused by a cinder in the eye is not caused by fear, envy, and so forth, although these may aggravate it. The disorder can be corrected "only by the removal of the cinder," and to this end "I was given a physical hand." The illustration is good, but little likely to be appreciated by those who deal in metaphysical nebulosities to the exclusion of the facts of conscious life.

*Shelburne Essays*, by Paul Elmer More. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

These eleven essays concern themselves mainly with religion and philosophy and also with literature in its religious and philosophic bearing. The author is at his best on purely religious ground. He seems to speak as though from a background of undivulged belief that gives force and conviction to his writings. Why, for example, does he say that the doctrine of "inattachment" to be found in the "Bhagavad Gita" may be a terrible rule of conduct "to him who falters"? Why does he say that Plato's larger presentation of the same doctrine is a more competent one, save for the few "who desire to enter the kingdom by violence"?

The most striking essays, those that seem the most to be written *con amore*, are the "Bhagavad Gita," "Socrates," "The Apology," and "Plato." The author has all the restrained enthusiasm of personal adherence, and for him the message of the ancients has all the vitality of a revelation that is still awaiting its full appreciation.

*The Age of Shakespeare*, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.

These critical essays upon some of the contemporaries of Shakespeare will be received with satisfaction not only as an example of Swinburne's finest style, but as a valuable contribution to the study of a literary period upon which a searchlight of unusual brilliance is now focussed. Some of the men with whom Swinburne deals were undeniably great, but their orbits were too near the sun for a full measure of popular appreciation. The author helps us to see that their lights were not wholly reflected ones, and that they would have shone the brighter if the sky in which they found themselves had not been so dazzlingly illuminated. Mr. Swinburne divides nine chapters between Christopher Marlowe, John Webster, Thomas Dekker, John Marston, Thomas Middleton, William Rowley, Thomas Heywood, George Chapman, and Cyril Tourneur. To these is added an admirably copious index.

*Rose-White Youth*, by Dolf Wyllarde. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

In spite of its many good points, the author has done better work than "Rose-White Youth." Although the heroine is a school girl it is not exactly a story for the young, and it is a little distasteful to find a series of love romances centring around a girl of fifteen who becomes sixteen only at the close of the book. The description of English aris-

tocratic life in the country is well done, but neither the incidents nor the characters are striking enough to justify a book of over three hundred pages.

*Carlota, a story of the San Gabriel Mission*, by Frances Margaret Fox. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

This story, intended primarily for children, makes clever use of an incident in the American conquest of California and explains the destruction of the Mexican gunpowder manufactured in San Gabriel in 1846. The story is attractively told, the type is large, and there are half a dozen colored illustrations.

*Daughters of the Rich*, by Edgar Saltus. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

It is strange that any one can find pleasure, and it is deplorable that any one can find profit in writing licentious stories of which the offense is aggravated and not condoned by literary ability. The "Daughters of the Rich" is had from cover to cover, without motive and without excuse.

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¶ J. Stanley Durkee, Ph. D., of Boston, says: "It is the great American novel," while W. W. Bustard, D. D., of Boston, calls it "one of the greatest hooks ever written," and so the opinions go.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Naturally Told Story.

*The Climber*, by E. F. Benson. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is probably the most important of the twenty-two novels standing to the credit of Mr. Benson, the most comprehensive in its survey of average life, and the most effective in its social lesson. It does not carry us beyond the range of normal experience, or even of commonplace motive, but it shows us their vitality and the unerring portents disclosed by the familiar attributes of human character. It is a picture of cause and effect in the moral world, of the concretion of mental attributes into retributive facts.

The heroine is Lucia Grimson, although she must perhaps divide the honors of priority with her friend, Maud Eddis. At our first introduction to the two girls we are reminded of Becky Sharp and Amelia, but while Lucia has all of Becky's ambition, she has not all of her intellectual cunning, while Maud has all of Amelia's virtue without the negativity that made that estimable young woman somewhat absurd.

Lucia is beautiful, ambitious, and conscienceless. Her environment saves her from criminality, while her aspirations, being entirely social, act as a certain limitation to her potential mischief. Professing the warmest love for her friend, Lucia yet robs her of her admirer, Lord Brayton, and marries him, and she does it by a series of manoeuvres and deceptions that would have been transparent enough to any one who had less of the stupidity of self-complacency than this scion of an aristocratic house. Lord Brayton is a good man in his way, saturated with the spirit of his caste, highly educated, but of an almost subhuman dullness, and one of the most finished bores to be found in fiction. Maud forgives Lucia for her treachery and consoles herself with Charlie, who is a very "every-day young man" and an old admirer of Lucia. Lady Brayton's social flights astonish us a little, and it might be supposed that her immaculately correct husband would suspect some of her country house guests of pronounced vulgarity. Perhaps he was too infatuated with his wife. It may even be that his lordship was blind to vulgarity if only it was aristocratic enough.

Of course, the end is in sight as it ought to be in a good and naturally told novel. A love of conquest is always a part of social ambition, and Lucia, married and at the top of the tree, casts her covetous eyes upon Naboth's vineyard, and having already robbed Maud of her lover, now robs her of her husband. It is just what we would expect of her. We know from the beginning that however bright the footlights, however crowded the stage with frivolities and tinsel, the curtain must presently ring down upon shame and disgrace.

And so the story is eminently natural and eminently logical. It belongs to the domain of daily life, to the domain of things as we know them. The inevitable happens and the moth has flown into the intoxicating flame and falls scorched at our feet. Mentally we say to Lucia, "I told you so."

But although Mr. Benson deserves high praise for a faithful piece of work, for intention carefully carried out, for varied and clear-cut portraiture, we may wish that he had more clearly indicated the redemptive purpose of retributive nature. The true artist always suggests the sunshine through the clouds, the peace that lies beyond the storm. He should prophesy the good even when he records the evil, for this, too, is nature's way. Perhaps we have some hint of this when Lucia in a passion of self-reproach confesses to the injured Maud: "It was I who tempted him, and led him on. . . . I believe he hated himself for yielding; but, but I am beautiful." Perhaps this came from a conscience flickering into life, but we should have liked to see the staid flame that thrives upon tears and penitence. Maud, of course, forgives; that, too, we should expect, but there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine just persons that need no repentance.

*Fate and the Butterfly*, by Forrest Halsey. Published by B. W. Dodge & Co., New York.

This is a story of supposedly fashionable life and of a girl who marries *à la mode* and discovers too late that her husband is an opium maniac and a sudden, infamous wretch. If the author had seen fit to give the wife a soul he might have drawn a fine and telling contrast, but we can not get up any enthusiasm for Bertha Roth nor even a liking. She is a poor creature without moral sense, who seems to have invited her evil fate and to be hardly deserving of the good fortune that comes to her in the end. But the story as a whole represents nothing but vicious eccentricities.

## New Publications.

The Government Printing Office at Washington has issued the "Twenty-Second Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission."

From the press of C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco, comes the report of the Citizens' Health Committee on "Eradicating

Plague from San Francisco." prepared by Frank Morton Todd, the historian of the committee.

"Dreaming River," by Barr Moses, is a rather unlikely story of a man and a girl thrown together in complete isolation upon a Minnesota prairie. The man does not ingratiate himself with the reader nor is the girl entirely lovable. It is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"The Londons of the British Fleet," by Edward Fraser, is a graphic account of all the warships that have been named London. The sub-title sufficiently explains the purport of the book. It reads, "How They Faced the Enemy on the Day of Battle and What Their Story Means for Us Today." There are eight illustrations in color and eighteen in black and white. The volume is published by John Lane, New York. Price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The United States government, through an order recently issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission, makes another "Pigs Is Pigs" impossible: "Guinea pigs, rabbits, rats, and like small animals must be transported by express companies at merchandise rates." Heretofore the express companies have charged double merchandise rates. It was on this ruling that Mr. Butler's story was based.

"Lanier of the Cavalry," General Charles King's latest army romance, which was brought out in April, went into a second edition within three weeks after publication.

The demand for Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," which Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. first issued fifteen years ago, continues so good that, in spite of there having in the interval been a number of large cheap editions, they are now called upon for a fifty-ninth printing of their regular edition illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

Camille Flammarion, author of "Mysterious Psychic Forces," is out with a new project for unearthing mysteries of the world. Recognizing that engineers have probed the crust of the globe only to a depth of about 6500 feet below the surface, he has lately renewed an old suggestion that a great exploration shaft should be sunk to the utmost possible depth in a thorough investigation of the crust of our planet. This pit, he says, should be two hundred or three hundred yards in diameter, cased with a massive iron ring.

A second edition of Laura Clifford Barney's "Some Answered Questions," an exposition of the doctrine and belief of Bahaism, has just been issued through the J. B. Lippincott Company.

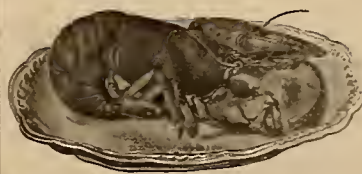
A correspondent of the Paris *Temps* who a short time ago visited Gorky at Capri reports that there is no truth in the statement recently published that Italy will surrender the author to the Russian government. Gorky feels perfectly safe in the little island, and enjoys great popularity among its inhabitants. He has lived there since his return from America, and it was there he wrote his latest novel, "The Spy."

When President Taft left for Manila on the transport *Grant* from San Francisco in January, 1902, he was very ill and confined for a large part of the time to his stateroom. He read Kipling and found "The Naulahka,

a Tale of the West and the East," especially pleasing. The verse that he has often quoted since his service in the Philippines is:

Now, it is not good for the Christian health to hustle the Aryan brown,  
For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles and weareth the Christian down;  
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white, and the name of the late deceased,  
And the epitaph drear: "A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East."

The last volume of the "Memoirs of Alexander Dumas" has been published by the Macmillan Company. Although a book of more than 600 pages, it covers a period of no more than two years, 1832 and 1833.



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## RABBI ASER ABARBANEL.

How Hope Whispered to His Soul in the Dungeons of the Inquisition.

One evening toward nightfall, the venerable Don Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, sixth prior of the Dominicans of Segovia, third Grand Inquisitor of Spain, followed by a friar redemptor (torturer), and preceded by two familiars of the Holy Office, carrying lanterns, might be seen descending toward one of the lower dungeons in the palace of the Holy Inquisition in Saragossa.

The lock of a massive door was turned and they entered a foul-smelling in pacc, where by the dim light could be discerned, between two iron rings fastened into the wall, a bench stained with blood, a brazier, and a pitcher. On a litter of dirty straw crouched a haggard-looking man, whose clothes hung in rags and with a hand of iron round his neck, connected by a heavy chain to another ring in the wall, just above his head. His age was indistinguishable.

This prisoner was none other than the Rabbi Aser Abarbanel, a Jew of Aragon. He had, for more than a year, been daily subjected to torture. Nevertheless, in the words of his tormentors "his heart was as hard as his skin," and he persistently refused to abjure.

Pride of birth (for he could trace his descent from Othniel, the last judge of Israel, and Ipsihoë his wife) had helped to sustain his courage under the most excruciating of his sufferings.

It was with tears in his eyes, as he thought of the soul that refused salvation, that the venerable Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, approaching the trembling rabbi, pronounced the following words:

"My son, rejoice—your trials on this earth are soon to come to an end. Though, through your hardness of heart, I have been under the painful necessity of inflicting the most agonizing tortures on you, my duty of fraternal correction has its limits. You are as the barren fig-tree, which must no longer cumber the ground, but it is for the Almighty alone to dispose of your soul. Possibly His infinite love may shed its rays upon you at the last moment! Let us hope so. I have known instances of it. So he it! Rest then in peace this evening. Tomorrow you will take part in the *auto-da-fé*: that is, you will be exposed to the *quemadero*, a premonitory ordeal for the eternal flames—it burns the victim, I need not tell you, from a distance, and death will not come to you in less than two hours, perhaps three; it is slow, because of the wet cloths that are placed over the brow and heart. There will be only forty-three of you. Be thankful for that, as you will be in the last row, you will have plenty of time to invoke the Almighty and offer him this baptism of fire. Put your trust in the Light, and sleep."

As he concluded his speech, Don Arbuez made a sign to his attendants to unrivet the captive's fetters, and he then embraced him tenderly. Then it was the Father Redemptor's turn; he, in a low voice, asked pardon of the Jew for all that he had made him suffer for the redemption of his soul; then the two familiars kissed him in silence. This ceremony over, the captive was left alone in the darkness.

Rabbi Aser Abarbanel sat helplessly staring at the closed door—closed! That word aroused one distinct idea in the midst of the confusion of his mind—it was that he had seen, for one instant, the glimmer from the lantern between the door and the wall. A hope—a hope evidently due to the tension of his brain—arose within him. He dragged himself to the door, and cautiously running his finger toward the fissure, pulled the door toward him.

Oh, extraordinary good fortune! the jailer had turned the key before the door was completely shut.

The rabbi ventured a look outside. His eyes, used to the darkness, had no difficulty in distinguishing a semicircular space, inclosed by earthen walls, and several spiral staircases leading to the upper floor. At the end of it, straight in front of him, were some steps leading to a black porch opening on what seemed a corridor, of which he could see only the first few arches.

He crawled on hands and knees to this porch. Yes, it was a corridor, but an interminably long one. It was but dimly lighted—small oil-lamps were hung at long intervals to the beams, and only served to make the darkness visible. The end of the corridor was lost in gloom. There was not a door in the whole length of the wall. On the left were small, closely barred windows, which now let in a few rays of reddish light from above, so he judged it must be evening. And what an unearthly silence reigned in that place! However, down at the end, and hidden in the darkness, might be a door leading to liberty! It was his last hope, so keeping under the shadow on the left, he crept slowly at full length, courageously suppressing a groan whenever he struck one of the wounds with which his body was covered.

Suddenly a sandaled footstep echoed through the length of the stone corridor. He was seized with terror, his sight failed him, and he waited, half-dead with apprehension, as he should be discovered.

It was a familiar, hurrying to some dungeon. His cowl concealed his countenance, and he passed rapidly, with a pair of flesh-nippers in his hand. The rabbi had been so terrified that, weakened as he was with pain and hunger, it was nearly an hour before he had strength to move. The dread of having to undergo additional torture in case of being found out made him for a moment think of turning back, but Hope whispered to his soul that divine *perhaps* which comforts us in our worst afflictions. A miracle had been performed for his rescue! He must not doubt it! So he went on, though exhausted by hunger and fear, toward possible escape. This sepulchral passage seemed to lengthen mysteriously, but he kept his eyes fixed on the darkness beyond, where there must surely be some exit.

Again footsteps were heard, but this time they were heavier and slower. The black-and-white gowns and shovel-hats of two inquisitors emerged from the darkness. They were talking in low tones and gesticulating, as if they were in argument upon some important subject.

On seeing them, Rabbi Aser Abarbanel shut his eyes; his heart beat as if it would burst and a cold sweat of agony burst out on him; he lay as if dead just under the light of a lamp, invoking the God of David to his aid.

The two inquisitors stopped under the lamp in the heat of their discussion. One of them, who was listening to his companion's argument, kept his eyes fixed on the rabbi, and he, not remarking the absent look in those staring orbs, seemed already to feel the red-hot pincers tearing his flesh. But the eyes of the inquisitor were those of a man completely absorbed in the conversation and studying his answer to his companion's argument.

In fact, in a few minutes, the two sinister individuals continued on their way, slowly, and still conversing in low tones, toward the semicircular court through which the fugitive had passed. He had not been seen! It was so extraordinary an escape that the poor wretch, in the confusion of his mind, said to himself: "Am I already dead, that no one sees me?"

He must hurry toward the place where he hoped for deliverance, toward the shadowy end which was now only about thirty paces distant. So he crawled on farther, and soon came to the dark part of this grewsome corridor.

He felt a blast of cold air on his hands—it came from under the door. Oh, God! if only this door opened on the outer world! He was giddy with hope and fear. He felt the door, and could discover no bolts nor locks—simply a latch. He rose to his feet, pressed the latch, which yielded silently, and the door stood open before him.

"Hallelujah!" sighed the rabbi, in a transport of thankfulness, at the sight that greeted his eyes.

The door had opened on a garden, under a sky bright with stars, on liberty and life! It looked upon the surrounding country. Toward the sierra in that direction was safety. Oh, he would fly! he would run all night under cover of the citron woods, the perfume of which regaled his nostrils even from this spot. Once in the mountains, he would be safe. He was breathing God's pure air, the wind refreshed him, his lungs grew stronger. He seemed to hear the words, addressed to Lazarus; and to bless the God who had been so infinitely merciful to him, he stretched forth his arms and raised his eyes to the firmament.

Then he thought he saw the shadow of his arms descend upon himself—he seemed to feel these shadowy arms clasp around him and envelop him—he was enfolded in a tender embrace. A tall figure stood near him. He lowered his eyes and they remained fixed on the person before him in horror and despair.

He was in the arms of the Grand Inquisitor himself, of the venerable Don Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, who was looking at him with tears in his eyes and with the loving expression of a good shepherd who had just rescued a lost sheep.

The sombre, ascetic-looking priest pressed the Jew to his heart in a transport of so fervent a charity that the sharp points in his hair-shirt pressed into the Dominican's flesh. Rabbi Aser Abarbanel lay nearly fainting with grief in the arms of Don Arbuez, comprehending, in a dazed way, that all the events of this evening were only a premeditated and additional torture.

It was the Torture by Hope. The Grand Inquisitor, with an accent of poignant reproach and a look of consternation, said: "What, my son! did you wish to leave us on the eve of possible salvation?"

And the priest, Don Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, released from his embrace the Rabbi Aser Abarbanel.—Translated from the Argonaut from the French of Villiers de l'Isle Adam by Fremout Sonkey.

Harrison Grey Fiske has secured the dramatic rights of W. J. Locke's "Septimus," and has selected George Arliss to create the title part. The work of dramatization has been entrusted to Philip Littell, who made a skeleton version of the play to submit to the novelist. Mr. Locke is reported to have approved this version.

## The Country Child.

The Country Child has fragrances  
He breathes about him as he goes:  
Clear eyes that look at distances,  
And in his cheeks the wilding rose.

The sun, the sun himself will stain  
The country face to his own red,  
The red-gold of the ripening grain.  
And leech to white the curly head.

He rises to the morning lark,  
Sleeps with the evening primroses,  
Before the curtain of the dark  
Lets down its splendor, starred with hees.

He sleeps so sweet without a dream  
Under brown cottage eaves and deep,  
His window holds one stray moonbeam,  
As tho an angel kept his sleep.

He feeds on honest country fare,  
Drinks the clear water of the spring,  
Green carpets wait him everywhere,  
Where he may run, where he may sing.

He hath his country lore by heart,  
And what is friend and what is foe:  
Hath conned Dame Nature's book apart,  
Her child since he began to grow.

When he is old, when he goes sad,  
Hobbling upon a twisted knee,  
He keeps somewhat of joys he had  
Since an old countryman is he.

He keeps his childhood's innocencies,  
Tho his old head be leached to snow,  
Forget-me-nots still hold his eyes,  
And in his cheeks old roses blow.  
—Katharine Tynan, in London Spectator.

## Note on a Trivial Matter.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15, 1909.  
EDITOR ARGONAUT: Your issue of May 8 contained the review of a book in which Dr. James Paget makes an attack upon what he assumes to be the teachings and practice of Christian Science. It is but just to state, however, that many of the doctrines which the reviewer characterizes as "a negation of Christianity itself" have never had a place in the teachings of Christian Science.

By way of illustrating the practice of Christian Science the doctor gives the case of a little girl who fell from a third-story window to the cement pavement. He describes the distressing symptoms of bleeding and suffering and then declares that later in the day the mother went to a church service "rejoicing" in "freedom from the sense of personal responsibility." Had the critic quoted more fully from the *Christian Science Journal* of July, 1898, in which this case was published, he would have stated that after the mother's treatment the bleeding stopped, all sense of pain left, and the child slept quietly.

What weight should be placed upon the judgment of a man who could so twist a plain statement of facts? OLCOTT HASKELL.

Overheard at a hall in Dublin: "Captain, is it a married man ye are?" "I am." "Then take your arm away, ye bold flirt."

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WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, Market and Sansome Streets; Branches, 624 Van Ness Avenue and 3039 Sixteenth Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of all taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1909. E. G. TOGNAZZI, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, N. W. corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1909, dividends have been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-eighth (4 1/8) per cent on term deposits, and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, becomes a part thereof and earns dividend from July 1. Money deposited on or before the 10th day of July will receive dividend from July 1. R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 326 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-Second; Richmond Branch, 432 Clement Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1909. GEORGE TOUNRY, Secretary.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1909. H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1909, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1909. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK, 108 Sutter Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1909. CHARLES CARPY, President.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not drawn become part of deposit accounts, and earn dividends at the same rate from July 1. Money deposited on or before July 10 will earn interest from July 1. WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

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## GIORDANO'S "FEDORA" AND "THE MORALS OF MARCUS."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

It seems to me that the management of a troupe that can give such an excellent, such an all-round first-class performance of that thoroughly modern and realistic opera, "Fedora," as was given by the International Grand Opera Company, singing at the Princess Theatre, would do better to put on something more modern than "Il Trovatore" for their second matinee. At this season many people are in summer cottages or resorts not more than an hour's trip from San Francisco, and they are only too glad to escape from the supposititious gayeties of the summer campaign for an occasional afternoon's amusement at the theatres, if the attraction is sufficiently first class. At Ethel Barrymore's second matinee, for instance, there was almost a packed house, although the summer season is thoroughly inaugurated, while on her opening night, the audience was only of moderate size.

I came to San Francisco to hear "Fedora," the music of which is most beautiful, and thought that the members of the troupe selected to sing the Giordano opera were, in several points, particularly well fitted to convey the sentiment of this tragedy in a worldly setting.

For one thing they were all experienced and well-trained singers; and, for another, the personnel and tone of the company was such as to enable them to hear themselves in scenes representing the social assemblings in the *salon* of a princess with ease and even elegance. There was not a trace of that comic uncouthness which we sometimes see in blacksmith tenors and farm-hand baritones, and the representation of the light chit-chat, the forming and dissolving of groups, and the general movement and stir of a social affair was admirably easy and spontaneous.

Mme. Therry, a fine-looking Frenchwoman, who resembles what Bernhardt would be, spread to ampler proportions, has a fine, powerful dramatic soprano of considerable sweetness. She is also an actress of much dramatic intensity, and while not exactly graceful, has great abandon of gesture and attitude, and, to add greatly to her other qualifications, a face upon which the play of expression is actually histrionic, instead of operatic-conventional.

As if this were not enough good fortune, the tenor, Colombini, is an excellent actor—ardent, eager, vivacious. He is also a well-set-up, fine-looking fellow, with the compact, graceful, well-poised body of an athlete. As Loris Ipanoff, the Russian lover of the Princess Fedora, he was able thoroughly to give us the illusion—something always to be unspeakably grateful for—although his powerful voice has steel flings in it, and at times lacks resonance.

Little Mlle. Donner, with her charmingly pretty face, her slight, daintily rounded figure, and her butterfly charm, was a Countess Olga with a voice of winning sweetness, although the young singer is as yet too immature to be a brilliant vocalist.

Another important detail, the magnificent orchestral score of the opera was beautifully played, under the splendid leadership of Signor Merola.

"Fedora" is an opera in which the beauty and dramatic significance of the orchestration is of an importance almost equal to the vocalism. In it Giordano has composed a masterpiece. The original Sardou play has proved to be an ideal vehicle for the hook of an opera, and one of the striking features in the composition is the contrast of the light, social note with the sombre, slow-moving chords of tragedy. For this reason there is much variety in the composition.

Some of the music was of a Verdiesque sweetness, notably that in the movement following the close of the Prefect's examination into the particulars surrounding the assassination.

In Giordano's Intermezzo there was, in those measures following closely upon the opening bars, a faint suggestion of Mascagni's Intermezzo. But the resemblance quickly passed away, and the composition holds its own for beauty and that searching, sensuous sweetness of which only the Latins seem to know the secret. It is given as a sort of mirror of Fedora's sombre thoughts, a retrospect of her earlier tragedy, as she sits in solitude reviewing her past and deciding the future, in the light of her knowledge of Ipanoff's secret.

There are many dramatic passages in the

opera—for the story offers great opportunities. It is the old idea of vengeance returning as a boomerang upon the avenger, who, like the reforming sinner, finds that repentance does not do away with the consequences of his sin. Olga and her flirtations offer the contrast that gayety and youth perpetually make to the tragedies of life. There is, too, a charming mountain song, with a murmurous accompaniment from the orchestra, at the opening of the third act, and the arrangement by which Boleslav's piano selection played at the princess's reception serves as an accompaniment to her aria is a most felicitous one.

But the most striking passages of the opera are always those which are charged with the note of tragedy. It is rather difficult for a seasoned subject really to give an emotional response to scenes in opera, but in the long scene in which Loris Ipanoff recites his family sorrows, the music was charged with woe unutterable, and brought with it a corresponding mood of sadness.

The changing of the music in the final act from the charming scene of railway between De Sirix—a rôle which was exceedingly well sung and acted by Arcangeli—and Countess Olga, when the former finally reveals to Fedora the coil of fate in which she is involved, is very effective.

The finale comes when Fedora, dreading the wrath and vengeance of her deeply wronged husband, drinks of "the cup of trembling," and dies in his forgiving arms, while the orchestra wails and wails a farewell and a requiem of thrilling sweetness, and the distant mountaineer sings an altered note of sadness and farewell.

\* \* \*

As Carlotta the soulless, cherry-lipped sucker of sweet comfits, playing like a baby with her tiny red slippers, naively admiring her own fairy-like charms, and working enormous execution in the admiring sensibilities of guffawing masculines, Marie Doro won, on Monday night at the Van Ness Theatre, an unqualified success. The little actress is an actress indeed, and in all points fitted to a marvel to the rôle. She seemed, indeed, to be made for it. Her prettiness, her youthfulness of appearance, her diminutiveness, her fascinating daintiness, her child-like coquetties, and her temperamental adaptiveness to the rôle made of her a Carlotta that the author himself could not cavil at in a single point.

Carlotta's deficiency of a sense of humor is remarked on by Sir Marcus, who says drily, when the topic of her marriage is the question, "You can not be married to any one, my dear, until you can see a joke."

And this childlike imperviousness to humor is very prettily conveyed by Marie Doro, who, as the little Turkish witch, turns quick, inquiring, puzzled glances, with bird-like movements of her head, from one talker to the other, looking as bright-eyed and uncomprehending as a baby scrutinizing a sunbeam.

She is a quick-witted little actress, and loses not a point. No player who is so deft, and sure, and supple in her movements, so life-like in her expressions, so appropriate in gesture and attitude makes a chance success. It is evident, in spite of her musical comedy career, that Miss Doro is a student and a hard-working one. She has been assisted in her success, of course, by her physical adaptability to the rôle, but over and beyond that is the carefully worked out detail which she has put into all that childish trickiness, all those spontaneous-seeming witcheries, of little Carlotta.

One matter of detail is the accent used in representing the harem-bred fugitive. I do not doubt that Miss Doro had nothing to go on, and was obliged to imagine Carlotta's accent, but the main point is that it sounded foreign, and could not be localized, and besides, it was a pretty and rather bewitching little accent.

Edwin Arden's Sir Marcus offered a good contrast, in its philosophic calm, and its drily humorous observation of the elfin tricks of the haronet's bewildering live toy, although the artificiality which I remember as a marked feature of Edwin Arden's acting when he was starring down at the Grand Opera House some years ago is not wholly eliminated, enormously as he is improved since then. I thought the best feature in his impersonation was its flavor of contemplative humor, and the worst a rather theatric trick he has of using his eyes.

Frederick Tiden, who seems to have settled down to one specialty, was the Sebastian Pasquale of the hook minus his more picturesque characteristics. Mary K. Taylor was a rather wooden and springless Judith, although she did do very well in representing Judith's sudden inward rigidities over her polished society surface when Carlotta touched her on the raw with a guilelessly tentative finger.

Marie Wainwright, in gorgeous array, made an imposing and well-acted dowager. Fred Eric's Hamdi Effendi was effectively foreign and not too melodramatic, and William Postance and Marion Abbott acted excellently as Sir Marcus's two devoted retainers.

The play has been put in very good shape by the author, who may have had a play in mind when he wrote the hook. At any rate it hisses with apt epigrams, such as "A coquette is a female who flaunts her sex as a bullfighter does his red rag merely to make infuriated animals fight."

Too much epigram is stilted, but Mr. Locke does not stay up on stilts, and when Sir Marcus says to Carlotta, the estray, simply and imperatively, "Go and get washed," the humor is direct and spontaneous.

The climax to the third act, when the haronet discovers that Sebastian has stolen his pretty toy, comes rather tamely, principally, I think, because Mr. Arden did not exactly rise to it.

The last act is too long. I think it was a mistake in the play to revive Judith's treachery as given in the hook. We ought to have been allowed to sympathize with her undisturbed.

Evidently Pasquale is brought on in the last act in order to prove that Carlotta had not, ceased to be a sinless child in her elopement, but a disagreeable effect is left upon the mind, and a tacit reproach against the manliness of Sir Marcus, from the fact that Sebastian was curish, sneering, and insulting, and did not receive from Carlotta's incensed guardian the good high buff on the jaw that he richly deserved. I think also that Carlotta's plaintiveness in this act is too long drawn out.

### Lectures, Entertainments, and Concerts.

In addition to the regular courses of the University summer session, there will be popular lectures, some of them illustrated, in Hearst Hall on Monday and Friday evenings by a number of the most distinguished of the visiting members of the faculty. These will be free to those enrolled as summer session students on presentation of their registration cards. Others may obtain season tickets for the twelve lectures for \$3.50. Single tickets will be 35 cents each. For the Wednesday evenings during this summer session the chairman of the musical and dramatic committee of the university has arranged a series of very attractive musical and literary entertainments in Hearst hall by the best talent obtainable. On June 23, in commemoration of the centennial of the birth of Edward Fitzgerald, Liza Lehmann's song-cycle from his translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, "In a Persian Garden," was given by a quartette under the direction of Mr. Henry L. Perry. On June 30 Mrs. Herbert Sanford Howard will give an interpretative reading of Wagner's "Lohengrin," with excerpts from the opera under the direction of Mr. Walter Manchester. On July 7, in commemoration of the centennial of the birth of Tennyson, a quartette under the direction of Mr. John Carrington will give songs from his works, set to music by Balfe, Barnby, Whelpley, Tosti, Sullivan, and other composers. On July 14, in commemoration of the centennial of the births of Mendelssohn and Chopin, the Minetti String Quartette and a first-class pianist will give a programme made up from their works. On July 21, in commemoration of the centennial of Poe, Lincoln, and Holmes, songs, readings, and recitations from their writings will be given. On July 28, Mr. Marshall Darrach of New York will recite Shakespeare's "Macbeth." Season tickets for these six entertainments will be \$1.50; single admission, 35 cents.

For the Saturday evenings during the summer session the musical and dramatic committee has announced a series of concerts in the Greek Theatre by the Golden Gate Park Band, under the leadership of Mr. Paul Stein-dorff. Season tickets for the six concerts will be, for the upper section, \$1.00; for the chair section, \$1.50. Single admission to the upper section will be 25 cents, to the chair section, 35 cents.

For the Sunday afternoons during the summer session the musical and dramatic committee has arranged for a series of half-hours of music in the Greek Theatre, beginning at 4 o'clock, free to the public.

An acrobat's "fire dive" in a Boston summer park, is probably the most spectacular performance ever put on before the public. Standing on the platform of a tower sixty feet above the swimming tank, the surface of which is a mass of flames, the specially constructed diving suit he wears is oil soaked and then set ablaze. With flames surrounding his entire body he shoots down through the air like a comet and disappears in the midst of flames which leap to a height of twenty feet to receive him.

Ellen Terry and Mr. Balfour met for the first time at the table of Mr. Henry W. Lucy in London. During the ensuing conversation Miss Terry remained strangely silent. Presently the unionist leader had to leave for the House of Commons, and Ellen Terry at last found her tongue. Her host was relieved to find that she had not been bored. Bringing her closed hand down on the table, she exclaimed with a glance toward the door through which Mr. Balfour had passed: "I think that's a duck of a man!"

Geraldine Farrar, who will sing the rôle of Charlotte in Massenet's opera "Werther" when it is given next season by the Metropolitan Opera Company, is being coached in the part by the French composer.

Louis James is preparing an elaborate production of "Henry VIII," in which he will be seen next season.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The stale old question of international marriages comes once more to the front. This time it is Anna A. Rogers, who writes in the *Atlantic* for June and again hecks on into view the old hackneyed phrases of "titled decadents," etc., with which we are made so sadly familiar every time a rich American girl marries a foreigner who is not rich and who is therefore decadent. By the way, what is the exact meaning of decadent, over and above its obvious implication of some one whom we do not like and whose ways are not quite our ways?

We should like to ask Anna A. Rogers to be more specific, to stoop for a moment from the lofty plane of generalities to the prosaic and uninteresting level of fact. It is not easy for a lady to do this, but will she try? When she talks about the "present humiliating slave trade in which rich American girls are sold to the titled decadents of England and the Continent," will she say whom she means? Will she give names?

Of course we all know whom she means, but it would be so interesting to persuade a lady to divulge the paucity of her facts. When she would have us infer that her strictures are the result of a broad and comprehensive survey of the whole field of international marriage, actually and as a matter of fact she has some half dozen instances in mind—no more and probably less. Out of the scores of such marriages between well-known people less than half a dozen have subsequently aired their unhappiness in public or washed their dirty linen on the street. Anna A. Rogers speaks of the "titled decadents of England and the Continent." When she speaks of England she means the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and no one else, and she does not know any more about the Marlboroughs than the backstairs reporter and his ally the chambermaid choose to tell or to invent.

One of the latest of these marriages is that of the Earl of Granard to Miss Mills. Is the Earl of Granard a decadent? He is at least an energetic politician and works just as hard as though he had to earn his living. Was Lord Randolph Churchill a decadent? Mr. Chamberlain, it is true, is not titled, but he might have been had he wished, half a dozen times over. Is he decadent? But there is no need to go on. Crossing the channel to the Continent, we find, it is true, some two or three flagrant and iniquitous marriages. We find also a number of other marriages, and by far the majority, where the American wife has been a splendid colleague to a worthy husband, adding to his laurels of patriotic and social service. Was Count von Waldersee a decadent? The ready writer in the *Atlantic* would do well to put that question to the countess. The wife of the French ambassador, M. Jusserand, is an American, but she does not consider that her brilliant husband is a decadent. Nor does any one else.

The slur upon the American girl herself may pass without notice. If these girls are "sold" in a "slave trade" who sells them? What contemptible nonsense it all is.

But none the less we have the admission that it is all the fault of the American man. He does not make himself attractive:

The habit and fury of work, unreasoning, illogical, quite unrelated to any need, is a masculine disease in this country, and the whole social system has for years paid the inevitable penalty. Here and there a man tries to stop in time, but finds himself obsessed by work so that he can no longer think of anything else. He is as much a slave to it as is any opium-taker to his drug, and drunkard to his potion. It is a grave danger, not only to the individual, but to the whole American civilization.

The American girl has had enough of amusing tired men. She wants a companion with animal spirits, with human interests, with a capacity for amusement:

Tired men fill our vaudeville theatres—for there at least the audience is largely masculine—even in the daytime. They are too near exhaustion to do more than listen to wit quite easy of comprehension.

Our girls are accustomed to amusing tired men. That joy of being amused, of being interested by a man of the world, is not to be omitted in any just weighing of the question of why they find foreigners attractive; and as time passes, in spite of all the bitter disillusionments of the past, our rich girls will make more and more unflattering selections from among suitors from across the seas. And it is full time our young men awakened to their own share in the causes which lead to such a condition.

If our rich girls make "unflattering selections" what becomes of the "sold-into-slavery" theory. But the lady has a right to be illogical. Indeed, being a lady, it is her duty. And again we are told:

The American masculine claim of absorption in his work does not in the least justify such a condition. Frenchmen support their wives and still find time to go shopping with them, too! Englishmen do likewise, and find energy left to place their sons in school, energy to watch keenly the love affairs of their daughters, unhesitatingly hiding this or that man to be gone; moral courage and physical vitality left after the day's work to be in fact, as well as in fancy, "the head of the house." They have the wisdom to leave hours for lay, for pure boyishness of living.

And more, what about the "slave market"?

theory. If the Frenchman and the Englishman go shopping with their wives the slavery would seem to be theirs, for there is surely no such picture of abject humiliation as that of the husband who waits his mistress's pleasure in the millinery store. Slavery indeed!

The price of French hachelors has a distinctly upward tendency. Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, the well-known artist, says she recently heard a young dowry hunter declare that he would not marry any girl unless she had \$80,000. He added cynically that her character, disposition, and accomplishments were unimportant details. The dowry was the only thing that counted:

Mme. Adolphe Brisson, wife of the eminent dramatic critic, says that one reason why the young men of today insist on fiancées with money is that the expensive and luxurious tastes of the modern young woman can not be gratified on a small income. Formerly a girl who brought her husband a dowry of \$20,000 was considered very eligible, but today that amount is looked upon as insignificant.

M. Paul Marguerite, the author, laments the exaggerated importance attached to the dowry in France, and M. Marcel Prévost, the distinguished novelist, commends the system of "love matches" obtaining in England. He and the others mentioned are unanimous in hoping for the abolition of the "dot" in French marriages.

Probably a man never reveals so much of his true inwardness as when he is being photographed, and knowing this he has the wisdom to insist that the operation shall be done in private. There is an old joke about the painless nature of photography, but as a matter of fact it hurts nearly as much as having the hair cut, and every man knows the misery of that.

There is a photographer in Washington who has photographed a succession of Presidents. He ought to regard the confidences of the studio very much as a priest preserves the sanctities of the confessional, but he takes a lighter view of his earthly mission and is quite willing to talk about his experiences. Up to the present time Mr. Taft has proved patient under photographic ministrations, but no one can say how long this outward calm will last. He is a good sitter, falls naturally into easy and suitable postures, and does not have to be told to look pleasant.

For the photographer it is a case of calm after storm. He had lived through seven years of photographic storm and stress and had struggled to do his whole duty by Mr. Roosevelt. Never was there such a sitter; "it appeared to be a positive misery for him to stick to one position for more than two seconds." And there was that aggressive chin that would protrude "despite the fact that I yanked his head back half a dozen times." To endeavor to persuade Mr. Roosevelt's form into artistic postures "was like moving a sackful of steel billets."

And yet Mr. Roosevelt liked to be photographed—*c'est va sans dire*. At least he liked to examine the finished pictures, asking for proofs of all the negatives taken and usually ordering copies from each of them. During the last two years he avoided full or three-quarter length poses. He had an uneasy realization that in spite of all the exercise he took he was growing stout, and he did not wish that the camera should immortalize that unpleasant fact.

Good and bad sitters have alternated in the presidential booth. McKinley was a good sitter, a photographer at his ease not only by the kindness of his manner, but by the almost naturalness that never left him. Mr. McKinley was the least vain personage that ever leveled a lens at."

Mr. Cleveland, on the other hand, was a *mauvais sujet*. He hated to be photographed, he hated the photographer, he hated to sit still, and he hated to have the negatives retouched or the exaggerations removed from the lines and wrinkles. Then, too, he always wanted a conventional pose, the left hand beneath the flap of the frock coat or something of that kind. If it had not been for the friendly intercessions of Mrs. Cleveland there would today be a dearth of the presentments of the Democratic President.

Mr. Harrison gave a good deal of trouble to the photographer, being very sensitive as to his short stature, but Mr. Arthur, on the other hand, was perfection itself. Indeed, he was so much of the fine gentleman that his theatrical poses had to be toned down just a little.

Will Irwin tries to say something in defense of the Duke of Norfolk, who deprived the National Gallery in London of the great Holbein picture in order to sell it for \$300,000. The duke, we are told, was really hard up and was forced to his action by the Budget proposals that hear so hardly upon the splendid paupers of the aristocracy. The money, says Mr. Irwin, is no doubt safely invested in some foreign security that pays a comfortable dividend.

The plea will hardly avail. The duke was certainly not reduced to poverty by a budget bill that had not come into operation and might never come into operation, and he had sold his picture within twenty-four hours of the introduction of the budget. Moreover, we have to remember that in England there

is no tax upon personal property. If the duke had possessed fifty Holbeins they would not have cost him one cent in taxation, but the moment he turns his picture into interest-bearing money, the income-tax collector comes knocking at his door. To retrench by turning untaxed property into taxable property is a curious form of economy, unless, of course, the duke intends to invest his money in some secret way and omit the little transaction from the tax schedule. Such things have been heard of.

Another distressed duke is his grace of Bedford, who is so pitifully penniless, although he owns a large part of London, that he has offered to sell his Cambridgeshire estate to the government. Then there is the Duke of Westminster, supposed to be one of the richest men in the world, but who sees himself in his mind's eye on a weekly pilgrimage to the pawnshop. When Mr. Gladstone introduced his home rule bill the duke was so indignant that he sold a splendid portrait of the prime minister, as he could no longer hear to be reminded of a statesman who had fallen so low in the ducal estimation. Incidentally it may be said that he sold it at a handsome profit, but that's another story. Now his grace of Westminster is once more in a state of indignation, and this time at the Old Age Pensions bill, so he has notified all the old family pensioners upon his estate that they had better apply for their pensions to the government, as he can not afford to continue the payments.

The idea that certain historic jewels bring bad luck to their owners is an old one, and there seems to be no reason why it should be dubbed as a superstition except upon the general theory that whatever we do not happen to understand isn't so. As soon as we can

establish a successful claim to a comprehension of all the subtle and mysterious forces of nature we may venture to laugh at superstitions, but until then our hilarity will be the mark of a weak mind rather than of a strong one. It is not more essentially impossible that a jewel should cause disaster than that a mosquito should carry malaria, although we may understand the process in one case and not in the other. A good deal of the scientific advance of today is no more than an adoption of the superstitions of yesterday, a legalization of the beliefs that were formerly illegal.

All this brings us to the case of the Hope diamond, and around this stone the most sinister of forces are supposed to linger. It was originally the property of an Indian rajah, from whom it was violently stolen early in the seventeenth century. After various vicissitudes and various owners who parted with it as quickly as they could, generally under circumstances of misfortune, it was bought by Mr. Hope, and it is said that all his heirs who owned the diamond came to tragic ends. When Lord Francis Hope met with overwhelming misfortune he sold the stone to an American named Frankel, who seems to have bought the ill-luck with it, for during the financial crisis of last year Mr. Frankel found it advisable to sell the stone, and curiously enough its purchaser was our old friend Abdul Hamid, lately Sultan of Turkey and now a forlorn prisoner in Constantinople. If any one should make us a present of the Hope diamond—by no means a likely event—we do not say positively that we should refuse it, but it would certainly find its way to the sign of the three halls without avoidable delay. As the man said of the christening ceremony, "There may be something in it."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

He had never been to sea before. "Can you keep anything on your stomach?" the ship doctor asked. "No, sir," he returned feebly, "nothing but my hand."

A Western school journal is responsible for the story that a youthful pupil in the history class wrote the following statement: "The American War of Independence took place because the Colonies refused to submit to taxation without temptation."

Mr. Justice O'Brien, when attorney-general, was once examining a countrywoman, and thus addressed her: "Now, Mary O'Connor, tell me all you know," etc. The witness, casting an indignant look at her questioner, said with asperity: "Mrs. O'Connor, if you please, Pether!"

Some of the Italian employees of the mammoth smelter in Shasta County have queer ideas of "English as she spoke." A recent applicant for attention at the company hospital, when asked what ailed him, replied "Sick finger on foot," and another described a familiar, old-fashioned complaint as "sick in de belt."

Former Representative Amos J. Cummings of New York was once city editor of the Sun. One Saturday night it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed next day. Cummings called his star reporter, Murray. "Tom," he said, "go out tomorrow and find out if the saloons are selling liquor." It was Thursday when Tom again appeared at his desk. "They were," he reported.

A little girl, stopping in Boston en route from Connecticut to Maine was very desirous of taking a beautiful Angora cat to the woods with her. Her mother objected on the ground of the care and inconvenience of traveling with the pet, and tried to dissuade the child by offering to give her a dollar to spend in Boston if she would give up the idea. The little girl thought it over, then replied: "But, mother, how much longer a cat would last than a dollar."

An old lady who was fond of her dissenting minister once wearied Lamb by the length of her praises. "I speak because I know him well," said she. "Well, I don't—I don't—but damn him, at a venture!" On another occasion, Lamb was invited to a party where the room was crowded with children. Their noise and tricks plagued him not a little, and at supper, when toasts were flying to and fro, he rose to propose the health of the "m-much ca-ca-calumniated g-g-good King Herod!"

In one of the smaller cities of New England there was an Episcopal church, which had two mission chapels, commonly known as the East End Mission and the North End Mission, from the parts of the city where they were respectively located. One day the rector gave out the notices, in his most distinguished, high-church tone, as follows: "There will be a service at the North End Mission at three o'clock, and at the East End at five. Children will be baptized at both ends."

Grant Allen relates that he was sitting one day under the shade of the Sphinx, turning for some petty point of detail to his Baedeker. A sheik looked at him sadly, and shook his head. "Murray good," he said, in a solemn voice of warning; "Baedeker no good. What for you use Baedeker?" "No, no; Baedeker is best," answered Mr. Allen; "why do you object to Baedeker?" The sheik crossed his hands, and looked down on him with the pitying eyes of Islam. "Baedeker bad book," he repeated; "Murray very, very good. Murray say, 'Give the sheik half a crown'; Baedeker say, 'Give the sheik a shilling.'"

Alexandre Dumas could not refuse a request. One day he gave a man a letter to one of his intimate friends in Brussels. The latter, a wealthy merchant, did everything in his power to make life pleasant for Dumas's friend. After the lapse of a fortnight, the man suddenly disappeared, and with him the best horse in the merchant's stable. Six months later the merchant visited Dumas, and upbraided him for the kind of people he recommended to his consideration. "Dear friend," he added, "your friend is a shark. He stole the best horse in my stable." Astonished, Dumas raised his hands toward heaven and cried: "What he stole from you, too?"

A misguided woman once ventured to remonstrate with Worth, the man milliner, because he charged her six hundred dollars for a dress. "The gods," said the lady, "could be bought for one hundred dollars, and surely the work of making up would be well paid for with twenty-five dollars more." "Madame," replied the outraged tailor, "go to M. Constant, the painter, and say to him: 'Here is a canvas and colors, value one dollar. Paint me a picture on that canvas with these paints, and I will pay you thirty-three and

one-third cents.' What would be the answer? 'Madame, this is no payment for an artist.' No, but I say more. If you think my terms are too high, keep the dress and pay me nothing. Art does not descend to the pettiness of haggling." History does not record the lady's reply.

Roger, the celebrated French tenor, on one occasion was engaged for the sum of fifteen hundred francs to sing at the house of a rich financier. Roger sang his first song magnificently; but no one paid him the slightest attention, and the guests talked their loudest. Presently the host thought the time had come for another song, and sent for Roger. He could not be found, and that evening was seen no more. Next day a note came from him, accompanied by the sum of two thousand francs. The note ran thus: "I have the honor to return the fifteen hundred francs which I received for singing at your party; and I beg leave to add five hundred francs more for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests."

In the first year of his practice, Judge Royce of Vermont was called to prosecute in a justice suit, and, fresh from Chitty, filed a plea in abatement, which he duly discussed. The justice, in deciding the case, said: "The young lawyer has filed what he calls a plea in abatement; now this plaintiff seems to be a very ignorant man, and his lawyer about as ignorant as he is, and his writ doesn't seem to be a very good writ, and doesn't resemble one much more than it does a hog-yoke; but the plaintiff seems to be an honest man, and if he has a just claim against this defendant, he shall have judgment." Whereupon, Judge Royce, elated at the result, but somewhat disgusted with the remarks of the justice, arose, and, making a very profound bow, said to the court: "I much thank you, d—n you."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Sing.

Sing a song of motors,  
Whizzing à la mode;  
Four and twenty victims  
Killed on the road.  
When the copper hails him,  
The chauffeur speeds his pace;  
Isn't that a pretty way  
To treat the human race?  
—Metropolitan Magazine.

The Officer on Duty.

There was a young lady named Banker  
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor.  
She awoke in dismay  
When she heard the mate say,  
"Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker."  
—Master, Mate and Pilot.

As It Seems.

There was a young woman named Wemyss  
Who complained of her terrible dremys;  
When they called in the doctor  
Conceive how it shooter,  
When he said: "You have chocolate cremys."  
—Regina Standard.

Just Shopping.

O'er the pages of the Peerage a maiden likes to pore.  
Such an amount  
Will buy a Count;  
A Duke costs something more.  
She flutters o'er the pages and here and there she'll stop.  
She can't afford  
A noble Lord,  
But can't a damsel shop?  
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

On the Wings of the Twilight.

I'd like to be a Wright brother and own an aeroplane,  
One I could carry in my trunk from Florida to Maine.  
I'd stop at all the best hotels—about the fifteenth floor—  
And order all the luxuries delivered at my door,  
And I would be quite honest with the kindly hotel men—  
When it came time to settle I would make it Wright with them.  
—Boston Traveler.

A Hint and a Hump.

A woman there was, and she wrote for the press, as you or I might do. She told how to cut and sew a dress, and how to cook many a savory mess, but she never had done it herself. I guess—but none of her readers knew. She told how to comb and dress the hair, and how out of a barrel to make a chair—would adorn any parlor, and give it an air—we thought the tale was true. Oh the days we spent and the nights we spent, with hammer and saw and tack, in making a chair in which no one would sit, in which no one could possibly sit, without a crick in the back.—The Economical Housewife.

He was walking along State Street, Chicago, when a sudden gust relieved him of his straw hat. He turned, gave chase, and after a lengthy run at full speed pounced upon it. At the same moment a stranger (also perspiring and almost breathless) took it from him and thanked him kindly. "But it's my hat," said he. "No," said the other, "your hanging down your back on a string."

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The last of the June weddings are the only signs of social activity that may be discovered in San Francisco just now. Last winter was said to be the gayest in the social history of the city, and this summer may be characterized as the quietest probably of which there is a record. So many of the leading people have gone or are leaving in the near future for Europe that even the suburban places are rather less animated than usual.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lelia Trent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lamartine Trent of Auburn, to Mr. James Owen Meredith of England. The wedding will take place on July 3.

The wedding of Miss Alyce Sullivan, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, to Mr. Frederick Murphy will take place on Wednesday next at St. Bridget's Church.

The wedding of Miss Bertha Eldredge Smith, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, to Captain George Bigelow Pillsbury, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., took place on Tuesday last at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony was performed at noon by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by the Rev. Edward Morgan. The bride was attended by her sisters, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Helen Sidney Smith. Captain Robinson, U. S. A., was the best man and the ushers were Colonel Biddle, U. S. A., Captain Murphy, U. S. A., Captain Jackson, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Pfeil, U. S. A. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride on Broadway, at which the more intimate friends were present. Captain Pillsbury and his bride will spend their honeymoon in England, returning at the end of the summer to West Point.

Miss Mary Keeney was the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week at her home on Buchanan Street, in celebration of the anniversary of her birthday. Her guests were Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Katrina Page-Brown, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Mr. Reginald Fernald, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Beverly Tucker, Mr. Horace Clifton, Mr. Duval Moore, and Mr. Percy King.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutor entertained at a dinner at the St. Francis on Monday evening last.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean was the hostess at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont on Thursday of last week.

Miss Helen Bowie was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Alyce Sullivan.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Harry Simpkins left last week for a visit to Portland, Seattle, and Victoria.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett has arrived in New York from Europe and is expected here in the near future.

Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittrick will sail from New York next month for Europe, to remain for several months.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin, who have been visiting in Philadelphia and New York, sailed on Tuesday last for Europe, where they will spend the summer months.

Miss Ethel McAllister will spend July as the guest of Mrs. Norman McLaren at the latter's camp in the Sierras.

Mrs. Joseph L. King has returned from a brief visit to friends in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at the country place of the latter near San Jose.

Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. Porter Robinson, and Miss Ethel Cooper left last week for Santa Barbara, where they will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase has returned to her home in the Napa Valley, after a brief visit in town.

Mr. C. Templeton Crocker left recently for New York and will sail from there shortly for Europe, where he will travel for several months.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick will spend the next few weeks in Bolinas as the guest of friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle are among the recent arrivals in New York.

Mrs. Walter Hohart is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, in San Rafael.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding spent several days last week in town as a guest at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen has returned from a visit to the Misses Collier at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader spent the

week end at Menlo Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean (formerly Miss Margaret Newhall) were in Paris when last heard from.

Miss Jessie Wright is spending the summer at Menlo Park as the guest of Judge and Mrs. James M. Allen.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt have returned from a trip to the Eastern States.

Miss Helen Baker has returned to San Rafael, after a brief trip to Castle Crags.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. Callaghan Byrne, have gone to Del Monte, where they will remain for some time.

Miss Henriette Blanding has returned from Vassar College and is at the home of her parents, the Gordon Blandings, at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow sailed from New York this week for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg have taken an apartment at the St. Regis, on Gough Street near Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond and the Misses Edwinna, Florence, and Daisy Hammond have taken a cottage at Mill Valley for the next two months.

Mrs. Arturo Orena of Santa Barbara has been a visitor here during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and Miss Jeanne Gallois, who have returned recently from Santa Barbara, will leave next week for Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Miss Marian Miller left on Thursday for Europe, where they will remain until the autumn.

Miss Enid Gregg has returned from a visit to Mrs. George Sperry at Alta.

Miss Florence Dunham left this week for Europe, where she will remain for an indefinite stay.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were: Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Miller, Mr. C. C. Miller, Mr. J. L. Burgoyne, Mr. John C. River, Mrs. N. Muffe and daughter, Mrs. E. D. Donovan, Miss Cecelia Donovan, Mr. M. M. Robinson, Miss E. Tohey, Mr. N. Steinberger, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Strange, Mrs. Julius Jacobs, Mrs. Alfred H. Jacobs, Mrs. J. A. Morgan, Mrs. E. G. Connolly, Marion D. Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. A. Muller of San Francisco.

Among the guests at the Fairmont this week are Mr. and Mrs. George A. Starkweather, London, England; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Peltier, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Campbell, Menlo Park; Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Burns, Chihuahua, Mexico; Dr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Blackman, Mr. E. G. Atwater, Miss Helen Craigie, Mr. C. R. Blackman, Miss Ida Blackman, Mrs. K. L. Hale, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mr. and Mrs. Wood Beal, Chicago.

Among the arrivals at Aetna Springs recently were: Mrs. C. M. Belshaw, Mrs. W. Shotwell, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. E. A. Bresse, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Bentley, Mr. W. H. Bentley, Miss Esther Bentley, Miss Kathryn Bentley, Mrs. R. S. Atkins, Miss E. Atkins, Mr. Benj. P. Upham, Miss Martha Galloway, Miss Nina Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Numaine, Miss Clara V. Rawhut, Mr. John Hubert Mee, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, Mr. Wilson Bishop, Mr. T. J. Smith of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mr. F. H. Keyes, Mr. and Mrs. John K. Bulger, Miss Mary E. Bartel, Mr. Paul J. Leonhardt, Mr. Robert B. Rothchilds, Mrs. D. A. Bender, Mr. Casper Muller, Mrs. Castledun, Mr. Samuel Jones, Mr. F. J. Johnson, Miss B. Birch, Mr. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Smart, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCullough, Mr. R. L. Thompson, Mr. W. L. Parker, Mr. D. E. Smith, Mr. H. W. Sherwood, Mr. D. E. Speer of San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte include: Mrs. Margaret Irvine, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. H. C. Martell, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morton, Mrs. H. Jordan, Mrs. Elwin W. Stebbins, Miss Isabel G. Large, Mr. Ivan B. Beer, Mr. George W. Haas, Mr. Albert Bauer, Mr. William Diebold, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Weinlander, Mrs. Cordie Weinlander, Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. Frank B. King, Miss Hazel King, Mr. A. M. Hexter, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lally, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth, Miss J. L. Booth of San Francisco.

Among those who have registered at the St. Francis during the past few days are: Mr. Louis F. Dreuner, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. James D. Schuyler, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parmalee, Chicago; Mr. T. T. S. Gregory, Suisun; Mr. W. G. Topeka, Kan.; Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Braley and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braley, Los Angeles; Mr. E. T. de Roodt, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Ward and Mrs. W. H. Conley, Charleston, Va.; Mr. William Ellery, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Tohin, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton, Burlingame.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral William Whitman Mead, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Mead arrived from the Orient last week and spent a few days here before proceeding eastward.

Major-General John F. Weston, U. S. A., commanding officer, Department of California, is at Byron Springs, where he will remain until July 1. Brigadier-General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., who arrived from Manila on the last transport, has been ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., and report in person to the chief of staff for assignment to duty.

Colonel George Ruhlman, Quartermaster Department, U. S. A., has arrived from Washington, D. C., on business connected with the Quartermaster's Department.

Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Bellinger, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A., has gone to Washington, D. C., to report to the quartermaster-general of the army for consultation on official business pertaining to construction work on Corregidor Island, P. I., and other matters relating to the Quartermaster's Department.

Lieutenant-Colonel Louis La Garde, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has had his orders directing him to proceed to San Francisco for duty as chief surgeon, Department of California, amended, and will, upon being relieved from his present duties, repair to Washington, D. C., and report in person to the surgeon-general of the army for temporary duty at the Army Medical School.

Major Samuel Reher, Signal Corps, U. S. A., who arrived on the transport *Thomas* from the Philippines recently, has been granted two months' leave of absence and will then proceed to Governor's Island, New York, and report in person to the commanding general, Department of the East, for duty as chief signal officer of that department.

Major Arthur W. Yates, quartermaster, U. S. A., now at San Francisco, has been ordered to repair to Washington, D. C., and report in person to the quartermaster-general of the army for duty in his office. He has been granted ten days' leave of absence.

Major James M. Kennedy, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to each post in the Department of California for the purpose of making an inspection of those posts.

Commander H. Rodman, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Station at Cavite to command the *Cleveland*.

Commander E. E. Capehart, U. S. N., is detached from command of the *Rainbow* and ordered to command the *Denver*.

Captain Henry S. Kierstedt, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted one month's leave of absence and left last week for Washington, D. C.

Past Assistant Surgeon H. A. Dunn, U. S. N., is detached from the *Independence*, Mare Island, and ordered home on two months' leave.

Assistant Surgeon C. B. Munger, U. S. N., is ordered to the Naval Training Station, San Francisco.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## My Wings.

Sometimes a song unfolds them  
And I rise into the blue;  
Or a laughing child goes soaring  
And I laugh and follow, too;  
Or when a rough, steep hillock  
Crowds in upon the road,  
A friend with faith upholds me  
And I fly over with my load.  
And in this touch of common things—  
The hit of song, the merry child,  
The flame of friendship undefiled—  
I feel my pinions loosen and my wings,  
With spread of silver bright and strong,  
And fluff of feathers white and long,  
And flash of friend and child and song,  
I rise  
To skies  
Of bluest blue  
And truest true;  
Beyond the clouds I float along,  
Above the sense of sin and wrong.  
On wings of friend and child and song!  
—Helen Lockwood Coffin, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

## The Workers.

How pitiful a thing is he who works and saves  
So that some day he may set sail across the waves—  
Who toils to win the price of fun  
He plans to have some time will cost;  
How brief his pleasure when 'tis won  
How great the gladness he has lost.  
How fortunate is he who finds new joy each day  
In doing well the things at which he works away;  
To him the weeks are never long,  
And even if his wage be small  
There is upon his lips a song  
That slaves may never learn at all.

Poor handmen, they whose tasks are but means  
To an end—  
Who toil for money that they may for pleasure  
Spend;

They have to buy the freedom which  
Is won when they are old, but he  
Is proudly free through all the rich  
Glad years whose toiling gives him glee.  
—S. E. Kiser.

## To a Street-Organ Melody.

Flung out upon the air through mists of snow,  
Straight to the heart it rises from below,  
That song so late Love's own!

A year ago  
The world went mad beneath its subtle sweet;  
Nothing so sad save one girl's face I know—  
Wherein remembered beauty lingers, though  
No longer queen of courtly revels now,  
Grown sordid, half-desired, she as thou  
Has wandered from Love's halls upon the street!  
—Morrha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

## Sonnet.

"Wouldst have a hell of deep and perfect sound.  
So perfect that the metal melts in air  
And is all music? Seek thou, then, with care  
The fairest virgin in thy land around."  
So Chinese priests of making gongs expound,  
That all their folk may hasten, glad, to prayer,  
"When thou hast found the woman pure and fair,  
In the hot metal then must she be drowned."

To me, a poet, came a maiden bright,  
Who looked not back, who would become a part  
Of all my music, die that she might give  
My song new harmonies: in the fierce light  
And flaming of the furnace of my heart  
Her girlhood perished that my songs might live!

—From the *Donish of Kai Holberg*, by Maurice F. Egan, in *The Bookman*.

One of the newer stories illustrative of personal egotism concerns the French dramatist, Edmond Rostand. It is narrated that before selling his Paris house recently to a banker he sealed up the door he had been accustomed to use and compelled the buyer to build a new one. Rostand's view—that the doorway hallowed by his own footsteps should never be desecrated by lesser mortals; and the bronze tablet which he took pains to fasten upon the sealed entrance was designed to inform posterity that the doorway was sacred in that it had last been used by the immortal Edmond Rostand.

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Both Sunday and Monday  
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week-end and the above  
days at Del Monte

**GRAND SPANISH LUNCH**  
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**PEBBLE BEACH LODGE**

on the Seventeen-Mile Drive

at  
**1 p. m., July 5th**  
All Hotel Guests Invited

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H. R. WARNER, Manager

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Contains no Lead, Sulphur or other harmful  
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H. W. LAKE, Manager

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BYRON HOT SPRINGS  
California

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Marie Doro continues at the Van Ness Theatre next week, concluding her engagement Saturday night, July 3. The star and her company have been very successful in pleasing large audiences, and the attendance is certain to increase rather than diminish as the close of the run approaches. The play is reviewed at length elsewhere.

The Grand Opera Company at the Princess Theatre is proving a brilliant success, and the unanimous verdict is that it is the best that has been heard here since the Conreid Metropolitan Grand Opera House Company. The repertoire for next week will be as follows: Monday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee, "Rigoletto"; Tuesday, Friday and Sunday nights, "Faust"; Wednesday matinee and Saturday night, "Carmen"; Wednesday night, "Il Trovatore." Great preparations are being made for the production of Mascagni's "Amico Fritz," which has never been given in America, but has proved a tremendous hit in Europe.

The Orpheum for next week, beginning with the Sunday afternoon performance, will present Laddie Cliff, the seventeen-year-old English singer, dancer, and comedian who scored a great success recently in New York. His humor appeals as much to the American as it does to the Englishman, and his eccentric dancing never fails to excite the greatest enthusiasm. What their press agent calls "an aggregation of twisting, twirling, whirling and dancing wonders," the Eight Original Madcaps, are included in the coming attractions. They were the most important and popular feature of "A Knight for a Day," with which they remained the entire season. Max Witt's Singing Colleens, a feminine quartette which presents a delightful novelty, entitled "Songs of the Old and New World," promises to be a delightful feature of the new bill. Ollie Young and Brothers will offer a distinct novelty, for in addition to their hoop rolling they will introduce an exhibition of diablo playing and boomerang throwing. Next week will be the last of James Thornton, the Camille Trio, Gladys Clarke and Henry Bergman, and also of the "Futurity Winner" with its horse race.

Mascagni, the composer, sent the following telegram to his local representative, Mr. E. Patrizi:

"Patrizi, San Francisco: Very pleased to have my 'Amico Fritz' given in San Francisco for the first time in America. I will await confidently the opinion of the San Francisco public, whose cordial enthusiastic reception extended me five years ago still lives in my heart with grateful memory."

"MASCAGNI."

This is anent the coming event at the Princess Theatre.

"The Merry Widow" will be seen for the first time in San Francisco on Sunday night, July 4, and it is to be the compelling attraction at the Van Ness Theatre, where it will be staged by Henry W. Savage on an elaborate scale, with over one hundred people in the production. The costumes were all made in Paris, as well as the wonderful hats which are now as famous in the millinery world as the Lehar score is in the musical world. Among the principal people to appear here in the piece are Mabel Wilber, George Dameal, Anna Bussert, Oscar Figman, Georgena Leary, and Thomas Leary. Many mail, telephone, and telegraph orders for seats have been sent to the box office of the Van Ness during the past few weeks asking for reservations in advance of the regular sale, which opens next Thursday. All of the orders have been numbered and will be filled in order of reception after the line at the box office on Thursday is supplied.

Walter Rothwell, the noted German conductor, who occupied the director's chair with Henry W. Savage's production in English of Puccini's operatic masterpiece, "Madam Butterfly," recently returned from Europe, where he has seen Franz Lehar's operetta, "The Merry Widow," produced in five different countries in as many languages. In discussing the sensational vogue attained by "The Merry Widow," Mr. Rothwell said: "Lehar and the librettists of 'The Merry Widow' deserve the success they have achieved, for the operetta is undoubtedly far better than anything of its class in years. It takes one back to the best days of Johann Strauss. It is in a class with 'The Bat,' 'Prince Methusalem,' 'The Queen's Handkerchief,' and 'A Night in Venice.' It reminds one of Karl Millecker's best work and may be favorably compared with 'The Beggar Student,' 'Merry War,' and 'Poor Jonathan.' Indeed, Audran's 'Girofle-Girofla' is not superior to 'The Merry Widow,' and, personally, I consider it better than anything Gilbert and Sullivan ever did. Of course, I realize that such a statement may be met by a storm of disapproval in a country where Gilbert and Sullivan pieces are idolized—and rightly so—but all will agree with me after hearing 'The Merry Widow.'"

There are 600 vessels of various sorts in the New York Yacht Club fleet, and 2450 members in the club.

### A Priceless Violin.

The Carlo Bergonzi violin in the D. J. Partello collection in Berlin, is for tone probably the most marvelous violin in existence today. For richness, penetrating power, volume and brilliancy, it excels any Stradivarius or Guarnerius. When Ysaye inspected Mr. Partello's collection and played for three hours on all the principal violins, he selected this Bergonzi as his favorite, declaring that he had never heard any violin to equal it. As to value, it is priceless. The wonderful Bergonzi might have been made yesterday, so perfectly preserved is it. The model is very flat; it cannot compare in beauty of workmanship with the Amati violins; it is more bold and rugged of outline but it has the characteristic marks of its maker. Bergonzi died young and made few violins; not more than forty of his instruments have an authentic existence today, and not one of these approaches this violin in tone qualities.

Professor Albert Schinz of Bryn Mawr, whose mother tongue is French, and whose practical acquaintance with our language is of recent date, contributes a noteworthy article to the *North American Review* on the prospects of English as a world-language. Our spelling reformers have urged the need of simplified spelling if other nations are ever to accept English as the international speech. But Professor Schinz declares our spelling to be no source of trouble to the foreigner; it is our pronunciation that chiefly worries him, and this is simply incapable of phonetic representation with our alphabet. If, he says, the spelling reform movement "proposes to make English more acceptable to strangers as an international language, it is entirely mistaken and had better stop its campaign at once." A final word of good sense is uttered on the undesirability of letting any one language suffer the flattening and de-individualizing that must result from its adaptation to universal use. Thus do there seem to be more reasons than a few why English should continue to be uncompromisingly itself (observes the *Dial*), with all its written and spoken marks of sturdy individuality.

Tennis enthusiasts will battle at the Peninsula Hotel courts June 26 and 27 for the championship of San Mateo County in singles. Great interest has been displayed in the tournament by the leading players of the country set. Silver loving cups have been donated as trophies by the hotel management for the winners, which become the permanent property of the player winning them the first two times. The women's event is attracting much interest. The Misses Brewer and Miss Jennie Crocker are looked upon as the leading players among the women, and one of that trio will probably capture first honors.

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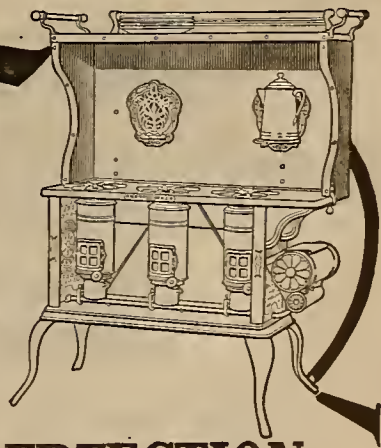
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I suppose Newrich is making a quite a splurge with his money?" "He did the day he backed his auto off the ferryboat."—*Puck*.

"I see that more than 2 per cent of the Annapolis cadets are suffering from heart trouble." "Well, it's June, ain't it?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A.—Is the old man always so glum as this? B.—By no means. He laughs twice a year, spring and fall, when the new women's hats come in.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"I understand that manager is paying fabulous salaries to his leading singers." "Not fabulous," replied the cynical press agent, "fictitious."—*Washington Star*.

"The duchess speaks kindly of America." "That's nice of her." "All the more so, I think, since she was born and raised in Milwaukee."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Dr. Pillem—You needn't worry about your wife. She has a remarkable constitution! Henpeck—Say, doc, you ought to see her by-laws, rules, and regulations!—*Life*.

"Your ocean trip was pretty nice, I s'pose?" "Oh, yes." "Saw icebergs and such things, eh?" "Yes; but I missed the hillboards, I can tell you."—*Washington Herald*.

"Sued for a breach of promise, eh?" "Yep." "Any defense?" "Temporary insanity; and I expect to prove it by the love letters I wrote."—*Washington Herald*.

He (teaching her bridge)—When in doubt it's a good rule to play trumps. She—But that's just it; when I'm in doubt I don't know what the trump is.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I have decided to suspend your sentence," the judge began. "For the lord's sake, judge, you don't mean to say lifting a few chickens is a hanging matter!"—*New York Herald*.

City Man—I wonder if Adam had any regrets when he left the Garden of Eden? Urbanite—It's safe that he didn't if he tried to raise his own vegetables.—*Chicago News*.

First Farmer (pointing to the flaring horn on an automobile)—What's that thing for? Second Farmer—That's the thing they blow jes' before they run y' down!—*Town and Country*.

Mrs. Jagsby (welcoming Mr. Jagsby at day-break)—Up all night again, eh? Mr. Jagsby—Yes, m' dear, thash jush it. Went up with Mishler Wright in his airship lash evenin' an' he couldn't get it down!—*Puck*.

The Bachelor—Is it true that you are an advocate of woman's rights? The Spinster—Yes. The Bachelor—Then you believe that every woman should have a vote? The Spinster—Oh, no; but I believe every woman should have a voter.—*Chicago News*.

"That woman won't take either side of the social dispute until she is reasonably sure

which one is going to win. She's a cat!" "Ah! then that accounts for her being on the fence."—*Baltimore American*.

Grace—He said I looked lovely in that gown, didn't he? Helen—Not exactly, dear. He said that gown looked lovely on you.—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

Suffragette—We believe that a woman should get a man's wages. Married Man—Well, judging from my own experience, she does.—*Boston Transcript*.

Wigwag—I never knew such a fellow as Bjones; he is always looking for trouble. Henpeckke—Then, why doesn't he get married?—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Heard about Jinks?" "No—what's happened?" "He's quit drinking." "Oh, poor chap! Did he leave his family well provided for?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Will that young man ever go home?" demanded the irritated head of the house. "I guess so, father," replied the mater familias. "He always has."—*Washington Herald*.

"Young man," said the boss, "come hither and listen." He approached. "When you've made a mistake, forget it and go on to the next job. Don't potter around all day adding a lot of finishing touches."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Anxious Mother—I can not permit you to have such late callers. It was after eleven o'clock when Mr. Huggins left last night. Pretty Daughter—Why, mamma, I don't see how you can class Mr. Huggins as a late caller. It was only seven-thirty when he came.—*Chicago News*.

"So Cayuse Charley met his fate at the hands of a posse?" "Yep," answered Three-finger Sam. "What was the trouble?" "His immeid difficulty was a lack of judgment as to speed. He helped himself to a horse, but didn't pick one that was fast enough to keep ahead of the party as went after him."—*Washington Star*.

Showman—I don't know as we can give any kind of a show this afternoon. Assistant—What's the matter? Showman—That fresh kid's been in the cage of the man-eating lion having a romp, and the critter is as playful as a kitten; the farmer we rented the Sacred Cow from India from says the money aint payin' him for the loss of his milk route, and the Wild Man of Borneo says he's got to have a day off to register and see the police parade.—*Baltimore American*.

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